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JOHN FLETCHER

Published by John Stockdale & Parncliffe 20. St. Sep. 1844

THE
Dramatic Works
OF
BEN JONSON,
AND
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER :

THE FIRST
Printed from the Text,
AND
WITH THE NOTES OF PETER WHALLEY ;
THE LATTER,
from the Text, and with the Notes
OF
THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.

1811.

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THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Gardiner, Lovelace, and Hills, in their Commendatory Verses, ascribe this Comedy to Fletcher; but more credible witnesses, the Prologue and Epilogue, mention it as a joint production. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. The greatest applause was always bestowed on this play, and it used to be frequently performed, till modern refinement banished it from the Theatres. In 1749, some of the scenes were selected for a farce, and acted under the title of this Comedy.

PROLOGUE.

To promise much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done ask pardon, were a sin
We'll not be guilty of; and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and ourselves: For I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play,

And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
Imp time's dull wings, and make you merry too.

'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it;
And we have our wish'd ends, if you commend it.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DIXANT, a Gentleman that formerly loved,
and still pretends to love Lamira.

CLEREMONT, a merry Gentleman, his Friend.

CHAMPERNEL, a lame old Gentleman, Husband to Lamira.

VERTAIGN, a Nobleman and a Judge.

BEAUPRE, Son to Vertaign.

VERDONE, Nephew to Champernel.

LA WRIT, a meddling Advocate, or the Little Lawyer.

SAMPSON, a foolish Advocate, Kinsman to Vertaign. [taign.

GENTLEMEN.

CLIENTS

SERVANTS.

LAMIRA, Wife to Champernel, and Daughter to Vertaign.

ANABELL, Niece to Champernel.

NURSE to Lamira. [mira.

CHARLOTTE, Waiting-gentlewoman to La-

SCENE, France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Dixant and Cleremont.

Dix. DISSUADE me not.

Cler. 'Twill breed a brawl!

Dix. I care not;

I wear a sword!

Cler. And wear discretion with it,

Or cast it off; let that direct your arm;

'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base
Than to receive a wrong.

Dix. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not stoicks, and that passive courage
Is only now commendable in laquies,
Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank
And quality, as I am.

Cler. Do not cherish [suffers.
That during vice, for which the whole age
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was spent in honourable action,
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,

For th' honour of our country, and our prince,
Pours itself out with prodigal expence
Upon our mother's ship, the earth that bred us,
For every trifle. And these private duels,
Which had their first original from the French,
And for which, to this day, we're justly cen-
sur'd,

Are banish'd from all civil governments:
Scarce three in Venice, in as many years;
In Florence they are rarer; and in all
The fair dominions of the Spanish king
They are ne'er heard of. Any those neigh-
bour countries,

Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to detest them.

Dix. Will you end yet? [late kings,

Cler. And I have heard that some of our
For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour,
A cheat at cards or dice, and such-like causes,
Have lost as many gallant gentlemen
As might have met the Great Turk in the field,

With confidence o. a glorious victory:

And shall we then—

Din. No more, for shame, no more!

Are you become a patron¹ too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator,
To help him to enlarge his exercise:

With such a one it might do well, and profit
The curate of the parish; but for Cleremont,
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that
knows him,

Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
And mere apocrypha.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?

Din. Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll
tell thee,

And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at those years I have heard
Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely.

Cler. Well, sir, well! [second

Din. But yesterday thou wast the common
Of all that only knew thee; thou hadst bills
Set up on every post, to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were par-
And as, to save the charges of the law, [ties.
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen,
By such as knew thee not, to compound quar-
rels:

But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst
make one,

Or be engag'd thyself. This goodly calling
Th' hast follow'd live-and-twenty years, and
studied

The criticisms of contentions; and art thou
In so few hours transform'd? Certain, this
night

Th' hast had strange dreams, or rather visions.

Cler. Yes, sir,

I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
And the fighters had the upper-hand, and
whip'd first, [been

The poor sots laughing at 'em. What I have
It skills not; what I will be is resolv'd on.

Din. Why, then you'll fight no more?

Cler. Such is my purpose.

Din. Oo no occasion?

Cler. There you stagger me. [and blood
Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh
Cannot endure.

Din. Thou wouldst not willingly

Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler. Words are but words².

Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow?

Cler. Not from my friend, tho' drunk; and
I think much less, [from an enemy,

Din. There's some hope of thee left then:
Wouldst thou hear me behind my back dis-
grace'd?

Cler. D'you think I am a rogue? They
that should do it

Had better been born dumb,

Din. Or in thy presence,

See me o'er-charm'd with odds?

Cler. I'd fall myself first.

Din. Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be
And thou sit quiet? [tho' from thee,

Cler. There you touch my honour;

No Frenchman can endure that.

Din. Plague upon thee! [dar'st suffer

Why dost thou talk of pence then, that
Nothing, or in thyself, or in thy friend,

That is unmanly?

Cler. That I grant, I cannot:

But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman

For wearing stammel breeches³; or this game-
ster [nothing;

For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me

¹ Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one,

No more on't, burn it, give it to some orator.] Patron, here, has its Latin meaning, i. e. a pleader, or advocate; but the word speech, declamation, harangue, or something to that effect, must be understood, to make the following line sense; and it is highly probable that a whole line is lost, which might have been something like the following:

Are you become a patron too? How long

Have you been conning this speech? 'Tis a new one;

No more on't, &c. Seward.

Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one.] We suspect patron to be a corruption of pattern, a word which would give good sense to the passage, and comes very near that admitted into the text.

² Words are but words.] After Cleremont has said this, which seems to assert that he would not mind being called a coward, nor make that a cause of fighting, Dinant goes on as if he had said directly the contrary; and perhaps a line may here be lost again to the following import:

Words are but words, but coward is a name

I could not brook.

With this addition the whole context seems consonant to itself. Seward.

³ Stammel breeches.] i. e. Red breeches. Mr. Simpson has given an explanation of the word from Ben Jonson, more clear than what we have in dictionaries. Octavo edition, page 288.

⁴ Red-hood the first that does appear

⁵ In stammel; scarlet is too dear.

It is highly probable that red breeches were in our Authors' time wore only by smarts, and were esteemed conceited. In that age of duelling, therefore, a scur upon this topic might have produced bloodshed. Seward.

For this man's taking up a common wench
In rags, and lousy, then maintaining her
Caroch'd's, in cloth of tissue; nor five hundred
Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me.
Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is
question'd,

I have a sword, and I think I may use it
To th' cutting of a rascal's throat, or so,
Like a good Christian.

Din. Thou'rt of a fine religion; [ship,
And, rather than we'll make a schism in friend-
I will be of it. But, to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair Lamira?

Cler. Too well, sir, and remember
Your presents, courtship—that's too good a
name— [sick,
Your slave-like services; your morning mu-
Your walking three hours in the rain at mid-
night [at,
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her
slippers; [sooth.

How then you triumph'd! Here was love for-
Din. These follies I deny not; [me:
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made
But my reward for this—

Cler. As you deserv'd;
For he that makes a goddess of a puppet,
Merits no other recompense.

Din. This day, friend,
For thou art so—

Cler. I am no flatterer. [to
Din. This proud ingrateful she is married
Lame Champenel.

Cler. I know him; he has been
A dull a seaman, and has thriv'd as well by't,
(The loss of a leg and an arm deducted) as any
That ever put from Marseilles. You are tame;
Plague on't, it mads me! If it were my ease,
I should kill all the family.

Din. Yet, but now
You did preach patience.

Cler. I then came from confession;
And 'twas join'd me three hours, for a pe-
nance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one;
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin

On a new tally. 'Foot, do any thing,
I'll second you.

Din. I would not willingly [purpose,
Make red my yet-white conscience; yet I
I th' open street, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they must pass) to speak my
wrongs,

And do it boldly. [Mueick plays.

Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
I would stand by thee, boy. They come;

Din. Observe a little first. [upon 'em!

Cler. This is fine fiddling.

*Enter Vertaign, Champenel, Lamira, Nurse,
Beaupre, and Verdane.*

AN EPITHALAMION SONG AT THE WEDDING.

Come away; bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side.
You fair troop of maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall.

Chorus. Hymen, fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ;
Bless the bed with holy love,
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.

Vert. This is strange rudeness!

Din. 'Tis courtship, balneed with injuries!
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye
Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd
veins

There yet remain so much of honest blood
To make the colour. First, to you, my lord,
The father of this bride, whom you have sent
Alive into her grave.

Champ. How! to her grave? [anon.—

Din. Be patient, sir; I'll speak of you
You that allow'd me liberal access,
To make my way with service, and approv'd of
My birth, my person, years, and no-base for-
tune; [too

You that are rich, and, but in this, held wise
That as a father should have look'd upon
Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth and heat of blood requir'd
In lawful pleasures, than the parting from
Your crowns to pay her dower; you that al-
ready

Mr. Stevens hath collected the following examples of the use of this word, in a note at
the latter end of the second act of *The Tempest*.

* In Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*:

"Humble herself in an old *stammel* petticoat."

* So, in Middleton's *Masque of The World Toss'd at Tennis*:

"They wear *stammel* cloaks instead of scarlet."

* So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606,

"Some *stammel* weaver, or some butcher's son."

* Again, in *The Turk turn'd Christian*, 1612,

"That fellow in the *stammel* hose is one of them."

And Mr. Tollet observes, that *stammel* colour is a light-red colour. "The light-pale *stammel*
is mentioned in Ph. Holland's Translation of Pliny's Nat. Hist. and is also there styled
'the light-red and fresh lusty gullant', p. 260 and 261. See also *Stammel* in Ainsworth's
'Dictionary.'

* *Caroch'd.*] This word is derived from the French *carosse*, a coach. In *The Custom of the
Country*, Hypolita says, "Make ready my *caroch*."

Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,
As if you were assur'd to live here ever;
What poor end had you in this choice? In what
Deserve I your contempt? My house, and hon-
ours,

At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me
In the first file of her most hopeful gentry.
But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,
And not your gold; and, add to that, he's
old too,

His whole estate in likelihood to descend
Upon your family: Here was providence,
I grant, but in a nobleman base thrift.
No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for band-
men

Their countrymen; but you, a gentleman,
To save a little gold, have sold your daughter
To worse than slavery.

Cler. This was spoke home indeed.

Beau. Sir, I shall take some other time to
tell you,

That this harsh language was deliver'd to
An old man, but my father.

Din. At your pleasure.

Cler. Proceed in your design; let me alone
To answer him, or any man.

Verdune. You presume

Too much upon your name, but may be co-
zen'd.

Din. But for you, most unkindful of my
service,

(For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is lost; and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For such you must have been) you, to whom
nature

Gave with a liberal hand most excellent form;
Your education, language, and discourse,
And judgment to distinguish; when you shall
With feelings sorrow understand how wretched
And miserable you have made yourself,
And but yourself have nothing to accuse,
Can you with hope from any beg compassion?
But you will say, you serv'd your father's plea-
sure,

Forgetting that unjust commands of parents
Are not to be obey'd; or, that you're rich,
And that to wealth all pleasures else are ser-
vants; [chms'd,

Yet, but consider how this wealth was pur-
'Twill trouble the possession.

Champ. You, sir, know

I got it, and with honour.

Din. But from whom?

Remember that, and how! You'll come indeed
To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie,
But answer truly, 'This rich cloth of arras
'I made my prize in such a ship; this plate

'Was my share in another; these fair jewels,
'Coming ashore, I got in such a village,
'The maid, or matron kill'd, from whom they
were ravish'd.'

The wines you drink are guilty too; for this,
This Candy wine, three merchants were un-
done;

These suckets⁵ break as many more: In brief,
All you shall wear, or touch, or see, is pur-
chas'd

By lawless force, and you but revel in [ers.
The tens and groans of such as were the own-
Champ. 'Tis false, most basely false!

Vert. Let losers talk.

Din. Lastly, those joys, those best of joys,
which Hymen

Freely bestows on such that come to tie
The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
Most miserable you shall never taste of!
This marriage-night you'll meet a widow's bed,
Or, failing of those pleasures all brides look for,
Sit in your wish it were so!

Champ. Thou'rt a villain,
A base, malicious slunderer!

Cler. Strike him.

Din. No, he's not worth a blow.

Champ. Oh, that I had thee [room
In some close vault, that only would yield
To me to use my sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I'd make thee on thy knees
Bate out the tongue that wrong'd me!

Vert. Pray you have patience.

Lam. This day I am to be your sovereign;
Let me command you.

Champ. I am lost with rage,
And know not what I am myself, nor you.
Away! drive such as you, that love the smoke
Of peace, more than the fire of glorious war,
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandsires' labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive,
this country, factions?)

With brave triumphant spoils⁶ cease our
You object my prizes to me! Had you seen
The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearless fought
in, [straight

And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood, which
Like oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew;
My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools
That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests
That were against me, to the angry sea,
Frighted with men thrown o'er; no victory,
But in despite of the four elements,
The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,
To be achiev'd; you would confess, poor men,
(Tho' hopeless such an honourable way

⁵ *Suckets.*] i. e. Banqueting dishes. *Seward.*

⁶ *Like oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew.*] I would choose to read, "like oil pour'd on it;" but I believe the old reading may give the same idea. The metaphor is a little difficult here; the blood both quenches and makes the fire burn anew; but quenches, here, must only signify to abate the fire for a moment, and then the whole is clear. *Seward.*

To get or wealth or honour in yourselves)
He that thro' all these dreadful passages
Pursu'd and overtook them, unafrighted,
Deserves reward, and not to have it styl'd
By the base name of theft.

Dia. This is the courtship
That you must look for, madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well, [night with.
When nothing can be done, to spend the
Your tongue is sound, good lord; and I
could wish,

For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm,
And there is something else, I will not name,
(Tho' 'tis the only thing that must content
Had the same vigour. [her.)

Champ. You shall buy these scoffs [anger!
With your best blood! Help me once, noble
Nay, stir not; I alone must right myself,
And with one leg transport me, to correct
These scandalous praters! Oh, that noble
wounds [falls.

Should hinder just revenge! D'ye see me too?
I got these, not as you do your diseases,
In brothels, or with riotous abuse
Of wine in taverns; I have one leg shot,
One arm disabled, and am honour'd more
By losing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were [only,
As when I put to sea. You are Frenchmen
In that you have been laid, and cur'd. Go to!
You mock my leg, but every wound about you
Makes you good alms-beggars, to forget all
What weather we shall live.

Dia. Put up your sword. [he useful;

Cler. Or turn it to a crutch; there's my
And live on the relation to your wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Dia. And tell her,
What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a surgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.

Dia. To make a poultice, and endure the
Of oils, and nasty plasters. [scent

Vert. Fy, sir, fy!

You that have stood all dangers, of all kinds, to
Yield to a rival's scoff?

Lam. Shed tears upon [men.
Your wedding-day? This is humanly, gentle-

Champ. They're tears of anger. Oh, that
I should live

To play the woman thus! All-pow'rful heav'n,
Restore me, but one hour, that strength again
That I had once, to chastise in these men
Their follies and ill manners; and that done,
When you please, I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

Verdone. You shall have satisfaction:

And I will do it nobly, or dishonour me.

Champ. I say no more; you have a brother,
sister:

This is your wedding-day, we're in the street,
And howsoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I lose not mine, by their example.

Vert. If there be laws in Paris, look to
This insolent affront. [answer

Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em, for Heaven's sake! For my part,
I know not, [else
Nor care not, what they are. Is there ought
That you would say?

Dia. Nothing; I have my ends.
Laura weeps; I've said too much, I fear!
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears.

[Exeunt *Dia.* and *Cler.*
Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my nephew.

Verdone. If I fail in't,
Ne'er know me more. Cousin Benupre!

Champ. Repent not [find
What thou hast done, my life; thou shalt not
I am decrepid: in my love and service,
I will be young, and constant; and believe me
(For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all
The scandals these rude men have thrown
upon me) [ardour,

I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's
And in all circumstances of a husband
Perform my parts.

Lam. Good sir, I am your servant;
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undo the knot, that by the church is tied.
Only I would beseech you, as you have
A good opinion of me and my virtues,
For so you've pleas'd to style my innocent
weakness, [me,

That what hath pass'd between Diana and
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts or fears.

Champ. I apprehend you;
You think I will be jealous: As I live,
Thou art mistaken, sweet! and, to confirm it,
Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where
thou wilt,

Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt;
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lam. I'll use this liberty

With moderation, sir.

Champ. I am resolv'd.
Steal off; I'll follow you.

Champ. Come, sir, you droop:
Till you find cause, which I shall never give,
Dislike not of your son-in-law.

Vert. Sir, you teach me

The language I should use: I am most happy
In being so near you. [Exe. *Verdone* and *Benupre*.

Lam. Oh, my fens! Good Nurse,
Follow my brother unobserv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurse. I will be careful, madam. [Exit.

Champ. Between us compliments are superfluous.

On, gentlemen! Th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cherish any thought to breed unrest,
Or to ourselves, or to our nuptial feast.

[Exeunt.

Enter Dinant and Clermont.

Cler. We shall have sport, we'er fear't.

Din. What sport, I prithee? [I long for't;

Cler. Why, we must fight; I know it, and
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdune; Beatupre look'd pale and
shook too,

Familiar signs of anger. They're both brave
fellows, [conquer

Tried and approv'd, and I am proud to en-
With men, from whom no honour can be lost;
They will play up to a man, and set him off.
When'er I go to th' field, Heav'n keep me
from

The meeting of an unflesh'd youth and coward!
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot;
The coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting nag, well breath'd too.

Din. All this while,
You ne'er think on the danger.

Cler. Why, 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper,
And drinking hard; mischief comes there
unlook'd for,

I'm sure assudden, and strikes home as often;
For this we are prepar'd.

Din. Lamira loves
Her brother Beatupre dearly.

Cler. What of that? [what

Din. And should he call me to account for
But now I spoke, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words) that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what (next to Heav'n) I long for,
Is taken from me.

Cler. Why, what can you hope for;
She being now married?

Din. Oh, my Clermont!
To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoever
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no further wrong me. I am a
Frenchman,

And for the greater part we are born courtiers;
She is a woman, and however yett
No bent of service had the power to melt
Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends; I confess ill ones,
And yet I must pursue 'em. Now her mar-
riage, In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.

Cler. Sit the wind there? Pray you tell me
How far off dwells your love from lust?

Din. Too near;
But prithee chide me not.

Cler. Not I; go on, boy!
I've faults myself, and will not reprehend

A crime I am not free from. For her mar-
riage,

I do esteem it (and most bachelors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loss of honour.

Din. Would she make use of't so, I were
most happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now whe-
The gift of prophecy. [ther I have

Enter Beatupre and Verdune.

Beau. Monsieur Dinant,
I'm glad to find you, sir.

Din. I'm at your service.

Verdun. Good monsieur Clermont, I
have long wish'd

To be known better to you.

Cler. My desires
Embrace your wishes, sir.

Beau. Sir, I have ever
Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess
I should have been most proud to've had the
honour

To call you brother, but my father's pleasure
Denied that happiness. I know, no man lives
That can command his passions; and there-
fore [venge

Dare not condemn the late intemperate lau-
Ye were pleas'd to use to my father and my
sister:

He's old, and she a woman; I most sorry
My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your sword, to
A mile without the city. [inset me

Din. You much honour me
In the demand; I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beau. Oh, sir, you teach me what to say.
The time?

Din. With the next sun, if you think fit.
Beau. The place? [the city]

Din. Near to the vineyard, eastward from
Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if
you please,

Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.

Verdun. You shall not miss my service.

Beau. Good day, gentlemen!

Din. At your commandment.

Cler. Proud to be your servants.

[*Exeunt Beatupre and Verdune.*
I think there is no nation under heaven

That cut their enemies' throats with compli-
ment.

And such fine tricks, as we do. If you have
Any few prayers to say, this night you may
Call 'em to mind, and use 'em; for myself,
As I have little to lose, my care is less;

* I think there is no nation under heav'n

That cut their enemies' throats with compliment,

And such fine tricks, as we do.] Moliere has a scene built upon the politeness of the French
duellists, which is extremely like this. I mention it not as supposing that excellent writer
to have copied from our Authors; but to show how admirably the latter drew their charac-
ters; since in the portraits of Frenchmen, they hit the very same masterly strokes with the
greatest master of French Comedy.

Scard.

So, till to-morrow morning I bequeath you
To your devotions ; and those paid, but use
That noble courage I have seen, and we
Shall fight, as in a castle.

Dia. Thou'rt all honour;
Thy resolution would steal a coward,

And I most fortunate in such a friend.
All tenderness and nice respect of woman
Be now far from me ! Reputation, take
A full possession of my heart, and prove
Honour the first place holds, the second
love ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Lamira and Charlotte.

Lam. SLEEPS my lord still, Charlotte ?
Char. Not to be wak'd. [*ceive*
By your ladyship's cheerful looks, I well per-
That this night the good lord hath been
At an unusual service ; and no wonder
If he rests after it.

Lam. You're very bold.

Char. Your creature, madam, and, when
you are pleas'd,
Sadness to me's a stranger. Your good pardon
If I speak like a fool ; I could have wish'd
To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold
Dinant,

Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted
Those delicacies, which, by his lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.

Lam. No more !

Char. I'm silenc'd, madam.

Lam. Saw you my Nurse this morning ?

Char. No, madam.

Lam. I am full of fears. Who's that ?
[*Knock within.*]

Char. She you enquir'd for.

Lam. Bring her in, and leave me.

[*Exit Charlotte.*]

Now, Nurse, what news ?

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Oh, lady, dreadful ones !
They are to fight this morning ; there's no
remedy.

I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,
Take horse as I came by.

Lam. Where's Clermont ?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lam. Where's Dinant ?

Nurse. There's all the hope ; I've staid
him with a trick :

If I have done well, so.

Lam. What trick ?

Nurse. I told him,

Your ladyship laid your command upon him
To attend you presently ; and, to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without

Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter ?

Nurse. Yes, 'tis where [*veenth.*
The duke of Burgundy met Lewis the Ele-

Lam. Enough ; I will reward thee liberally.

[*Exit Nurse.*]
Go, bring him in.—Full dear I lov'd Dinant,
While it was lawful ; but those fires are
quench'd,

I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Thou' most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety !

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now, your pleasure.
Tho' ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I'm still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.

Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it ; and 'tis not worth my
thanks then :

But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then
Of recompense.

Lam. Why, I am still Lamira,
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power
(I dare not say I'll put it into act)
To reward your love and service.

Din. There's some comfort. [*fame,*

Lam. But think not that so low I prize my
To give it up to any man that refuses
To buy it ; or with danger of performance
Of what I shall enjoin him—

Din. Name that danger
(Be't of what horrid shape soever, lady)
Which I will shriek at ; only, at this instant,
Be speedy in't.

Lam. I'll put you to the trial :
You shall not fight today, (if you start at that ?)
Not with my brother. I have heard your
difference ;

Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended : If you look for

[*Enter Lamira and Charlotte.*] I think it very clear, that this is the beginning of the
second act : for a whole night is past since the last scene, and the players seem to have di-
vided the acts at the end of the next scene, only to make them of a more equal length.

Seward.

Though there is reason in what Mr. Seward says, and propriety in his variation (where-
fore we have adopted it), we are far from being clear that the old division was not Fletcher's.

Favours from me, deserve them with obedience: There's no way else to gain 'em. [cece;

Din. You command

What with mine honour I cannot obey,
Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend
Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
Not for himself, but me.

Lam. Why, foolish man,

Dare you solicit me to serve your lust,
In which not only I abuse my lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Thou' not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour?
Yours suffers but in circumstance; mine in
substance.

If you obey me, you part with some credit;
From whom? the giddy multitude: But man-
Will ensure me, and justify. [kind

Din. I will lose

What most I do desire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write myself a coward:
'Tis better be no man.

Lam. This will not do.— [Aside.

Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours;
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him
fairly:

Let me not suffer for you, I am careless.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lam. For you; my kindness to you
Already brands me with a strumpet's name.

Din. Oh, that I knew the wretch!

Lam. I will not name him,

Nor give you any character to know him;
But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
At the West port o' th' city, and defend there
My reputation against all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,
To satisfy, tho' sure I think I shall,
Whatever you desire. If you deny this,
Be desperate; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more.

Din. Two hours, d'you say?

Lam. Only two hours.

Din. I were no gentleman, [arms me,
Should I make scruple of it. This favour
And boldly I'll perform it. [Exit.

Lam. I am glad on't.

This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot
at. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Cleremont, as in the field.

Cler. I'm first i' th' field, that honour's
gould of our side;

Pray Heav'n, I may get off as honourably!
The hour is past; I wonder Dinant comes not:
This is the place; I cannot see him yet:
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour
A firm and worthy friend; yet I see nothing,
Nor horse, nor man: 'Twould vex me to be
left here, prov'd ones.
To th' mercy of two swords, and two ap-
I never knew him last,

Enter Beaupre and Verdone.

Beau. You're well met, Cleremont.

Verdone. You're a fair gentleman, and
love your friend, sir. [us.

What are you ready? The time has overtaken

Beau. And this, you know, the place.

Cler. No Dinant yet! [do:

Beau. We come not now to argue, but to
We wait you, sir.

Cler. There's no time past yet, gentlemen;
We've day enough.—Is't possible he comes
not?—

You see I'm ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come: Walk but a turn or
'Twill not be long. [two;

Verdone. We came to fight.

Cler. Ye shall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough: But a short turn or two!
I think I see him; set up your watch, we'll
fight by it. [luded.

Beau. That is not he; we will not be de-

Cler. Am I bob'd thus?—I pray take a pipe
of tobacco,
Or sing but some new air; by that time,
gentlemen—

Verdone. Come, draw your sword; you
know the custom here, sir,
First come, first serv'd.

Cler. Tho' it be held a custom,
And practis'd so, I do not hold it honest.

What honour can you both win on me single?

Beau. Yield up your sword then.

Cler. Yield my sword! that's Hebrew;

I'll be first cut a-pieces. Hold but a while,

Enter an old Gentleman.

I'll take the next that comes. You're an old
Gent. Yes, indeed am I, sir. [gentleman?

Cler. And wear no sword?

Gent. I need none, sir.

Cler. I would you did, and had one;

I want now such a foolish courtesy.

You see these gentlemen?

Gent. You want a second? [it.

In good faith, sir, I was ne'er handsome at
I would you had my son; but he's in Italy.
A proper gentleman. You may do well,

gallants, [mercy;
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more
The gentleman may do his country—

Cler. Now I beseech you, sir,

If you dare not fight, don't stay to beg my
pardon.

There lies your way.

Gent. Good-morrow, gentlemen. [Exit.

Verdone. You see your fortune;

You'd better yield your sword.

Cler. Pray ye stay a little;

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought
with.—

Well, Dinant, well!—These wear swords,
and seem brave fellows. [me;

As you are gentlemen, one of you supply

I want a second now, to meet these gallants;
You know what honour is.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you must pardon us; [for,
We go about the same work you are ready
And must fight presently; else we were your
servants.

2 *Gent.* God speed you, and good day!
[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Cler. Am I thus colted*?

Beau. Come, either yield—

Cler. As you are honest gentlemen, [tune;
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my for-
And if I fight not like a man—Fy, Dinant!
Cold now and trencherous? [causes;

La-Writ [within]. I understand your
Yours about corn, yours about pins and
glasses— [parcels?]

Will ye make me mad? have I not all the
And his petition too, about bell-founding;
Send in your witnesses.—What will ye have
me do? [are melted!—

Will you have me break my heart? my brains
And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first: Commend me
to your mistress,

And tell her, if there be an extraordinary
feather, [you too,
And tall enough for her—I shall dispatch
I know your cause, for transporting of fur-
thingales:

Trouble me no more, I say agnin to you;
No more vexation! Did my wife send me
some puddings;

I have a cause to run thro' requires puddings;
Puddings enough. Farewell!

Enter La-Writ.

Cler. God speed you, sir!

Beau. 'Would he would take this fellow!

Verdone. A rare youth.

Cler. If you be'n't hasty, sir—

La-Writ. Yes, I am hasty, [lament;
Exceeding hasty, sir; I am going to the pur-
You understand this bag: If you have any
business [it,

Depending there, be short, and let me hear
And pay your fees.

Cler. Faith, sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.

La-Writ. I have no skill in't then.

Cler. I must desire you;

'Tis a sword matter, sir.

La-Writ. I am no cutler,

I am an advocate, sir.

Beau. How the thing looks!

Verdone. When he brings him to fight—

Cler. Be not so hasty;

You wear a good sword.

La-Writ. I know not that,

I never drew it yet, or whether it be a
sword—

Cler. I must entreat you try, sir, and bear
n part

Against these gentlemen; I want a second:
You seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La-Writ. I am a Lawyer, sir, I am no
fighter. [best to satisfy.

Cler. You that breed quarrels, sir, know
Beau. This is some sport yet.

Verdone. If this fellow should fight?

La-Writ. And, for any thing I know, I am
an arrant coward;

Do not trust me; I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try; you are mistaken.—Walk
on, gentlemen,

The man shall follow presently.

La-Writ. Are ye mad, gentlemen?

My business is within this half-hour.

Cler. That's all one; [in that bottom;
We'll dispatch within this quarter.—There
'Tis most convenient, gentlemen.

Beau. Well, we'll wait, sir. [You'll follow?

Verdone. Why, this will be a comick fight,
La-Writ. As I'm a true man, I can't fight.

Cler. Away, away.—

[*Exeunt Braupre and Verdone.*
I know you can: I like your modesty;

I know you will fight, and so fight, with such
metal, [fury—

And with such judgment meet your enemy's
I see it in your eye, sir.

La-Writ. I'll be hang'd then;

And I charge you, in the king's name, name
no more fighting. [the man;

Cler. I charge you, in the king's name, play
Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with
you; [diestick?

I'll make you dance. Do you see your fid-
Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La-Writ. Stand further, gentlemen,
Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps—

Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thyself, a noble advocate!
Come, to thy tools.

La-Writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La-Writ. If I do fight—

I say, if I do, but don't depend upon't—

(And yet I have a foolish itch upon me)—

What shall become of my writings?

Cler. Let 'em lie by;

They will not run away, man.

La-Writ. I may be kill'd too, [siness?

And where are all my causes then—my bu-
I will not fight; I cannot fight.—My
causes— [said eduses;

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thou-
Thou art a man to fight for any cause,
And carry it with honour.

La-Writ. Hum! say you so? If I should
Be such a cockcomb to prove valiant now!

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

* *Colted.*] See note ²¹ on Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

²² *Parcels.*] This is a law-term, and means that part of a deed in which land, or other
things, to be conveyed, are described. R.

La-Writ. Do you think so?
I am undone for ever, if it prove so,
I tell you that, my hoocst friend, for ever;
For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,
Nor will not stay; I've business.

Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

La-Writ. Here will I hang my bag then;
it may save my belly;
I never lov'd cold iron there.

Cler. You do wisely.

La-Writ. Help me to pluck my sword out
then; quickly, quickly!

'T has not seen sun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles!

This sword is vengeance angry.

La-Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And say my prayers as I go. Away, boy!
If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer!
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Beupre.

Beau. They're both come on; that may
be a stubborn rascal.

Enter La-Writ.

Take you that ground; I'll stay here. Fight
bravely! [let's have fair play;

La-Writ. To't cheerfully, my boys! You'll
None of your foining tricks.

Beau. Come forward, monsieur!
What hast thou there? a pudding in thy belly?
I shall see what it holds.

La-Writ. Put your spoon home, then!

[*Fight.*
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without
God-a-mercy bag! wit, sir!

Beau. Nothing but bombast in you?

The rogue winks and fights.

[*Beau. loses his sword; La-Writ treads on it.*

La-Writ. Now your fine fencing, sir!
Stand off: thou diest on point else! I have it,
Yet further off!—I have his sword. [I have it!

Cler. [within.] Then keep it;
Be sure you keep it!

La-Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you!
Is this all? I'll undertake within these two days
To furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

Beau. Pox, what fortune's this! Disarmed
A snail? a dog? [by a puppy?

La-Writ. No more o' these words, gentle-
man! [me!

Sweet gentleman, no more! Do not provoke
Go walk i' th' Horse-fair; whistle, gentle-
What must I do now? [man.—

Enter Cleremont, pursued by Verdone.

Cler. Help me; I'm almost breathless.

La-Writ. With all my heart. There's a
cold pie for you, sir!

[*Strikes Cleremont.*

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool!

La-Writ. Thou fool, stand further off
then.—

Deliver, deliver!

[*Strikes up Verdone's heels, and takes
his sword too.*

Cler. Hold fast.

La-Writ. I ne'er fail in't. [daggers!
There's twelve-pence; go, buy you two leaden
Have I done well?

Cler. Most like a gentleman.

Beau. And we two basely lost!

Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune.

We shall yet find an hour.

[*Exeunt Beau. and Verd. sad.*

Cler. I shall be glad on't.

La-Writ. Where's my cloak, and my
trinkets? Or, will you

Fight any longer, for a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, sir.

La-Writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you, for
this great courtesy?

La-Writ. All I desire of you, is to take
The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no
more on't;

[I have no liking to't; it is a foolish matter)
And help me to put up my sword.

Cler. Most willingly.

But I am bound to gratify you, and I must
Not leave you.

La-Writ. I tell you, I'll not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take thine
swords too,

And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own
disposure;

And so, and so—— [Exit *La-Writ.*

Cler. This is a most rare Lawyer;
I'm sure, most valiant. Well, Dinant, as
you satisfy me—

I say no more. I'm laden like an armorer.
[Exit.

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be dispatch'd upon a sleeveless
errand! [tainted!

To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour
These are trim things. I am set here like a

perduc, [mistress,
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my

A scurvy fellow that must pass this way;
But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,

Or whether his name be William, or John,
Or Antony, or Dick, or any thing, I know

not;
A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at;

And there's the office of an ass flung on me.
Sure Cleremont has fought, but how come off,

And what the world shall think of me here-
after! [rascals,

Well, woman, woman, I must look your
And lose my reputation! You've a fine

power over us. [curiously
These two long hours I've trotted here, and

Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,

La-Writ sings within, then enters.

Nor any face to quarrel with. What's that?

This is a rascally voice; sure it comes this way.

La-Writ. 'He strook so hard', the bason
'And Tarquin heard the sound.'

Din. What mister-thing is this? let me
survey it.

La-Writ. 'And then he struck his neck
Din. This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad
rascal.

What an alphabet of faces he puts on!
Hey, how it focuses! If this should be the
rogue—

As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day—
La-Writ. 'Was ever man for lady's sake?
Down, down!'

Din. And what are you, good sir? Down,
down, down, down!

La-Writ. What's that to you,—good sir?
Down, down!

Din. A pox on you, good sir! Down,
You with your buckram bag, what make
you here?

[with my shadow now.
And from whence come you?—] could fight
La-Writ. Thou fierce man, that like Sir
Lancelot dost appear,

I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke
what I make here.

Din. This is a precious knave.—Stay,
stay, good Tristram,

And let me ask thy mightiness a question;—
Did you ne'er abuse a lady?

La-Writ. Not; to abuse a lady's very
Din. Say you so, sir?

[I heard, sir.
Dost thou never abuse her honour?
La-Writ. Not; to abuse her honour is
impossible.

[thy name?
Din. Certain, this is the rascal. What's
La-Writ. My name is Cock o' two; use me
I will be cock of three else.

[respectively]¹⁰,
Din. What's all this?
You say, you did abuse a lady.
La-Writ. You lie.
Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.
La-Writ. That's two lies.
Speak suddenly, for I am full of business.
Din. What art thou, or what canst thou
be, thou peagoose,
That durst give me the lie thus? thou mak'st
La-Writ. And wonder on, till time makes
all this plain.
Din. You must not part so, sir. Art
La-Writ. Ask those upon whose ruins I
am mounted.
Din. This is some Cavalero knight o' th'
La-Writ. I tell thee I'm as good a gentle-
man as the duke.
I have achiev'd—Go, follow thy business!
Din. But for this lady, sir—
La-Writ. Why, hang this lady, sir!
And the lady-mother too, sir! What have I
to do with ladies?

Enter Clermont.
Cler. 'Tis the Little Lawyer's voice: Has
he got my way?
It should be herabouts.
Din. You dry biscuit rogue,
I will so swing you for this blasphemy!
Ha! I found you out?
Cler. That should be Dinant's tongue too.
La-Writ. And I defy thee; do thy worst!
'Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot tho!'
And, that thou shalt know I'm a true gentle-
man,
And speak according to the phrase triun-
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten
lady,
And, tho' I never heard of her, a deboshed

[lady]¹¹,
And, tho' I never heard of her, a deboshed

¹⁰ *He strook so hard, &c.*] The lines *La-Writ* here sings are taken from an old ballad, called 'The Noble Acts of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.' R.

¹¹ *What master-thing is this?*] The idea this gave was, *What master-piece of oddity have we here?* But Mr. Symson has hit on a more humorous reading; *What mister-thing is this?* *Mister* might be common to Spenser and Chaucer. I am far from approving the insertion of obsolete words in general; but here, where *La-Writ* is talking and singing knight-errantry, a word common in the tales of knight-errants is certainly natural and obvious. In the excellent Glossary to Urry's Chaucer, *mister*, from the French *maistier*, a profession or trade. Hence it is used for any sort, kind, or condition; as *mister-jolk* kind of men, &c. Seward.

Mister-thing is the reading of the second folio; not a variation hit on by Mr. Symson!

¹² *Thou fierce man, &c.*] These two lines also we apprehend to be quoted from some old romance, play, or ballad.

¹³ *Use me respectively.*] Here *respectively* is synonymous to *respectfully*. We never, I believe, now use it in that sense. Seward.

In the Laws of Cnody, Annapel says, "The princess ever for your sake most *respectively* loved me." The word frequently occurs in the same sense, in the old writers.

¹⁴ *Deboshed.*] In *The Tempest*, act iii. scene 2, Trinculo uses this word, speaking to Caliban, upon which Mr. Steevens remarks, 'I meet with this word, which I suppose to be the same as *debauch'd*, in Randolph's *Jenious Lovers*, 1634,

"See your house be stor'd

"With the *deboishest* roarsers in this city."

'When this word was first adopted from the French language, it appears to have been spelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever since it has been spelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety.' R.

And thou a squire of low degree! Will that content thee?

Dost thou wny-layme with ladies?—A pretty
A very pretty sword! I have a great mind
to't.

Din. You shall not lose your longing,

Cler. Hold, hold!

Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman!

La-Writ. As much as you will; my hand
is in now.

Cler. I am your friend, sir.—Dinant,
Upon the gentleman preserv'd your honour:
This was my second, and did back me nobly.
For shame, forbear.

Din. I ask your mercy, sir,

And am your servant now.

La-Writ. May we not fight then?

Cler. I'm sure you shall not now.

La-Writ. I'm sorry for't;

I'm sure I'll stay no longer then, not a jot
longer.

Are there any more on ye afore? I will sing
[*Exit La-Writ, singing.*]

Din. I look now you should chide me,
and 'tis fit,

And with much bitterness express your
I have deserv'd: Yet, when you know—

Cler. I thank you!

Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd
me,

The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly

Din. I do confess—

Cler. That boyish sleight—

Din. Not so, sir.

Cler. That poor and base renouncing of
Can be allay'd with words?

Din. I give you way still. [It a friend's part,

Cler. Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was
A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword,
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then, when his honour
call'd him;

Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?

To halt, and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have giv'n my life I'd never known
thee!

Th' hast eaten canker-like into my judgment
With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot
beal again.

Din. This I can suffer too; I find it honest.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuse¹⁴ now
may absolve you,

Or any thing like honest, to bring you off?

Engage me, like an ass?

Din. Will you but hear me?

Cler. Expose me like a jade to tug, and
hale thro',

Laugh'd at, and almost hooted? Your di-
graces

Invite men's swords and angers to dispatch

Din. If you will be patient—

Cler. And be abus'd still? But that I've
call'd thee friend,

And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me; I'd not
talk thus:

But henceforth stand upon your own bottom,
And hear your own abuses; I scorn my
sword

Should travel in so poor and empty quarrels.

Din. Ha! you done yet? take your whole
swing of anger;

I'll bear all with content.

Cler. Why were you absent?

Din. You know I was no coward, you
have seen that,

And therefore, out of fear forsook you not:
You know I am not false, of a treacherous
nature,

Apt to betray my friend; I have fought for
You know no business, that concern'd my
My kindred, or my life—

Cler. Where was the fault then?

Din. The honour of that lady I adore,
Her credit, and her name: You know she
And with what haste.

Cler. What was he that traduc'd?

Din. The man i'th' moon, I think; hither
But to what end—

Enter Nurse.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam!

Nurse. I'm glad I've met you, sir; I have
And seeking ev'ry where.

Cler. And, now you've found him,
Declare what business, our ambassador¹⁵.

Nurse. Whis's that to you, Goodman
Flouter?—Oh, sir, my lady—

Din. Prithee, no more of thy lady; I
have too much on't.

Cler. Let me have a little; speak to me.

Nurse. To you, sir?

'Tis more than time!—All occasions set

Or whatsoever may be thought a business—

Din. What then?

Nurse. Repair to me within this hour.

Cler. Where?

Nurse. What is that to you? come you,
When you're sent for.

Cler. God-a-merey, Mumpsimus!

You may go, Dinant, and tollow this old
fairy,

Till you have lost yourself, your friends,

¹⁴ Can you pretend an excuse—] Mr. Seward's passion for exact measure induces him to read, "Can you pretend a 'scuse'."

¹⁵ Our ambassador.] Mr. Sympson thinks this might probably be old ambassador, and then there is a strong reason for her calling him flouter. It is certainly an improvement, and bids fair for having been the original.

Seward.
Our ambassador is flouting; and the old reading should not be altered without authority, while it is intelligible; though we think the emendation a good one.

And honey out your youth in rare adventure but grieve I've known you. [tures:

Nurse. Will you go, sir?

I come not often to you with these blessings: You may believe that thing there, and re- That dogged thing! [pent it,

Cler. Peace, Touchwood!

Dia. I will not go.

Go, bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her, [with;

Some unexperienc'd puppy to make sport I've been her mirth too long! Thus I shake from me [meats

The fetters she put on; thus her enchant- blow away like wind: No murther beauty—

Nurse. Take heed, sir, what you say.

Cler. Go forward, Dinant.

Dia. The charms shot from her eyes—

Nurse. Be wise.

Cler. Be valiant.

Dia. That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's destructions,

Shall never rack me more!¹⁶

Nurse. Stay there.

Cler. Go forward.

Dia. I will now hear her, see her, as a woman, [her¹⁷,

Survey her, and the power man has allow'd As I would do the course of common things, Unmov'd, unstruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Dia. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud

Is not her own, our eyes bestow it on her; To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,

A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as soft as hers.

Go, bid her stick some other triumph up, And take into her favour some dull fool,

That has no precious time to lose, no friends, [chant,

No honour, nor no life: Like a bold mer- A bold and bankrupt man, I've ventur'd

all these, [to her;

And split my bottom. Return this answer

I am awake again, and see her mischief, And am not now, on every idle errand,

And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried¹⁸,

And then despis'd again; I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true—

Nurse. I'm sorry I have troubled you;

More sorry, that my lady has adventur'd

So great a favour in so weak a mind.

Thus hear you have refus'd That, when you come to know it, [fellow!

Will run you mad, and make you curse that She is not fair, nor handsome! so I leave you.

Cler. Stay, lady, stay; but is there such a business? [yours

Nurse. You'd break your neck, 'twere

Cler. My back, you would say.

Nurse. But play the friend's part still, sir,

'Tis a fair office. [and undo him;

Dia. I've spoke too liberally.

Nurse. I shall deliver what you say.

Cler. You shall be hang'd first;

You'd fain be prating now! Take the man

Nurse. Not I; I have no power. [with you.

Cler. You may go, Dinant.

Nurse. 'Tis in's own will; I had no further charge, sir, [thought

Than to tell him what I did; which, if I'd It should have been receiv'd so—

Cler. Faith, you may;

You do not know how far it may concern you.

If I perceived any trick in't—

Dia. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault then. There is an hour in fortune¹⁹, [clide you,

That must be still observ'd: You think I'll When things must be. Nay, see, an he

will hold his head up! [too?

Would such a lady set with such a charge Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool

with her again,

The great fool, the greater still the better.

He shall go with you, woman.

Nurse. As it please him;

I know the way alone else.

¹⁶ *Shall never rack me more.*] *Rack*, i. e. *torment*, is certainly good sense here, and I therefore don't change it, though *wreck*, the old way of spelling *wreck*, i. e. *ship-wreck*, seems much more poetical: For his honour, by her devices, had just before been *wreck'd*, which Dinant a little lower expresses by the same metaphor:

"———like a bold merchant,

"———I've ventur'd all these," (i. e. time, friends, honour and life,)

"And split my bottom."

This confirmation occurred after the conjecture itself.

Seward.

¹⁷ *And the power man has allow'd, sir.*] Former edit.

Seward.

¹⁸ *And am not now on every idle errand,*

And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried,

And then despis'd again.] Mr. Symson suspects the word *hurried*, as making no antithesis to *despis'd*, and therefore proposes to read *honeyed*, a word common to our Authors. But as Dinant had just before been "hurried on an idle errand, and a new-coin'd anger," I see no sort of reason for the change: Perhaps, indeed, *anger* might have been *danger*, because it was the pretence of that which had induced him to go upon her former errand; but neither is this change necessary.

Seward.

¹⁹ *There is an hour in fortune,*

That must be still observ'd.] We meet with this sentiment in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. The passage is quoted (vol. i.) act ii. sc. i. note ²⁶ of *The Custom of the Country*.

Din. Where's your lady?

Nurse. I shall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll go; [sny—

But what her wrongs will give me leave to

Cler. We'll leave that to yourselves. I shall hear from you?

Din. As soon as I come off.

Cler. Come on then bravely.

Farewell till then, and play the man!

Din. You're merry;

All I expect is scorn. I'll lead you, lady.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Beaupre, Verdout, and Charlotte.

Beau. **W**E'LL venture on him.

Champ. Out of my doors! I charge thee.

See me no more!

Lam. Your nephew?

Champ. I disclaim him;

He has no part in me, nor in my blood.

My brother, that kept fortune bound, and

Conquest hereditary to his issue, [left

Could not beget a coward.

Verd. I fought, sir,

Like a good fellow, and a soldier too; [fates:

But men are men, and cannot make their

Ascribe you to my father what you please,

I'm born to suffer.

Champ. All disgraces, wretch!

Lam. Good sir, be patient.

Champ. Was there no tree,

(For to fall by a noble enemy's sword

A coward is unworthy) nor no river **,

To force thy life out backward, and to

drown it,

But that thou must survive thy infamy,

And kill me with the sight of one I hate,

And gladly would forget?

Beau. Sir, his misfortune

Deserves not this reproof.

Champ. In your opinion:

'Tis fit you two should be of one belief,

You are indeed fine gallants, and fight

bravely

'T'is city with your tongues, but in the field

I have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do;

Your swords are all lend there.

Beau. I know no duty

(However you may wreak your spleen on

That binds me to endure this. [him]

Champ. From Dinant

You'll suffer more! That ever cursed I

Should give my honour up, to the defence

Of such a thing as he is! or my lady,

That is all innocent¹, for whom a dove would

Assume the courage of a daring eagle,

Repose her confidence in one that can

No better guard her! In contempt of you,

I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire

him; [justice,

His valour claims it from me, and with

He that could fight thus, in a cause not

honest, [honour,

His sword edge'd with defence of right and

Would pierce as deep as lightning, with

And kill us deadly. [that speed too,

Verd. You're as far from justice,

In him you praise, as equity in the censure

You load me with.

Beau. Dinant? he durst not meet us.

Lam. How! durst not, brother?

Beau. Durst not; I repeat it.

Verd. Nor was it Clermont's valour

that disarm'd us;

I had the better of him. For Dinant, [I dare

If that might make my peace with you,

Write him a coward upon every post,

And with the hazard of my life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the stake you'd

lose it, nephew.

Champ. Came he not, say you?

Verd. No; but in his room

There was a devil, lur'd from some magician,

I th' shape of an attorney.

Beau. 'Twas he did it.

Verd. And his the honour.

Beau. I could wish Dinant—

But what talk I of one that stepp'd aside,

And durst not come!

Lam. I'm such a friend to truth,

I cannot hear this. Why do you detract

Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely)

From one of such approv'd worth?

Champ. Ha! how's this? [noble,

Lam. From one so excellent in all that's

Whose only weakness is excess of courage?

That knows no enemies, that he cannot

master,

** ——— no river,

[To force thy life out backward, or to drown it.] The disjunctive or is surely improper here; for forcing life out backward is only an exceedingly droll description of drowning. *Seward.*

¹ That is all innocent.] All-innocent is poetical, but from no hyphen being added in the former editions, and innocent being wrote with a great letter, perhaps the true reading may be, "all innocence." *Seward.*

Surely there is no need of a hyphen; the expression is equally poetical, and the sense the same, without it,

But his affections; and in them, the worst,
His love to me?

Champ. To you?

Lam. Yes, sir, to me:

I dare (for what is that which innocence
dares not) [combat

To you profess it: And he shunn'd not the
For fear or doubt of these. Blush, and
repent, [indour!

That you in thought e'er did that wrong to
Beau. Why, this is rare.

Champ. 'Fore Heaven, exceeding rare!
Why, modest lady, you that sing such end-
Of your first suitor— [cousin's

Ferd. How can you convince us
In our reports?

Lam. With what you cannot answer:
'Twas my command that staid him.

Champ. Your command? [with my power
Lam. Mine, sir; and had my will rank'd
And his obedience, I could have sent him,
With more ease, weaponless to you, and
bound, [his honour
Than have kept him back; so well he loves
Beyond his life.

Champ. Better and better still!

Lam. I wrought with him in private, to
divert him [you.

From your assur'd destruction, had he met
Champ. In private?

Lam. Yes, and us'd all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute
Of all his faculties. [mistress

Champ. Gave all rewards too
His service could deserve? Did not he take
The measure of my shorts?

Lam. Do not look yellow; [me, sir.
I've cause to speak; frowns cannot fright
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave

Champ. What then? [me—

Lam. I'll not alone abuse your bed, (that's
nothing!)

But, to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.

Champ. Impudent!

Ferd. And on the sudden—

Beau. How are you transform'd
From what you were!

Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so,
Let me live unsuspected: I'm no servant,
Nor will be us'd like one! If you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it:
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores,
Than all baits else bid to entrap our frailties.

Beau. There's no contesting with her:
From a child,

Once mov'd, she hardly was to be appeas'd;
Yet I dare swear her honest.

Champ. So I think too,

On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutch-
man, [me:

To have my wife my sovereign, to command
I'll try the gentler way; but, if that fail,
Believe it, sir, there's nothing but extremes
Which she must feel from me.

Beau. That as you please, sir.

Chor. You've won the breeches, madam!

Lam. Look up sweetly;

My lord limps tow'rd you.

Lam. You will learn more manners!

[Strikes her,

Chor. This is a fee, for counsel that's un-
ask'd for!

Champ. Come, I mistook thee, sweet;
prithce, forgive me!

I never will be jealous: Ere I cherish
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing.
I'll say, Dinant is all that thou wouldst have
Will that suffice? [him;

Lam. 'Tis well, sir!

Champ. Use thy freedom

Uncheck'd, and, unobserv'd: If thou wilt
have it, [wrong's;

These shall forget their honour, I my
We'll all dote on him. He'll be my reward,
If I dissemble!

Lam. And that hell take me,
If I infect him! He's a lustful villain,
(But yet no coward) and solicits me
To my dishonour; that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will so revenge,
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers.

Champ. Use thine own ways;

I give up all to thee.

Beau. Oh, women, women! [evils.

When you are pleas'd you are the least of
Ferd. I'll rhyme to't—But provok'd, the
worst of devils! [Exeunt.

Enter Sampson and three Clients.

Samp. I know Monsieur La-Write.

1 *Client.* 'Would he knew himself, sir!

Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of
Of a kind of unable thing. [pretty lawyer,

2 *Client.* A fine lawyer, sir,

And would have brk'd you up a business!
And out of this court into that!

Samp. You are too forward; [have done,
Not so fine, my friends; something he could
But short, short!

3 *Client.* I know your worship's favour;
You're nephew to the judge, sir.

Samp. It may be so,

And something may be done, without trot-
ting i'th' dirt, friends:

It may be I can take him in his chamber,

* In our reports.] All editions, but the first, read "your reports." We think the old reading best;—convince signifies confute, or convict us of falsehood.

And have an hour's talk ; it may be so ;
And tell him that in's ear--there are such
I will not say, I can. [courttesies ;

3 *Client*. We know you can, sir.

Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no.
—But where's *La-Writ*?

Where's your sufficient lawyer?

1 *Client*. He's blown up, sir.

2 *Client*. Run mad, and quarrels with the
dog he meets ;

He is no Lawyer of this world now.

Samp. Your reason ?

Is he defunct ? is he dead ?

2 *Client*. No, he's not dead yet, sir ;

But I would be loth to take a lease on's life
for two hours ; [fighting,

Alas, he is possess'd, sir, with the spirit of
And quarrels with all people ; but how he
came to it— [man,

Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentle-
The man may fight ; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentle-
And my lord my uncle loves me. [man,

3 *Client*. We all know it, sir.

[too, much business,

Samp. I think he does, sir ; I've business
Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy, [week ;
I can fight too, my friends ; a little does well ;
I would be loth to learn to fight.

1 *Client*. But, n't please you, sir,

His fighting has neglected all our business :

We are undone, our causes cast away, sir ;

His not appearance—

Samp. There he fought too long ;

A little, and fight well ; he fought too long,
indeed, friends :

But, nevertheless, things must be as they may,
And there he ways—

1 *Client*. We know, sir, if you please—

Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up
your causes.

Enter La-Writ and a Gentleman at the door.

2 *Client*. Now you may behold, sir,

And be a witness, whether we lie or no.

La-Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary,
sweet gentlemen.

And if there be a wench or two—

Gent. We'll have 'em. [come ;

La-Writ. No handling any duels before I

We'll have no going less²³ ; I hate a coward !

Gent. There shall be nothing done.

La-Writ. Make all the quarrels

You can devise before I come, and let's all
There's no sport else. [fight ;

Gent. We'll see what may be done, sir.

1 *Client*. Ha ! monsieur *La-Writ* !

La-Writ. Baffled in way of business,

My causes cast away, judgment against us !

Why, there it goes.

2 *Client*. What shall we do the whilst, sir ?

La-Writ. Breed new discussions ; go hang
yourselves ! [living.

'Tis all one to me ; I have a new trade of

1 *Client*. Do you hear what he says, sir ?

Samp. The gentleman speaks finely.

La-Writ. Will any of you fight ? Fighting's
my occupation,

If you find yourselves aggrieved.

Samp. A complete gentleman ! [petitions !

La-Writ. Avant, thou buckram budget of
Thou spital of lame causes²⁴ ! I lament for

And, till revenge be taken— [ther ;

Samp. 'Tis most excellent.

La-Writ. There, every man chase his pa-
per, and his place ; [ness,

I'll answer ye all ; I'll neglect no man's busi-
But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman.

The judge may do and not do ; he's but a
monsieur. [bag, sir.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your

La-Writ. I know not, sir ; [thing.

But you may put any thing in, any fighting

Samp. It is sufficient ; you may hear here—

La-Writ. I rest your servant, sir ! [after.

Samp. No more words, gentlemen, [me.

But follow me ; no more words, as you love
The gentleman's a noble gentleman !

I shall do what I can, and then—

Clients. We thank you, sir. [gentleman.

Samp. Not a word to disturb him ; he's a
[Exit *Sampson* and *Clients*.

La-Writ. No cause go o'my side ? the judge
cast off ? [action,

And, because I was honourably employ'd in
And not appear'd, pronounce ? 'Tis very well,

'Tis well, 'faith ! 'tis well, judge !

Enter Clermont.

Cler. Who have we here ?

My Little furious Lawyer ?

La-Writ. I say, 'tis well !

But mark the end !

Cler. How he is metamorphos'd !

Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,

No soliciting face now ! This is no simple

Your servant, sir, and friend ! [conversion.

²³ *He'll have no going less.* So first folio ; but the other editions read, "We'll have no going else." We think the old reading is the best sense, and much more characteristic. To go less, too, is a phrase often used by our Authors.

²⁴ *Thou spittle of lame causes.* To call a pettifogger a person spit out of lame causes seems very stiff, and the common cant term *spitter* is so near the trace of the letters, that there can be little doubt of its being the original. There are few characters, either in Shakespeare, Jouson, or Moliere, that surpass *La-Writ* in comic humour. *Seward*.

Mr. Seward totally misapprehends this. "*Spittle* [or *Spital*] of lame causes," is most ridiculously interpreted "a person spit out of lame causes." It means, "an hospital of lame causes ;" a figurative expression, quite agreeable to the usual style of our Authors.

La-Writ. You come in time, sir.

Cler. The happier man, to be nt your command then. [but that's all one;

La-Writ. You may wonder to see me thus; Time shall declare. 'Tis true, I was a Lawyer, But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a Lawyer, I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking, I did you the office of a man?

Cler. I must confess it.

La-Writ. And budg'd not; no, I budg'd

Cler. No, you did not. [not?

La-Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires another. [service.

Cler. Most willing, sir; I'm ready at your

La-Writ. There, read, and understand, and then deliver it.

Cler. This is a challenge, sir.

La-Writ. 'Tis very like, sir;

I seldom now write sonnets.

Cler. O, *admirantis*!

'Tu Monsieur Vertaign, the President.'

La-Writ. I chuse no fool, sir.

Cler. Why, he's no swordman, sir.

La-Writ. Let him learn, let him learn;

Time that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man!

La-Writ. Never too old

To be a gentleman; and he that is a judge Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour. [causes,

There are my griefs, he has cast away my In which he has bow'd my reputation:

And therefore, judge, or no judge——

Cler. Pray be rul'd, sir!

This is the maddest thing——

La-Writ. You will not carry it?

Cler. I do not tell you so; but, if you may be persuaded—— [would not fight;

La-Writ. You know how you us'd me when I Do you remember, gentleman?

Cler. The devil's in him. [do it;

La-Writ. I see it in your eyes, that you dare

You have a carrying face, and you shall carry

Cler. The least is banishment. [it.

La-Writ. Be banish'd then;

'Tis a friend's part: We'll meet in Africa, Or any corner of the earth.

Cler. Say, he will not fight?

La-Writ. I know then what to say; take you no cure, sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,

And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre;

Till when, my service.

La-Writ. A judge, or no judge, no judge!

[Exit.

Cler. This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read of; [sident?

None to provoke to th' field, but the old pre-What face shall I put on? If I come in ear-I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets. [nest, This may make some sport yet; I will deliver Here comes the president. [it.

Enter Vertaign, with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I shall find time, gentlemen, To do your causes good. Is not that Clerc-

1 *Gent.* 'Tis he, my lord. [mont?

Vert. Why does he smile upon me? [sir, Am I become ridiculous? Has your fortune, Upon my son, made you contemn his father? The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Mistake me not, my lord; you shall not find that:

I come with no blown spirit to abuse you; I know your place, and honour due unto it,

The reverence to your silver age and virtue.

Vert. Your face is merry still.

Cler. So is my business;

And I beseech your honour mistake me not, I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad-mann, [mirth,

As mad a piece of——You were wont to love In your young days; I've known your honour

wone it: [lence, sir—

This may be made no little one; 'tis a chal-Nay, start not, I beseech you; it means you no harm,

Nor any man of honour, or understanding; 'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little

laughter,

I am bold to bring it to your lordship.

Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed. [years?

Do they take me for a swordman at these

Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's all, sir;

It had been in me else a sauey rudeness.

Vert. From one *La-Writ*; a very punctual challenge. [matter.

Cler. But, if your lordship mark it, no great

Vert. I have known such a wrangling advocate, [him;

Such a little figent thing. Oh, I remember A notable talking kowe! Now, out upon

him, [mortality!

It has challeng'd me downright, defied me I do remember too, I cast his causes.

Cler. Why there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal quarrel.

* O *admirantis*.] An ingenious friend suspects this Latin word to have been a marginal note crept into the text. That Cleremont saying only O, somebody wrote against it *admirantis*, to shew that a note of admiration was omitted; and that this was the expressing of one under a very comick astonishment. I hope the reader will assent to the conjecture, and have therefore discarded the word. *Seward.*

We do not think *admirantis* to have been a marginal note, but that the word, or some near it, was really given by the writers to Cleremont to express his astonishment. The old text should not be discarded; and the word completes the measure, an argument to which Mr. Seward often pays too much regard.

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D

Vert. Why, what a knave is this! As you're a gentleman,
Is there no further purpose but mere mirth?
What a bald man of war! he invites me roundly. [man,

Cler. Is there should be, I were no gentleman
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred.
And, tho' I'm sure your lordship hates my person,
Which time may bring again into your favour,
Yet, for the manners—

Vert. I am satisfied:
You see, sir, I've out-liv'd those days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to
But I have a kinsman much of his ability,
His wit and carriage*, (for this, call him fool)
One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow.

Cler. And such a man to undertake, my lord? [pitch-burrows together—

Vert. Nay, he's too forward; these two

Cler. Upon my soul, no harm.

Vert. It makes me smile.

Why, what a stinking another will they utter!

Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it)

And shall defend my cause; But, as you're sport not with blood!

Cler. Think not so basely, good sir.

Vert. A squire shall wait upon you from my kinsman;

To-morrow morning make your sport at full;
You want no subject; But, no wounds!

Cler. That's my care.

Vert. And so, good day! [Ex. *Vert.* & *Cler.*

Cler. Many unto your honour!

This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit.
Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they shall go.

Enter Dinant.

Din. Oh, Clermont!

I am glad I have found thee.

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer:

Dost thou love me?

Cler. Love thee?

Din. Dost thou love me dearly?

Dar'st thou for my sake—

Cler. Any thing that's honest.

Din. Tho' it be dangerous?

Cler. Fox o' dangerous!

Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?

Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?

Din. Along with me then.

Cler. I must part to-morrow. [night,

Din. You shall, you shall. Be faithful for this
And thou hast made thy friend!

Cler. Away, and talk not! [Exeunt.

Enter Lamira and Nurse.

Lam. Oh, Nurse, welcome! Where's Dinant?
Nurse. He's at my back. [nunt?

'Tis the most liberal gentleman—This gold
He gave me for my pains! Nor can I blame
If you yield up the fort. [you,

Lam. How! yield it up?

Nurse. I know not; he that loves, and
gives so largely,

And a young lord to boot, (or I am cozen'd)
May enter every where.

Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter Dinant and Clermont.

Nurse. Why, if you are, I hope here's one
will please you; [with you!

Look on him with my eyes. Good luck go
Were I young for your sake—

Din. I thank thee, Nurse. [am—

Nurse. I would be tractable; and, as I

Lam. Leave the room!

So old, and so immodest! And be careful,
Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,
That none disturb my lord. [Exit *Nurse.*

Cler. Will you dispatch?

'Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Wink in, walk in; I am your scout for once;

You owe me the like service.

Din. And will pay it.

Lam. As you respect our lives, speak not
so loud. [am silenc'd.

Cler. Why, do it in dumb show then; I

Lam. Be not so hasty, sir! The golden
apples [sures

Had a fell dragon for their guard; your plea-
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.

Din. Speak the means. [and, alas,

Lam. Thus, briefly: My lord sleeps now—
Each night he only sleeps.

Cler. Go, keep her stirring. [does,

Lam. Now, if he wake, as sometimes he
He only stretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being assur'd of,
He sleeps again; but, should he miss me,
Could not defend our lives. [valour

Din. What's to be done then? [I may

Lam. Servants have servile faiths, nor have
That I dare trust; on noble Clermont
We safely may rely.

Cler. What man can do,
Command, and boldly.

Lam. Thus then; in my place
You must lie with my lord.

Cler. With an old man?

Two beds together? that's preposterous!

Lam. There is no other way; and, tho' 'tis
dangerous, [too,

He having servants within call, and arm'd

* *His wit and carriage.*] So first folio; and the character of Sampson proves this the right reading, though all the other copies say, "wit and courage." The following words too, "for this call him fool," confirm it.

Slaves fed to act all that his jealousy
And rage command them; yet a true friend
Check at the hazard of a life. [should not
Cler. I thank you!

I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate myself. To be a kind of pandar,
You see, I am willing;

But, to betray mine own throat you must
pardon. [defeated!

Din. Then I am lost, and all my hopes
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, Cleremont—

Cler. You shall not out-do me;

Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

Din. But, for his beard—

Lam. To cover that, you shall have my
night-lineu:

And, you dispos'd of, my Dinant and I
Will have some private conference.

Enter Chambermaid privately.

Cler. Private doing;

Or I'll not venture.

Lam. That's us we agree,

[*Exeunt omnes præter Champ.*]

*Nurse and Charlotte pass over the stage with
pillows, night-cloaths, and such things.*

Champ. What can this woman do, preserv-
ing her honour?

I have given her all the liberty that may be.
I will not be far off tho', nor I will not be
jealous,

Nor trust too much: I think she is virtuous;
Yet, when I hold her best, she's but a woman,
As full of frailty as of faith; a poor slight
woman,

And her best thoughts but weak fortifications:
There may be a mine wrought. Well, let'em
work then; [strous,

I shall meet with it; 'till the signs be none—
And stick upon my head, I will not believe
it. [Stands private.

She may be, and she may not. Now to my
observation.

Enter Dinant and Lamira.

Din. Why do you make me stay so? If
you love me—

Lam. You are too hot and violent.

Din. Why do you shift thus

From one chamber to another?

Lam. A little delay, sir,

Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water,
Makes the desires burn clear, and ten times
hotter.

Din. Why do you speak so loud? I pray
you in, [away,

Sweet mistress. I am mad! Time steals
And when we would enjoy—

Lam. Now, fy, fy, servant! [sures?

Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our plea-

Din. Pray do but kiss me then.

Lam. Why, that I will,

And you shall find anon, servant—

Din. Softly, for Heaven's sake! [now!

You know my friend's engag'd. A little; now,
Will you go in again?

Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Din. Why do you laugh so loud, precious?
Will you betray me? have my friend's throat
cut?

Lam. Come, come, I'll kiss thee agin.

Champ. Will you so? You're liberal!

If you do cozen me—

Enter Nurse, with wine.

Din. What's this?

Lam. Wine, wine; a draught or two.

Din. What does this woman here?

Lam. She shall not hinder you.

Din. This might have been spar'd;

'Tis but delay, and time lost. Pray send
her softly off. [wine;

Lam. Sit down, and mix your spirits with
I will make you another Hercules,

Din. I dare not drink.

Fy, what delays you make! I dare not;

I shall be drunk presently, and do strange
things then. [Oh, the pleasure!

Lam. Not drink a cup with your mistress!

Din. Lady, why this? [Musick,

Lam. We must have mirth to our wine,

Din. Plague o' the musick! [man,

Champ. God-a-mercy, wench!

If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee.

Din. The house will all rue now; this will
disturb all.

Did you do this?

Lam. Peace, and sit quiet, fool!

You love me; come, sit down, and drink.

Enter Cleremont above.

Cler. What a devil ail you?

How cold I sweat! Ah! 'g's pox stop your pipes! [Musick,

The thing will wake. Now, now, methinks
I find [that?

His sword just gliding thro' my throat. What's
A vengeance choke your pipes! Are you
there, lady?

* *Pray do not kiss me then.* Dinant's answer and Lamira's reply seem to have lost all their humour by this pointing. The former being eager with expectation, she asks him tauntingly, 'Whether they should enjoy their pleasure like sensual beasts?' He smartly answers, 'By no means, don't let us do so; and for that reason kiss me.' *Kissing* being the distinction between the foodness of human creatures and that of beasts: She immediately complies, but speaks and snarls so loud, that she puts him into a panic instead of a rapture. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, "Pray do not; kiss me then." The error originated from the second folio, which reads *not for but*; and even that is preferable to Seward's variation, which we took for an error of the press, before we were aware of his note.

Stop, stop those rascals! Do you bring me
lither

To be cut into mine'd meat? Why, Dinant!

Din. I cannot do withal;

I have spoke, and spoke; I am betray'd and
lust too. [me?]

Cler. Do you hear me? do you understand
Plague damn your whistles! [Music ends.

Lam. 'Twas but an over-sight;

They've done; lie down. [not]

Cler. 'Would you had done too; you know
In what a misery and fear I lie:

You have a lady in your arms.

Din. I would have. [The recorders again.

Champ. I'll watch you, Goodman Would-

Cler. Remove, for Heaven's sake, [have!]
And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down;

'Tis but an hour's endurance now.

Cler. I dare not;

Softly, sweet lady. God's heart!

Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear; he sleeps
Lie gently down. [still soundly.

Cler. Pray make an end.

Din. Come, madam.

Lam. These chambers are too near.

Champ. I shall be nearer.

[Exit Din. and Lam

Well, go thy ways; I'll trust thee thro' the
world,

Deal how thou wilt: That that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet, by the honour of a

soldier, [will look,

I hold thee truly noble. How these things
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on,

children; [fool,

You shall live pap anon. Oh, thou grand
That thou knew'st but thy fortune!

[Music done.

Cler. Peace, good madam! [be wary;

Stop her mouth, Dinant. It sleeps yet; pray
Dispatch; I can't endure this misery; I can

hear nothing more; I'll say my prayers, and
down again. [Whistle within.

A thousand alarms²⁰ fall upon my quarters!
Heav'n send me off! When I lie keeping

courses²¹— [shake!

Flame o' your fumbling, Dinant! How I
'Tis still again. 'Would I were in the Indies!

[Exit.

Enter Dinant and Lamira: A light within.

Din. Why do you use me thus? thus
poorly, basely?

Work me into a hope, and then destroy me?
Why did you send for me? this new way train

me? [now I'll shew thee!

Lam. Madman, and fool, and false man,

Din. Pray put your light out.

Lam. Nay, I'll hold it thus, [it!

That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn
Tell me but this, when you first doted on me,

And made suit to enjoin me as your wife,

Did you not hold me honest?

Din. Yes, most virtuous.

Lam. And did not that appear the only
lustre, [ration?

That made me worth your love and admi-

Din. I must confess.

Lam. Why would you deal so basely?

So like a thief, a villain—

Din. Peace, good madam! [ciously,

Lam. I'll speak aloud too!—Thus mali-

Thus breaking all the rules of honesty,

Of honour and of truth (for which I lov'd you,

For which I call'd you servant, and admir'd
you.)

To steal that jewel purchas'd by another,

Piously set in wellock, even that jewel,
Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable?

Can he that has lov'd good, dote on the
devil? [agent)

(For he that seeks a whore, seeks but his

Or an I of so wild and low a blood,

So nurs'd in infamies—

Din. I do not think so,

And I repent.

Lam. That will not serve your turn, sir.

Din. It was your treaty drew me on.

Lam. But it was your villainy

Made you pursue it. I drew you but to try

How much a man, and nobly you durst stand,

How well you had deserv'd the name of virtu-
ous:

But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beastly and base affections, came floating on,

Swelling your poison'd billows—

Din. Will you betray me?

Lam. To all the miseries a vex'd woman may.

Din. Let me but out,

²⁰ Softly, sweet lady—heart?) Former copies "We must either read "lark!" for
"heart?" or rather believe there has been some omission from delicacy.

²¹ A thousand alarms fall upon my quarters.] Larums are often used by our Authors for
alarms, and the verse requires it here. They are both derived from the Italian *Al arme*,
i. e. To arms. Without knowing this, the metaphor will be probably misunderstood; his
quarters seems to mean the odd post he was quartered in, and he had a thousand alarms
beating on every side of him. Seward.

Must not every reader suppose "larums" was introduced to the text by this ingenious
commentator? Indeed, it was not, as the old folio proves.

²² When I lie keeping courses.] I know no idea to "keeping courses" that will at all suit
the occasion it is here spoke upon: I therefore read, "keeping courses," or "watching of dead
bodies." Dinant had before called Champemel "Lamira's grave," and Cleremont may in
the same spirit call him "a dead corpse," and his own station, like that of persons set to
watch one, generally attended with fears and horrors. This receives still additional humour
from the strange mistake he is under. Seward.

Give me but room to toss my sword about me, [woman!
And I will tell you, you're a treacherous
Oh, that I had but words —

Lam. They will not serve you.

Din. But two-edg'd words, to cut thee! A
lady-traitor? [honour

Perish by a proud puppet? I did you too much
To tender you my love; too much respected
you,

To think you worthy of my worst embraces.
Go, take your groom, and let him dally with
you, [stock;

Your greasy groom! I scorn to imp your lane
You are not fair, nor handsome; I lied loudly,
This tongue abus'd you, when it spoke you
beauteous.

Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave!

Din. Put out your light;

Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter?
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?

I and my friend, the first-fruits of that blond
You and your honourable husband aim at?
Crooked and wretched you are both!

Lam. To you, sir;

Yet, to the eye of Justice, straight as truth.

Din. Is this a woman's love? a woman's
mercy? [at me?

Do you profess this seriously? Do you hugh
Lam. Ha, ha! [your flatteries!

Din. Plague light upon your scorns, upon
Upon your tempting faces, all distractions!
A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast those buds of pride
that paint you! [dangers,

Death in your eyes, to fright men from these
Raise up your trophy! Cleremont!

Cler. What a vengeance ail you?

[Noise within.

Din. What dismal noise? Is there no
honour in you? [woman!

Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, sold by a
Deaf bravely for thyself.

Cler. Thus comes of rutting!

Are we made stales to one another?

Din. Yes;

We are undone, lost.

Cler. You shall pay for't, greybeard!

Up, up! you sleep your last else!

[Lights above; two Servants, and Anabel.

1 *Serv.* No, not yet, sir. [beauty?
Lady, look up. Would you have wrong'd this
Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms?

You wear a sword; we must entreat you leave
2 *Serv.* Fy, sir! so sweet a lady? [it.

Cler. Was this my bedfellow? [yet;

Pray, give me leave to look! I am not mad

I may be by and by. Did this lie by me?
Did I fear this? Is this a cause to shuke at?
Away with me, for shame! I am a rascal.

*Enter Champnerel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira,
Anabel, Cleremont, and two Servants.*

Din. I am ann'd too.

Beau. We'll recover you.

Verdone. You walk like Robin Good-fellow,
all the house over,
And every man afraid of you.

Din. 'Tis well, lady!

The honour of this deed will be your own;
The world shall know your beauty.

Beau. What shall we do with 'em?

Cler. Geld me;

For 'tis not fit I should be a man again;
I am an ass, a dog!

Lam. Take your revenges;

You know my husband's wrongs and your
own losses. [man!

Ana. A brave man, an admirable brave
Well, well, I would not be so tried again.

A very handsome proper gentleman!

Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one
And then hang me? [hour more,

Din. We wait your malice; put your
swords home bravely!

You have reason to seek blood.

Lam. Not, as you are noble!

Champ. Hands off, and give them liberty;
only disarm 'em.

Beau. We have done that already.

Champ. You are welcome, gentlemen!

I am glad my house has any pleasure for you.
I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,

And you are young and handsome gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to weaches?

Cler. To be abus'd too! Lady, you might
have help'd this. [may stand

Ana. Sir, now 'tis past; but it may be I
Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.

Cler. Never whilst you live.

Ana. You cannot tell.

Now, sir, a parting hand.

Cler. Down and roses! [rogue!

Well, I may live to see you again. A dull
No revelation in thee?

Lam. Were you well frightened?

Were your fits from the heart? of all colds
and colours?

That's all your punishment.

Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.

Champ. Your swords you must leave to
these gentlemen.

Verdone. And now, when you dare fight,
We are an even ice again.

²¹ *Din.* What dismal noise? Either this is a continuation of Cleremont's speech, or some marginal direction, (as *Noises within*,) is left out: the latter seems most probable to me, the former to Mr. Simpson. *Seward.*

We think with Mr. Seward here.

²² *Are we made stales to one another?* *Stales* is a technical name for decoy-ducks.

Din. 'Tis well.
To be a mistress, is to be a monster³⁵!
And so I leave your house, and you, for ever.

Lam. Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a monster.

Champ. You may depart too.

Cler. I had rather stay here.

Champ. 'Faith, we shall fright you worse.

Cler. Not in that manner;

There's five hundred crows, fright me but so again.

Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.

Cler. Wiser the next shall be, or we'll to school.
[*Exeunt Cler. and Din.*]

Champ. How coolly these hot gallants are departed!

'Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done,
To be so still, and so long.

Din. 'Twas your pleasure;

If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.

Champ. Oh my best wife, [what life.

Take now what course thou wilt, and lend

Lam. The more trust you count it, the more care still,

Goodness and virtue shall attend my will.

Champ. Let's laugh this night out now,
and count our gains; [pains,

We have our honours home, and they their
[*Exeunt.*]

³⁵ *To be a mistress, is to be a monster.*] Lamir's answer plainly shews, that Dinant called himself, not her, a monster; i. e. a monstrous fool, as he afterwards says more plainly. Mr. Sympson concurred with me in pointing out the corruption, and in the sense that ought to be restored. He reads,

"To be a mistress's, is to be a monster:"

but as this gives a harshness to the measure, I have ventured to prefer the correction I had made before the receipt of his. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

"To have a mistress, is to be a monster."

Lamir's reply seems to argue for the old reading. Dinant says, "To be a mistress, is to be a monster."—"Leave your lusts," says she, "and you will not be influenced by a mistress; you will be a monster." This passage, however, may be classed among the doubtful ones. *J. N.*

ACT IV.

Enter Cleremont and Dinant.

Din. 'T holds, they will go thither.

Cler. To their summer-house?

Din. Thither 'th' evening; and, which is the most infliction,
Only to insult upon our miseries.

Cler. Are you provided?

Din. Yes, yes.

Cler. Thoroughly?

Din. Thoroughly.

Cler. Basta, enough³⁶! I have your mind;
I will not fail you.

Din. At such an hour.

Cler. Huv'e I a memory? [Ilen—
A cause, and will to do?—Thou art so sul-

Din. And shall be, till I have a fair reparation. [a fortune,

Cler. I have more reason, for I 'scap'd
Which, if I come so near again—I say no-

thing;

But if I svent not in another fashion—
Oh, a delicate wench!

Din. 'Tis certain a most handsome one.

Cler. And, methought, the thing was angry with itself too, [with you;

It lay so long conceal'd. But I must part
I have a scene of mirth to drive this from

And my hour is come. [my heart,

Din. Miss not your time.

Cler. I dare not. [Exeunt severally.

Enter Sampson and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, sir, you now need no instruction, [man?

But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman—
You bear your uncle's cause.

Samp. Do not disturb me; [riage.

I understand my cause, and the right cause.
Gent. Be not too bloody. [bite,

Samp. As I find my enemy; if his sword
If it bite, sir, you must pardon me.

³⁶ *Basta, enough.*] Mr. Sympson observes that *enough*, here, was a marginal explanation of the Italian word *basta*; and adds nothing to the text but a tautology in sense, and a redundancy in measure. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward therefore omits the word *enough*. We cannot think that the old transcribers were very solicitous to give marginal explanations. Many passages have been mistaken for want of them. Repetitions in familiar conversation are common, and often graceful, rather than tautology.

Gent. No doubt he is valiant ;
He durst not undertake else.

Samp. He's most welcome, [me else.
As he's most valiant ; he were no man for
Gent. But say he should relent?

Samp. He dies relenting,
(I cannot help it) he must die relenting ;
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying ;
(Your honourable way admits no prayer)
And if he fight, he fails ; there's his *quod erat opus*.

Gent. You're nobly punctual. Let's retire
But still, I say, have mercy ! (and meet 'em ;

Samp. I say, honour ! [Exit.

Enter Champnerel, Lamira, Anabel, Beaupre,
Verdone, Charlotte, and a Servant.

Lam. Will not you go, sweetheart ?

Champ. Go ? I'll fly with thee !

I stay behind ?

Lam. My father will be there too,

And all our best friends.

Beau. And if we be not merry,

We have hard luck, lady.

Verdone. 'Faith, let's have a kind of play.

Champ. What shall it be ?

Verdone. The story of Dinant. [mont,

Lam. With the merry conceits of Clere-
His fits and fevers.

Ana. But I'll be still no more.

Lam. That, as you make the play, 'Twill
be rare sport ; [hear it !

And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they
Have you giv'n order for the coach ?

Char. Yes, madam.

Champ. My easy nag, and pad ?

Serv. 'Tis waiting ready.

Champ. Where are your horses ?

Beau. Ready at an hour, sir.

We'll not be last.

Champ. Fly ! what a night shall we have !

A roaring merry night !

Lam. We'll fly at all, sir. [ruffle thee !

Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so
I'll try your art upon a country pulet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I should
Then, if you fail— [expect it ;

Champ. Thou say'st too true ; we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's sad,
A crab-fue'd mistress cleave to him for this
year ! [Exit.

Enter Cleremont and La-Writ.

La-Writ. Since it cannot be the judge—

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.

La-Writ. You are sure he is his kinsman ?
a gentleman ? [fellow,

Cler. As near as a gentleman, and a brave
And so near to his blood—

La-Writ. It shall suffice :

I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred ; I'll lop him.

Cler. Will you kill him ?

La-Writ. An there were no more cousins
in the world, I kill him !

I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred ;
For every cause a cousin.

Cler. How if he have no more cousins ?

La-Writ. The next a-kin then to his lord-
The man he smiles upon. [ship's favour ;

Cler. Why, this is vengeance,

Horrid and dire.

La-Writ. I love a dire revenge :

' Give me the man that will all others kill,

' And last himself !'

Cler. You stole that resolution. [all one,

La-Writ. I had it in a play ; but that's
I would see it done.

Cler. Come, you must be more merciful.

La-Writ. To no lord's cousins in the
world ; I hate 'em !

A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice ;
If I see him first, he dies.

Cler. A strange antipathy !

What think you of their nieces ?

La-Writ. If I like 'em, [morning.
They may live and multiply.—'Tis a cold

²⁷ *Champ.* Fly, what a night shall we have ?] As Champnerel promotes and not discourages
the scheme of mirth, fly is surely wrong. It might be *fly*, in answer to Beaupre ; but I
rather think it was a note of jay instead of disapprobation ; as *hey* ! or something to that
effect. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *hey* ! We prefer his other conjecture, *fly*, which the next speech
seems to countenance.

²⁸ *Give me the man that will all others kill,*

And last himself.] There is certainly great humour in this quotation, if we knew from
whence it was taken. Such a sentiment, or something like this sentiment, had probably
been introduced as a piece of serious sublimity ; for had it been before comick only, there
would be no humour in the quotation. Whoever reads Abnazer, wrote by so eminent a
poet as Mr. Dryden, will not wonder to find sentiments as ridiculous as this in tragedies
of some note. *Seward.*

²⁹ *If I see him first, he dies.*

A strange antipathy !] Did the latter part belong to La-Writ, the line would have been
continued ; for the first three mono-syllables being contracted by the reader into two, (a
liberty the old Poets often use) the verse is complete. Thus, together with the humour
the sentiment receives, by making it the observation of Cleremont upon what La-Writ had
said, seems to prove sufficiently that it belongs to him. *Seward.*

Cler. 'Tis sharp indeed. You've broke your

La-Writ. No, verily. [Just?]

Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundation.

La-Writ. Hang him, I'll kill him fasting.

Enter Sampson and the Gentleman.

Cler. Here they come. [Exit?]

Bear yourself, in your language, smooth and
When your swords argue—

La-Writ. Pray, sir, spare your precepts.

Gent. I have brought you, sir—

La-Writ. 'Tis very well; no words.

You're welcome, sir!

Samp. I thank you, sir; few words.

La-Writ. I'll kill you for your uncle's sake.

Samp. I love you;

I'll cut your throat for your own sake.

La-Writ. I esteem of you.

Cler. Let's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen.

Search my friend, I'll search yours.

Gent. That's quickly done. [craft?]

Cler. You come with no spells nor witch-

Samp. I come fairly, to kill him honestly.

La-Writ. Hung spells and witchcrafts!

I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gen-
And so I kiss his hand. [Gent?]

Gent. This doublet is too stiff.

La-Writ. Off with't; I hate it, [He strips.

And all such fortifications: I feel my skin;

If that be stiff, flea that off too.

Gent. 'Tis no soft one.

La-Writ. Off with't, I say!

I'll fight with him like a flead cat.

Gent. You're well, you're well.

Cler. You must uncase too.

Samp. Yes, sir. [honour

But tell me this, why should I mix mine
With a fellow that hasne'er a lace in's shirt?

Gent. That's a main point; my friend has

Cler. That's true, sir. [two.

La-Writ. Base and degen'rate cousin, dost
not thou know,

An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy

Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?

This shirt five times victorious I have fought

under, [cut-works,

And cut through squadrons of your curious
As I will do thro' thine. Shake and he sa-

Cler. This is unanswerable. [tish'd!

Samp. But say I fight

With a foul shirt?

Gent. Most certain, so it be [Inuoy:

A fighting shirt, let it be ue'er so foul, or
Cesar wore such a one.

Samp. Saint Denis, then!

I accept your shirt.

Cler. Not so forward; first, you must talk;

(It is a main point of the French method)
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic.

Gent. No weapon must be near you, nor
no anger. [resolutions;

Cler. When you have done, then stir your
Take to your weapons bravely.

La-Writ. 'Tis too cold;

This for a summer fight.

Cler. Not for a world

You should transgress the rules—

Samp. 'Tis peevish weather;

I'd rather fight without.

Gent. An 'twere in a river—

Cler. Where both stood up to th' chins!

La-Writ. Then let's talk quickly.

Plague o' this circumstance!

Cler. Are the horses come yet?

Gent. Yes, certain.—Give your swords
to us; now, civilly.

Cler. We'll stand a while off.—Take the
things, and leave 'em—

You know when—and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of year for puppies.

'Would the old lord were here!

Gent. He'd die with laughter. [game out;

Cler. I'm sorry I've no time to see this
Away, away!

Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight.

Call when ye're fit. [Exit *Cler.* and *Gent.*

La-Writ. Why, look you, sir, you seem
to be a gentleman,

And you come in honour of your uncle—
Boh, boh, 'tis very cold!

Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
Put flesh and blood to bear—Boh, boh,

wondrous cold! [able man;

Samp. My lord, mine uncle, is an honour

And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed!

Having made choice of me (an unworthy
kinsman, [lence cold!—

Yet take me with you)—Boh, boh, pesti-
Not altogether—

La-Writ. Boh, boh—I say altogether.

Samp. You say you know not what then—

Boh, boh—sir.

La-Writ. Sir me with your sword in your
hand. You have

A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are—Boh, boh!

Samp. Boh, boh—What?

La-Writ. A shitten scurvy cousin!

Samp. Our swords, our swords!

Thou art a dog; and like a dog—Our swords!

* I esteem of you.] The *of* seems here only to hurt both sense and measure. This is a fine continuation of the banter on the French politeness in duelling. And I doubt not but our Poets, who so often, and with such infinite variety of humour, have bantered the shocking fashion of their age, of fighting for every trifle, did not little contribute to the reformation of their countrymen in that particular. *Scurvy.*

There is a stiff complaisant formality in the *of*; and it is perfectly in the style, not only of the character, but of the times.

La-Writ. Our weapons, gentlemen!—Ha!

where's your second?

Samp. Where's yours?

La-Writ. So ho! our weapons!

Samp. Wa, ha, ho! our weapons!
Our doublets, and our weapons!—I am dead.

La-Writ. First, second, third—A plague

be wi' you, gentlemen! [start'd]

Samp. Are these the rules of honour? I am

La-Writ. They're gone, and we are here.

What shall we do?

Samp. Oh, for a couple of fagots!

La-Writ. Hang a couple of fagots!

Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?

Samp. I have it already.

La-Writ. Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh—

Run away with our doublets! [yell]

To fight at buffets now, 'twere such a may-

Samp. There were no honour in't; plague

ou't, 'tis scurvy! [rusty-cuffs?]

La-Writ. Or to revenge my wrongs at

Samp. My lord mine uncle's cause depend

on boxes? [cover 'em—]

La-Writ. Let's go in quest. If ever we re-

Samp. Ay, come, our colds together, and

our doublets. [valiant gentleman!]

La-Writ. Give me thy hand; thou art a

I say, if ever we recover 'em—

Samp. Let's get into a house and warm our

hearts. [mile. Beat me,

La-Writ. There's ne'er a house within this

Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat

thee too,

To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em—

Kick hard; I'm frozen. So so; now I feel it.

Samp. I am dull yet.

La-Writ. I'll warn thee, I'll warn thee—

Gentlemen!

Rogues, thieves! Run now; I'll

follow thee. [Exeunt.

Enter *Vertaign, Champnerel, Beaupre, Ver-*

doue, Lamira, Anabel, Charlotte, and Nurse.

Vert. Use legs, and have legs.

Champ. Yoo that have legs say so;

I put my one in too much stress.

Vert. Your horse, sir,

Will meet you within half a mile.

Lam. I like [conch,

The walk so well, I should not miss my

Tho' it were further. Anabel, thou'rt sad:

What ails my niece?

Beau. She is still musing, sister,

How quietly her late bellfellow lay by her.

Nurse. Old as I am, he would have star-

Nor can you blame her. [told me;

Char. Had I t'en her place,

I know not, but I fear I should ha' shriek'd,

Tho' he had never offer'd—

Ana. Out upon thee!

Thou wouldst have taught him.

Char. I think, with your pardon,

That you wish now you had.

Ana. I am glad I yield you [Cornet.

Such ample scope of mirth. [Music within.

VOL. II.

Fert. Nay, be not angry; [music?]

There's no ill meant. Ha! music? and choice

Champ. 'Tis near us in the grove. What

courteous bounty

Bestows it on us? My dancing days are done;

Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.

Ferdoue. 'Tis, questionless, some one of

your own village, [ther,

That, hearing of your purpos'd journey thi-

Prepares it for your entertainment, and

The honour of my lady.

Lam. I think, rather,

Some of your lordship's clients.

Beau. What say you, cousin,

If they should prove your suitors?

Ferdoue. That's most likely. [will,

Nurse. I say, if you are noble, he's who

Go presently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,

Or tread a measure.

Lam. Like a miller's mare. [the country.

Nurse. I warrant you, well enough to serve

I'll make one, and lead the way. [Exit.

Char. Do you note

How zealous the old crone is?

Lam. And you titter

As eagerly as she. Come, sweet, we'll follow;

No ill can be intended. [Music ends.

Champ. I ne'er fear'd yet. [Exeunt.

SONG IN THE WOOD.

This way, this way come, and hear,

You that hold these pleasures dear;

Fill your ears with our sweet sound,

Whilst we melt the frozen ground.

This way come; make haste, oh, fair!

Let your clear eyes gild the air;

Come, and bless us with your sight;

This way, this way, seek delight!

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like ruffians.

1 *Gent.* They are ours; but draw them un-

a little further [thicket,

From the foot-path into the neighb'ring

And we may do't as safe as in a castle.

2 *Gent.* They follow still; the president

Vertaign [after;

Comes on apace, and Champnerel lumps

The women, as if they had wings, and walk'd

Upon the air, fly to us.

1 *Gent.* They are welcome; [All know

We'll make 'em sport. Make a stand here.

How we are to proceed?

2 *Gent.* We are instructed.

[Music continues within.

Enter *Vertaign, Champnerel, Beaupre, Ver-*

doue, Lamira, Anabel, Nurse, and Charlotte.

1 *Gent.* One strain or two more.—Excel-

lent! they're come. [ness, yet

Nurse. We cannot miss; in such a busi-

Mine ear ne'er fail'd me.

Char. 'Would we were at it once!

I do not walk, but dance.

1 *Gent.* You shall have dancing!

Begin; and when I give the word—

2 *Gent.* No more :

We are instructed. [*Dance ; after which the Gentlemen rush on Beaupre and company.*] Now !

Beau. But win us fairly ! [*your valour,*

1 *Gent.* Oh, sir, we do not come to try
But to possess you ; yet we use you kindly,
In that, like English thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the spoil.

Vert. Oh, Heaven !

How hath mine age deserv'd this ?

Champ. Hell confound it !

This comes of walking ! Had I kept my legs,
Or my good horse, my armour on,
My staff in my rest, and this good sword to
friend's,

How I would break and scatter these !

All Gent. Ha, ha, ha !

Champ. Do you scorn me, rogues ?

Nurse. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honest keepers of these woods ! but hear
Be not so rough ! If you are taken with me ;
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private ;
You shall not find me squeamish.

Char. Do not kill me,

And do your worst ; I'll suffer.

Lam. Peace, vile creatures !

Vert. D'you know me, or my place, that you
To touch my person ? [*presume not*

1 *Gent.* If you are well, rest so ;

Provoke not angry wasps.

Vert. You're wasps indeed,

Never created to yield wax or honey,

But for your country's torment. Yet, if you
are men, [*Frenchmen,*

(As you seem such in shape) if true-born
However want compels you to these courses,

Rest satisfied with what you can take from us,
(These ladies' honours, and our liberties safe)

We freely give it.

1 *Gent.* You give but our own.

Vert. Look on these grey hairs, as you
would be old ! [*mercy*

Their tears, as you would have yours to find
When justice shall o'ertake you !

Champ. Look on me,

Look on me, rascals, and learn of me too,
That have been in some part of your pro-
fession, [*it ;*

Before that most of you e'er suck'd, I know
I have rode hard, and late too.

Vert. Take heed, sir. [*trade,*

Champ. Then use me like a brother of the
For I have been at sea, as you on land are.

Restore my matrimony undefil'd, [*silver,*

Wrong not my niece, and, for our gold or
If I pursue you, hang me !

Nurse. 'Tis well offer'd ; [*faces,*

And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with our

If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
(As living without action here, you may do)
Forbear their tender gristles ; they are meat
Will wash away ; there is no substance in it ;
We that are expert in the game, and tough
Will hold you play. [*too,*

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

1 *Gent.* This hen longs to be trodden.

Din. Lacquey, my horse !

Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of distress'd women.

2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard !

Din. Who's here ? my witty, scornful lady—
I th' hands of ruffians ? [*plot,*

Cler. And my fine cold virgin,

That was unseizable of man, and woman ?

Din. Justice too, without a sword to guard
itself ?

Cler. And valour with its hands bound ?

Din. And the great soldier dull ?

Why, this is strange.

Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——

Ann. As thou art valiant, Cleremont——

Lam. As ever I

Appeared lovely——

Ann. As you ever hope

For what I would give gladly——

Cler. Pretty conjurations !

Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you——

Ann. Shew yourselves men, and help us.

Din. Th' your many [*me*

And gross abuses of me should more move
To triumph in your mis'ries than relieve you,

Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despis'd Dinant, know what

Belong to honour, thus—— [*does*

Cler. I will say little ; [*Fight.*

Spent thou for me !

Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.

Vert. Brave tempers,

To do thus for their enemies !

Champ. They're lost yet.

1 *Gent.* You that would rescue others,
shall now feel

What they were born to.

2 *Gent.* Hurry them away ! [*Exeunt.*

Maucet Vertaign and Champenel.

Champ. That I could follow them !

Vert. I only can

Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven

A little life for my revenge.

Champ. The provost
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out ;

Nu eave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them
My searching vengeance ! [*from*

Enter La-Writ and Sampson.

La-Writ. Oh, cold ! oh, fearful cold !

Plague of all seconds !

“ And this good sword too, friend.” Mr. Sympson has undoubtedly hit on the true read-
ing here,

“———my sword to friend,”

i. e. to befriend me, is an expression common to the best writers.

Seward.

Samp. Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis!

Champ. The rogues have met with these
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.

La-Writ. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants—

Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live!

La-Writ. Pox take him!

How that word has warm'd my mouth!

Vert. Why, how now, cousin?

Why, why,—and where, man, have you been?
at a poulter's,

That you are ens'd thus like a rabbit? I
could laugh now,

And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my
Laugh moustroously.

Champ. What are they?

Vert. Give me leave, sir;

Laugh more and more, never leave laughing!

Champ. Why, sir?

Vert. Why, 'tis such a thing, (I smell it)

Such a ridiculous thing!—

La-Writ. Do you laugh at me, my lord?

I'm very cold, but that should not be laugh'd

Champ. What art thou?

La-Writ. What art thou?

Samp. If he had his doublet,

And his sword by his side, as a gentleman
ought to have—

Vert. Peace, monsieur Sampson!

Champ. Come hither, little gentleman.

La-Writ. Base is the slave emancipated:

Come to me.

Vert. This is the Little Advocate.

Champ. What Advocate?

Vert. The Little Advocate that sent me a

I told you that my nephew undertook it,

And what 'twas like to prove: Now you see
the issue.

Champ. Is this the Little Lawyer?

La-Writ. You have a sword, sir,

And I have none; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry.

Samp. If your lordship knew

The nature and the nobleness of the gentle-
Tho' he shew slight here, and at what

gusts⁴¹ of danger

His manhood has arriv'd, but that meo's fates
are foolish,

And often headlong over-run their fortunes—

La-Writ. That Little Lawyer would so

prick his ears up,

And bite your honour by the nose—

Champ. Say you so, sir?

La-Writ. So niggle about your grave shins,

lord Vertaign, too—

Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more
of that, sir.

La-Writ. I will have more, I must have

Vert. Out with it.

Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow—

Champ. Have I caught you?

[Strikes him down.

Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.

Champ. No, no, no, I will not.

D'you peep again? Down, down, proud

Samp. Oh, valour!

Look up, brave friend, I have no means to

My kingdom for a sword⁴²!

Champ. I'll sword you presently;

I'll claw your skin-coat too.

Vert. Away, good Sampson;

You go to grass, else instantly.

Samp. But do not murder my brave friend.

Vert. Not one word.

Champ. If you do, sirrah—

Samp. Must I go off dishonour'd?

Adversity tries valour; so I leave thee! [Exit.

⁴¹ And at what gusts of danger

His manhood has arriv'd.] Mr. Seward, disliking the word *gusts*, reads,

"—at what *justs* of danger

"His manhood has arrived:"

'i. e.' says he, "what dangerous tournaments his manhood has been engaged in." It is a 'technical word in knight-errantry, and perfectly suitable to the errant knight that utters it.' The conjecture is probable; but we see no difficulty in "*gusts* of danger."

⁴² My kingdom for a sword.] Mr. Symphon thinks this a stupid sneer at Shakespeare, and Mr. Theobald always used to look on every such jocular quotation from him, as so many sneers. For my part, I think it no more a sneer upon Shakespeare, than The Battle of the Frogs and Mice is upon the Hind, or The Splendid Shilling upon Paradise Lost. Every sentiment, or expression of dignity and sublimity, when applied to a ridiculous subject, serves only by its contrast to render the subject more ridiculous. Thus, *Et tu, Brute*, below, cannot possibly be a sneer upon Shakespeare, who does nothing but transcribe the very expression Cæsar made use of at his death; at least the Latin translation of it. But Sampson assuming the distress of Richard the Third, and La-Writ the dignity of Cæsar in his fall, extremely heighten the comic illlery of their characters. Thus again, in an emendation of Mr. Symphon's note⁴¹, in this very play, [a pretended emendation]

as Spenser had stamp'd a dignity upon the obsolete word *mister*, it is with great humour applied to La-Writ. But is Spenser sneer'd by the application? No; Fletcher was so far from sneering, that he almost idolized him; as is shewn in note⁷⁶ on The Faithful Shepherdess. *Seward.*

After all, it cannot be denied that our Poets, as well as Ben Jonson, have certainly more than once indulged themselves in sneering allusions to the Works of Shakespeare.

Champ. Are you a Lawyer, sir?

La-Writ. I was, I was, sir.

Champ. Nay, never look; your Lawyer's
paste is broken, [sirrah!

And your litigious blood about your ears,
Why do you fight and snarl?

La-Writ. I was possess'd.

Champ. I'll dispossess you.

Vert. Ha, ha, ha!

La-Writ. Et tu, Brute?

Vert. Beat him no more.

Champ. Alas, sir, I must beat him,
Beat him into his business again; he will be
lost else.

Vert. Then, take your way.

Champ. Lie still, and do not struggle.

La-Writ. I am patient.

I never saw my blood before; it jades me:
I have no more heart now than a gouse.

Champ. Why, sirrah, [living⁴,
Why do you leave your trade, your trade of
And send your challenges like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?

La-Writ. I understand, sir;

I never understood before your beating.

Champ. Does this

Work on you?

La-Writ. Yes.

Champ. D'you thank me for't?

La-Writ. As well

As a beaten man can.

Champ. And d'you promise me,
To fall close to your trade again? leave
brawling? [life.

La-Writ. If you will give me leave and

Champ. And ask this nobleman forgiveness?

La-Writ. Heartily.

Champ. Rise then, and get you gone; and
let me hear of you [words;

As of an advocate new vamp'd. No more
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs;
I shall pursue you else.

La-Writ. I have done, sweet gentlemen.
[Exit.

Vert. But we forget ourselves, our friends,
and children.

Champ. We'll rise the country first, then
take our fortunes. [Exeunt.

Enter First Gentleman and Lamira.

1 *Gent.* Shall I entreat for what I may
Lam. Think on my birth. [command?

1 *Gent.* Here I am only noble,

A king, and thou in my dominions, fool,
A subject, and a slave.

Lam. Be not a tyrant,

A ravisher of honour, gentle sir,
And I will think you such; and on my knees,
As to my sov'reign, pay a subject's duty,
With prayers and tears.

1 *Gent.* I like this humble carriage:

I will walk by; but kneel you still and weep
too,

(It shews well) while I meditate on the prey,
Before I seize it.

Lam. Is there no mercy, Heaven?

Enter Second Gentleman and Anabel.

2 *Gent.* Not kiss you? I will kiss, and

Ana. Savage villain! [kiss again.

My innocence be my strength! I defy thee,
Thus scorn and spit at thee. Will you come
You're hot; there is a cooler. [on, sir?

2 *Gent.* A virago?

Ana. No, loathsome goat, more, more; I
am that endess, [after,
That here with whips of steel, in hell here-
Scourge rape and theft.

2 *Gent.* I'll try your dcity. [a virgin,

Ana. My elasticity, and this knife held by
Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,
Call on for the encounter.

2 *Gent.* Now what think you?

Are you a goddess?

[Throws her and takes her knife.

Ana. In me their pow'r suffers
That should protect the innocent.

1 *Gent.* I am [my pleasures.
All fire, and thou shalt quench it, and serve
Conic, partner in the spoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchase.

Lam. Oh, Dinant!

Oh, Heav'n! oh, husband!

Ana. Oh, my Cleremont!

1 *Gent.* Two are our slaves they call on;
bring 'em forth,

As they are chain'd together; let them see,
And suffer in the object.

*Enter Dinant and Cleremont bound, and the
rest of the Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* While we sit
And without pity hear 'em.

Cler. By my life,

I suffer more for thee than for myself. ['em

Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon
As such that not alone abus'd our service,

Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further
mischief, [ours,

The baits they laid for us were our own bo-
Which thus hath made us slaves too, worse

2 *Gent.* He dies. [than slaves.

1 *Gent.* Pray hold: give him a little respite.

Din. I see you now beyond expression
wretched, [honour,

The wit you bragg'd of fool'd, that boasted
(As you believ'd, compass'd with walls of
hass,

To guard it sure) subject to be o'erthrown
With the least blast of lust.

Lam. A most sad truth.

⁴ *Your trade, your trade of living.* i. e. Your trade by which you are to get your livelihood,
and without which you must starve. I add this explanation because Mr. Synnison,
taking *trade of living* only for *way of living*, thought it a strange tautology. Secard.

Din. That confidence, which was not to be shaken,

In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
Which, with so strong and ceremonious duty,
Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
Sought, sued, and, kneel'd in vain for, must
you yield up

To alicentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for't.

Cler. Something I must say too,
And to you, pretty one, tho' crying one.
To be hang'd now, when these worshipful
benchers please, [me]

(Tho' I know not their faces that could m
A little startles me; but a man is nothing.
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all
aim at. [heart too,

Do not you wish now, and wish from your
When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long
lay by you, [upon me,

(Those fears you and your good aunt put
To make you sport) you'd given a little hint,
A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?

Ans. Pray you no more!

Cler. If I had loo'd that virgin zone, ob-
serve me,

I would have hir'd the best of all our poets
To've sung so much, and so well, in the honour

Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,
Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd.

Ans. I do repent, and wish I had.

Cler. That's comfort.

But now—

2 Gent. Another, that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it!

Cler. A rogue, a ruffian?

2 Gent. As you love your throat—

1 Gent. Away with them.

Ans. Oh, Cleremont!

Lam. Oh, Dinant! [sorrows,

Din. I can but add your sorrows to my
Your fears to my fears.

Cler. To your wishes mine,
This slave may prove unable to perform,
'Till I perform the task that I was born for.

Ans. Amen, amen!

1 Gent. Drag the slaves hence. For you,
A while I'll lock you up here: Study all ways
You can to please me, or, the deed being
You are not dead. [about,

2 Gent. This strong vault shall contain you;
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence.

1 Gent. No human help can save you.

Ladies. Help, help! [hear you.

2 Gent. You cry in vain; rocks cannot

ACT V.

*A horrid noise of musick within. Enter one
and opens the door, within which Lamira
and Anabel were shut, they in fear.*

Lam. O!l, cousin, how I shake all this
long night!

What frights and noises we have heard!
Still they increase.

The villains put on shapes to torture us,
And, to their devils, form such preparations

As if they were n-hatching new dishonours,
And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention.

Go not too far, and pray, good cousin Ana-
Hark, a new noise! [bel!

[*A strange musick, sackbut, and troop-music.*

Ans. They're exquisite in mischief.

I will go on; this room gives no protection,
More than the next. What's that? How sad
and hollow

This sound comes to us! [*Gent. peeping.*

Lam. Groaning, or singing, is it?

[*Louder noise.*

Ans. The wind, I think, murmuring
amongst old rooms. [presage

Lam. Now it grows louder; sure some and
Of our foul loss.—[*Peep.*—Look, now they

Ans. Pox peep 'em! [peep.

Lam. Oh, give them gentle language.

Ans. Give 'em raus-bane. [*Peep above.*

Lam. Now they're above.

Ans. I would they were i'th' centre.

Lam. Thou art so foolish desperate.

Ans. Since we must lose—

Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.

Ans. Call 'em rogues, [hins!

Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil vil-

Lam. Look, no thou woo't beware; dost
thou feel the danger?

Ans. 'Till the danger feel me, thus will I
talk still,

* The villains put on shapes to torture us,

And to their devils form such preparations

As if they were, &c.] The former editors, by their pointing, and making "devils" the
plural number instead of the *genitive singular*, seem to have taken "form" for a verb; but
then they leave "and to their devils" without any sense at all. *Seward.*

The old pointing gives, we think, the same sense with Seward's, and avoids the hardness
of "put on preparation." "To their devils" signifies "besides their devils," like which
they were disguised.

And worse when that comes too; they cannot eat me.

This is a punishment upon our own prides
Must justly laid: We must abuse brave gentlemen,

[laugh and jeer at]
Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horses;
Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,
That, howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it—
'Would 'twere to do again!

Lam. I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish.

Ana. Do you feel it? [ment.
D' you find it now? take heed o' th' punish-
We might have had two gallant gentlemen,
Proper, and young; oh, how it tortures me!
Two devils now, two rascals, two and twenty—

Lam. Oh, think not so. [ty—
Ana. Nay, an we 'scape so modestly—
Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or know-
When we are us'd thus? [ledge,

Ana. Why not? why d' you cry? [for?
Are we not women still? what were we made

Lam. But thus, thus basely—
Ana. 'Tis against our wills;

And if there come a thousand, so—
Lam. Out on thee!

Ana. You are a fool: What we cannot resist, [be women,
Why should we grieve and blush for? There
And they that bear the name of excellent
women, [fortune.
Would give their whole estates to meet this

Lam. Hark, a new noise!

[New sound within.
Ana. Let 'em go on; I fear not.

If wrangling, fighting and scratching cannot
preserve me,

Why, so be it, cousin. If I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues—

*Enter four over the stage, with Beauvpre and
Verdone bound, and helters about their necks.*

Lam. They come.
Ana. Be firm;

They're welcome.

Lam. What mask of death is this? Oh, my
dear brother! [villains!

Ana. My coz too? why, now you're glorious
Lam. Oh, shall we lose our honours?

Ana. Let 'em go; [pageants.
When death prepares the way, they are but
Why must these die?

Beauv. Lament your own misfortunes;
We perish happily before your ruins.

Ana. Has mischief ne'er a tongue?
1 *Gent.* Yes, foolish woman,

Our captain's will is death.
Ana. You dare not do it.

Tell thy base boisterous captain what I say,
Thy lawless captain, that he dares not do it!
D'you laugh, you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?

Lam. Good sir,
(Good cousin, gently!) as you're a gentle-
man— [devil's harbinger!

Ana. A gentleman? A slave, a dog, the

Lam. Sir, as you had a mother—

Ana. He n mother?

Shame not the name of mother! A she-bear,
A bloody old wolf-hitch? A woman-mother?

Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? Hang him! Du thy worst, thou

dar'st not, [dares not;
Thou dar'st not wrong their lives; thy captain
They're persons of more price.

Verdone. Whate'er we suffer,
Let not your angers wrong you.

Ana. You cannot suffer; [moon,
The men that do this deed must live i' th'
Free from the gripe of justice.

Lam. Is it not better— [rascals,
Ana. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like
And put false faces on? they dare not do it!

Flatter such seals of nature?
Gent. Woman, woman,

The next work is with you.
Ana. Unbind those gentlemen,

And put their final fortunes on our necks.
Lam. As you have mercy, do!

Ana. As you are monsters!
Lam. Fright us no more with shipwreck of
our honours;

Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those.

Ana. I say, they dare not.
There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues!

Tortures, ye bloody rogues! wheels!
Gent. Away.

Lam. Stay.
Ana. Stay; [gentlemen,

Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good sweet-fac'd
You excellent in honesty!—Oh, kinsmen!

Oh, noble kinsmen!
Gent. Away with 'em!

[*Exeunt Verd. Beau. and Gent.*
Ana. Stay yet.—

The devil and his lovely dam walk with you!
Coo, fortify yourself; if they do die,
(Which all their ruggedness can't track into me)
They cannot find an hour more innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter Clermont, disguised.

Lam. Now stand constant;
For now our trial's come.

Cler. This beauty's mine;
Your minute moves not yet.

Lam. She sinks!—H' Christian,
If any spark of noble heat—

Cler. Rise, Indy, [you.
And fearless rise; there's no dishonour meant
D' you know my tongue?

Ana. I've heard it.
Cler. Mark it better. [you.

I'm one that loves you; fairly, nobly loves
Look on my face.

Ana. Oh, sir!
Cler. No more words; softly,

Hark, but hark wisely how, understand well,
Suspect not, fear not.

Ana. You have brought me comfort.

Cler. If you dare think me worthy of your husband⁴⁰, (thus—

I am no rogue nor beggar, if you dare do
Ana. You're monsieur Cleremont?

Cler. I am the same. (you,
If you dare venture, speak; if not, I leave
And leave you to the mercy of these villains,
That will not wooe you much.

Ana. Save my reputation,
And free me from these slaves!

Cler. By this kiss, I'll do it, (you.
And from the least dishonour they dare aim at
I have a priest too shall be ready.

Ana. You are forward. [whispers,
Lam. Is this my constant cousin? How she
Kisses and hugs the thief!

Ana. You'll offer nothing? [man.

Cler. Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentle-

Ana. Can you relieve my aunt too?

Cler. Not yet, mistress, [quickly;
But fear nothing; all shall be well. Away
It must be done 'till th' moment, or—

Ana. I'm with you. [Keep your standing.

Cler. I'll know now who sleeps by me.—
[*Exeunt Cler. and Anabel.*

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own
shame dwell with thee!

Is this the constancy she shew'd, the bravery?
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kins-
mea? [woman!

Oh, brave tongue-valiant⁴¹, and vain-glorious
Is this the noble mager you arriv'd at?

Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues
you rail'd at, [desty,

The scabs and scums of nature? Oh, fair mo-
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?

What hand of Heav'n is over us⁴², when
strong virgins [futures?

Yield to their fears, and to their fears their
Never, Belief, come near me more! Fare-
well, wench,

A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
My turn is next; I am resolv'd. It comes;
But in a nobler shape! Ha!

Enter Dinant.

Din. Bless you, lady!

Lam. Indeed, sir, I had need of many
blessings;

For all the hours I have had since I came here,
Have been so many curses. How got you
liberty?

For I presume you come to comfort me.

Lam. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis
most true;

My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness,
And every hour my death.

Lam. Heav'n was your comfort.

Din. 'Till the last evening, sitting full of
sadness, [tunes,

Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fur-
(Mine own I'd the least care of) round about
me

The captain and the company stood gaping,
When I began the story of my love

To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
Follow'd each point, that, e'en from those
rude eyes,

That never knew what pity meant, or mercy,
There stole down soft relentings: (Take heed,
mistress,

And let not such unholy hearts out-do you!
The soft-plan'd god will see again!) Thus
taken, [told,

As saen transform'd with the strange tale I
They stood amaz'd; then bid me rise and live,

Take liberty and means to see your person,
And wish'd me prosperous in your love: Wish
you so;

Be wise and loving, lady; shew but you so!

Lam. Oh, sir, are these fit hours to talk
of love in?

⁴⁰ If you think me worthy of your husband.] The word *dare* being twice repeated after-
wards, in repeating this question, and the want of a syllable in the verse, seem to prove it
accidentally dropt from this line. *Seward.*

⁴¹ O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman!] Mr. Symson concurred with me in reading
tongue-valiant. It is highly probable that Milton read it so, for he seems to imitate it in his
Samson Agonistes: Samson calls Harapha *tongue-doughty giant*; and this is not the first
time in this play that Milton, in that very scene, seems to have imitated our Authors.
What Chapman says in the second scene of the first act,

"———[Oh, that I had thee

"In some close vault, that only would yield room

"To me to use my sword, to thee no hope

"To run away.]"

Milton puts, with a small change of expression, into Samson's mouth,

"Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd

"Some narrow place inclos'd, where sight may give thee,

"Or rather flight, no great advantage of me."

But beside the corruption of *tongue-valiant*, the word *glorious* seems to have lost its proper
consort, which both the sense and verse require to be restor'd: I read therefore,

"O brave tongue-valiant, and vain-glorious woman!"

Dinant says, a little below, to Lamira,

"That spring of chastity that fed your pride,

"And grew into a river of vain-glory."

This confirms the conjecture above. *Seward.*

⁴² What hand, O Heav'n, is over us.] Thus read all editions but the first.

Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
 Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears,
 Where all the noise of bloody horror is?
 My brother, and my cousin, they are dead, sir,
 Dead, I sadly dead! Is this an age to fool in?
 And I myself, I know not what I shall be!
 Yet I must thank you; and if happily
 You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were
 living, [to you.
 And my fears less, I might have hearken'd
 Din. Peace to your grief! I bind you to
 your word.

*Enter Cleremont, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone,
 Charlotte, Nurse, and the two Gentlemen.*

Lam. How! do you conjure? [to them,
 Din. Not to raise dreadful apparitions,
 But such as you would gladly see,
 Lam. My brother,
 And nephew living?

Beau. And both owe their lives
 To the favour of these gentlemen.

Verdone. Who deserve
 Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks,
 Lam. Which I give freely, and become a
 suitor,

To be hereafter more familiar [Kiss.
 With such great worth and virtue,

1 Gent. Ever think us
 Your servants, madam.

Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
 How we are freed, I will discover it,
 And with laconic brevity. These gentlemen
 This night counterplotting with those outlaws
 that [were,
 Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we
 Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
 (I'm sure with better fortune) not alone
 Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody
 thieves,

Being got between them and this hellish cave,
 For safety of their lives, to fly up higher
 Into the woods, all left to their possession:
 This sav'd your brother and your nephew from
 The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my chains,
 And gave my friend his liberty; this preserv'd
 Your honour, ready to be lost.

Din. But that [Aside.
 I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
 And gentlemen are the same men, by my
 practice

Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it [ful,
 With such a constant brow, that, I am doubt-
 I should believe him too.

1 Gent. If we did well,
 We are rewarded.

2 Gent. Thanks but take away
 From what was freely purpos'd.

Cler. Now, by this hand, [To the Gentlemen.
 You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts,
 That, while we live, rest confident you shall
 Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor
 Beaupre
 Nor Verdone scents it; for the ladies, they
 Were easy to be gull'd.

1 Gent. 'Twas but a jest; [necks,
 And yet the jest may chance to break our
 Should it be known.

Cler. Fear nothing.

Din. Cleremont,
 Say, what success?

Cler. As thou wouldst wish; 'tis done, lad;
 The grove will witness with me, that this night
 I lay out like a block. But how speed you?

Din. I yet am in suspense; devise some
 To get these off, and speedily. [means

Cler. I have it.— [lows,
 Come, we are dull; I think that the good fel-
 Our predecessors in this place, were not

So foolish and improvident husbands, but
 'Twill yield us meat and wine.

1 Gent. Let's ransack it;

'Tis ours now by the law.

Cler. How say you, sweet one,
 Have you an appetite?

Ana. To walk again

I' th' woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.

Cler. A little respite, prithee. Nay, blush
 not;

You ask but what's your own, and warrantable.
 Monsieur Beaupre, Verdone, what think you
 of the motion?

Verdone. Lead the way.

Beau. We follow willingly.

Cler. When you shall think fit,
 We will expect you.

[Exeunt all but Din. and Lam.

Din. Now be mistress of
 Your promise, lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing. [grant,
 Din. But that word hearing did include a
 And you must make it good.

Lam. Must?

Din. Must and shall!

I will be fool'd no more: You had your tricks,
 Made properties of me and of my friend,
 Presum'd upon your power, and whipp'd me
 with

The rod of mine own dotage: Do not flatter
 Yourself with hope, that any human help
 Can free you; and, for aid by miracle,
 A base unthankful woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me?

Din. Rather than enjoy you [you;
 With your consent, because I will torment
 I'll make you feel th' effects of abus'd love,
 And glory in your torture.

Lam. Brother! nephew!

Help, help, for Heaven's sake!

Din. Tear your throat, cry louder;
 Th' every leaf these trees bear were an echo,
 And summon'd in your best friends to redeem
 you,

It should be fruitless: 'Tis not that I love you,
 Or value those delights you prize so high,
 That I'll enjoy you; a French crow will buy
 More sport, and a companion to whom
 You in your best trim are an Ethiop.

Lam. Forbear me thee.

Din. Not so; I'll do't in spite,
 And break that stubborn disobedient will,

That hath so long held out; that boasted honour

I will make equal with a common whore's;
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vainglory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,
And make it loathsome ev'n to goats!

Lam. Oh, Heaven!

No pity, sir?

Din. You taught me to be cruel, [fool;
And dare you think of mercy? I will tell thee,
Those that surpris'd thee were my instru-
ments: [fit]

I can plot too, good madam, (you shall find
And, in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd,
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have.

Lam. I'm lost for ever!

Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield myself up, miserable guilty!
Thus kneeling I confess, you cannot study
Sufficient punishments to load me with:
I'm in your power, and I confess again,
You cannot be too cruel. If there be,
Besides the loss of my long-guarded honour,
Any thing else to make the balance even,
Pray put it in; all hopes, all helps have left
me;

I am girt round with sorrow, hell's about me,
And ravishment the least that I can look for!
Do what you please.

Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch nor hurt you, lady; nor had ever
Such a lewd purpose.

Lam. Can there be such goodness,
And in a man so injur'd?

Din. Be assur'd in't;
I seal it thus. I must confess you vex'd me,
In fouling me so often, and those fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd. All unchaste love
Dinart thus throws away! Live to mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your
beauty.

Lam. All I possess comes short of satisfac-
tion. [might]

Din. No compliments. The terrors of this
Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
With ease forget it: For Dinart, that labour'd
To blast your honour, is a champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.

Lam. 'Tis as safe then,
As if a complete army undertook it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter La-Writ, Sampson, and Clients.

La-Writ. Do not persuade me, gentle mon-
sieur Sampson;

I am a mortal man again, a Lawyer;
My martial part I have put off.

Samp. Sweet monsieur,
Let but our honours teach us.

VOL. II.

La-Writ. Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be not so beaten—Forward, my brave clients;
I am yours, and you are mine again—be but
so thresh'd,

Receive that chastigation with a cudgel—

Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.

La-Writ. I have, it cost me half a crown,
I bear it,

All over me I bear it, monsieur Sampson;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'unoint my beaten body.

Samp. It concerns you,
You have been swindl'd.

La-Writ. Let it concern thee too;

Go, and be beaten, speak scurvy words, as
I did;

Speak to that lion lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out,
dn, Sampson,

Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to pulpicea,
Do, silly Sampson, do.

1 *Client.* You wrong the gentleman,
To try to put him out of his right mind thus:
You wrong us, and our causes.

La-Writ. Dovo with him, gentlemen,
Turo him, and beat him, if he break our peace.
Then when thou hast been lan'd, thy small
guts perish'd,

Then talk to me; before, I scorn thy counsel;
Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.

Samp. And can the brave La-Writ—

2 *Client.* Tempt him no further;

Be warn'd, and say no more!

La-Writ. If thou dost, Sampson,
Thou seest my myrmidons (I'll let 'em loose)
That in a moment—

Samp. I say nothing, sir;

But I could wish—

La-Writ. They shall destroy thee wishing!
There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten
causes, [diest!

Dearer than ten men's lives; tempt, and thou
Gohome, and smile upon my lord thine uncle,
Take money of the men thou mean'st to cozen,
Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live dis-
creetly;

Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating;
Keep thy hand from thy sword, and from thy
And thou'lt live long. [landress' placket,

1 *Client.* Give ear, and be instructed.

La-Writ. I find I'm wiser than a justice of
peace now:

Give me the wisdom that's beaten into o'mo!
That sticks still by him. Art thou a new man?

Samp. Yes, yes,

Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.

La-Writ. Go, my son Sampson, I have
now begot thee; [live,

I'll send thee causes; speak to thy lord, and
Add in my share by; go, and live in peace,
Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place;
That man neglects his living, is an ass.

[*Exit Samp.*]

Farewell!—Come, cheerly, boys, about our business!

Now, welcome tongue again, hang swords!

1 *Cleric*. Sweet Advocate! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Nurse and Charlotte.

Nurse. I know not, wench; they may call 'em what they will,

Outlaws, or thieves, but, I am sure, to me One was an honest man; he us'd me well: What I did, 'tis no matter; he complain'd not.

Char. I must confess there was one bold with me too, [*nutter*;

Some coy thing would say rude, but 'tis no I was to pay a waiting-woman's ransom, And I have done't; and I would pay't again, Were I ta'en to-morrow.

Nurse. Alas, there was no hurt! If't be a sin for such as live at hard meat, And keep a long Lent in the woods as they do, To taste a little flesh—

Char. God help the courtiers, That lie at rack and manger!

Nurse. I shall love A thief the better for this while I live; They are men of a charitable vocation, And give where there is need, and with discretion,

And put a good speed-penny in my purse, That has been empty twenty years.

Char. Peace, *Nurse*; [*Clermont* Fare well, and cry not roast meat. Methinks And my lady Anabel are in one night Familiarly acquainted.

Nurse. I observe it; If she have got a penny too!

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, and Provost.

Char. No more;

My lord monsieur Vertaign; the provost too! Haste, and acquaint my lady.

[*Exeunt Nurse and Char.*]

Pro. Wondrous strange!

Vert. 'Tis true, sir, on my credit.

Champ. On more honour. [*years,*

Pro. I have been provost-marshal twenty And have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals; But so near Paris yet I never met with [*cals*]; One of that brotherhood.

Champ. We to our craft have. But, will you search the wood?

Pro. It is beset; [*wonder* They cannot 'scape us. Nothing makes me So much, as, having you within their power, They let you go; it was a courtesy,

That French thieves use not often. I much The gentle ladies; yet, I know not how, [*pity* I rather hope than fear. Are these the prisoners?

Enter Dinant, Clermont, Verdore, Peaupre, Jamira, Anabel, Charlotte, and Nurse.

Din. We were such.

Vert. Kill me not, excess of joy!

Champ. I see thou liv'st; but hast thou had no foul play? [*noble,*

Lam. No, on my soul; my usage hath been Far from all violence.

Champ. How were you freed?

But, kiss me first; we'll talk of that at leisure; I'm glad I have thee. Niece, how you keep As you knew me not! [*uff,*

Ana. Sir, I am where

I owe most duty.

Cler. 'Tis indeed most true, sir;

The man that should have been your bed-fellow, [*smell out*

Your lordship's bedfellow, that could not A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool

To make you merry; this poor simple fellow Has met the maid again, and now she knows He is a man.

Champ. How! is she dishonour'd? [*table*: *Cler*. Not unless marriage be dishonour. Heav'n is a witness of our happy contract, And the next priest we meet shall warrant it To all the world. I lay with her in jest; 'Tis turn'd to earnest now.

Champ. Is this true, niece?

Din. Her blushing silence grants it. Nay, sir, sturm not;

He is my friend, and I can make this good, His birth and fortunes equal hers; your lordship [*friends too,*

Might have sought out a worse; we are all All differences end thus. Now, sir, unless You would raise new dissensions, make per- What is so well begun. [*fect*

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me persuade you.

Champ. Well, God give you joy!

She shall not come a beggar to you, sir. [*you* For you, monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll shew Another niece, to this not much inferior; As you shall like, proceed.

Din. I thank you, sir. [*vel ends*

Champ. Back then to Paris. Well that tra- That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

• Farewell, and cry not roast meat.] The proverb proves, as well as the sense, that we should read, *fare well*. The corruption was easy.

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM sent forth to enquire what you decree }
Of us, and of our facts; they will be }
This night exceeding merry, so will we,

If you approve their labours. They profess }
You are their patrons, and we say no less; }
Resolve us then: for you can only tell }
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

THE TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN.

The Commendatory Verses by Lovelace and Stanley speak of Fletcher singly as Author of this Tragedy. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. About the year 1685, the Earl of Rochester made some considerable alterations in *Valentinian*, with which it was performed.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VALENTINIAN, *Emperor of Rome.*
 ACTUS, *the Emperor's loyal General.*
 BALBUS, }
 PROCULUS, } *four noble Pandors, and Flat-*
 CHILAX, } *ters to the Emperor.*
 LICINIUS, }
 MAXIMUS, *a great Soldier, Husband to Lucina.*
 LYCIAS, *an Eunuch.*
 POSTHUS, *an honest cashiered Centurion.*
 PHIDIAS, } *two base and faithful Eunuchs,*
 ARETUS, } *Servants to Lucina.*
 AFRANIUS, *an eminent Captain.*

PAULUS, *a Poet.*
 LICIPPUS, *a Courtier.*

EUDONIA, *Empress, Wife to Valentinian.*
 LUCINA, *the chaste abused Wife of Maximus.*
 CLAUDIA, } *Lucina's Waiting-women,*
 MARCELLINA, }
 ARDELIA, } *two of the Emperor's Banish'd.*
 PROKBA, }

Three Senators, Physicians, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

SCENE, *Rome.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, and Licinius.

Balbus. I NEVER saw the like; she's no more stirr'd,

No more another woman, no more alter'd
 With any hopes or promises laid to her,
 Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
 Than I am with the motion of my own legs.

Proc. Chilax,
 You are a stranger yet in these designs,
 At least in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
 Did you e'er know, in all your course of
 practice,

In all the ways of woman you have run thro'—
 (For I presume you have been brought up,
 As we, to fetch and carry—) [Chilax,

Chi. True; I have so. [press,

Proc. Did you, I say again, in all this pro-
 Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
 Ever so rare a creature, and, no doubt,
 One that must know her worth too, and af-
 fect it,

Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none; and honest?
 Honest, against the tide of all temptations?
 Honest to one man, to her husband only,
 And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
 Why she is honest?

Chi. I confess it freely,
 I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall:
 For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
 (And sure I have tried a hundred; if I say two,
 I speak within my compass) all these beauties,

And all the constancy of all these faces,
 Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or
 calling, [conning]
 So they be Greeks, and fat, (for there's my
 I'd undertake, and not sweat for it, Proculus,
 Were they to try again, say twice as many,
 Under a thousand pood, to lay 'em bed-rid:
 But this wench staggers me.

Licin. D' you see these jewels? [sure you,
 You'd think these pretty baits; now, I'll as-
 Here's half the wealth of Asia.

Bal. These are nothing
 To the full honours I propounded to her:
 I bid her think, and be, and presently,
 Whatever her ambition, what the counsel
 Of others would add to her, what her dreams
 Could more enlarge, what any precedent
 Of any woman rising up to glory,
 And standing certain there, and in the highest,
 Could give her more; nay, to be empress.

Proc. And cold at all these offers?

Bal. Cold as crystal,
 Ne'er to be thaw'd again.

Chi. I tried her further,
 And so far, that I think she is no woman,
 At least as women go now.

Licin. Why, what did you?

Chi. I offered that, that had she been but
 mistress [her:

Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd
 A safe revenge of all that ever hate her,
 The crying-down for ever of all beauties
 That may be thought come near her.

Proc. That was pretty.

Chi. I ne'er knew that way fail; yet I will
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well con-
sider'd;

The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aspect* to draw their good or evil,
Fe'd in 'am, spite of fortune; a new Nature
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages;
Time should be hers; and what she did, lame
Virtue

Should bless to all posterities: Her air [us;
Should give us life, her earth and water feed
And last, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so)
She should be held for mortal.

Lacin. And she heard you?

Chi. Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he
That stands condemn'd his judgment. Let
me perish,

But, if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her!

Bal. I would the emperor were that god.

Chi. Sh' has in her

All the contempt of glory and vain-seeming
Of all the Stoicks, all the truth of Christians,
And all their constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended. When she
blushes,

It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest temple of her sect, that ever
Made Nature a bless'd foonder.

Proc. Is there no way
To take this phoenix?

Lacin. None but in her ashes.

Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a
venture; [plure.

But, on my soul, she's chaster than cold cum-
Bal. I think so too; for all the ways of
woman,

Like a full sail, she bears against. I ask'd her,
After my many officers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' emperor, grown mad with love, should
force her?

She pointed to a Lucretia, that hung by,
And with an angry look that from her eyes
Shot vestal fire against me, she departed.

Proc. This is the first wench I was ever
pos'd in; [either
Yet I have brought young loving things to-
This two-and-thirty years.

Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people;
And, as the tutor to great Alexander [read
Would say, a young man should not dare to
His moral books, 'till after five-and-twenty;
So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
If they will rise, and gain experience,
Well steep'd in years, and discipline, begin it;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of?

Proc. The emperor must know it.

Lacin. If the women

Should chance to fail too?

Chi. As 'tis ten to one.

Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets
for the purchase?

* *Chi.* I ne'er knew that way fail; yet I'll tell ye

I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours.] Chitax had before mentioned his temptations;
and had this speech been his, he would have said "beyond all these." Proculus was the
only one that had not mentioned what he had done; there seems therefore no doubt of
this and the following speech belonging to him. *Seward.*

This change seems as improper as arbitrary; there being no reason to suppose Proculus
had attempted to seduce Lucina. So far from it, he is surprised at the accounts the others
give: "And cold at all these offers?"

* *Aspect.*] In the time of our Authors, and long after, this word was always accented on
the last syllable: Many instances might be produced of it; and from this circumstance,
Mr. Farmer appears convinced that the play called Double Falshood, ascribed by Theobald
to Shakespeare, was the production of an Author who lived at a later period. See Farmer's
Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, p. 26. *R.*

* *She pointed to a Lucretia.*] This is extremely poetical, and a very eminent modern has
imitated it in the very best tragedy that the English stage has produced for many years
past: I have not Mr. Fenton's Mariamne by me, but the lines, as I remember, are,

"——Frowning, with a victor's haughty air,

"He pointed to a picture on the wall,

"Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke

"His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd.

"*Mar.* What picture?

"*Her.* Perseus led in chains thro' Rome."

The reader will observe, that Mr. Fenton is not so concise and striking as our Authors:
He rises into beauty like the gradual opening of a fair morning; our Poets break out at
once in full lustre, like the sun bursting from an eclipse. *Seward.*

Chi. Let's go consider then; and if all fail,
This is the first quick cel, that sav'd her tail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia, and Phorba.

Ard. You still insist upon that idol, Honour:

Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's
eyes

To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,
(That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a husband
(Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almost immortal? You are cozen'd;
The honour of a woman is her praises; [too,
The way to get these, to be seen, and sought
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoky roof.

Lucina. I'll hear no more.

Phorba. That white and red, and all that
blessed beauty, [thing:
Kept from the eyes, that make it so, is no-
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim
it. [doubted.

The phoenix, were she never seen, were
That most unvalued horn the unicorn
Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing
But tale, and mere tradition, would help no
man; [doubled.
But when the virtue's known, the humour's
Virtue is either inner, or out at all,
And love a sacrifice, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to men's petitions.

Ard. Nay, you shall love your husband
too; we come not

To make a monster of you.

Lucina. Are ye women?

Ard. You'll find us so, and women you
shall thank too,

If you have grace to make your use.

Lucina. Fly on ye! [soul,

Phorba. Alas, poor hapful lady! By my
Had you no other virtue but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those.
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!

Ard. Come, goddess, come; you move too
near the earth;

It must not be! a better orb stays for you:
Here; lie a maid, and take him.

Lucina. Pray leave me. [a way

Phorba. That were a sin, sweet lady, and
To make us guilty of your melancholy;
You must not be alone; in conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the
conscience

Made easy, and allowable.

Lucina. Ye are devils! [damnation.

Ard. That you may one day bless for your
Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of Chas-
tity,

Tempt me no more! How ugly ye seem to me!
There is no wonder men defame our sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of
women!

If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
Tho' many regions off, as men hear thunder;
If ever ye had fathers*, and they souls;
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Besides your sins, or common but your
curses?;

If ever any of your ancestors
Died worth a noble deed, that would be che-
rish'd;

Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You'd run from one another to repentance,

* *You still insist, &c.* The reader who will compare this scene with the persuasives against Chastity, introduced by Milton into the character of Cumus, will readily see how much that excellent author has been indebted to this play.

Come goddess, come, you move too near the earth,

It must not be, a better orb stays for you:

Here: be a maid, and take 'em. So first folio. The second folio varies in the third line, where it says, "take 'em," and is copied in the subsequent editions. We have no doubt of "take 'em" meaning "take him."

If ever ye had mothers, and they souls;

If ever fathers, and not such as you are. The necessity of the transposition of *mothers* and *fathers* to these two lines must be self-evident. Seward.

If ever any thing were constant in you,

Beside your sins, or coming but your curses. The old folio reads, "*coming* but your *curses*." In attempting to correct this, the latter editions make something worse than nonsense. Before I saw the old folio I conjectured, 'or comely but your dresses,' but was unsatisfied with it. Common being exceeding near the old word *coming*, I now keep nearer the trace of the letters than the late editions, and read, 'or common but your *curses*;' i. e. If you have even any thing in common with the rest of woman-kind, except the *curses* that are entailed on all. Seward.

We think Mr. Seward's reading right, but his explanation of that reading wrong. The simple meaning is, 'If there is any essential ingredient in your composition beside your 'sins, or any thing common to you all beside the *curses* that attend those sins, &c.'

And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,
That made ye blind, and beasts!

Phorba. You speak well, lady;

A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.

Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bless the em-
And we may all give thanks for't. [pire,

Phorba. I believe you.

Ard. If any thing redeem the emperor
From his wild flying courses, this is she:
She can instruct him, if ye mark; she's wise
too, [in her;

Phorba. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder
And so religious, that I well believe,
Tho' she would sin she cannot.

Ard. And besides,
She has the empire's cause in hand, not love's;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she's chiefly born.

Phorba. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried,
That all the world shall wonder at.

Ard. 'Tis true.

I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
'Till he profess'd this love! Gods give 'em
children,

Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.

Phorba. Do you mark too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs thro' her,
When we but name the emperor?

Ard. But mark it?

Yes, and admire it too; for she considers,
Tho' she be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet to the emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;
And when her country's cause commands af-
fection,

She knows obedience is the key of virtues:
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows;
And tho' the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry, 'Stay, Lucina!' yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find surer ends, and happier;
And if the first were chaste, this is twice
doubled.

Phorba. Her tartness unto us too—

Ard. That's a wise one— [dom,

Phorba. Travelly like; it shews a rising wis-
That chides all common tools as dare enquire
What princes would have private.

Ard. What a lady

Shall we be bless'd to serve!

Lucina. Go, get ye from me!

Ye are your purposes' agents, not the prince's.
Is this the virtuous lore ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?

But that I had a mother, and a woman,
Whose ever-living fame turns all it touches
Into the good itself is, I should now
Ev'n doubt myself, I have been search'd so
near [two,

The very soul of honour. Why should you
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
(Fairest I think by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well-built piles, shew worthy
ruins)

After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
For shame, for woman-hood, for what ye have
been, [branches)
(For rotten cedars have borne goodly
If ye have hope of any Heav'n, but court,
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter
vanish,

Or at the best, but subject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of!
Let women live themselves; if they must fall,
Their own destruction had 'em, not your
fevers.

Ard. Madam, you are so excellent in all,
And I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy you have, so sweet a fear,
And, when you come to anger, 'tis so noble,
That, for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry: Women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
Are either fools or cowards.

Phorba. She were a mistress for no private
greatness, [anger;
Could she not frown a ravish'd kiss from
And such an anger as this truly learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I
Which of ye all could hold from? [ask ye,

Lucina. I perceive ye; [price
Your own dark sins dwell with ye! and that
You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
Run* to diseases with your bones! I scorn ye;
And all the nets ye've pitch'd to catch my
virtues,

Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me.
Go, tell the emperor, ye've met a woman,
That neither his own person, which is god-
like, [purchase,

The world he rules, nor what that world can
Nor all the glories subject to a Caesar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the mother of the empire,
And queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a whore of!

Ard. You mistake us, lady.

Lucina. Yet, tell him this has thus much
weaken'd me, [mistress,
That I have heard his knaves, and you his
(If nurses for his sins) which gods forgive
But, ever to be learning to his folly, [me!
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And from her mouth whose life shall make it
certain,

I never can! I have a noble husband,
(Pray tell him that too) yet a noble name,
A noble family, and, last, a conscience.
Thus much for your answer: For yourselves,
Ye've liv'd the shame of women, die the
better!

[*Exit.*
Phorba. What's now to do?

Ard. Ev'n as she said, to die;
For there's no living here, and women thus,
I'm sure, for us two.

Phorba. Nothing stick upon her?

Ard. We've lost a mass of money. Well,
dame Virtue,

Yet you may hilt, if good luck serve.

Phorba. Worms take her!

She has almost spoil'd our trade.

Ard. So godly!

This is ill-breeding, *Phorba.*

Phorba. If the women

Should have a longing now to see this monster,
And she convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, *Phorba*;

But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.

Come, let's go think; she must not 'scape us
thus:—

There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus and Accius.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble
friend,

That they fall off so fast from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight gruns beneath him.

Where lives virtue,

Honour, discretion, wisdom? Who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the empire,
But hawks, and singing-girls? Oh, my
Accius!

The glory of a soldier, and the truth
Of men, made up for goodness-sake, like
shells¹⁰,

Grow to the rugged walls, for want of action:

Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than fa-
vour—

Accius. No more, my worthy friend; tho'
those be truths,

And tho' these truths would ask a reformation,
At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
We are but subjects, *Maximus*; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure in-
cense,

Until unhallow'd hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
Because the priests that touch those sweets
are wicked; [cannot,

We dare not, dearest friend, nay more, we
(Whilst we consider who we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what law-
giver;

Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not enquir'd into; whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, tho' a stricter)

Like desp'rate and unseason'd fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.

Max. My noble friend, (from whose in-
structions

I never yet took sorfeit) weigh but thus much,
Nor think I speak it with ambition,

For, by the gods, I do not! Why, *Accius*,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretch-

Accius. You'll fall again into your fit. [ed?

Max. I will not—

Or, are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Par-
thians?

Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be—

Accius. You are too curious.

Max. Good, give me leave.—Why is this
author of us—

Accius. I dare not hear you speak thus.

Max. I'll be modest.—

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders? Misconceive me not;
I know no danger in my words. But wherefore,

* *Oh, my Accius.*] Our Authors always make three syllables of *Accius*, I therefore divide the diphthong. *Seward.*

The first folio sometimes exhibits *Accius*, sometimes *Accius*, which we follow; though the measure commonly warrants the *diacresis* adopted by Mr. Seward; and which was used first, we believe, by *Loveace*, in his *Comematory Verses*.

¹⁰ —like shells,

Grow to the rugged walls for want of action.] The shell-fish that grows to stones seems to have the least motion, sense and life of any known animal, and therefore a state of inaction might be beautifully represented by these; but then *rocks* would be a much properer word than *walls* for them to grow to. I therefore believe the true word to be *shields* instead of *shells*. A soldier without action is very pertinently compared to the rusty shields which were, in our Authors' time, the customary ornaments of the rugged walls of all the old mansion-houses in the kingdom. There is another sense of *shells*, viz. such as struts often leave oo walls; but *shield*, being a much more soldier-like metaphor, I believe it the original. *Seward.*

We think *shells* right. It would have been a ridiculous pursuit of the metaphor to have substituted *rocks* for *walls*.

And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome? Why are their
virtues

Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles,
For goodness-sake? their honours time out-
I think, for our example. [daring?

Æcius. You speak nobly.

Mar. Why are we seeds of these then, to
shake hands. [credit,

With bawds and base informers, kiss Dis-
And court her like a mistress?—Pray, your
leave yet.—

You'll say, The emperor is young, and apt
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness¹¹: It may be.
But, why do these, the people call his pleas-
sures,

Exceed the moderation of a man?

Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign
nations?

Æcius. You search the sore too deep, and
I must tell you,

In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded. Pray depress your spirit;
For tho' I constantly believe you honest,
(You were no friend for me else) and what now
You freely spake, but good you owe to th'
empire,

Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do, few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your
actions, [sister,

And to the heaviest, friend: And pray con-
We are but shadows, motions others give us;
And tho' our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force: For, durst mine own soul
urge me [tions)

(And, by that soul, I speak my just affec-
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedi-
ence,

And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Tho' I had both the blessings of the Bruti,
And both their instigations, tho' my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,—
That daring soul, that first taught disobedi-
ence,

Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore

Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend,
The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion
Take him by th' teeth.

Mar. I pray mistake me not.

Æcius. Our honest actions, and the light
that breaks [blushing,

Like morning from our service, chaste and
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects' crystal souls are glasses to
him. [your counsel.

Mar. My ever-honour'd friend, I'll take
The emperor appears; I'll leave you to him;
And as we both affect him, may he flourish!
[Exit.

Enter Valentinian and Chilar.

Val. Is that the best news?

Chi. Yet the best we know, sir.

Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be
gone then.

Mine own head be my helper; these are fools.
How now, Æcius? are the soldiers quiet?

Æcius. Better, I hope, sir, than they were.

Val. They're pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures;
Shortly, they'll fight against me.

Æcius. Gods defend, sir! [judgers,
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd
A donative of ten sesterces, [praises,
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your
More than they sang your pleasures.

Val. I believe thee.

Art thou in love, Æcius, yet?

Æcius. Oh, no, sir!

I am too coarse for ladies; my embraces,
That only now acquainted with alarms,
Would break their tender bodies.

Val. Never fear it;

They're stronger than you think; they'll hold
the hammer.

My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier;
A good one, I believe thee.

Æcius. All that goodness

Is but your grace's creature.

Val. Tell me truly—

For thou dar'st tell me—

Æcius. Any thing concerns you,

That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon.

Val. What say the soldiers of me? and the
same words;

Mince 'em not, good Æcius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.

¹¹ ——— young, and apt

To take impression rather from his pleasures,

Than any constant worthiness.] Mr. Seward thinks the last line obscure, and asks,

'Does it mean, that the emperor, being young, took impressions more from his pleasures
' than from virtue and worthiness?' This is certainly the obvious meaning; but as that gen-
tleman conceives it to be *stiffly expressed*, that it is *but a poor apology* for Valentinian, and
that the *natural apology* should be, 'That the emperor was apt to take impressions from his
' pleasures, but was not *habitually vicious*, he chuses to read,

"Than any constant worthlessness."

'Worthlessness,' says he, 'is certainly a beautiful word.'

Ælius. I'll tell your grace; but, with this caution, [with us,]
You be not stirr'd: For should the gods live
Ev'n those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em hot drink, they'd ccosure them too.

Val. Forward.

Ælius. Then, to begio, they say you sleep too much,

By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures;

And when you do not sleep, you drink too
From which they fear suspicions first, then
ruins; [wench much,

And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye
Which, they affirm, first breaks your under-
standing,

Then takes the edge of honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers, and beaten fools, and so regarded
But I believe 'em not; for, were these truths,
Your virtue can correct them.

Val. They speak plainly.

Ælius. They say moreover (since your
grace will have it;

For they will talk their freedoms, tho' the
sword [Nero,

Were in their throat) that of late time, like
And with the sauce forgetfulness of glory,
You've got a vein of fiddling; so they term
it.—

Val. Some drunken dreams, Accius.

Ælius. So I hope, sir.—

And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than lov'd for
bounty, [you]

(Which makes the nations, as they say, despise
Telling your years and actions by their deaths
Whose truth and strength of duty made you
Cæsar. [vourers,

They say besides, you nourish strange do-
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call lawds,
Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse you;
A people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's monies
Are seal'd and sent a-working¹⁹.

Val. What 'is' next?

For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.

Ælius. Nor hurt ye, o' my soul, sir! But
such people,

(Nor can the power of man restrain it) when
They're full of meat and ease, must prattle.

Val. Forward.

Ælius. I've spoke too much, sir.

Val. I'll have all.

Ælius. It fits not —

Your ears should hear their vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless you were guilty of those crimes.

¹⁹ ———made of paper,

In which the secret sins of each man's monies
Are seal'd and sent a-working.] This passage Mr. Seward pronounces extremely obscure,
and for monies substitutes body. We find no difficulty; it means simply, 'the sins purchased
by money.'

VOL. II.

Val. It may be

I am so; therefore forward.

Ælius. I have ever

Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.

Val. No more apologies.

Ælius. They grieve besides, sir,

To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger coo-
quer'd,

With loss of many a daring life subdued,
Fall from their fair obedience, and e'en mur-
mur

To see the warlike eagles mew their honours
In obscure towns, that wout to pry on
princes.

They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,

'The fruits of Italy are luscious; give us
Egypt,

'Or sandy Africk, to display our valours,

'There where our swords may make us meat,
and danger [pous,

'Digest our well-got viands. Here our wea-

'And bodies that were made for shining brass,

'Are both unedg'd and old with ease and
women.' [Germanus,

And then they cry again, 'Where are the
'Lin'd with hot Spain, or Gallia? Bring 'em
on,

'And let the son of wor, steel'd Mithridates,

'Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,

'Hiding the face of heav'n with show'rs of
arrows: [soldiers,

'Yet we dare fight like Romans!' Then, as
Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their
wounds, [deeper,

E'en weeping-ripe they were no more, nor
And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely.

And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pil-
grims,

They reckon up the times, and living labours,

Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder

That Rome, whose turrets once were topt
with honours,

Can now forget the custom of her conquests:

And then they blame your grace, and say,

'Who leads us? [fathers

'Shall we stand here like statues? were our

'The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Per-
sians? [em

'Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on

'That first taught Nero whotomness and blood,

'Tiberius doubts, Caligola all vices!

'For, from the spring of these, succeeding
Thus they talk, sir. [princes—

Val. Well,

Why do you hear these things?

Ælius. Why do you do 'em?

I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow,

And more vexation, do I hear these taintures,

Than were my life dropt from me thro' an hour-glass!

Val. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so. Take heed! you were better

Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a prince's anger!

Æcius. I am old, sir,
And ten years more addition, is but nothing:
Now, if my life be pleasing to you, take it!
Upon my knees, if ever any service,
(As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice)

If ever any worth, or trust you gave me,
Deserv'd a fair respect; if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,

For you and for the empire, be not vices;
By that stile you have stamp't upon me, Soldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!

Val. I understand you not.
Æcius. Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,
And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the 'scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
(mour)
(Gainst which my beaten body was mine ar-

The seas, and thirsty desarts, now be purchase
For slaves, and base informers. I see anger
And death look thro' your eyes; I'm mark'd
for slaughter,

And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this world: I embrace it;
Only my last petition, sacred Cæsar,
Is, I may die a Roman!

Val. Rise, my friend still,
And worthy of my love. Reclaim the soldier;
I'll study to do so upon myself too. Go;
Keep your command, and prosper.

Æcius. Life to Cæsar! [Exit.

Enter Chilar.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.

Val. Go tell him,

I'll meet him in the gallery.—
The honesty of this Æcius
(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
Has divid'd so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
With much repentance, now I could be quit of:

But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That, tho' I were a god, she'd fire my blood. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Valentinian, Marimus, Licinius, Proculus, and Chilar, as at dice.

Val. NAY, ye shall set my hand out; 'tis not just [rous.

I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosper-
Licin. If I have any thing to set your grace, [rich!

But cinnaths, or good conditions, let me pe-
You've all my money, sir.

Proc. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Mar. Unless your grace will credit us.

Val. No bare board.

Licin. Then, at my garden-house.

Val. The orchard too?

Licin. An't please your grace.

Val. Have at 'em.

Proc. They are lost.

Licin. Why, farewell, fig-trees!

Val. Who sets more?

Chi. At my horse, sir.

Val. The dappled Spaniard?

Chi. He.

Val. He's mine.

Chi. He is so.

Mar. Your short horse is soon curried.

Chi. So it seems, sir;

So may your mare be too, if luck serve.

Mar. Ha?

Chi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune, [to finish thus.

Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont

Mar. By Heaven, sir, I've lost all!

Val. There's a ring yet.

Mar. This was not made to lose, sir.

Val. Some love token?

Set it, I say!

Mar. I do beseech your grace,

Rather name any house I have.

Val. How strange,

And curious you are grown of toys! Redeem't,
If so I win it, when you please; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not;
But only for my luck sake: 'Tis not rings
Can make me richer.

Mar. Will you throw, sir? There 'tis.

Val. Why then, have at it fairly.—Mine.

Mar. Your grace.

Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An't be your pleasure, sir, I'll pay the price on't. [price, sir,

Val. To-morrow you shall have it without
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I hethink myself, go to Æcius,
And bid him muster all the cohorts presently;
(They mutiny for pay, I hear) and be you
Assistant to him. When you know their
numbers,

Ye shall have monies for 'em, and above
Something to stop their tongues withal.

Mar. I will, sir:

And gods preserve you in this mind still!

Val. Shortly,

I'll see 'em march myself.

Mar. Gods ever keep you! [Exit.

Val. To what end do you think this ring shall serve now?

For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record their lessons.

Chi. For the lady.

Val. But how for her?

Chi. That I confess I know not.

Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch

That never saw her yet; and you two see [Exit Chilar.

The court made like a Paradise.

Licia. We will, sir. [your arts

Val. Full of fair shows and musicks; all
(As I shall give instructious) screw to th'
highest, [fear

For my main piece is now a-doing: And for
You should not take, I'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her, [women
She shall not chuse but lean to. Let the
Put on a graver show of welcome.

Proc. Well, sir.

Val. They are a thought too eger.

Enter Chilar and Lycias.

Chi. Here's the eunuch,

Lycias. Long life to Cæsar!

Val. I must use you, Lycias:

Come, let's walk in, and then I'll shew you all.
If women may be fruit, this wench shall fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Claudia and Marcellina.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?

Marc. I know not,
Unless it be that company causes cuckolds.

Clau. That were a childish fear.

Marc. What were those ladies

Came to her lately? from the court?

Clau. The same, wench.

Some grave instructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.

Marc. 'Tis true, wench. [too]

For here and there (and yet they painted well

One might discover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.

Clau. If my judgment fail not,

They have been sheath'd, like rotten ships—

Marc. It may be. [hang weakly.

Clau. For, if ye mark their rudders, they

Marc. They have past the line belike.

Wouldst live, Claudia,

Till thou wert such as they are?

Clau. Chimney-pieces? [men!

Now Heav'n have mercy on me, and young

I'd rather make a drallery 'till thirty¹².

While I were able to endure a tempest,

And bear my fights out bravely, 'till my tackle

Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers,

While I were able to bear with my tires,

And so discharge 'em, I would willingly

Live, Marcellina; not 'till barnacles

Bred in my sides.

Marc. Thou art i' th' right, wench:

Fur who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,

[signior?—

To stand at mark, and cry, 'A bow short,

Were there not men came hither too?

Clau. Brave fellows;

I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound.

Marc. How know you?

Clau. They gave me great lights to it.

Marc. Take heed, Claudia! [on.

Clau. Let them take heed; the spring comes

Marc. To me now,

They seem'd as noble visitants.

Clau. To me now,

Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,

And, by this honest light, (for yet 'tis morning)

Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets

And Milan skins—

Marc. Thou art a strange wench, Claudia.

Clau. Ye are deceiv'd.—They shew'd to me directly

[living;

Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their

I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd

Marc. Peace! [last.

My lady comes. What may that be?

Enter Lucina and Lycias.

Clau. A summer,

That cites her to appear,

Marc. No more of that, wench.

¹² I'd rather make a drallery 'till thirty.] What the word *drallery* signifies, if genuine; or if corrupt, what may be the true one, is beyond Mr. Simpson's and my reach. The context requires the name of some ship. Seward.

Drallery.] N^o English Dictionary, or Author that we know, exhibits the word *drallery*. That it is corrupt, therefore, is scarcely to be doubted; but we do not think with Mr. Seward, that the context absolutely requires the name of some ship. Marcellina asks, 'Wouldst thou live till thou wert such as they are?' to which Claudia replies, 'She had rather have a short life and a merry one;' and then recurs to the sea-metaphors in which they had been conversing before. In this sense, might we not venture to read, not being able to make sense of the present text,

"I'd rather make a *drallery* till thirty?"

Droterie, and *drolese*, are French words, both frequently applied to women, and signifying (according to Le Roux's Dictionnaire Comique) pleasant things, and gay ladies; *Plaisanterie*, *plaisanteur*; *une réjouie*, *qui est gaye, de bonne humeur*.

Lycias. Madam, what answer to your lord?

Lucina. Pray tell him,
I'm subject to his will.

Lycias. Why weep you, madam?

Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.

Lucina. I do beseech you tell me, sir—

Lycias. What, lady?

Lucina. Serve you the emperor?

Lycias. I do.

Lucina. In what place?

Lycias. In's chamber, madam.

Lucina. Do you serve his will too?

Lycias. In fair and just commands.

Lucina. Are you a Roman?

Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.

Lucina. What office bore your parents?

Lycias. One was prætor. [reputation.

Lucina. Take heed then how you stain his

Lycias. Why, worthy lady?

Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this message but what honesty,

The trust and fair obedience of a servant,

May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.

Lycias. Madam, I am no broker—

Clau. I'll be hang'd then.

Lycias. Nor base procurer of men's lusts.

Your husband

Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it;

It rests in you to come, or no.

Lucina. I will, sir.

Lycias. If you mistrust me, do not.

Lucina. You appear

So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,

And this is such a certain sign you've brought

That I believe. [me,

Lycias. Why should I cozen you?

Or, were I brib'd to do this villainy,

Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,

When such a virtue falls?

Lucina. You speak well, sir:

'Would all the rest that serve the emperor

Had but your way!

Clau. And so they have, *ad unguem.*

Lucina. Pray tell my lord I have receiv'd

his token, [thus much

And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good sir,

Before you go; I do beseech you too,

As little notice as you can, deliver

Of my appearance there.

Lycias. It shall be, madam;

And so I wish you happiness!

Lucina. I thank you! [Exit.

SCENE III.

Tumult and noise within. Enter Accius, pursuing Pontius, and Maximus following.

Mar. Temper yourself, Accius!

Pont. Huld, my lord!

I am a Roman, and a soldier.

Mar. Pray, sir! [traitor!—

Accius. Thou art a lying villain, and a

Give me myself, or, by the gods, my friend,

You'll make me dangerous!—How dar'st thou
pluck

The soldiers to sedition, and I living?

And sow rebellion in 'em, and ev'n then

When I am drawing out to action?

Pont. Hear me.

Mar. Are you a man?

Accius. I am true-hearted, Maximus,

And if the villain live, we are dishonour'd.

Mar. But hear him what he can say.

Accius. That's the way

To pardon him: I am so easy-natur'd,

That, if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

Pont. I do beseech you, noble general—

Accius. H' has found the way already! Give

me room; [mercy.

One stroke; and if he 'scape me then, h' has

Pont. I do not call you noble, that I fear

you;

I never cur'd fur death! If you will kill me,

Consider first for what, not what you can do.

'Tis true, I know you for my general,

And by that great prerogative may kill:

But do it justly then.

Accius. He argues with me:

By Heav'n, a made-up rebel!

Mar. Pray consider,

What certain grounds you have for this.

Accius. What grounds?

Did I not take him preneching to the soldiers

How lazily they liv'd? and what dishonours

It was to serve a prince so full of woman?

Those were his very words, friend.

Mar. These, Accius, [error,

Tho' they were rashly spoke, (which was an

A great one, Pontius!) yet, from him that

hungers [pardon'd.

For wars, and brave employment, might be

The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make

Not spleeny speeches. [traitors,

Accius. Why should you protect him?

Go to!; it shews not honest.

Mar. Taint me not;

For that shews worse, Accius! All your

friendship,

And that pretended love you lay upon me,

Hold back my honesty, is like a favour

You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him.

Was I your bosom-piece for this?

Accius. Forgive me:

The nature of my zeal, and for my country,

Makes me sometimes forget myself; for know,

Tho' I most strive to be without my passions,

I am no god. For you, sir, whose infection

Has spread itself like poison thro' the army,

And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,

First thank this noble gentleman; you had

died else: [dier,

Next, from your place, and honour of a sol-

I here seclude you—

Pont. May I speak yet?

Mar. Hear him. [tion,

Accius. And, while Accius holds a reputa-

¹⁴ Go too.] So all former editions.

At least command, you bear no arms for Rome, sir. [demon'd man]

Pont. Against her I shall never. The count has yet that privilege to speak, my lord; Law were not equal else.

Mar. Pray hear, Accius;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Tho' I believe it mighty, yet, consider'd,
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove
Rather a hasty sin, than heinous.

Accius. Speak. [with peace,
Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tir'd
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes¹⁵.
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we serv'd,
And then bewail'd we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.

Accius. To the rest, sir! [as soldiers
Pont. And like enough, I bless'd him then
Will do sometimes: 'Tis true, I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to shew our country
We durst go naked, durst want meat, and
money; [thirsty:

And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our best pay-masters; the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses; my I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with scars and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were फिर प्रार्थना-
ers, [crutches:
And certain graves, than cope the foe on
'Tis likely too, I counsel'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their
sure targets [nations,
And swords, hatch'd with the blood of many
To spades and pruning-knives, (for those get
money)

Their warlike eagles into daws, or starlings,
To give an *Axe* *Cesar* as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas;
For thus we get but years and beets.

Accius. What think you,
Were these words to be spoken by a captain?
One that should give example?

Mar. 'Twas too much.

Pont. My lord, I did not woo 'em from
the empire, [Cesar;
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me! Give me but employment,
sir, [vicious,

And way to live; and, where you hold me
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell you,
(And, if you please, that place I held main-
tain it, [honest,
'Gainst the most daring foes of Rome) I'm
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his, than kept for *Cesar*.

Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech
you) [want,

What my rude tongue discover'd; 'twas my
No other part of Pontius. You have seen me,
And you, my lord, do something for my coun-
try,

And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor.

Accius. All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius; you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to *Cesar*,
By me shall never be restor'd: In my camp
I will not have a tongue, tho' to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey; and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they should be.

Pont. Thus I leave you;
Yet shall my prayers still, altho' my fortunes
Must follow you no more, be still about you:
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!
You cannot cast my wishes.

Accius. Come, my lord,
Now to the field again.

Mar. Alas, poor Pontius! [Exeunt,

SCENE IV.

*Enter Chilar at one door, Licinius and
Balbus at another.*

Licin. How now?

Chi. She's come.

Bal. Then I'll to th' emperor. [Exit,

Chi. Do. Is the musick plac'd well?

Licin. Excellent.

Chi. Licinius, you and *Proculus* receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone; and, do you hear, Licinius?
Pray let the ladies ply her further off, [more.
And with much more discretion. One word

Licin. Well? [pearl,

Chi. Are the jewels, and those ropes of
Laid in the way she passes?

Enter Valentinian, Balbus, and Proculus.

Licin. Take no care, man. [Exit,

Val. What, is she come?

Chi. She is, sir; but 'twere best
Your grace were seen last to her.

Val. So I mean.

Keep the court empty, *Proculus*.

Proc. 'Tis done, sir.

Val. Be not too sudden to her.

Chi. Good, your grace,
Retire, and man yourself; let us alone;
We are no children this way. Do you hear,
'Tis necessary that her waiting-women [sir?
Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies;
They'd break the business else.

Val. 'Tis true; they shall.

Chi. Remember your place, *Proculus*.

¹⁵ My words almost as ragged as my fortunes.] Ragged is a very strong metaphor, and possibly corrupt. Some men of taste would choose to read *rugged*, which is equally applica-
ble to his words and his fortunes.

Proc. I warrant yqu.

[*Exeunt Val. Bal. and Proc.*]

Enter Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Chi. She enters.—Who are waiters there?

The emperor

Calls for his horse to air himself.

Lucina. I'm glad

I come so happily to take him absent;

This takes away a little fear. I know him;

Now I begin to fear again. Oh, honour,

If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,

And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,

Hold me fast now, and help me!

Chi. Noble madam, {come!

You're welcome to the court, most wubly wel-

You are a stranger, lady.

Lucina. I desire so.

Chi. A wondrous stranger here; nothing so strange:

And therefore need a guide, I think.

Lucina. I do, sir,

And that a good one too.

Chi. My service, lady, {tell me,

Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray

Are you resolv'd a courtier?

Lucina. No, I hope, sir;

Clau. You are, sir.

Chi. Yes, my fair one.

Clau. So it seems,

You are so ready to bestow yourself.

Pray what might cost those breeches?

Chi. Would you wear 'em?—

Madam, you have a witty woman.

Marc. Two, sir,

Or else you underbuy us.

Lucina. Leave your talking.

But is my lord here, I beseech you, sir?

Chi. He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,

Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,

You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

Lucina. Whither?

Chi. Why, to your lord.

Lucina. Is it so hard, sir,

To find him in this place without a guide?

For I would willingly not trouble you.

Chi. It will be so for you that are a stranger:

Nor can it be a trouble to do service

To such a worthy beauty; and besides—

Marc. I see he will go with us.

Clau. Let him amble. [sing

Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning should pass without attendants.

Lucina. I have two, sir. [emperor?

Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll see the

Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, sir.

Chi. You are well enough;

He'll take it wondrous kindly. Hark!

Lucina. You flatter:

Good sir, no more of that.

Chi. Well, I but tell you.

Lucina. Will you go forward? Since I must Pray take your place. [he mapp'd,

Clau. Cannot you man us too, sir?

Chi. Give me but time.

Marc. And you'll try all things?

Chi. No;

I'll make you no such promise.

Clau. If you do, sir,

Take heed you stand to't.

Chi. Wondrous merry ladies!

Lucina. The wenches are dispos'd! Pray keep your wuy, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Licinia, Proculus, and Balbus.

Licin. She's coming up the stairs. Now, the music! [there!

And, as that stirs her, let's set on, Perfumes

Proc. Discover all the jewels!

Licin. Peace! [Music.

SONG.

Now the lusty spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd we die."

Yet the lusty spring hath staid,
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waist:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
"Ladies, if not pluck'd we die."

SECOND SONG.

Hear ye, ladies that despise,
What the mighty love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Dotted on a silver swan;
Dann'd, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he nukes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spices,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilium, in a short hour¹⁶ higher
He can build, and once more fire,

¹⁶ *Ilium in a short tower higher.] First folio,*

*Enter Chilar, Lucina, Claudia, and Marc-
cellina.*

Lucina. Pray Heav'n my lord be here! for
now I fear it.

Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit, or stolen,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betray'd thy mistress. Pray, sir,
I would fain see my lord. [forward;

Chi. But tell me, madam,
How do you like the song?

Lucina. I like the air well,
But, for the words, they are lascivious,
And over-light for ladies.

Chi. All ours love 'em.

Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are
loving ladies.

Licia. Madam, you're welcome to the
court. Who waits?

Attendants for this lady!

Lucina. You mistake, sir;

I bring no triumph with me.

Licia. But much honour.

Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like
a neighbour,

So freely of yourself to be a visitant:

The emperor shall give you thanks for this.

Lucina. Oh, no, sir;

There's nothing to deserve 'em.

Proc. Yes, your presence. [believe

Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and
I come to see my husband, on command too;
I were no courtier else.

Licia. That's all one, lady; [emperor,
Now you are here, you're welcome: And the
Who loves you but too well—

Lucina. No more of that, sir;

I came not to be catch'd.

Proc. Ah, sirrah!

And here we got you here? Faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.

Lucina. Gods defend, sir!

I never lik'd a trade worse.

Proc. Hark you. [Whispers.

Lucina. No, sir!

Proc. You're grown the strangest lady!

Lucina. How!

Proc. By Heav'n,

'Tis true I tell you; and you'll find it.

Lucina. I?

I'll rather find my grave, and so inform him.

Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt
you) [beauty

Should live alone, and give such heav'nly
Only to walls and hangings?

Lucina. Good sir, patience!

I am no wonder, neither come to that end.

You do my lord an injury to stay me,

Who, tho' you are the prince's, yet dare tell
He keeps no wife for your ways. [you,

Bal. Well, well, lady,

However you are pleas'd to think of us,
You're welcome, and you shall be welcome.

Lucina. Shew it

In that I come for then, in leading me

Where my lord is, not in flattery.

[Jewels shewn.

Nay, you may draw the curtain; I have seen
But none worth half my honesty. [em,

Clau. Are these, sir,

Laid here to take?

Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.

Marc. We had been doing else.

Bal. Meaner jewels

Would fit your worths.

Clau. And meaner cloths your bodice.

Lucina. The gods shall kill me first!

Licia. There's better dying [angry!

I th' emperor's arms. Go to; but be not

These are but talks, sweet lady.

Enter Phorba and Ardelia.

Phorba. Where is this stranger? Rushesⁿ,
ladies, rushes!

Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger!

Proc. Here's ladies come to see you.

Lucina. You are gone then?

I take it, 'tis your cue.

Proc. Or rather manners:

You're better fitted, madam; we but tire you,
Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and
bring

Your most-lov'd lord unto you. [Exeunt.

Lucina. Then I'll thank you.—

I am betray'd, for certain! Well, *Lucina*,
If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death should shoot up gardens of
thee,

Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices!

Phorba. You are a welcome woman.

Ard. Bless me, Heav'n!

How did you find the way to court?

Lucina. I know not;

'Would I had never trod it!

Phorba. Prithce tell me. [us,

Good noble lady, (and, good sweetheart, love
For we love thee extremely) is not this place
A Paradise to live in?

Lucina. To those people

That know no other Paradise but pleasure:
That little I enjoy contents me better.

Ard. What, heard you any musick yet?

Lucina. Too much.

Phorba. You must not be thus froward:

What! this gown

Is one o' th' prettiest by my troth, *Ardelia*,

¹⁷ *Rushes.*] In the Second Part of Henry IV. act v. scene 5, one of the Grooms calls out for more *rushes*; upon which passage Dr. Johnson observes, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with *rushes*; and for a proof refers to Cuius de Ephemern. The same observation and reference are made on a passage in Cymbeline, act ii. scene 2. R.

I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.

Ard. How do you?

Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!

Lucina. Content you;

I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If you will let me be so. Where's my lord?
For there's the business that I came for,
ladies.

Phorba. We'll lead you to him; he is in
the gallery.

Ard. We'll shew you all the court too.

Lucina. Shew me him.

And you have shew'd me all; I come to look on.

Phorba. Come on; we'll be your guides,
and, as you go,

We have some pretty tales to tell you, lady.
Shall make you merry too. You come not
To be a sad Lucina. [here,

Lucina. 'Would I might not!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilar and Balbus.

Chi. Now the soft musick! Balbus, run!

Bol. I fly, buy. [*Exit.*

Chi. The women by this time are warning
of her;

If she can hold out them, the emperor

[*Musick.*

Takes her to task. He has her. Hark, the
musick!

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Lucina. Good your grace!

Where are my women, sir?

Val. They're wise, beholding [bravery.

What you think scorn to look on, the court's
Would you have run away so slyly, lady,
And not have seen me?

Lucina. I beseech your majesty,

Consider what I am, and whose.

Val. I do so.

Lucina. Believe me, I shall never make a
whore, sir.

Val. A friend you may, and to that man
that loves you

More than you love your virtue.

Lucina. Sacred Caesar!

Val. You shall not kneel to me, sweet.

Lucina. Look upon me,

And, if you be so cruel to abuse me,

Think how the gods will take it! Does this
beauty

Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever;

Nay more, I will become so leprous,

That you shall curse me from you. My dear
lord [tes,

Has serv'd you ever truly, fought your bat-

As if he daily long'd to die for Caesar;

Was never traitor, sir, nor never tainted

In all the actions of his life.

Val. I know it.

Lucina. His fame and family have grown
together,

And spread together, like to sailing cedars¹⁸,

Over the Roman dindem: Oh, let not

(As you have my flesh that's human in you)

The having of a modest wife decline him!

Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!

I do not think you are lascivious;

These wanton men belie you: You are Caesar,

Which is the father of the empire's honour;

You are too near the nature of the gods,

To wrong the weakest of all creatures, wo-
men. [cina,

Val. I dare not do it here.—Rise, fair Lu-

I did but try your temper; you are honest;

And, with the commendations wait on that,

I'll lead you to your lord, and give you to
him¹⁹.

Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill

May well delay, but never quench his hell.

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁸ Like to sailing cedars.] Mr. Sympson justly reads "two sailing cedars," as answering to his fame and family. *Seward.*

The old reading being sense, we have retained it.

¹⁹ I'll lead you to your lord, and you to him.] Thus nonsensically read all editions but the second folio, which we have followed.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Chilar, Licinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Chi. 'TIS done, Licinius.

Lucin. How?

Chi. I slame to tell it.

If there be any justice, we are villains,

And must be so rewarded!

Bal. If it be done,

I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;

Let's make the best o' th' trade.

Proc. Now vengeance take it!

Why should not he have settled on a beauty,

Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,

Or one a ring might rule, or such a one

That had an itching husband to be honourable,

And gron'd to get it²⁰? If he must have
women,

And no allay without 'em, why not those

That know the mystery²¹, and are best able

To play again with judgment? Such as she is,

²⁰ And ground to get it.] The variation proposed by Mr. Sympson.

²¹ That know the misery.] Corrected in 1750.

Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue

Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a crystal,

And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
One greater heat than now-departing embers
Give to cold men that watch 'em.

Lucina. A good whore
Had said all this, and happily as wholesome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well
thought of;

But this same chastity fursooth——

Prox. A pox on't!

Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are, (but not in upen) and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear yourself, more
welcome;

And there is nothing ye dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Chi. The emperor! Away;
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray.
[*Exeunt.*]

Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
Take heed, and save your honour. If you
talk—— [body,

Lucina. As long as there is motion in my
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!

Val. Justice shall never hear you; I am
justice!

Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monster,
ravisher?

Thou bitter haue o'th' empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have
blush'd at, [thee,

Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find
(That's all my refuge now) for they are
righteous: [pire,

Vengeance and horror circle thee! The em-
In which thou liv'st a strong continued surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee; good men
raze thee

For ever being read again, but vicious²²;

Women, and fearful maids, make vows
against thee; [hate thee;
Thy own slaves, if they hear of this, shall
And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from
thee;

And, if thou let'st me live, the soldier,
Tir'd with thy tyrannies, break thro' obedi-
And shake his strong steel at thee! [cuce,

Val. This prevails not,
Nor any agony you utter, lady.

If I have done sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that
abus'd me, [beauty,

Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heav'nly
And curse your being good too.

Lucina. Glorious thief,

What restitution canst thou make to save me?

Val. I'll ever love and honour you.

Lucina. Thou canst not;

For that which was mine honour, thou hast
murder'd:

And can there be a love in violence?

Val. You shall be only mine.

Lucina. Yet I like better

Thy villainy, than flattery; that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me!

For I am worse than thou art: Thou may'st
pray,
And so recover grace; I'm lost for ever!

And, if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thy-
self too.

Val. I fear no loss but love; I stand above it.

Lucina. Cull in your lady bawds, and
gilded panders,

And let them triumph too, and sing to Cæsar,
Lucina's fall'n, the chaste Lucina's conquer'd!

Gods, what a wretched thing has this man
made me!

For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous,

No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name, but Cæsar's whore. Oh, sacred

Cæsar, [pire;

(For that should be your title) was your em-
Your rods, and axes, that are types of justice;

Those fires that ever burn, to beg you bless-
ings;

The people's adoration; fear of nations;
What victory can bring you home; what else

²² For ever being read again,——but vicious

Women, and fearful maids, make vows against thee.] Thus stood the old text; and, I believe, whoever considers it will agree that by an odd confusion of ideas, the word *vicious* is put instead of its reverse, *virtuous*. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

"For ever being read again; all virtuous

"Women, and fearful maids, &c."

The old reading requires nothing but proper punctuation to make it good sense, and the line following will be stronger. We should read,

"——good men raze thee

"For ever being read again, but vicious;"

That is, 'Good men will prevent your ever being recorded, but as an example of vice and villainy.'

VOL. II.

H

The useful elements can make your servants,
Even light itself, and suns of light, truth,
justice,

Mercy, and star-like piety; sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish woe—
The curses that I owe to enemies, [men?
Ev'n those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee!

Fal. This helps not.

Lucina. The suns of Tarquin be remember'd
in thee! [abus'd,

And where there has a chaste wife been
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the
slaughter,

And last, for ever thine the fear'd example!
Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n?
What can your honours now, and empire
make me,

But a more glorious whore?

Fal. A better woman:

But if you will be blind, and scorn it, who
can help it? [thing,

Come, leave these lamentations; they do no-
But make a noise. I am the same man still:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser)
By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
You are so excellent, and made to ravish,
(There were no pleasure in you else)——

Lucina. Oh, villain!

Fal. So bred for man's amazement, that
my reason,

And every help to hold me right, has lost me!
The god of love himself had been before me,
Had he but power to see you; tell me justly,
How can I chuse but err then? If you dare,
Be mine, and only mine, (for you're so pre-
I envy any other should enjoy you, [cious,
Almost look on you; and your daring husband
Shall know he has kept an offering from the
empire,

Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest;
More than myself I'll make it. If you will
not, [wisdom,

Sit down with this, and silence (for which
You shall have use of me, and much honour
ever,

And be the same you were): If you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do I'm able to forgive too; [it,
And where your credit, in the knowledge of
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is my own command shall make it.

Princes, [pers,

Tho' they be sometimes subject to loose wis-

dom Yet wear they two-edg'd swords for open
censures. [dier;

Your husband cannot help you, nor the sol-
Your husband is my creature, they my wea-
pons,

And only where I bid 'em, strike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me most, they mean me
happiest,

Which I had never been without this pleasure.
Consider, and farewell! You'll find your wo-
men [sport too,

At home before you; they have had some
But are more thankful for it. [Exit.

Lucina. Destruction find thee!——

Now which way must I go? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me; my husband fly me;
My family,

Because they're honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me; not a neighbour know me!
What woman now dares see me without blushes,
And, pointing as I pass, 'There, there, be-
hold her;

'Look on her, little children; that is she,
'That handsome lady, mark?' Oh, my sad
fortunes!

Is this the end of goodness? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me?

Why then, I see there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual!

How bad I been thus wretched else!

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Æcius. Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the furies deeper.

Mar. How now, sweetheart?
What make you here, and thus?

Æcius. *Lucina* weeping?
This must be much offence.

Mar. Look up, and tell me,
Why are you thus?—My ring? oh, friend,
I've found it!

You are at court, sweet!

Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.

Mar. Rise, and go home.—I have my
fears, *Æcius*: [cina;

Oh, my best friend, I'm ruin'd!—Go, Lu-
Already in thy tears I've read thy wrongs,
Already found a Caesar. Go, thou lily,
Thou sweetly-drooping flow'r! Go, silver
swan,

And sing thine own sad requiem! Go, *Lucina*,
And, if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong!

"Even light itself, and suns of light, Truth, Justice,

Mercy, and star-like Piety."] This noble passage seems, if I may be allowed the expression,
obscured by too much light; part of which, I believe, is not genuine. To call Truth, Jus-
tice, and Piety suns may be allowed, but suns of light is both stiff and tautological; and
after they are called suns, the additional epithet of star-like is an useless anticlimax. I doubt
not but that the true reading was "suns of light." *Seward.*

We doubt it much; "light, and suns of light," is a natural amplification; but "star-like
piety" succeeding must be confessed to be an anticlimax.

Lucina. I dare not.

Aecius. Is that the ring you lost?

Mar. That, that, Aecius,
That cursed ring, myself, and all my fortunes.
'Twas glens'd the emperor, my noble master,
For all my services, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pander. Was this
justice,

Oh, my Aecius? have I liv'd to bear this?

Lucina. Farewell for ever, sir!

Mar. That's a sad saying;
But such a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet methinks, we should not part so
lightly; [rooted,
Our loves have been of longer growth, more
Than the sharp word of one farewell can
scatter.

Kiss me. I find no Cæsar here⁴¹; these lips
Taste not of ravisher, in my opinion.
Was it not so?

Lucina. Oh, yes!

Mar. I dare believe thee;
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness.
Indeed she was, Aecius.

Aecius. So she is still.

Mar. Once more!—Oh, my Lucina, oh,
my comfort,

The blessing of my youth, life of my life!

Aecius. I've seen enough to stagger my
obedience:

Hold me, ye equal gods! this is too sinful.

Mar. Why wert thou chosen out to make a
whore of? [fountains,
To me thou wert too chaste. Fall, crystal
And overfeed your streams, you rising sor-
rows, [ble.

Till you have dropt your mistress into war-
Now, go for ever from me.

Lucina. Long farewell, sir!

And as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!

Mar. Stay; let me once more bid farewell,
Lucina.

Farewell⁴², thou excellent example of us!
Thou starry virtue, fare thee well! seek
Heav'n,

And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory!

We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.

Aecius. Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss
again,

And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
Aecius must not take. Farewell, thou phoenix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, well wight'st,
If you can cease a while from these strange
thoughts,

I wish were rather alter'd.

Lucina. No.

Aecius. Mistake not.

I would not stain your honour, for the empire,

Nor any way decline you to discredit:

'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's.

I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,

And am the same Aecius, still as honest,

The same life I have still for Maximus,

The same sword wear for you, where justice
wills me, [not;

And 'tis no dull one: Therefore, misconceive

Only I'd have you live a little longer,

But a short year.

Mar. She must not.

Lucina. Why so long, sir?

Am I not grey enough with grief already?

Aecius. To draw from that wild man a
sweet repentance,

And goodness in his days to come.

Mar. They are so,

And will be ever coming, my Aecius.

Aecius. For who knows, but the sight of
you, presenting

His swol'n sins at the full, and your fair vir-
May like a fearful vision fright his follies,

And once more bend him right again? which
blessing [read]

(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to
Is more than death, and the reward more
glorious:

Death only eases you; this, the whole empire.

Besides, compell'd, and forc'd with violence,

To what you've done, the deed is none of
yours,

No, nor the justice neither: You may live,
And still a worthier woman, still more ho-
nour'd;

For are those trees the worse we tear the
fruits from?

Or, should th' eternal gods desire to perish,
Because we daily violate their truths,

Which is the chastity of Heav'n? No, lady;

If you dare live, you may: And as our sins

Make thee more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more

The empire too will bless you. [perfect:

Mar. Noble sir,

If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,

Not to be worn away without my being;

Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,

Or both our wrongs, not tied to after-issues,

Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,

I would desire her live; any more, compel
her:

But since it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our,

losses, [find it,

Nor stays it there, but that our names must

Ev'n those to come, and when they read she
liv'd,

⁴¹ *I find no Cæsar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher.*

⁴² *"I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips." Shakespeare.*

⁴³ *Farewell, thou excellent example of us!* The two last words of this line are very flat,
and perhaps corrupt. The turn of the speech would warrant our reading,

* *Farewell, thou excellent example! Leave us.*

Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she lov'd that more than
Therefore she must not live. [wedlock?

Æcius. Therefore she must live, [tious.
To touch the world such deaths are supersti-
Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter
me;

For could the world again restore my credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it, [pire
That world I should not trust again. The em-
By my life can get nothing but my story,
Which whilst I breathe must be but his abuses.
And where you counsel me to live, that Cæsar
May see his errors, and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but increase of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-
trees, [grieve,
That rot their honest neighbour. If he can
As one that yet desires his free conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.

Æcius. The farewells then of happy souls
he with thee,

And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady!
This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tear
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self, with tears untold yet,
Mnny a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin!

Mar. All that is chaste upon thy tomb
shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine: Time's story^a,
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, stand to eternity!

Æcius. Once more, farewell! Go, find
Elysium, [blessings;
There where the happy souls are crown'd with
There where 'tis ever spring, and ever sum-
mer!

Mar. There where no bed-ridden justice
comes! truth, honour,
Are keepers of that blessed place: Go thither;
For here thou liv'st chaste fire in rotten timber.

Æcius. And so, our last farewells!

Mar. Gods give thee justice!

[*Erit Lucina.*
Æcius. His thoughts begin to work; I fear
him: Yet

He ever was a noble Roman; but, [fer'd
I know not what to think on't; he hath suf-
Beyond a man, if he stand this.

Mar. Accius!

Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seiz'd me?
It was my wife the emperor abus'd thus!

And I must say, 'I'm glad I had her for him';
Must I not, my Accius?

Æcius. I am stricken

With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my house?

Mar. Neither:

I have no home; and you are mad, Accius,
To keep me company! I am a fellow [me.
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto
A pandar is a prince, to what I'm fallen!
By Heav'n, I dare do nothing!

Æcius. You do better.

Mar. I'm made a branded slave, Accius,
And yet I bless the maker.

Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?
Must Maximus be mention'd for his tales?
I am a child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend myself; 'tis Cæsar did it,
And what am I to him?

Æcius. 'Tis well consider'd;

However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may out-wear the first, the last lives
ever. [any friend!

Mar. Oh, that thou wert not living, and
Æcius [aside]. I'll bear a wary eye upon
your actions:

I fear you, Maximus; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out; for, by the gods, thy
wrong

Deserves a general rain!—Do you love me?

Mar. That's all I have to live on.

Æcius. Thou go with me;

You shall not to your own house.

Mar. Nor to any; [pass!

My griefs are greater far than walls can count—
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous; and, o' my conscience,
Should I now see the emperor? th' henton't^a,
I should not chide him for't: An awe runs
thro' me,

I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it;
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.

Æcius [aside]. This is a mask to cover me:
I know you,

And how far you dare do; no Roman further,
Nor with more fearless valour; and I'll watch
Keep that obedience still. [you.—

Mar. Is a wife's loss
(For her abuse, much good may do his Grace;
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost?

Æcius. No more, Maximus,

To one that truly lives.

Mar. Why then, I care not;

^a *Time, story.*] We apprehend we should read "Time's story," an expression often used by our Authors, and more agreeable to the context.

^b *Should I now see the emperor, &c.*] The doctrine of passive obedience, so often inculcated in the Works of our Authors, (but particularly in this Play and The Maid's Tragedy) are a strong and unpleasant mark of the complexion of the times in which they wrote. Such sentiments would not be endured on the present Stage. In this place, however, it is not the real sentiment of the speaker.

I can live well enough, Aecius: [trides,
For look you, friend, for virtue, and thus
They may be bought, they say.

Aecius. He's craz'd a little; [nature.
His grief has made him talk things from his
Mar. But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before, (is it, Aecius?)

By'r lady, and well handled too i' th' brood-
Aecius. Will you go any way? [ing.

Mar. I'll tell thee, friend; [now,
If my wife, for all this, should be n' where
A kind of kicker-out of sheets, 'twould vex
For I'm not angry yet. The emperor [me;
Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,
And may not these two couple without
scratching?

Aecius. Alas, my noble friend!

Mar. Alas not me! [scalde
I am not wretched; for there's oo unao mi-
But he that makes himself so.

Aecius. Will you walk yet?

Mar. Come, come, she dare not die,
friend; that's thet-uth out;

She knows th' enticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleasures, and, I thank her,
Sh' has made a way for Maximus to rise by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you
think [here,

She wept, and said she was ravish'd? Keep it
And I'll discover to you.

Aecius. Well?

Mar. She knows

I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this
Was it not monstrous, friend? [knavery.

Aecius. Does he but seem so,

Or is he mad indeed?

Mar. Oh, gods, my heart!

Aecius. 'Would it would fairly break!

Mar. Methinks I'm somewhat wilder than
I was;

And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty!

Enter Claudia.

Claudia. Nay, you may spare your tears;
she's dead, she is so.

Mar. Why, so it should be. How?

Claudia. When first she enter'd

Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the sun-set, as we saw her *
'Dare I,' said she, 'defile this house with whore,
'In which his noble family has flourish'd?'

* *And blushing like the sun-set, as we see her.* The latter part of this line seems a mere fill-up; but, I believe, was a noble sentiment in the original, which I hope is now restored. Lucina blushed to be looked upon by us, as shame would hide its head from all its acquaintance. If the old reading may be thought to give this idea, and the reader thinks he could have collected it from it without the change, I am willing to submit: so that the true sense be retained, it is of small consequence whether we read *as or that*. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, "*that we saw her*;" but we cannot think his reading conveys the sense he means to give. The only error in the old lection seems to have been *as* for *saw*.

* *And as we walk together, let's pray together truly.* The second *together* seems superfluous and erroneous, and probably was interpolated by a careless transcriber.

At which she fell, and stirr'd no more. We
rubb'd her—

Mar. No more of that; be gone. Now,
my Aecius, [Exit Claudia.

If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little;
I am so parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: Now lead
me, friend;

And as we walk together, let's pray truly *
I may not fall from faith.

Aecius. That's mildly spoken.

Mar. Was I not wild, Aecius?

Aecius. Somewhat troubled. [with you;

Mar. I felt no sorrow then. Now I'll go
But do not name the woman! Fy, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert ev'n the best and worthiest
lady— [with it.

Aecius. Good sir, no more, I shall be melted
Mar. I've done; and, good sir, comfort me.
'Would there were wars now!

Aecius. Settle your thoughts; come.

Mar. So I have now, friend.

Of my deep lamentations here's an end.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Pontius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phid. By my faith, captain Pontius, be-
sides pity [not;

Of your fall'n fortunes, what to say I know
For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
But my best master, any soldier near him.

Aec. And when he understands, he cast
your fortunes

For disobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can you sing? [songs

Pont. Not to please him, Aretus; for my
Gu not to th' lute, or viol, but to th' trumpet;
My true kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men, not love, or
women.

Phid. And those he understands not.

Pont. He should, Phidias.

Aec. Could you not leave this killing way
a little, [rather

(You must, if here you'd plant yourself) and
Learn, as we do, to like what those affect

That are above us? Wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too? What
they say,

Two oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,

Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute?
And think, however the evil falls, the business
Cannot run empty-banded?

Phid. Can you flatter;-
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?

Pont. Yes, if it be a living.

Arc. That's well said then.

Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be
believ'd, then?

Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.

Pont. By any means then,
I cannot lie, nor flutter.

Arc. You must swear too,
If you be there.

Pont. I can swear, if they move me.

Phid. Cannot you forswear too?

Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.

Arc. You should procure a little too.

Pont. What's that?

Men's honest sayings for my truth?

Arc. Oh, no, sir,

But women's honest notions for your trial.

Pont. Do you do all these things?

Phid. Do you not like 'em?

Pont. I'd ask me seriously, or trifle
with me?

I am not so low yet, to be your mirth!

Arc. You do mistake us, captain; for sin-
We ask you how you like 'em? [cerely]

Pont. Then sincerely

I tell you I abhor 'em: They're ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em;
The doers of 'em wretches, their base hunger
Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they

Arc. What then, sir? [get it.]

Pont. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been soldiers, and borne
The servants of the brave Accius, [arms,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave,
(Or I must take it else) to say ye're villains!
For all your golden coats, debauch'd, base
villains!

Yet I do wear a sword to tell ye so.

Is this the way ye mark out for a soldier,
A man that has commended for the empire,

And borne the reputation of a man?

Arc. There not lazy things enough, call'd fools
and cowards,

And poor enough to be prefer'd for pandars,
But wanting soldiers must be knives too? ha?

This the trim course of life? Were not ye
born bawds,

And so inherit but your rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,

Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing

That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather chase,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juster;

Drink my well-gotten water with more pleas-
sure,

When my endeavour's done, and wages paid
Than you do wine; eat my coarse bread not
curs'd,

And mend upon't (your diets are diseases);
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids

As any forward pandar of ye all, [me,
And rise a great deal honest! My garments,

Tho' not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind

out,
When every single breath of poor opinion

Finds you thro' all your velvets!

Arc. You have hit it;

Nor are we those we seem. The lord Accius
Put us good men to th' emperor, so we have

serv'd him,
Tho' much neglected for it; so dare be still:

Your curses are not ours. We've seen your
fortune,

But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, you shall not want, brave

Pontius;

But pray be temperate. If we can wipe out
The stain of your offences²⁰, we are yours, sir;

And you shall live at court an honest man too.

Phid. That little sweet and means we have,
we'll share it.

Fear not to be as we are; what we told you,
Were but mere trials of your truth: You're

worthy,
And so we'll ever hold you; suffer better,

And then you are a right man, Pontius.
If my good master be not ever angry,

You shall command again. [my life,
Pont. I have found two good men: Use
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way else to do it; he
must die;

This friend must die, this soul of Maximus,
Without whom I am nothing but my shame;

This perfectness that keeps me from opinion,
Must die, or I must live thus branded ever:

A hard choice, and a fatal! Gods, ye have
given me

A way to credit, but the ground to go on
Ye have level'd with that precious life I love

most;

Yet I must on, and thro': For, if I offer
To take my way without him, like a son

He bears his high command, 'twixt me and
vengeance,

And in mine own road sinks me. He is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to Caesar,

²⁰——— If we can wipe out

The way of your offences.] To wipe out the way seems a strange phrase: stain, we apprehend, will be allowed a better word: Yet we should not have substituted it, had we not been persuaded that the old text was corrupt.

And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt
But make a question of his ill, but say [him,
‘What is a Cæsar, that he dare do this?’
Dead sure he cuts me off²¹; Accius dies,
Or I have lost myself. Why should I kill him?
Why should I kill myself? for ‘tis my killing;
Accius is my root, and, wither him,
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
Tho’ I had now my safe revenge upon him?
Is he not more than honour²², and his friend-
ship

[honour,
Sweeter than the love of women? What is
We all so strangely are bewitch’d withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has; [envy,
Can honour, ‘twixt the increased prince and
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
And make ‘em turn again like tigers? he has;
And I have liv’d to see this, and preserv’d so:
Why should this empty word incite me then
To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish:
A friend is more than all the world, than ho-
She is a woman, and her loss the less, [mour!
And with her go my griefs!—But, hark you,
Maximus!

[you
Was she not yours? Did she not die to tell
She was a ravish’d woman? Did not justice
Nobly begin with her, that not deserv’d it?
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little!
Can this abuse die here? Shall not men’s
tongues

Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only virtue of the world to slander?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one, that no compare dwelt with
One of so sweet a virtue, that Accius, [her?
(Ev’n he himself, this friend! that holds me
from it)

Out of his worthy love to me, and justice,
Had it not been on Cæsar, had reveng’d her?
By Heav’n, he told me so! What shall I do
then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other men affect it, and I cold?
I fear he must not live.

Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to seek you.

Mar. Go, entreat him to enter. [*Exit Serv.*
Oh, brave Accius, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh’d
not.

[it?
Is there no way, without him, to come near
For out of honesty he must destroy me,
If I attempt it. He must die, as others,
And I must lose him; ‘tis necessity;
Only the time, and means, is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he shall die;
I’ve found a way to do it, and a safe one;
It shall be honour to him too. I know not
What to determine certain, I’m so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me:
‘Would I were dead myself!’

Enter Accius.

Accius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend?

Mar. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination, made me wander.

Accius. I thought you had been more set-
Mar. I am well; [tled.
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have nuzzing in my brains.

Accius. You’re dangerous, [Aside.
But I’ll prevent it if I can.—You told me
You’d go to th’ army.

Mar. Why? to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, Accius,

That strikes me first?

Accius. You promis’d me a freedom
From all these thoughts. And why should
any strike you?

Mar. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of Rome; I am a coward,
A cuckold, and a coward; that’s two causes
Why everyone should beat me!

Accius. You are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he died for’t.
For thus far on mine honour, I’ll assure you,
No man more lov’d than you: and for your
valour, [follow’d.
And what else may be fair²³, no man more

Mar. A doughty man, indeed! But that’s
all one;

The emperor, nor all the princes living,
Shall find a flaw in my coats: I have suffer’d,

²¹ *Dead sure he cuts me off.* I read *dead-sure* with a hyphen, and understand by it the common expression, *As sure as death.* *Seward.*

We chuse to read, according to the old books, without a hyphen; because that may either convey Mr. Seward’s sense, or (as the words might bear) ‘for certain, he will cut me off by death:’ ‘Dead, sure, he cuts me off.’ Besides, *dead-sure* is a modern vulgarism.

²² *Is he not more than honour.* Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symson both suspect the word *rumour*, and think that *honour* was probably the original. But as *honour*, in this place, must signify exactly the same with *rumour*, the Poets seem to have judiciously ascertained the true meaning of what follows, by using *rumour* here. *Seward.*

We believe *honour* the right word, and the whole speech confirms it.

²³ ———— *for your valour,*

And what ye may be, fair; no man more follow’d.] This does not seem intelligible, but the change of a monosyllable will give a sense agreeable to the context. ‘For your valour, and whatever else is fair or praise-worthy, no man is more follow’d.’ *Seward.*

And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.

'Tis not a wife can thrust me out; some
look'd for't, [sing;

But let 'em look 'till they are blind with look-
They are but fools! Yet there is anger in me.

That I would fain disperse; and, now I think
on't, [sing;

You told me, friend, the provinces are stir-
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's
dangerous

A battle shall best from me.

Æcius. Why d'you eye me
With such a settled look?

Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you so.

Æcius. If I should say I lov'd not you as
I should do that I never durst do, lie. [truly,

Max. If I should die, would it not grieve
you much?

Æcius. Without all doubt.

Max. And could you live without me?

Æcius. It would much trouble me to live
without you.

Our loves and loving souls have been so us'd
But to one household in us: But to die

Because I could not make you live, were
woman, [worth,

Far much too weak: Were it to save your
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,

To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engag'd

I ought, and would die for you. [you,

Max. Truly spoken!—

What best but I, that must, could hurt this
man now? [paid him,

'Would he had ravish'd me! I would have
I would have taught him such a trick, his
ennuuchs, [yet!

Nor all his black-ey'd boys, e'er dream'd of
By all the gods I'm mad now! Now were

Cæsar

Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing!

The destinies, nor all the dæmons of hell,

Were I once grappled with him, should re-
lieve him, [risk'd!

No, not the hope of mankind, more; all pe-
But this is words and weakness, [Aside,

Æcius. You look strangely.

Max. I look but as I am; I am a stranger.

Æcius. To me?

Max. To every one; I am a Roman,

Nor what I am do I know.

Æcius. Then I'll leave you. [Maximus,

Max. I find I'm best so. If you meet with
Pray tell him he an honest man, for my sake;

You may do much upon him: For his shadow,
Let me alone.

Æcius. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; you have some danger in
you,

That willingly would run to action:
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!

Max. I danger?

I willing to do any thing? I die?²⁴

Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not my mournings by this time multi-
tudent?

Are not her sins dispers'd to other women,
And many none e'en²⁵ ravish'd to relieve her?

Have I shed tears these twelve hours?

Æcius. Now you weep.

Max. Some lary drops that stay'd behind.

Æcius. I'll tell you,

(And I must tell you truth) were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the empire,

I would whine with you²⁶; Were it any man's
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it,

For doing of this mischief; I would take it;
And to your rest give you a brave revenge:

But as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the nations hold, in disobedience,

One pillar failing²⁷, all must fall, I dare not;
Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it;

Therefore again take heed! On foreign foes
We are our own revengers! but at home,

On princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us²⁸. Be not
rash,

²⁴ *I willing to do any thing? I die?* [What the word *die* has to do in this passage I cannot conceive. Perhaps the Author wrote *die*. Maximus immediately replies,

"Has not my wife been dead two days already?"

why thou shouldst *die*? 'I die?'

²⁵ *And many one ravish'd.* Former editions. *Seward.*

²⁶ *I would win with ye.* The first folio reads *we*, and the second changes it to *join*, and the octavo into *win*. *Join* is good sense, but *whine* being nearer the trace of the old reading, and equally sense, seems the true word. For to *whine*, or participate with him in the same passion of grief, implies a design of joining with him in the same revenge. *Seward.*

The first folio gives, in old spelling, *whine*; which alludes to the weeping of Maximus, of which they were talking.

²⁷ *One pillar failing, all must fall.* The Poet seems to have intended a repetition here,

"One pillar falling, all must fall."

²⁸ *On princes that are eminent, and ours.*

'Tis fit the gods should judge us.] The doctrine of passive obedience to princes, so much encouraged by King James the First, and which is *Æcius's* chief heroism in this play, evidently requires the slight change [*us* to 'em] I have here made. *Seward.*

The word *us* is clearly right: 'Abroad we may revenge, but at home, and on our kings, 'tis
'at the gods should prevent or punish us for taking vengeance.'

Nor let your angry steel eat those you know not;
 For, by this fatal blow, if you dare strike it,
 (As I see great aims in you) those unborn yet,
 And those to come, of them and these succeeding,
 Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
 As you now bear yourself, I am your friend still;

If you fall off, I will not flatter you,
 And in my hands, were you my soul, you perish'd.
 Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy!
 I'll leave you for this hour. [Exit.
Max. Pray do. 'Tis done: [dangers,
 And, friendship, since thou canst not hold in
 Give me a certain ruin, I must thro' it! [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Valentinian, Licinius, Chilar, and Balbus.

Val. DEAD?

Chi. So 'tis thought, sir.

Val. How?

Licin. Grief, and disgrace,
 As people say.

Val. No more; I have too much on't,
 Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
 Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!
 Where is your cunning now? You would work wonders,

There was no chastity above your practice,
 You'd undertake to taint her love her wrongs,
 And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye,
 If she be dead—

Chi. Alas, sir!

Val. Hang ye, rascals,
 Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
 'Twere better ye had been your fathers' camels,
 Groan'd under daily weights of wood and
 Am I not Caesar?—

Licin. Mighty, and our maker.—

Val. Than thus have given my pleasures
 to destruction!

Look she be living, slaves!

Licin. We are no gods, sir,
 If she be dead, to make her new again.

Val. She cannot die! she must not die!
 Are those

I plant my love upon but common livers?
 Their hours, as others, told 'em? can they be
 Why do ye flatter a belief intome, [ushes?
 That I am all that is, 'The world's my creature;

'The trees bring forth their fruits when I
 say 'Summer;' [ness,

'The wind, that knows no limit but his wild-
 'At my command moves not a leaf; the sea,

'With his proud mountain waters envying
 Heaven, [rors?]

'When I say 'Still,' runs into crystal mir-
 Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,
 That with my least breath break, un more re-
 member'd,

Ye motes, that fly about my flame and perish,
 Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
 Living no longer than my spring of favour,—
 Why do you make me god, that can do no-
 thing?

Is she not dead?

Chi. All women are not with her.

Val. A common whore serves ye, and far
 above ye,

The pleasures of a body lam'd with lewdness;
 A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy:
 Am I a man to traffick with diseases?
 Can any but a chastity serve Caesar?

And such a one that gods would kneel to
 purchase? [pleasures,

You think, because you've bred me up to
 And almost run me over all the rare ones,
 Your wives will serve the turn: I care not
 for 'em, [footmen's!

Your wives are fencers' whores, and shall be
 Tho' sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
 Have made ye cuckolds for variety, [ones,
 I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor
 Always so great a blessing from me. Go,
 Get your own infamy hereafter, rascals!

I've done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
 Each one an heir, the royal seed of Caesar,
 And I may curse ye for't: Your wanton
 gennets, [fillies,

That are so proud the wind gets 'em with
 Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou,
 Licinius,

Hast such a Messalina, such a Lai's, [ons;
 The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stall-
 The sweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.

Licin. Your grace but jests, I hope.

Val. 'Tis oracle.

The sins of other women, put by hers,
 Shew off like sanctities. Thine's a fool, Chilar,
 Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
 And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
 Rotten and ready for an hospital.

Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus.

Bal. Well, sir, [suffers,

Val. One that can pray away the sins she
 But not the punishments: She has had ten
 bastards,

²⁰ When I say 'Still,' run into crystal mirror.] Former editions. Seward.

Five of 'em now are victors, yet she prays;
Sh' has been the song of Rome, and common
Pasquil; [tress,

Since I durst see a wench, she was camp-mistress,
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays;
She's now to enter old men that are children,
And have forgot their rudiments: Am I
Left for these wither'd vices? And but one,
But one of all the world, that could content
me,

And snatch'd away in shewing? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
And save your lives; raise me this noble
beauty,

As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
Or, by the gods——

Lacin. Most sacred Cæsar——

Fal. Slaves——

Enter Proculus and Lycias.

Lycias. Good Proculus!

Proc. By Heav'n, you shall not see it;

It may concern the empire.

Fal. Ha! what saidst thou?

Is she not dead?

Proc. Not any one I know, sir:

I come to bring your Grace a letter, here
Scatter'd belike i' th' court: 'Tis sent to Max-
And bearing danger in it. [imius,

Fal. Danger? where?

Double our guard!

Proc. Nay, no where, but i' th' letter.

Fal. What an afflicted conscience do I live
with,

And what a beast I'm grown! I had forgotten
To ask Heav'n mercy for my fault, and was
Ev'n ravishing again her memory. [now
I find there must be danger in this deed:

Why do I stand disputing then, and whining,
For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
Tho' they would link their powers in one, do
mischief!

This letter may betray me. Get ye gone,
[Exit.

And wait me in the garden; guard the house
well,

And keep this from the empress. The name
Maximus

Runs thro' me like a fever! This may be
Some private letter, upon private business,
Nothing concerning me: Why should I open't?
I've done him wrong enough already. Yet,
It may concern me too; the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I've done, assures me 'tis
so.

Be what it will, I'll see it; if that be not
Print of my tears, among my other sins,

I'll purge it out in prayers. How! what's
this? [Reads.

'Lord Maximus, you love Aecius,

'And are his noble friend too: Bid him be
less, [gerous.

'I mean less with the people; times are dark

'The army's his, the emperor in doubts,

'And, as some will not stick to say, decli-
ning;

'You stand a constant man in either fortune:

'Persuade him; he is lost else. Tho' ambition

'Be the last sin he touches at, or never *,

'Yet what the people, and with loving him,

'And as they willingly desire another,

'May tempt him to, or rather force his good-
ness,

'Is to be doubted mainly. He is all

'(As he stands now) but the mere name
of Cæsar,

'And should the emperor enforce him lesser,
'Not coming from himself, it were more
dangerous: [scatter'd,

'He's honest, and will hear you. Doubts are

'And almost come to growth in every house-
hold; [ter'd,

'Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this mas-

'The people that are now but rage, and his,

'Might be again obedience. You shall know
me [you.'

'When Rome is fair again; 'till when, I have

No name? This may be cunning; yet it seems
not,

For there is nothing in it but is certain *,

Besides my safety. Had not good Germanicus,

That was as loyal and as straight as he is,

If not prevented by Tiberius,

Been by the soldiers forc'd their emperor?

He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.

And was not Corbulo, (even that Corbulo,

That ever-fortunate and living Roman,

That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,

And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,

Chain'd to the awe of Rome,) 'cause he was
thought

(And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæsar,

Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety;

For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it.

I know the soldier loves him more than

Heav'n,

And will adventure all his gods to raise him;

Me he hates more than peace: What this

may breed,

If dull security and confidence [at.

Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh

But why lord Maximus, I injur'd so,

Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,

More than he has been friend, and lov'd alle-
giance:

* Be the last sin he touches at, or never.] The meaning may be made out here, 'that it is the sin he would lust of all, or perhaps never, be guilty of;' yet it is not improbable that the sentiment was more fully opened, and that a line is lost.

Mr. Deeward prints,

"For there is nothing in it but is certain.

"Besides my safety.—Had out, &c."

What now he is, I fear; for his abuses,
Without the people, dare draw blood. Who
waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Grace.

Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither.

[Exit Serv.]

I'll find a day for him too. 'Tis dangerous,

'The army his, the emperor in doubts!'
I find ¹ is too true. Did he not tell me,
As if he had intent to make me odious,
And to my face and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me? Is
not

The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
(Were this Accius more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous,
Tho' he be good; and, tho' a friend, a fear'd
one;

And such I must not sleep by.—Are they
come yet?—

I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
Twas time to look about: If I must perish,
Yet shall my fears² go foremost.

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phid. Life to Cæsar!

Val. Is lord Accius waiting?

Phid. Not this morning;

I rather think he's with the army.

Val. Army?

I do not like that army. Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and (d'you
hear?)

Come private without any; I have business
Only for him.

Phid. Your Grace's pleasure

Val. Go.

[Exit.]

What soldier is the same (I have seen him
That keeps you company, Aretus? (often)

Arc. Me, sir?

Val. Ay, you, sir.

Arc. One they call Pontius,
And please your Grace.

Val. A captain?

Arc. Yes, he was so;

But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general,
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes

Val. He has been a valiant fellow?

Arc. So he's still.

Val. Alas, the general might have pardon'd
folies:

Soldiers will talk sometimes,

Arc. I'm glad of this.

Val. He wants preferment, as I take it?

Arc. Yes, sir;

And for that noble grace his life shall serve.

Val. I have a service for him.

I shame a soldier should become a beggar!

I like the man, Aretus.

Arc. Gods protect you!

Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward
for't:

I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier;

We shall want such.

Arc. The sweets of Heav'n still crown you!

[Exit.]

Val. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, 'till I be deliver'd, still am dying.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Maximus.

Max. My way has taken: All the court's
in guard,
And business every where; and every corner
Full of strange whispers. I am least in rum-
mur,

Enter Accius and Phidias.

And so I'll keep myself. Here comes Accius;
I see the bird is swallow'd: If he be lost
He is my martyr, and my way stands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reck-
on'd³.

Accius. Why, how now, friend? what makes
you here unarm'd?

Arc. You turn'd merchant?

Max. By your fair persuasions,
And such a merchant trafficks without danger
I have forgotten all, Accius,
And, which is more, forgiven.

Accius. Now I love you,

Truly I do; you are a worthy Roman.

Max. The fair repentance of my prince,
to me

Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance:
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.

Accius. Still you take more love from me,
Virtuous friend,

The gods make poor Accius worthy of thee!

Max. Only in me you're poor, sir, and I
worthy ^(thus?)

Only in being yours. But, why your arm
Have you been hurt, Accius?

Accius. Bruis'd a little;

My horse fell with me, friend, which 'till
this morning

I never knew him do.

¹ 1. *As if he had intent to make me odious,*

² 2. *And to my face; and by a way of terror.*] Here a marginal direction how to place the lines has been taken into the text, and continued through all the three editions. Mr. Theobald and Mr. Simpson concurred with me in observing this. *Seward.*

³ 3. *My fears.*] i. e. *Those whom I fear shall perish first.*

⁴ 4. *And honour on thy head his blood is reckon'd.*] This line seems quite inexplicable, unless we personify Honour. It was to Honour he first proposed to sacrifice his friend; see p. 55.

Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on't better, you shall back;
Let my persuasions rule you.

Aecius. Back! why, Maximus?

The emperor commands me come.

Max. I like not

At this time his command.

Aecius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now then?

Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been govern'd,

Be you so, noble friend: The court's in guard,
Arm'd strongly; for what purpose let me fear:
I do not like your going.

Aecius. Were it fire,

And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Cæsar sent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away.
I am too plain and true to be suspected.

Max. Then I have dealt unwisely.

Aecius. If the emperor,

Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have;

Let him, he loves me better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, 'till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death; nay more,
dishonour.

Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here; and if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lie in, and the gods,

Equal as dying on the enemy,

Must take me up a sacrifice.

Max. Go on then;

And I'll go with you.

Aecius. No, you may not, friend.

Max. He cannot be a friend bars me,

Aecius:

Shall I forsake you in my doubts?

Aecius. You must. [liv'd

Max. I must not, nor I will not. Have I
Only to be a carpet-friend, for pleasure?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.

Aecius. There is no death nor danger in
my going,

Nor none trust go along.

Max. I have a sword too,

And once I could have us'd it for my friend.

Aecius. I need no sword, nor friend, in
this. Pray leave me;

And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none shall come. At supper
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two;
You need good wine, you have been sad.

Farewell!

Max. Farewell, my noble friend! Let me
embrace you

Ere you depart! It may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.

Aecius. Yes, often.

Max. Farewell, good dear Aecius!

Aecius. Farewell, Maximus,

'Till night! Indeed you doubt too much.
[Exit with Phidias.]

Max. I do not.

Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great, Heav'n may want
mercy!

I'll hover herenabout, to know what passes;
And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Proculus and Pontius.

Proc. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician; more than that
too,

The friend of Cæsar you are still'd. There's
Within the hopes of Rome, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.

Pont. Pray stay, sir;
What has Aecius done, to be destroy'd?
At least, I'd have a colour.

Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given; he's a traitor,
One any man would strike that were a subject.

Pont. Is he so foul?

Proc. Yes, a most fearful traitor.

Pont. [aside.] A fearful plague upon thee,
for thou hast!—

I ever thought the soldier would undo him
With his too much affection.

Proc. You have hit it;
They've brought him to ambition.

Pont. Then he's gone!

Proc. The emperor, out of a foolish pity,
Would save him yet.

Pont. Is he so mad?

Proc. He's madder—

Would go to th' army to him.

Pont. Would he so?

Proc. Yes, Pontius; but we consider—

Pont. Wisely?

Proc. How else, man?—that the state
lies in it.

Pont. And your lives too?

Proc. And every man's.

Pont. He did me

All the disgrace he could.

Proc. And scurvily.

Pont. Out of a mischief mercy: Did you
mark it?

Proc. Yes, well enough: Now you have
menus to quit it.

The deed done, take his place.

Pont. Pray let me think on't;

'Tis ten to one I do it.

Proc. Do, and be happy. [Exit.]

Pont. This emperor is made of nought
but mischief:

Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had? Upon my consci-
ence,

The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For to live here, and study to be true,

Is all one to be traitors. Why should he die?
Have they not slaves and rascals for their

offerings, [for slaughter?
In full abundance? Bawds more than beasts!

Have they not singing-whores enough, and
knaves too,
And millins of such inartys, to sink Charon,
But the best sons of Rome must sail too? I
will shew him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly:
And, tho' he hears me hard, yet shall he
know,
I'm boro to make him bless me for a blow.

[*Erit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Aecius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phid. Yet you may 'scape to th' camp;
we'll hazard with you.

Are. Lose not your life so basely, sir!
You're arm'd;

And many, when they see your sword out,
and know why,

Must follow your adventure.

Aecius. Get ye from me!

Is not the doom of Cæsar on this body?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent
Am I not old Aecius, ever dying? [me?
You think this tenderness and love you bring
me;

'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it.
I seek the camp for safety, when my death
(Ten times more glorious than my life, and
lasting)

Bids me be happy? Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his honour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses:
Aecius is not now to learn to suffer.

If ye dare shew a just infection, kill me;
I stay but those that must. Why do ye
weep?

Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
Go, give your tears to those that lose their
worths,

Be wail their miseries; for me, wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much: Sing pænos to my
praise; [Cæsar;

I am to triumph, friends; and more than
For Cæsar fears to die, I love to die!

Phid. Oh, my dear lord!

Aecius. No more! On, go, I say!

Shew me not signs of sorrow; I deserve none;
Dare any man lament I should die nobly?

Am I grown old, to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd
master, [ye,

A tear or two will seem well. This I charge
(Because ye say ye yet love old Aecius),
See my poor body burnt, and come to sing
About my pile, and what I've done and suf-
fer'd,

If Cæsar kill not that too: At your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient.

No more, I say; he that laments my end,

By all the gods, dishonours me! Be gone,
And suddenly, and wisely, from my dangers;
My death is catching else.

Phid. We fear not dying.

Aecius. Yet fear a wilful death; the just
gods hate it:

I need no company to that that children
Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to pur-
chase.

Live 'till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues;
Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and Roman.

Are. And must we leave ye, sir?

Aecius. We must all die,
All leave ourselves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: And can that man
that does so

Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger: Is there
In noble Man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weak-
ness, [man?

To drown a glorious death in child and wo-
I am asham'd to see ye! Yet ye move me,
And, were it not my manhood would accuse
me

For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more!

Aecius. 'Tis true;

Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon,
But what I have been, which is just and faith-
ful,

One that grew old for Rome, when Rome
forgot him,

And, for he was an honest man, durst die,
Ye shall have daily with ye: Could that die
too,

And I return no traffick of my travels,
No pay to have been soldier, but this silver,
No annals of Aecius, but 'He liv'd,'
My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bit-
terly:

The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little
To shew me then most wretched. If tears
must be,

I should in justice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold those slaugh-
ters

The dry and wither'd bones of death would
bleed at:

But, sooner than I've time to think what must
be,

I fear you'll find what shall be. If ye love me,
(Let that word serve for all) be gone and
leave me:

I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcom'st.

Go,

Pray be gone; ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for shame now stubborn. So; I thank
ye,

And fare ye well! a better fortune guide ye!
I am a little thirsty; not for fear,

[*Exeunt Phidias and Aretus.*]

And yet it is a kind of fear I say so.

Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought-of? 'Tis departed!

I hear 'em come. Who strikes first? I stay
for ye!

Enter Balbus, Chilar, and Licinius.

Yet I will die a soldier, my sword drawn,
But against none. Why do ye fear? come
forward.

Bal. You were a soldier, Chilar.

Chi. Yes, I muster'd,
But never saw the enemy.

Licin. He's drawn;

By Heav'n, I dare not do't!

Æcius. Why do ye tremble?

I am to die: Come ye not now from Cæsar,
To that end? speak!

Bal. We do, and we must kill you;

'Tis Cæsar's will.

Chi. I charge ye put your sword up,

That we may do it handsomely.

Æcius. Ha, ha, ha!

My sword up? handsomely? Where were ye
bred?

Ye are the merriest murderers, my masters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools!

Why do ye stare? Upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not strike ye.

Licin. I'll not be first.

Bal. Nor I.

Chi. You'd best die quietly: The emperor
sees how you bear yourself.

Æcius. I would die, rascals,

If you would kill me, quietly.

Bal. Pox o' Proculus,

He promis'd us to bring a captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.

Æcius. I'll call the guard,

Unless you'll kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly compa-
nions

The emperor has trusted with his safety:

Nay, I'd give out, ye fell of my side, vil-
lains.

Strike home, ye bawdy slaves!

Chi. By Heav'n, he'll kill us!

I mark'd his hand; he waits but time to
reach us.

Now do you offer.

Æcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me,
Look to yourselves!

Chi. I told ye.

Æcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's Pontius.

Pont. Not kill'd him yet?

Is this the love ye bear the emperor?

Nay then, I see ye're traitors all: Have at
ye!

Chi. Oh, I am hurt! [*Licin. runs away.*]

Bal. And I am kill'd.

[*Exeunt Chi. and Bal.*]

Pont. Die hawds,

As ye have liv'd and flourish'd!

Æcius. Wretched fellow,

What hast thou done?

Pont. Kill'd them that durst not kill;

And you are next.

Æcius. Art thou not Pontius?

Pont. I am the same you cast, Æcius,
And in the face of all the camp disgrac'd.

Æcius. Then so much nobler, as thou wert
a soldier,

Shall my death be. Is it revenge provok'd
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

Pont. Both.

Æcius. Then do it.

Pont. Is that all?

Æcius. Yes.

Pont. Would you not live?

Æcius. Why should I?

To thank thee for my life?

Pont. Yes, if I spare it.

Æcius. Be not deceiv'd; I was not made
to thank,

For any courtesy but killing me,

A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty!

Pont. Do not you fear me?

Æcius. No.

Pont. Nor love me for it?

Æcius. That's as thou dost thy business.

Pont. When you're dead,

Your place is mine, Æcius.

Æcius. Now I fear thee;

And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.

Pont. Why, I can govern, sir.

Æcius. I would thou could'st,

And first thyself. Thou canst fight well, and
bravely,

Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds,
Heav'n's angry flashes are not suddener

Than I have seen thee execute, nor more
mortal;

The winged feet of flying enemies

I've stood and view'd thee mow away like
rushes,

And still kill the killer: Were thy mind

But half so sweet in peace as rough in dan-
gers,

I died to leave a happy heir behind me.

Come, strike, and be a general!

Pont. Prepare then:

And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead

Fight your short span out. [*man,*]

Æcius. No, thou know'st I must not;

I dare not give thee so much 'vantage of me,
As disobedience.

Pont. Dare you not defend you

Against your enemy?

Æcius. Not scut from Cæsar;

I have no power to make such enemies:
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me; only held
To shew I was a soldier. Had not Cæsar
Cham'd all defence in this doom, 'Let him
die.'

Old as I am, and quenel'd with scars, and
sorrows,

Yet would I make this wither'd arm do won-
ders,

And open in an enemy such wounds

Mercy would weep to look on.

Post. Then have at you;

And look upon me, and be sure you fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,

And what I have been to you; cry not 'Hold,'
Nor think it base injustice I should kill you.

Æcius. I am prepar'd for all.

Post. For now, *Æcius,*

Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me! Die as I do!

[*Pontius kills himself.*]

Æcius. Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Pontius,*
and I thank thee:

By all my hopes in Heaven, thou'rt a Roman!

Post. To shew you what you ought to do,
this is not;

For Slander's self would shame to find you
coward,

Or willing to out-live your honesty:

But, noble sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons;

And I must dying say, it was but justice,
Ye cast me from my credit: Yet, believe me,

(For there is nothing now but truth to save
me,

And your forgiveness,) tho' you held me
heinous,

And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turas all to flames it meets with, you mistook
me:

If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
Want of the soldiers' due, the enemy;

The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
Children of peace and pleasures; no regard

Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em;
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,

And e'en begun to prey upon our honours;
To wants at home, and more than wants,

abuses;

To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their snails, but now the sores of
Rome;

To silken flattery, and pride plum'd over*,
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft plea-
sures

Grow full and numberless: To this I'm foe,
Not to the state, or any point of duty.

And, let me speak but what a soldier may,
(Truly I ought to be so,) yet I err'd,

Because a far more noble sufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:

This is the end I die, sir! To live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me

In full account and virtue, *Pontius* dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flat-
ter.

[*soldier.*]
Æcius. I want a name to give thy virtue,
For only good is far below thee, *Pontius*;

The gods shall find thee one! Th' hast fa-
shion'd death

In such an excellent and beautiful manner,
I wonder men can live! Canst thou speak
once more?

For thy words are such harmony, a soul
Would chuse to fly to Heaven in.

Post. A farewell*.

Good noble general, your hand! Forgive me;
And think whatever was displeasing you,

Was none of mine. You cannot live,
Æcius. I will not!

Yet one word more.

Post. Die nobly! Rome, farewell!
And, *Valentinian*, fall! th' hast broke thy
basis.

In joy you've given me a quiet death:
I would strike more wounds, if I had more
breath.

[*Dies.*]
Æcius. Is there an hour of goodness be-
yond this?

Or any man would out-live such a dying?
Would Cæsar double all my honours on me,

And stick me o'er with favours, like a mistress,
Yet would I grow to this man! I have lov'd,

But never doted on a face 'till now.
Oh, death, thou'rt more than beauty, and thy
pleasure

[*me.*]
Beyond posterity!—Come, friends, and kill
Cæsar, be kind, and send a thousand swords;

The more, the greater is my fall. Why stay
ye?

[*not.*]
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons. Fear me
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing!

Appear, or thro' the court, and world, I'll
search ye!

* To silken flattery, and pride plum'd over,

Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail.] Though *pride* plain'd over is a just metaphor, taken singly, yet *plum'd* being near the trace of the letters, less vulgar, and perfectly consistent with the context, which the other is not, I hope the reader will permit the insertion of it in the text, as most probably the true reading. *Seward.*

* A farewell.] The change of this substantive into a verb, seems not only to make it more natural, but would give infinitely more dignity in the action. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward therefore omits the article *a*; but surely the old reading is full as natural, and perhaps more pathetic: 'Can you speak once more?' 'Yes; a farewell. Your hand! forgive me! &c.'

My sword is gone *a*. [*Throws it from him.*]

Ye're traitors if ye spare me, [*ards?*]
And Cæsar must consume ye! All base cun-
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of Nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? [*Exit.*]

Enter Proculus, and three others, running over the stage.

Proc. I knew

It had kill'd the captain.

1. Here's his sword. [*friends.*]

Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itself else,
An hundred men are not enough to do it:
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.

Æcius. [*within.*] None strike a poor con-
demn'd man?

Proc. He is mad:

Shift for yourselves, my masters! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Æcius.

Æcius. Then, *Æcius*, [*Takes up his sword.*]
See what thou dar'st thyself. Hold, my good
sword; [*kiss thee,*]
Thou hast been kept from blood too long. I'll
For thou art more than friend now, my pre-
server!

Show me the way to happiness; I seek it.
And, all you great ones, that have fail'n us I do,
To keep your memories and honours living,
Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
That, like strong Cato, I may put away
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes.
Rome, fare thee well! Stand long, and know
to conquer,

Whilst there is people, and ambition.
Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star!
I come, ye blessed spirits! make me room
To live for ever in Elysium! [*Kills himself.*]
Do men fear this? Oh, that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his
wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
Nor none are lost, but those that make their
bell! [*Dies.*]

Enter Proculus and two others.

1. [*within*] He's dead; draw in the guard

Proc. He's dead indeed, [*again.*]

And I am glad he's gone: He was a devil!

His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs;

The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
Has giv'n 'em that: Let no man stop their
entrance. [*Errunt.*]

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phid. Oh, my most noble lord! Look here,
Here's a sad sight! [*Aretus;*]

Are. Oh, cruelty! oh, Cæsar!

Oh, times that bring forth nothing but de-
struction, [*kill'd?*]

And overflows of blood! Why wast thou
Is it to be a just man now again,
(As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd.)
Only assurance of his overthrow? [*now,*]

Phid. It is, Aretus: He that would live
Must, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest
virtue,

And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe
'em. [*master!*]

Are. Never-enough-lamented lurd! dear

Enter Maximus.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just and
worthy? [*goodness,*]

Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all
The great example of all equity;
Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd,
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! weep, all that
know him!

And you that fear'd him as a noble fee,
(If enemies have honourable tears,)
Weep this deny'd *Æcius*, fall'n and scatter'd,
By foul and base suggestion!

Phid. Oh, lord Maximus!
This was your worthy friend.

Max. The gods forgive me!— [*tears;*]
Think not the worse, my friends, I shed not
Great griefs lament within. Yet, now I've
found 'em. [*women,*]

'Would I had never known the world, nor
Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
So this were once again *Æcius*!
But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
And beg my pardon^a, friend; my vengeance
taken, [*loss,*]

I will not be long from thee.—Ye've a great
But bear it patiently; yet, to say truth,
In justice 'tis not sufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't.
Friends,

Who shall preserve ye now?

Are. Nay, we are lost too.

Max. I fear ye are; far likely such as love
The man that's fall'n, and have been nour-
ish'd by him, [*dom.*]
Do not stay long behind: 'Tis held no wis-
I know what I must do. Oh, my *Æcius*,
Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,

^a *My sword is gone.*] The directions, *Throws it from him*, and *Takes up his sword*, are now first introduced: One of the fugitives saying, "Here's his sword," we think, sufficiently warrants them, as well as "My sword is gone," which appeared to us corrupt, till the directions were inserted.

^a *And beg my pardon.*] Mr. Seward, without authority or remark, reads, "thy pardon." It is scarcely necessary to add, the old text means, 'I beg you, friend, to grant me my pardon.'

And no man feel thy worthiness? From boys
He bred you both, I think.

Phid. And from the poorest.

Mar. And lov'd ye as his own?

Arc. We found it, sir.

Mar. Is not this a loss then?

Phid. Oh, a loss of losses!

Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.

Mar. As I take it too,
He put ye to the emperor?

Arc. He did so.

Mar. And kept ye still in credit?

Phid. 'Tis most true, sir.

Mar. He fed your fathers too, and made
them means;

Your sisters he preferr'd to nubile wedlocks;
Did he not, friends?

Arc. Oh, yes, sir.

Mar. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was basely murder'd;
And something would be done, by those that
lov'd him;
And something may be. Pray stand off a
little;

Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my dear-
est—

Phid. Aretus, if we be not suddeu, he out-
does us;

I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And base ungrateful wretches, if we slun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness,

Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Durst thou resolve?

Arc. I'm perfect.

Phid. Then, like flowers

That grew together all, we'll fall together,
And with us that that bore us: When 'tis
done,

The world shall stile us two deserving ser-
vants.

I fear he'll be before us.

Arc. This night, Phidias—

Phid. No more.

Mar. Now, worthy friends, I've done my
mournings.

Let's burn this noble body: Sweets as many
As sunburnt Meroe breeds, I'll make a flame
of, [live
Shall reach his soul in Heav'n. Ho that shall
Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story,
Shall with the sad discourse ou't darken Hea-
ven,

And force the painful burdens from the
wombs,

Conceiv'd a-new, with sorrow: Ev'n the grave
Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder,
And give her shadow up to come and groan
About our piles; which will be more, and
greater,

Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the East with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Thessaly with
flowers,

Or willing Heaven can weep for in her shew-
ers. [Exeunt.

• *Phi.* Then, like flowers

That grew together all, we'll fall together,

And with us that that bore us.] As Phidias and Aretus mean only their own deaths,

without a junction with Maximus, instead of *all* I read *still*. The last line seems to be much more corrupt. They say, that that bore them should fall with them; but Aretus was already fallen, and they would not call Valentinian the root or stalk that bore them. This character only belongs to Aetius. I suppose a monosyllable lost in the manuscript, and that the line there stood thus;

"And with that that bore us."

In correcting this, I suppose the editors to have repeated the *us* when they should have repeated the *fall* from the former line. Seward.

Mr. Seward's reading is,

"———Then, like flowers

"That grew together *still*, we'll fall together,

"And *fall* with that that bore us."

Mr. Seward's alteration is too violent: From the turn of the expression one might conclude that they meant to declare their resolution of falling with Aetius, whose followers they were: In which spirit they immediately subjoin,

"———When 'tis done,

"The world shall stile us two deserving servants."

Yet at the opening of the next act they re-appear, having given the means of death both to themselves and to the Emperor, and exhorting each other to

"Remember *who dies with thee*, and despise death."

From this circumstance it seems probable, that by "falling with that that bore us" they mean the Emperor.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Phidias with his dagger in him, and Aretus poisoned.

Are. HE has his last.
Phid. Then, come the worst of danger!

Aecius, to thy soul we give a Caesar.
How long is't since you gave it him?

Are. An hour; [me!
Mine own two hours before him. How it builds

Phid. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.

Are. No, Phidias;
I dealt above his antidotes: Physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?

Phid. Done bravely;

We're got before his tyranny, Aretus.

Are. We'd lost our worthiest end else,
Phidias.

Phid. Canst thou hold out a while?

Are. To torture him, [yet:
Anger would give me leave to live an age
That man is poorly spirited, whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in's wishes.
And yet I swell and burn like flaming Etna;
A thousand oew-fouod fires are kindled in me,
But yet I must not die these four hours, Phidias.

Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and
despise death.

Are. I need no exhortation: The joy in
me, [pleasure,

Of what I've done, and why, makes poison
And my most killing torments, mistresses.
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools unsatisfied, and simple?

Phid. This that consumes my life, yet
keeps it in me,

Nor do I feel the danger of a dying;
And if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell tyrant dead, I've half my heav'n.

Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours,
Phidias,

And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay more, beyond our meanings.

Phid. Thou hast steel'd me.
Forewell, Aretus; and the souls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows!

I would not faint yet.

Are. Farewell, Phidias;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lycias and Proculus.

Lycias. Sicker and sicker, Proculus?

Proc. Oh, Lycias,

What shall become of us? 'Would we had died
With happy Chlax, or with Balbus bed-rid,
And made too lame for justice!

Enter Licinius.

Licin. The soft musick;
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him.
Oh, friends, the emperor!

Proc. What say the doctors? [son'd,
Licin. For us o' most sad saying; he is poi-

Beyond all cure too.

Lycias. Who?

Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That most unhappy villain.

Lycias. How do you know it?

Licin. He gave him drink last. Let's di-
spense, and find him;

And since he's open'd misery to all,
Let it begin with him first. Softly; he
slumbers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentinian, sick in a chair, with Eudoxia, Physicians and Attendants.

Musick and Song.

Care-charming Sleep, thou enser of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain²²,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Loto this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Val. Oh, gods²³, gods! Drink, drink!
colder, colder [heart-strings!

Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my
Eud. How does your Grace?

Phys. The empress speaks, sir.

Val. Dying,

Dying, Eudoxia, dying.

Phys. Good sir, patience.

²² Sings his pain.] First folio. Other copies, sing. We apprehend the true reading to be either *soul* or *swage*.

²³ Oh, gods, &c.] This deserves to be compared with the celebrated poisoning-scene in King John, to which however it will hardly be deemed equal. In another play, A Wife for a Month, the reader will find our Authors again emulating Shakespeare on the same subject, and we think with greater success. R.

The similarity of these several passages is mentioned by Mr. Seward in his Preface.

Eud. What have you given him?

Phys. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope shall comfort him.

Fal. Oh, flatter'd fool, [doxin!
See what thy god-head's come to! Oh, Eu-

Eud. Oh, patience, patience, sir.

Fal. Dumbhins

I'll have brought thro' my body—

Eud. Gods, give comfort!

Fal. And Volga, on whose face the North
wind freezes.

I am n: hundred bells⁵⁰! an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming!

Shall I not drink?

Phys. You must not, sir.

Fal. By Heav'n,

I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer! Tempests, blow me!
Aud inundations that have drunk up king-
doms, [villain?

Flow over me, and quench me! Where's the
Am I immortal now, ye slaves? By Numn,
If he do 'scape—Oh! Oh!

Eud. Dear sir!

Fal. Like Nero,

But far more terrible and full of slaughter,
I th' midst of all my flames, I'll fire the em-
pire!

A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me!
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.

Eud. Sir!

Fal. Oh, do not flatter me; I am but flesh,
A man, a mortal man. Drink, drink, ye
dunces! [scrapings,

What can your doses now do, and your
Your oils, and Mithridates? If I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sick-
ness,

Finding no true disease in man but money,
That talk yourselves into revenues—oh! —
And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye fleu'd and dried!

Enter Proculus and Licinius, with Aretus.

Proc. The villain, sir;

The most accursed wretch.

Fal. Be gone, my queen;

This is no sight for thee: Go to the vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar.

Proc. Go, go, and be happy. [Exit Eud.

Arc. Go; but give no ease.

The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian;
Thou art but man, n had man too, n beast,
And like a sensual bloody thing thou diest!

Proc. Oh, cursed traitor!

Arc. Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches!
You taught him to be poison'd.

Fal. Yet no comfort?

[thracies;

Arc. Be not abus'd with priests, nor 'po-
They cannot help thee: Thou hast now to live
A short half-hour, no more; and I, ten mi-
I gave thee poison for Accius' sake, [nates.
Such a destroying poison would kill Nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clip'd for ever, Reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæsar,
To purchase fair revenge, I'd poison'd them
too.

Fal. Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.

Arc. Yes;

But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'st
(Mark me with horror, Cæsar) are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed;
But there be flames of murder!

Fal. Fetch out tortures.

Arc. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay more,
I'll love thee.

Thy tortures, to what now I suffer, Cæsar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter, and more full of worth, than
laughter.

Fal. Let 'em alone. I must drink.

Arc. Now be wad;

But not near me yet.

Fal. Hold me, hold me, hold me!

Hold me, or I shall burst else!

Arc. See me, Cæsar, [murder.

And see to what thou must come for thy
Millions of women's labours, all diseases—

Fal. Oh, my afflicted soul too!

Arc. Women's fears, horrors, [breeds—
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun

Fal. Accius, oh, Accius! Oh, Lucina!

Arc. Arc but my torments' shadows!

Fal. Hide me, mountains!

The gods have found my sin. Now break!

Arc. Not yet, sir;

Thou hast a pull beyond all these.

Fal. Oh, hell!

Oh, villain, cursed villain!

Arc. Oh, brave villain!

My poison dances in me at this deed!

Now, Cæsar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest: I'm
wildfire!

The brazen hull of Phalaris was feign'd,

The miseries of souls despising Heav'n,
But emblems of my torment— [me!

Fal. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench

Arc. I fire n flattery,

And all the poets' tales of sad Averna,
To my pains, less than fictions. Yet, to
shew thee [ter,

What constant love I bore my murder'd mas-

⁵⁰ I find an hundred bells.] The old folio reads,

"I and an hundred bells."

The late editions change I this into good sense; but seem to have fallen much short of the spirit and energy of the true reading,

"I am an hundred bells." Second.

Like a South wind I've sung thro' all these tempests. [monster!]

My heart, my wither'd heart! Fear, fear, thou Fear the just gods! I have my peace! [Dies.]

Val. More drink!

A thousand April showers fall in my bosom! How dare ye let me be tormented thus?

Away with that prodigious body ³³. Gods, Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me!

I do confess I am a ravisher,

A murderer, a hated Caesar: Oh! [tars, Are there not vows enough, and flaming alt-

The fat of all the world for sacrifice,

And, where that fails, the blood of thousand captives, [cense?]

To purge those sins, but I must make the in- I do despise ye all! ye have no mercy,

And wanting that, ye are no gods! Your parole [ful,

Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fear- And women made of awe, believe your

Heav'n!

Oh, torments, torments, torments! Pains above pains!

If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghosts, And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;

Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present; [em,

Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason;

[giveness!]

Be more than all, ye gods ³⁴, great in for- Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,

For you are things, men teach us, without passions. [me!]

Give me an hour to know ye in! Oh, save But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,

Take this destruction from me!—No, ye cannot;

The more I would believe ye, more I suffer. My brains are ashes! now my heart, my

eyes! Friends, I go, I go! More air, more air!—I'm mortal! [Dies.]

Proc. Take in the body. Oh, Licinius, The misery that we are left to suffer!

No pity shall find us.

Licin. Our lives deserve none.

'Would I were chain'd again to slavery, With any hope of life!

Proc. A quiet grave,

Or a consumption now, Licinius, [thing. That we might be too poor to kill, were some-

Licin. Let's make our best use; we have

money, Proculus,

And if that cannot save us, we have swords.

Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.

Licin. I had forgot that.

There's other countries then.

Proc. But the same hate still,

Of what we are.

Licin. Think any thing; I'll follow.

Enter a Messenger.

Proc. How now? what news?

Mess. Shift for yourselves; ye're o'th' else. The soldier is in arms, for great Aecius, [em,

And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd Cut in a thousand pieces: They march hither.

Beside, the women of the town have murder'd

Phorba and loose Ardelia, Caesar's she-bawds.

Licin. Then here's no staying, Proculus!

Proc. Oh, Caesar,

That we had never known thy lusts! Let's fly, And where we find no woman's man let's

die. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Mar. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open!

My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead, And I reveng'd; the empire's all a-fire,

And desolation every where inhabits. And shall I live, that am the author of it,

To know Rome, from the awe o' th' world, the pity? [ing;

My friends are gone before too, of my send- And shall I stay? is aught else to be liv'd for?

Is there another friend, another wife, Or any third, holds half their worthiness,

To linger here alive for? Is not Virtue, In their two everlasting souls, departed?

And in their bodies' first flame fled to Heav'n? Can any man discover this, and love me?

For, tho' my justice were as white as Truth, My way was crooked to it; that condemn'd

And now, Aecius, and my honour'd lady, [me. That were preparers to my rest and quiet,

The lines to lead me to Elysium; You that but slept before me, on assurance

I would not leave your friendship unrewarded;

First smile upon the sacrifice I've sent ye, Then see me coming boldly!—Stay; I'm

foolish, [tion; Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruc-

This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:

Why may not I be Caesar? Yet no dying: Why should not I catch at it? Fools and

children [tain'd it, Have had that strength before me, and ob-

³³ *Away with that prodigious body.*] Thus read all the editions; but as there seems no cause for applying the epithet *prodigious* to the body of Aretus, it is probable that this reading is corrupt, and that the original was *perfidious*.

³⁴ *Be more than all the gods, great in forgiveness.*] If this be the true reading, the sense seems very obscure; but the slight change I have made will clear it:

'Be more than all, ye gods.'

i. e. If you are great in creating and governing us, be greater still in forgiving us. *Seward.*

And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me;

I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me; I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar.

I'm sure the soldier loves me, and the people, And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars, Rent from Octa by a sweeping tempest, Jointed again, and made tall inasts, defy Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I New-piece again, above the fate of women, And made more perfect far, than growing private,

Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise, My wife was ravi'sh'd well: If then I fall, My great attempt honours my funeral.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter three Senators and Afranius.

1 Sen. Guard all the posterns to the camp, Afranius,

And see 'em fast; we shall be rifled else. Thou art an honest and a worthy captain.

2 Sen. Promise the soldier any thing.

3 Sen. Speak gently,

And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em, Labouring to chuse a Cæsar fit for them, A soldier, and a giver.

1 Sen. Tell 'em further, Their free and liberal voices shall go with us.

2 Sen. Nay more, a negative (say) we allow 'em.

3 Sen. And if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.

1 Sen. Promise three donatives, and large, Afranius. [foes,

2 Sen. And, Cæsar once elected, present With distribution of all necessaries, Corn, wine and oil.

3 Sen. New garments, and new arms, And equal portions of the provinces To them, and to their families for ever.

1 Sen. And see the city strengthen'd.

Afr. I shall do it.

[Exit.

2 Sen. Sempronius, these are woful times.

3 Sen. Oh, Brutus,

We want thy honesty again: These Cæsars, What noble consuls got with blood, in blood Consume again and scatter.

1 Sen. Which way shall we? [son.

2 Sen. Not any way of safety I can think

3 Sen. Now go out wives to ruin, and our And we beholders, Fulvius. [daughters,

1 Sen. Every thing

Is every man's that will.

2 Sen. The vestals now

Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust, And sensual gods be glutted with those offerings;

Age, like the hidden howels of the earth, Open'd with swords for treasure. Gods defend us!

We're claff before their fury else.

1 Sen. Away,

Let's to the temples.

2 Sen. To the capitol; [en'd.

'Tis not a time to pray now; let's be strength-

Enter Afranius.

3 Sen. How unwe, Afranius? What good Afr. A Cæsar! [news?

1 Sen. Oh, who?

Afr. Lord Maximus is with the soldier, And all the camp rings, 'Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!' [mour.

He forc'd the empress with him, for more love.

2 Sen. A happy choice: Let's meet him.

3 Sen. Blessed fortune!

1 Sen. Away, away! Make room there, room there, room!

[Exit all Senators. Flourish.

[Within.] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Hail, Cæsar Maximus! [Cæsar!

Afr. Oh, turning people!

Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd! In peace more raging than the furious North, When he ploughs up the sea, and unkes him brine,

35 ————than the furious North,

[When he ploughs up the sea, and makes him brine.] Mr. Synpsson tells me, that this passage puzzled him even to vexation; and something like it happened to me. In conclusion, we both retain the old reading, but differ *toto celo* in the explanation. He says, *brine* in the Saxon signifies *fire*, and, allowing therefore its genuine signification, that the sentiment is noble. I think his solution extremely ingenious, but that our Authors would not use a common word and apply it to its common subject, (as *brine* was as much used in their age for seawater, as it is at present) and design it to be understood in its old and totally-obsolete signification. I therefore, though perhaps from self-partiality, prefer the solution which occurred to me before I received this. Every one knows that the spray of the sea in stormy weather tinges the whole incumbent atmosphere, and makes it taste salt and *briny*. I suppose, therefore, the Poets by a small grammatical inaccuracy to have made the relative *him* in the last line relate to the *North-wind*, and not to its immediate antecedent *the sea*; so that the sense will then be full as nervous and poetical. 'More raging than the North-wind, when he ploughs up the sea, and turns himself and the whole air into *brine*.' Seward.

These gentlemen have gone 'about it, and about it,' for uncount allusions, when it required a deal of ingenuity to overlook the Poets' meaning. The *sea* is the antecedent to *him*. Every one knows that strong winds (assisted by the sun) produce *brine*: Afranius, therefore, by a fine rhetorical figure, says, 'The people are more raging than the North-wind, even 'when he is so furious as to render the whole sea *brine*.'

Or the loud falls of Nile. I must give way,
Altho' I neither love nor hoped this²;
Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is swell'd and high, crack and fare-
well³.

Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators, and Soldiers.

Sen. Room for the emperor!

Sold. Long life to Caesar!

Afr. Hail, Caesar Maximus!

Max. Your hand, Afranius.

Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,

I'll shower among ye all. Gods, give me life,
First to defend the empire, then you, fathers.

And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength
and virtue,

The rampiers of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,

Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd;

Ye are my childreo, family, and friends,
And ever so respected shall be.—Forward.

There's a proscription⁴, grave Sempromus,
'Gainst all the flatterers, and lazy bawds,

Led loose liv'd Valentinian to his vices:
See it effected. [*Flourish.*]

Sen. Honour wait on Caesar!

Sold. Make room for Caesar there!

[*Exeunt all but Afr.*]

Afr. Thou hast my fears,

But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods!

Why do we like to feed the greedy raven

Of these blown men, that must, before they stand,

And fix in eminence, cast life on life,

And trench their safeties in with wounds,
and bodies?

Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak
with changing,

And die without an heir, that lov'st to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons. For me,

I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Paul. When is the inauguration?

Licippus. Why, to-morrow.

Paul. 'Twill be short time.

Licippus. Any device that's handsome,
A Cupid, or the god o' th' place, will do it,
Where he must take the swaces.

Paul. Or a Grace.

Licippus. A good Grace has no fellow.

Paul. Let me see;

Will not his name yield something? Maximus,
By th' way of anagram? I've found out *aris*;
You know he bears the empire.

Licippus. Get him wheels too;

'Twill be a cruel carriage else.

Paul. Some songs too?

Licippus. By any means, some songs; but
very short ones, [*sing,*]

And honest language, Paulus, without burst—
The air will fall the sweeter.

Paul. A Grace must do it.

Licippus. Why, let a Grace then.

Paul. Yes, it must be so;

And in a robe of blue too, as I take it.

Licippus. This poet is a little kin to th'
painter

That could paint nothing but a ramping lion;
So all his learned fancies are Blue Graces.

[*Aside.*]

Paul. What think you of a sea-nymph?
and a Heaven?

Licippus. Why, what should she do there,
man? There's no water.

Paul. By th' mass, that's true; it must be
a Grace; and yet,

Metinks, a rainbow—

Licippus. And in blue?

Paul. Oh, yes! [*Alc.*—]

Hanging in arch above him, and i' th' mid—

Licippus. A shower of rain?

Paul. No, no; it must be a Grace.

Licippus. Why prithee grace him then.

Paul. Or Orpheus,

Coming from hell—

Licippus. In blue too?

Paul. 'Tis the better:—

And, as he rises, full of fires—

Licippus. Now bless us!

Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?

Paul. Singing,

And crossing of his arms—

Licippus. How can he play then?

Paul. It shall be a Grace; I'll do it.

Licippus. Prithee do, [*sible,*]

And with as good a grace as thou canst pos-

² Hope this.] Former editions. *Seward.*

³ ——— that dares a current,

When he is swell'd and high crackt, and farewell.] Corrected in 1750.

⁴ There's a proscription.] Former editions, corrected by all the three. *Seward.*

Were it fact, that *proscription* was the reading of the 'former editions,' it would not have required any great ingenuity in 'all the three,' to have seen that it should be *proscription*; which word, however, appears in the second folio. In the same style, we are told, that the former editions read (p. 280, line 33) *here* instead of *heard*; (p. 281, last line but one) *clad* instead of *call'd*; (p. 286, line 33) *vain* of *filig* instead of *vein* of *fiddling*; (p. 331, line 11) *ground* instead of *groun'd*; (p. 356, line 5) *thy life* instead of *thyself*; and that the proper folio words have been inserted or proposed by one or other of 'the three,' though the second folio has the true reading in every one of these instances, and both folios in some of them !!!

Good Fury Paulus! Be it th' morning with me;
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter Maximus and Eudoxia.

Max. Come, my best-lov'd Eudoxia.—Let the soldier [for;
Want neither wine, nor any thing he calls
And when the senate's ready, give us notice.
In the mean time, leave us.—
Oh, my dear sweet!

Eud. Is't possible your Grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?

Max. By Heav'n, 'tis all

The world has left to brag of!

Eud. Can a face

Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,

Long since rav'd out o' th' book of youth and pleasure,

Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire, [woman,

Nay, the most stav'd, and knowing what is

The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,

The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,

Such a still-blowing beauty earth was proud

Loss such a noble wife, and wilfully? [of,
Himself prepare the way? nay, make the

Did you not tell me so? [rape?
Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.

Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,

Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink that virtue, [us,

That valour, that even all the gods can give

Without whom he was nothing, with whom

worthiest;

Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,

And for my sake? Either you love too dearly,

Or deeply you dissemble, sir.

Max. I do so; [do;
And, 'till I am more strengthen'd, so I must

Yet 'would my joy and wine had fashion'd not

Some safer lie! [Aside.]—Can these things be, Eudoxia,

And I dissemble? Can there be but goodness,

And only thine, dear lady; any end,

Any imagination but a lost one, [true!
Why I should run this hazard? Oh, thou vir-

Were it to do again, and Valentinian

Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentinian,

In whom thou wert set, as pearls are in salt oysters,

As roses are in rank weeds, I would find

Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger:

The gods know how I honour thee!

Eud. What love, sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?

My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.

Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.

Eud. From this hour,

The sorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well!

My living lord has dried ye. And, in token

As emperor this day I honour you,

And the great casket-new of all my wishes,

The wreath of living laurel, that must compass

That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæsar.

I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune;

But with you, ever royal sir, my maker,

The once-more-summer of me, were in loss

Is poor expression of my doting.

Max. Sweetest!

Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought

me dear, sir.

Max. No,

Had I at loss of mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now you flatter.

Max. The senate waits your Grace.

Eud. Let 'em come on,

And in a full form bring the ceremony.

This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly

I'll wear your honour'd favour.

Eud. May it prove so! [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Licippus. Is your Grace done?

Paul. 'Tis done.

Licippus. Who speaks?

Paul. A boy.

Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus?

Paul. Yes.

Licippus. Have you view'd

The work above?

Paul. Yes; and all up, and ready.

Licippus. The emperor does you simple

honour, Paulus;

The wreath your Blue Grace must present,

she made.

But, hark you, for the soldiers?

Paul. That's done too:

I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.

Licippus. A Grace too?

Paul. The same Grace serves for both.

Licippus. About it then.

I must to th' cup-board; and be sure, good

Paulus, [cleanly.

Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang

If there should need another voice, what

Paul. I'll hang another Grace in. [then?

Licippus. Grace be with you! [Exit.

³⁰ ————be sure

Your grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.] This probably refers to a custom of suspending their gods, goddesses, graces, &c. in ropes, which might make the caution of being fasting in order to hang cleanly, perfectly necessary and very humorous. See next.

SCENE VIII.

A symmet, with trumpets: A banquet prepared, with music.

Enter, in state, Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators, Gentlemen, and Soldiers, rods and axes borne before them.

3 Sen. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Cæsar!

And from the old Rome take these wishes.
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As Justice holds her balance, equal poiz'd,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this son, oh, Jupiter, our helper,
And, Romulus, thou father of our honour,
Preserve him like thyself, just, valiant, noble,
A lover and encloser of his people!
Let him begin with Nason, stand with Cato,
The first five years of Nero be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of Emilius,
And his whole reign, renew a great Augustus!

SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,
Honour, that is ever giving,
Honour, that sees all, and knows
Both the ebb of man, and flows;
Honour, that rewards the best,
Seeks thee thy rich labour's rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar.

Chorus. Hail, hail, Cæsar, hail, and stand,
And thy name out-live the land!
Noble fathers, to his brows
Bind this wreath, with thousand vows!

All. Stand to eternity!

Mar. I thank ye, fathers;
And as I rule, may it still grow or wither!
Now, to the banquet; ye are all my guests;
This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give
it, [beauty.
And smiling pleasures. Sit, my queen of
Fathers, your places. These are fair wars,
soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all.
You are my second, sweet. To every cup,
I add unto the senate a new honour,
And to the sons of Mars a donative.

SONG.

God Lytus, ever young⁶⁰,
Ever honour'd, ever song;
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand losty shapes,

Dance upon the mazer's brim⁶¹,
In the creamon liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine.

God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy. Bellona's seed, the glory of old
Rome,

Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
And, to the fulness of your warlike noise,
Let your feet move; make up this hour of
joys.

Come, come, I say; range your fair troop
at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.

3 Sen. The emperor's grown heavy with
his wine.

Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks.
3 Sen. Great Cæsar!

Eud. I have my wish!

Afr. Will't please your grace speak to him?
Eud. Yes; but he will not hear, lords.

3 Sen. Stir him, Lucius;

The senate must have thanks.

2 Sen. Your Grace! Sir! Cæsar! [dread!

Eud. Did I not tell you he was well? He's

3 Sen. Dead? Treason! guard the court!
let no man pass!

Soldiers, your Cæsar's murder'd.

Eud. Make no tumult,

Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with
ye, [ing:
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hear-
I was his death! That wreath that made him
lives made him earth. [Cæsar,

Sold. Cut her in thousand pieces!

Eud. Wise man would know the reason
first. To die

Is that I wish for, Romans, and your swords
The readiest way of death⁶²: Yet, soldiers,
grant me

(That was your Empress once, and honour'd
by ye)

But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in
you;

Then, if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.

Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'Tis a
woman;

A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,
If she be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her;
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.

3 Sen. Speak, bloody woman!

⁶⁰ *God Lytus, ever young.*] First folio. Second folio, and octavo 1711, *Lytus*; and Mr. Seward, *Lytus*.

⁶¹ *Mazer's brim.*] *Mazer* signifies the old-fashion flat silver cup. Seward.

⁶² ———— and your swords

The heaviest way of death.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symson both agree with me in discharging this word, the context plainly requiring a word of almost opposite signification; and we all prefer *readiest* as the best amongst several words that have occurred all pretty near the trace of the letters, as *easiest*, *happiest*; and Mr. Theobald adds *heavenliest*. Seward.

End. Yes: This Maximus,
That was your Cæsar, lords and noble soldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heav'n perish me,
Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth!)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæsar,
A most malicious traitor.

3 *Sen.* Take heed, woman. [*Accius,*

End. I speak not for compassion. Brave
(Whose blessed soul, if I lie, shall afflict me)
The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the master-piece of arms, and bound-

ty,
(Mine own grief shall come last) this friend
of his, [*mans,*

This soldier, this your right arm, noble Ro-
By a base letter to the emperor,
Stuff'd full of fears, and poor suggestions,
And by himself into himself directed,
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly!
Oh, loss! oh, innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor stale, my noble lord, that knew

not
More of this villain, than his forced fears,
Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it:
There was a murder too, Rome would have
blush'd at!

Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience?
Nay, his wife,

(By Heav'n, he told me in wine, and joy,
And swore it deeply!) he himself prepar'd
To be abus'd. How? Let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the sins that did it: And his end
Was only me, and Cæsar: But me he lied in.
These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice!
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

Afr. What less could nature do? What less
had we done,

Had we known this before? Romans, she's
righteous; [*on!*

And such a piece of justice Heav'n must smile
Bend all your swords on me, if this displease
ye,

For I must kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks. Thou hast done
truly.

3 *Sen.* Up with your arms; ye strike a
saint else. Romans.

Mayst thou live ever spoken our protector:
Rome yet has many noble heirs. Let's in,
And pray before we chuse; then plant a
Cæsar

Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder!

Afr. Take up the body, nobly to his urn,
And may our sins and his together burn!

[*Exeunt. A dead march.*

EPILOGUE.

WE would fain please ye, and as fain be
pleas'd;

'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd:
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our understanding, good and fair:
For your own wisdom's sake, be not so mad
T' acknowledge ye have bought things dear
and bad:

Let not a brack i'th' stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear!
We know ye take up worse commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargain wise;

We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and health⁶³, which is but dearer
pay,

And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting cost:

The price is easy, and so light the play,
That ye may now digest it every day.

Then, noble friends, as ye would chuse a
miss⁶⁴,

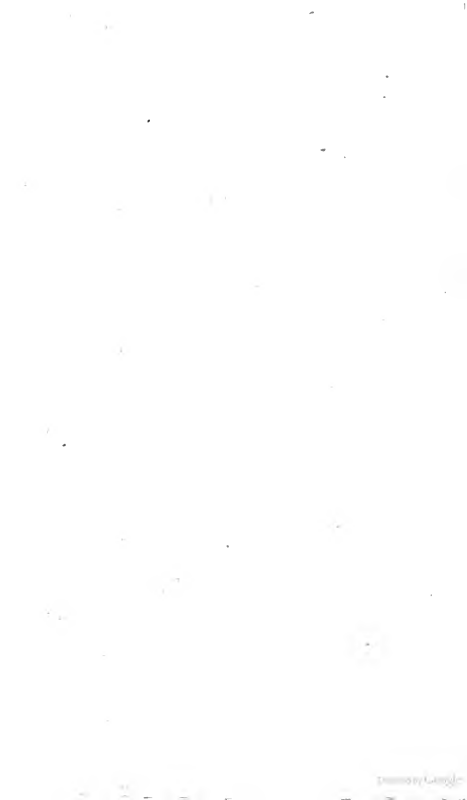
Only to please the eye a while, and kiss,
Till a good wife be got; so let this play
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

⁶³ ————ye fling away

More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay.] The change of a letter seems here to have turned a beautiful sentiment into the grossest tautology. As it has hitherto stood, the sense must be, 'You take up with worse commodities, and pay dearer for them; for you spend more of your time and more of your wealth in meat and drink, and consequently ye pay dearer for them.' How flat and unnecessary is the conclusion! But if we read *health* instead of *wealth*, as I doubt not the Poets did, the sense will be perfectly poetical: 'You not only fling away more time, but even health too, on meats and wine; and this is a much dearer purchase than that which you buy of us for a little money. The pleasure of eatables give is lost the moment you are filled; whereas the food we treat with may be a thousand times digested, and will never load or disease the mind.' Seward.

⁶⁴ *Then noble friends, as ye would chuse a mistress,*

Only to please the eye a while, and kiss.] This is the reading of the first folio; but is it not surprising that after the second folio (by much the best authority for this play) had exhibited the obvious word, *miss*, the succeeding Editors should again introduce *mistress*, as was done in 1711, and by Mr. Seward?



MONSIEUR THOMAS:

A COMEDY.

The quarto 1639 (the first edition of this excellent Comedy) mentions Fletcher's name only in the title. Monsieur Thomas has not been performed in its original state for many, many years; but an alteration of it, by Tom Duffey, appeared in the year 1678, under the title of *Trick for Trick*, or *The Debauch'd Hypocrite*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VALENTINE, a Gentleman lately returned from travel.

MONSIEUR THOMAS, his Fellow-traveller.

SEBASTIAN, his Father.

FRANCIS, Valentine's Son, in love with Cellide.

HYLAS, a general Lover.

SAM, a Gentleman, his Friend.

LAUNCELOT, Monsieur Thomas's Man.

MICHAEL, a Gentleman, Valentine's Neighbour
Three Physicians, and an Apothecary.

ALICE, Valentine's Sister.

CELLIDE, beloved by Valentine, in love with Francis.

MARY, Niece to Valentine and Alice, in love with Monsieur Thomas.

DOROTHEA, Monsieur Thomas's Sister.

Abbots, Maids, &c.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Alice and Valentine.

Alice. **H**OW dearly welcome you are!

Fal. I know it;

And, my best sister, you as dear to my sight,
And pray let this confirm it: How you've govern'd

[vants,

My poor state in my absence, how may ser-
I dare and must believe, (else I should wrong ye)

The best and worthiest.

Alice. As my woman's wit, sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.

Fal. But, good Alice,

Tell me how fares the gentle Cellide,
The life of my affection, since my travel,
My long and lazy travel? Is her love still
Upon the growing hand? does it not stop
And wither at my years? has she not view'd
And entertain'd some younger smooth be-
haviour,

Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is?
There lie my fears.

Alice. They need not; for, believe me,
So well you've manag'd her, and won her
mind, *[ripeness,*
Ev'n from her hours of childhood to this

(And, in your absence, that by me enforc'd still)

So well distill'd your gentleness into her,

Observ'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd still in her,

And, tho' Love be a boy, and ever youthful,

And young and beautiful subjects ever aim'd

at, *[Nature,*

Yet here you've gone beyond Love, better'd

Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,

His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother;

For tho' your body has been far off from her,

Yet every hour your heart, which is your

goodness, *[too,*

I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd

And willingly to give it ever harbour;

Believe she's so much yours, and won by

miracle,

(Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her

By your observances, she cannot alter.

Were the child living now you lost at sea

Among the Genouallies, what a happiness!

What a main blessing!

Fal. Oh, no more, good sister!

Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and

jarring! *[know,*

With that child all my hopes went, and, you

The root of all those hopes, the mother too,

Within few days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal;
But pence be with their souls!

Val. For her loss,
I hope the beauteous Cellide—

Alice. You may, sir,
For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poor boy's loss,
I've brought a noble friend I found in travel;
A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
Man yet was never master of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A gentleman, I do assure myself,
And of a worthy breeding, tho' he hide it.
I found him at Valencia, poor and needy,
Only his mind the master of a treasure:
I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,

His honesty and modesty still fearing
To thrust a charge upon me. How I love him,
He shall now know, where want and lie here-
after

Shall be no more companions. Use him nobly;
It is my will, good sister; all I have
I make him free companion in, and partner,
But only—

Alice. I observe you; Hold your right there;
Love and high rule allow no rivals, brother.
He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. You're welcome, noble sir.

Val. What, monsieur Hylas!
I'm glad to see your merry body well yet.

Hylas. I thank you're welcome home! What
news beyond seas?

Val. None, but new men expected, such as
you are,

To breed new admirations. 'Tis my sister;
Pray you know her, sir. [lady?]

Hylas. With all my heart. Your leave,

Alice. You have it, sir.

Hylas. A shrewd smart touch! which does
prognosticate

A body keen and active: Somewhat old,
But that's all one; age brings experience
And knowledge to dispatch. I must be better,
And nearer in my service, with your leave, sir,
To this fair lady.

Val. What, the old 'Squire of Dames still?

Hylas. Still the admirer of their goodness.

With all my heart now,

I have a woman of her years, a pacer,
That, lay the bridle on her neck, will tra-
vel—

Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish;
These young colts are too skittish.

Enter Mary.

Alice. My cousin Mary,
In all her joy, sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.

Val. My loving and kind cousin,
A thousand welcomes!

Mary. A thousand thanks to Heav'n, sir,
For your safe voyage, and return!

Val. I thank you. [ness
But where's my blessed Cellide? Her slack-
in visitation—

Mary. Think not so, dear uncle;
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.

Val. You have given me too much comfort.
Mary. She will not be long from you.

Hylas. Your fair cousin? [sir,
Val. It is so, and you bait you cannot balk,
If your old rule reign in you. You may
know her.

Hylas. A happy stock you have. Right
worthy lady,
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And oblig'd faith.

Mary. Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, sir;
Take it, and tie your tongue up.

Hylas. I'm an ass,
I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead;
For this is haughtiness, this that that draws
us, [head,
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted fore-
What eyes and lips, what every thing about
her! [beurs
How like a swan she swims her pace, and
Her silver breasts! This is the woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love; all other idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder, Y
And all complexions besides hers, to gypsies.

*Enter Francis at one door, and Cellide at
another.*

Val. Oh, my dear life, my better heart!
all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion.
How happy have you made me, truly happy!

Cell. My joy has so much over-master'd me,
That, in my tears for your return—

Val. Oh, dearest!
My noble friend too? What a blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again! A thousand hearty wel-
comes

I once more lay upon you! All I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants

* *What, the old 'Squire of Dames still?* Alluding to the *squire of dames*, who, in the seventh canto of the *Legend of Chastity*, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, tells Satyrane, that, by order of his mistress Columbel, (after having served the ladies for a year) he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to any temptation. R.

* *A happy stock you have, &c.* This is made a continuation of Valentine's speech, by an omission of Hylas's name, in the former editions. Secard.

To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power.

Fran. You're too munificent;
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks,
sir—

Val. You wrong my tender love now, even
my service;

Nothing excepted², nothing stuck between us
And our entire affections, but this woman;
This I beseech ye, friend—

Fran. It is a jewel,
I do confess, would make a thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound
your servant:

That were a base ingratitude.

Val. You're noble! [sir;

Pray be acquainted with her. Keep your way,
My cousin, and my sister.

Alice. You're most welcome. [sir,

Mary. If any thing in our poor pow'rs, fair
To render you content, and liberal welcome,
May but appear, command it.

Alice. You shall find us

Happy in our performance.

Fran. The poor servant

Of both your goodnesses presents his service.

Val. Come, no more compliment; custom
has made it

Dull, old, and tedious: You are once more
welcome

As your own thoughts can make ye, and the
same ever:

And so we'll in to ratify it.

Hylas. Hark ye, Valentine:

Is Wild-Oats yet come over?

Val. Yes, with me, sir.

Mary. How does he bear himself?

Val. A great deal better. [well.

Why do you blush? The gentleman will do

Mary. I should be glad un't, sir.

Val. How does his father?

Hylas. As mad a word as e'er he was.

Val. I look'd for't:

Shall we enjoy your company?

**Hylas.* I'll wait on ye;

Only a thought or two.

Val. We bar all prayers.

[*Exeunt all but Hylas.*

Hylas. This last wench! ay, this last wench
was a fair one,

A dainty wench, a right one! A devil take it,
What do I uil? to have fifteen now in liking!

Enough, a man would think, to stay my
stomach: [thoughts?

But what's fifteen, or fifteen score, to my
And wherefore are mine eyes mad, and have

lights,
But to increase my objects? This last wench

Sticks plaguy close unto me; a hundred pound
I were as close to her! If I lov'd now,

As many foolish men do, I should run mad.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sébastien and Launcelot.

Séb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs,
I advise you!

If you be lousy, shift yourself.

Laun. May it please your worship—

Séb. Only to see my son; my son, good
Launcelot;

Your master and my son! Body o' me, sir,
No money, no more money, monsieur Laun-

celot,

Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Mon-

sieur Thomas,

Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee*⁴, sir!
Bansa mi en, good Launcelot! *vuletote*!

My boy or nothing!

Laun. Then to answer punctually.

Séb. I say, to th' purpose;

Laun. Then I say to th' purpose;

Because your worship's vulgar understanding

² *Val.* *Ye wrong my tender love now, even my service,*

Nothing accepted, nothing stuck between us

And our entire affections, but this woman.] The first line is very obscure: Whoever considers the turn of the period will see that it is not to be joined with the second, as if his modesty would not accept his service. It is evident that the word *accepted* is a corruption, and should be *excepted*. There are two ways of salving the difficulty of the first line; either by making it no more than saying, 'Ye wrong my tender love and service.' But then the eubaneing particle *even* is superfluous. I therefore turn this particle into a verb, and read,

'Ye wrong my tender love now. Even my service,

'Nothing excepted, &c.'

i.e. 'You shall be served equal with myself; or expect a service equal to that which is paid to me.' The expression is, I allow, obscure; but the best poets are not always free from obscurity: brevity is the soul of poetry, but it often begets difficulties of construction,

Seward.

The change of *accepted* to *excepted* is admissible: but the conversion of the particle into a verb, together with the new punctuation, is uncouth and almost unintelligible.

⁴ *Du gata whee*] The expression *Du cat a whee* occurs in 'The Customs of the Country; upon which we have said (note B.) that 'we were assured it was not Welch,' as Theobald had asserted, though without declaring its signification. The genuine Welch, of which this is a vitiation, is, *Dau cadu chaw*, God bless or preserve you. *Dau cadu qi* is, God bless or preserve us.

⁵ *Vuletote*.] A corruption of *voila tout*!

May meet me at the nearest: Your son, my master, [him]

Or Monsieur Thomas, (for so his travel stile's
Thro' many foreign plots that virtue meets
with,

And dangers (I beseech you give attention)
Is at the last arriv'd, [ly]

To ask you (as the Frenchman calls it sweet-
Benediction *de jour en jour*.

Scb. Sirrah, don't conjure me with your
French furies.*

Laun. *Che ditt'a you, monsieur?*

Scb. *Che daga you, rascal!* [plainly,
Leave me your rotten language, and tell me
And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French
crown, [tain'd]

What your good master means. I have main-
You and your Monsieur, as I take it, Laun-
celot, [journ!]

These two years at your *ditty vous*, your
Journ me no more; for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.

Laun. Your worship is erroneous;
For, as I told you, your son Tom, or Thomins,
My master and your son, is now arriv'd
To ask you (as our language bears it nearest)
Your quotidian blessing; and here he is in
person.

Enter Thomas.

Scb. What, Tom, boy! welcome with all
my heart, boy!

Welcome, 'faith! thou hast gladdened me at
soul, boy!

Infinite glad I am. I have pray'd too, Thomas,
For you, wild Thomas. Tom, I thank thee
For coming home. [heartily]

Tho. Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins—

Scb. How's this? [rudeness,

Tho. Else certain I had perish'd with my
Ere I had wnn myself to that discretion
I hope you shall hereafter find.

Scb. Humh, humh! [spoil'd.

Discretion? Is it come to that? the boy's
Tho. Sirrah, you rogue, look for't! for I
will make thee

Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st
thyself

Before thou travell'dst: Thou hast told my
father

(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,
By mere way of prevention, to undo me.

Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his benediction,
De jour en jour!

Tho. But that I must be civil,
I'd beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howsoever
The time I have mispent, may make you
doubtful, [sion—]

Nny, harden your belief 'gainst my conver-
Scb. A pox o' travel, I say!

Tho. Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after-courses—

Enter Dorothea.

Scb. Prithee no more; 'tis scurvy! There's
thy sister. [picks]

Undone, without redemption! he eats with
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him!

How have I sin'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I've no more
sons, [nature]

And this no more mine own; no spark of
Allows him mine now; he's grown tame. My
grand curse

Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd
thee! Travel! [sieur!—]

I'll send my horse to travel next!—*We Mon-*
Now will my most canonical dear neighbours
Say, I have found my son, and rejoice with me,
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off.

I know not, [steman,
But I am sure this Monsieur, this fine gen-
Will never be in my books, like mad Thomas?.

* *Don't conjure me with your French furies*] The old man not understanding the expression *de jour en jour*, repeats the English words that are nearest it in sound; and in the old quarto of this play, it is *ord* to distinguish whether the last word be *juries* or *furies*; I prefer the former, and think the similitude of sounds more in character than any allusion between the *furies* and conjuration. Seward.

Furies is the *triple* lection of the old quarto, and every edition prior to Mr. Seward's; it is also good sense and natural; and *conjure me* is play enough upon Lapncelot's *de jour en jour*.

? *Will never be in my books, like mad Thomas.*] In Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing* this expression occurs:

'I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books;'
upon which Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens have thus commented:

'This is a phrase used, I believe, by more than understand it. *To be in one's books* is to be
'in one's codicils or will, to be among friends set down for legacies.' Johnson.

I rather think that the books alluded to are memorandum books, like the visiting-books of the present age.

Such another expression occurs in Middleton's *Comedy of Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

'I'd scratch her eyes out, if my wnn stoud in her tables.'

Again, in Shirley's *School of Compliment*, 1637:

'———There's a man in her tables more than I look'd for.'

Hamlet says,

'———My tables, meet it is I set it down——'

when he pulls out his *pocket-book*.

Probably

I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance
Must not turn secretary. My name and
quality

Have kept my land three hundred years in
As it slip now, may't sink! [madness: *[Exit.*

Tho. Excellent sister, [father?]

I'm glad to see thee well—But where's my
Dor. Gone discontent, it seems.

Tho. He did ill in it,
As he does all; for I was uttering [dying
A handsome speech or two, I have been stru-
E'er since I came from Paris. How glad to
see thee! [love too,

Dor. I'm gladder to see you (with more
I dare maintain it) than my father's sorry
To see (as he supposes) your conversion;
And I am sure he's vex'd; any more, I know
it; [sir,

It has pray'd against it minily: But it appears,
You'd rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in yourself correct it. Dearest brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,
And since one happy birth produe'd us hither,
Let one more happy mind—

Tho. It shall be, sister;
For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick
Beware a traveller. [ou't:

Dor. Leave that trick too.
Tho. Not for the world. But where's my
mistress? [her,

And prithee say how does she? I melt to see
And presently: I must away.

Dor. Then do so,
For o' my faith she will not see you, brother
Tho. Not see me? I'll—

Dor. Now you play your true self;
How would my father love this! I'll assure
you [loudly)

She will not see you; she has heard (and
The gambols that you play'd since your de-
parture, [chiefs,

In every town you came, your several mis-
Your romances and your wenches; all your
quarrels,

And the no-causes of 'em; these, I take it,
Altho' she love you well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her
uncle,

Must needs, and reason for it, be examin'd,
And by her modesty; and fear'd too light too,
To life with her affections: You have lost her,
For any thing I see, exil'd yourself.

Tho. No more of that, sweet Doll; I will
be civil.

Dor. But how long? [right?

Tho. Wouldst thou have me lose my birth-
For yond old thing will disinherit me,
If I grow too desauré. Good sweet Doll,
prithee,

Prithee, dear sister, let me see her!

Dor. No.

Tho. Nay, I beseech thee. By this light—

Dor. Ay, swagger.

Tho. Kiss me, and be my friend; we two
were twins,

And shall we now grow strangers?

Dor. 'Tis not my fault.

Tho. Well, there be other women; and
remember you, [lands too,
You were the cause of this; there be more
And better people in 'em; fare ye well!

And other loves. What shall become of me,
And of my vanities, because they grieve you?

Dor. Come hither, come; d' you see that
cloud that flies there?

So light are you, and blown with every fan-
cy [vil?

Will you but make me hope you may be ci-
I know your nature's sweet enough, and ten-
der, [mistress?

Not granted on, nor curb'd: D'you love your
Tho. He lies that says I do not.

Dor. Would you see her?

Tho. If you please, for it must be so.

Dor. And appear to her

A thing to be belov'd?

Tho. Yes.

Dor. Change then

A little of your wildness into wisdom,
And put on a more smoothness.

I'll do the best I can to help you; yet
I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would ne'er see you more. Where's your
'man's heart now?

What, do you faint at this?

Tho. She is a woman:

But he she entertains next for a servant,
I shall be bold to quarter!

Dor. No thought of fighting. [rul'd,

Go in, and there we'll talk more; be but
And what lies in my power, ye shall be sure
of. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still!

Mary. 'Tis most certain;
I've now heard all, and all the truth.

Alice. Grant all that;

Is he the first that has been giv'n a lost man,

Probably the phrase was originally adopted from the tradesman's language. 'To be in
tradesman's books' might formerly have been an expression in common conversation for
a trait of any other kind. Seward.

* Not for the world. But where's my mistress.] This line halting a little, Mr. Seward, with
admirable precision, reads,

Not for the world; but where's my mistress?

And yet come fairly home? He's young and tender,

And fit for that impression your affections
Shall stamp upon him. Age brings on discretion;

A year hence, these mad toys that now possess him
Will shew like bubeurs to him, shapes to fright him;

Marriage dissolves all these like mists.

Mary. They're grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father,
And to his grave they'll haunt him.

Alice. 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and cloak it with these errors,

Do what you can, will break out to excuse
You have him in your heart, and planted,
cousin, creation,
From whence the power of reason, nor dis-
Can ever root him.

Mary. Planted in my heart, aunt?
Believe it, no; I never was so liberal.
What tho' he shew a so-so-comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or say it may be hand-
some;

What tho' his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes
use too—

Alice. How willingly thy heart betrays
thee! Cousin, power
Coven thyself no more: Th' hast no more
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty
has to abstain from drink standing before
him.

His mind is not so monstrous; for his shape,
If I have eyes, I have not seen his better;
A handsome brown complexion—

Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawny.

Alice. Had I said so
You would have wish'd my tongue out. Then
his making—

Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen
legs straighter,
And cleaner made.

Alice. A body too—

Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.

Alice. God forgive thee! [ly.
For against thy conscience thou'ltiest stubborn—

Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.

Alice. 'Tis excellent; [lovely,
And where the outward parts are fair and
(Which are but moulds o' th' mind) what
must the soul be?

Pot case youth has his swing, and fiery nature
Flames to mad uses many times—

Mary. All this

You only use to make me say I love him:
I do confess I do; but that my fondness
Should fling itself upon his desperate fol-
lies—

Alice. I do not counsel that; see him re-
claim'd first,

Which will not prove a miracle: Yet, Mary,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.

Mary. No, no, aunt; no, believe me.

Alice. What was your dream to-night?
for I observ'd you [Tom!]

Hugging of me, with, 'Good, dear, sweet
Mary. Fy, aunt!

Upon my conscience—

Alice. On my word 'tis true, wench.

And then you kiss'd me, Mary, more than
once too,

And sigh'd, and 'Oh, sweet Tom!' again.
Nay, do not blush;

You have it at the heart, wench.

Mary. I'll be hang'd first;
But you must have your say.

Enter Dorothea.

Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it. Dorothea!
The welcomest woman living. How does thy
brother?

[mat,
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil gentle-
Since his short travel.

Dor. 'Pray Heav'n he make it good, Alice.

Mary. How do you, friend? I have a quar-
rel to you;

You stole away and left my company.

Dor. Oh, pardoo me, dear friend; it was
tu welcome

A brother, that I have some cause to love
well. [truth

Mary. Prithce how is he? thou speak'st
Dor. Not perfect;

I hope he will be.

Mary. Never. It's forgot me,

I hear, wench, and his hot love too—

Alice. Thou wouldst howl then.

Mary. And I am glad it should be so:
His travels

Have yielded him variety of mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.

Alice. Oh, cogging rascal!

Mary. I was a fool, but better thoughts,
thank Heav'n—

Dor. 'Pray do not think so, for he loves you
dearly, [you.

Upon my troth, most firmly; would fain see
Mary. See me, friend! Do you think it fit?

Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of credit too: He's not

* [What was your dream, &c.] We have had occasion to observe before, that Congreve was much obliged to our Authors upon several occasions; and we cannot but think he had been reading this scene before he wrote the third scene in the second act of *The Old Bachelor*. R.

Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.

Mary. He's so much contrary
To my desires, such an antipathy,
That I must sooner see my grave.

Dor. Dear friend,
He was out so before he went.

Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair conversion.

Alice. Come, do not mask yourself, but
see him freely;

You have a mind.

Mary. That mind I'll master then.

Dor. And is your hate so mortal?

Mary. Not to his person,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still like Hydra's heads grow thicker
on him.

I have a credit, friend; and maids of my sort
Love where their inodesties may live un-
tainted.

Dor. I give up that hope then: 'Pray, for
your friend's sake,

If I have any interest within you,
Do but this courtesy, except this letter.

Mary. From him? [ing;

Dor. The same. 'Tis but a minute's read-
And, as we look on shapes of painted devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em; so,
If this be foul, you may forget it. 'Pray!

Mary. Have you seen it, friend?

Dor. I will not lie, I have not;

But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best part he writ this.

Mary. For your sake;

Not that I any way shall like his scribbling—
Alice. A shrewd dissembling queen!

Dor. I thank you, dear friend.

I know she loves him,

Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,
And then she'll scramble too. Young wench's
loves [shift,

Are like the course of quarts; they may
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see

The least distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course: Fear her
Unless he be a devil. [not,

Mary. Now Heav'n bless me!

Dor. What has he writ?

Mary. Out, out upon him!

Dor. Ha! what has the madman done?

Mary. Worse worse, and worse still!

Alice. Some Northern toy, a little broad.

Mary. Still fooler!

Hey, hey, boys! Goodness keep me! Oh!

Dor. What ail you?

Mary. Here, take your spell again; it
burns my fingers.

Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter,

So elegant a stile? 'Pray look upon't;

The rarest inventory of rank oaths

That ever cut-purse cut.

Alice. What a mad boy is this!

Mary. Only 't' th' bottom

A little julep gently sprinkled over [ters;

To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blis-

' Indeed now, yours for ever.'

Dor. I am sorry.

Mary. You shall be welcome to me, come
when you please,

And ever may command me virtuously;

But for your brother, you must pardon me:

'Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,

No word of visitation, as you love me.

And so for now I'll leave you. [Exit.

Alice. What a letter [thunder!

Has this thing written! how it roars like
With what a state he enters into stile!

' Dear mistress!'

Dor. Out upon him, bedlam!

Alice. Well, there he ways to reach her
yet: Such likeness

As you two carry, methinks—

Dor. I am mad too,

And yet can apprehend you. Fare you well!

The fool shall now fish for himself.

Alice. Be sure then

His twelv be tith and strong; and oext, no
swearing;

He'll catch no fish else. Farewell, Doll!

Dor. Farewell, Alice! [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Cellide.

Cel. I **I**NDEED he is much chang'd, extreme-
ly alter'd,

His colour faded strangely too.

Val. The air,

The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all, which will as well restore

To health again th' affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it daoger-
ous.

VOL. II.

M

How does my sweet? Our blessed hour comes
ON NOW

Apace, my Cellide, (it knocks at door)

In which our loves and long desires, like ri-
Rising asunder far, shall fall together. [vers
Within these two days, dear—

Cel. When Heav'n and you, sir, fvern'd.
Still think it fit; for by your wills I'm go-

Alice. 'Twere good some preparation—

Enter Francis.

Val. All that may be;

It shall be no blind wedding: And all the joy
Of all our friends, I hope. He looks worse
hourly: [colder;]

How does my friend? myself? He sweats too
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,
Scarcely gives his function. How is't, man?

Alas, sir,

You look extreme ill: Is it any old grief,
The weight of which—

Fran. None, gentle sir, that I feel;
Your love is too, too tender. Nay, believe,
sir— [health:]

Cel. You cannot be the master of your
Either some fever lies in wait to catch you,
Whose harbingers already in your face
We see preparing, or some discontent,
Which, if it lie in this house, (I dare say,
Both for this noble gentleman, and ail
That live within it) shall as readily [eu'd,
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soft-
And where the cause is—

Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a virtuous fair physician
Is ready to relieve: Your noble cares
I must, and ever shall, be thankful for;
And would my service— (I dare not look upon
her)—

But be not fearful; I feel nothing dangerous;
A grudging, could'st by th' alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: My heart's
I would it were!— [whole.—

Fal. I knew the cause to be so.

Fran. No, you shall never know it.

Alice. Some warm broths,

To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day,
And sweat it out. [sir,

Cel. I have such cordials,
That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly.
I'll be your doctor; you shall see how finely
I'll fetch you up again.

Fal. He sweats extremely; [now.
Hot, very hot: His pulse beats like a drum
Feel, sister, feel! feel, sweet!

Fran. How that touch stung me!

Fal. My gown there!

Cel. And those juleps in the window!

Alice. Some see his bed made.

Fal. This is most unhappy!

Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.

Cel. And this shall be the last fit.

Fran. Not by thousands!

Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience.

Alice. He grows fainter. [A vomit;

Fal. Come, lend him in; he shall to bed.
I'll have a vomit for him.

Alice. A purge first;

And if he breath'd a vein—

Fal. No, no, no bleeding;

A clyster will cool all.

Cel. Be of good cheer, sir!

Alice. He's luth to speak.

Cel. How hard he holds my hand, aunt!

Alice. I do not like that sign.

Fal. Away to's chamber,
Softly; he's full of pain; be diligent,
With all the care ye have. 'Would I had
'scus'd him! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Dorothea and Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? Do I dwell
in her,

To force her to do this or that? Your letter!
A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!
You are solearn'd in your writs! You stand
now [tippet,

As if y' had worried sheep. You must turn
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly,
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry Malkyn the May-lady;
You must, dear brother. Do you make me
carrier

Of your confound-me's, and your enlverins?
Am I a seculy agent for your ouths?

Who would have writ such a debosh'd—

Tho. Your patience;

May not a man profess his love?

Dor. In blasphemies? [devils?

Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and
Out's, out upon thee!

Tho. How would you have me write?

Begin with 'My love premised; surely,

'And by my truly, mistress?'

Dor. Take your own course,

For I see all persuasion's lost upon you,
Humanity all drown'd: From this hour fairly

I'll wash my hands of all you do. Farewell,

Tho. Thou art not mad? [sir!

Dor. No; if I were, dear brother,

I would keep you company. Get a new mis-
tress, [oaths

Some suburb saint¹¹, that sixpence and some
Will draw to parley; carouse her health in
cans [beauty;

And candles' ends¹², and quarrel for her

¹⁰ *Tho.* *Out, out upon thee!*] This seems the conclusion of Dorothea's speech, not the be-
ginning of Thomas's, whose stile widely differs from this. *Seward.*

¹¹ *Some suburb saint, that sixpence and some others*

With draw to parley.] The necessity of reading *ouths* here instead of *others* is too evident
to need a proof. The mistake probably arose from spelling *ouths* with an *o*, which I
have often met with in our Authors, and in other writings of their age. *Seward.*

¹² ———— *Carouse her health in cans*

And candles' ends.]

To drink off *candles' ends* for flap-dragons.

is one of the qualifications which Falstaff assigns for Prince Henry's love for Poins. It seems

Such a sweetheart must serve your turn:

Your old love

Releases you of all your ties, disclaims you,
And utterly abjures your memory,
'Till time has better manag'd you. Will you
command me—

Tho. What, bobbl'd of all sides?

Dor. Any worthy service

Unto my father, sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of heart, and much re-
joicing,

You are his true son Tom still? Will it please
you

To beat some half-a-dozen of his servants
presently,

That I may testify you have brought the
same faith

Unblemish'd home, you carried out? Or, if it
like you,

There be two chambermaids within, young
wenches,

Handsome, and apt for exercise: You have
been good, sir,

And charitable, tho' I say it, signior,

To such poor orphans. And now, by th' way,
I think on't,

Your young rear-admiral, I mean your last
bastard, [unnad,

Don Julian, you had by lady Blanch the dairy-
Is by an academy of learned gypsies,

Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant,
Stol'n from the nurse, and wanders with those
prophets. [sir,

There is plate in the parlour, and good store,
When you want'st, shall supply it. So most
humbly [sir!

(First rend'ring my due service) I take leave,
[Exit.

Tho. Why, Doll! why, Doll, I say! My
letter fubbl'd too,

And no access without I mend my manners?
All my designs in limbo? I will have her,

Yes, I will have her, tho' the devil roar,
I am resolv'd that, if she live above ground,

I'll not be bobbl'd i' th' nose with every bob-
I will be civil too, now I think better, [tail.

Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried;
And yet be mad upon occasion,

And stark mad too, and save my land: My
father,

I'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench
goes. [Exit.

Enter Sebastian and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd
your master: Leave your stitche¹!

I say, thou hast spoil'd thy master.

Laun. I say, how, sir?

Seb. Marry, th' hast taught him, like an
arrant rascal,

First, to read perfectly, which no my blessing
I warn'd him from; for I knew if he read
once,

He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot,
Sir lousy Launcelot, you have suffer'd him,

Against my power first, then against my pre-
cept, [pany,

To keep that simpering sort of people com-
That sober men call civil: Mark you that,

Laun. An't please your worship— [sir?

Seb. It does not please my worship,

Nor shall not please my worship! Third and
lastly, [three for,

Which, if the law were here, I would hang
(However, I will lame thee) like a villain,

Thou hast wrought him

Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,

A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st
I lov'd well. [soor'd,

My servants all are sound now, my drink
Not a horse paw'd, nor play'd away; no

Come for the breach of peace; [warrants
Men travel with their money, and nothing
meets 'em.

I was accus'd to send thee! thou wert ever
Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit;

Thou slept'st still like a cork upon the water.

Laun. Your worship knows, I ever was
accounted [inember,

The most debush'd—And, please you to re-
(Every day drunk too, for your worship's ere-
I broke the butler's head too. [dit)

Seb. No, base palliard², [beaten,

I do remember yet that onslaught; thou wast
And fled'st before the butler, a black jack

Playing upon thee furiously; I saw it;
I saw thee scatter'd, rogue. Behold thy master!

Enter Thomas, with a book.

Tho. What sweet content dwells here!

Laun. Put up your book, sir;

We are all outdone else.

Seb. Tinn, when is the horse-race?

Tho. I know not, sir.

Seb. You will be there?

to have been a cant phrase amongst drinkers, which hitherto has not been satisfactorily explained. The only illustration we can give of it, is that quoted by Mr. Stevens, from Nash, in Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil, who advises hard drinkers 'to have 'some shoeing-horns to pull on their wine, as a rasher on the coals, or a red berring; or to 'stir it about with a candle's end, to make it taste better, &c.' R.

From this passage it should seem to have been a piece of gallantry to drink off the liquor with the candle's ends in it; and the passage in Shakespeare proves it was customary 'to drink off candle's ends.'

¹ When your wants shall supply it.] Former editions. Seward.

² Leave your stiches.] Probably we should read speeches.

³ Base palliard.] Palliard, a debauchee, a whore-master; from the French. Skinner.

Tho. Not I, sir;
I have forgot those journeys.

Sch. Spoil'd for ever!

The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
Jack Wild-Oats, and Will Purser.

Tho. I am sorry, sir,
They should employ their time so slenderly;
Their understandings will bear better courses.

Sch. Yes, I will marry again!—But, Mon-
sieur Thomas, [you

What say you to the gentleman that challeng'd
Before ye went*, and the fellow ye fell out

Tho. Oh, good sir, [with?
Remember not those follies. Where I have
wrong'd, sir,

(So much I've now learn'd to discern myself)
My means, and my repentance shall make
Nor do I think it any imputation [even;
To let the law persuade me.

Sch. Any woman;

I care not of what colour, or complexion;
Any that can bear children! Rest you merry!
[Exit.

Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean dis-
charg'd me;

I'm for the ragged regiment.

Tho. Eight languages,
And wither at an old man's words?

Laun. Oh, pardon me!

I know him but too well. Eightscore, I take
it,

Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank
him. [little;

You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a
What had an oath or two been? or a head
broke, [old man?

Tho' 't had been mine, to have satisfied the
Tho. I'll break it yet.

Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it.

Will you be drunk to night, (a less entreaty
Has serv'd your turn) and save all yet? not
mad drunk,

For then you are the devil; yet the drunker,
The better for your father still. Your state is
desperate, [it:

And with a desperate cure you must recover
Do something, do, sir; do some drunken
thing, [us.

Some mad thing, or some any thing to help

Tho. Go for a fidler then; the poor old
fidler [mistress?

That says his songs. But first, where lies my
Did you enquire out that?

Laun. I' th' lodge, alone, sir,
None but her own attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the happier: [me
Away then, find this fidler, and do not miss
By nine o'clock.

Laun. *Via*!¹⁶ [Exit.

Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will disinheret me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What, Rybadaide?

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. Don Thomasio!

*De bene venue**.

Tho. I do embrace your body.

How dost thou, Sam?

Sam. The same Sam still; your friend, sir.

Tho. And how is't, bouncing boys?

Hylas. Thou art not alter'd;

They said thou wert all Mousieur.

Tho. Oh, believe it,

I am much alter'd, much another way;
The civil'st gentleman in all your country:

Do not ye see me alter'd? 'Yea and nay,'
gentlemen; [wise, boys?

A much-converted man. Where's the best

Hylas. A sound convertite!

Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?

Hylas. By'r lady,

I've giv'n a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,
The last I fell in love with scord sixteen.

Tho. Look to your skin; Rambaldo the
sleeping giant

Will rouse and rent thee piece-meal.

Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em

Longer than looking on.

Tho. Thou never mean'st then

To marry any that thou lov'st?

Hylas. No surely,

Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage?

Would you have me now begin to be prentice,

And learn to cobbler other men's old boots?

Sam. Why, you may take a maid,

Hylas. Where? can you tell me?

Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,

To what use should I put her? look upon her,

Dandle her upon my knee, and give her su-
gar-sops? [her,

All the new gowns i'th' parish will not please

If she be high bred, (for there's the sport
she aims at)

Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.

Tho. Then take a widow,

A good staunch wench, that's tith.

* *Bene venue*.] So all copies; but surely erroneously, as the least attention will demonstrate. The corruption is very easy. J. N.

¹⁶ *Via*!] i. e. Away!

— Avaunt, dull flat-cap then!

¹⁷ *Via*, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!

¹⁸ There lie, thou husk of my canvassal'd state.

Eastward Hoe, act ii.

¹⁹ Come now, *via*, aloune to Celia.

Marston's What You Will, act ii. R.

* *Bene venue*.] A corruption of *bien venue*.

Hylas. And begin a new order?
Live in a dead man's monument? Not I, sir.
I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I ne'er co-

vet [ever
To lay up for the morrow: And methinks
Another man's cook dresses my diet nearest.

Tho. Thou wast wont to love old women,
fat and flat-nos'd, [ders, flat
And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flouu-
All the face over.

Hylas. I have had such damselfs,
I must confess.

Tho. Thou hast been a precious rogue.
Sam. Only his eyes; and, o' my conscience,
They lie with half the kingdom.

Enter over the stage, Physicians and others.

Tho. What's the matter?
Whither go all these men-menders, these
physicians?

Whose dog lies sick o'th' mulligrubs?

Sam. Oh, the gentleman,
The young smug signior, master Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is fall'n sick o'th' sudden, desperate sick;
And likely they go thither.

Tho. Who? young Frank?
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not pos-
sible.

Enter Alice.

Sam. There's one can better satisfy you.

Tho. Mistress Alice,

I joy to see you, lady.

Alice. Good Monsieur Thomas,
You're welcome from your travel. I am hasty;
A gentleman lies sick, sir.

Tho. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.

Alice. Excellent well;

As well as may be, thank you.

Tho. I am glad on't;

And, prithee hark!

Alice. I cannot stay.

Tho. A while, Alice!

Sam. Ne'er look so narrowly; the mark's
in her mouth still. [quiet.

Hylas. I'm looking at her legs; prithee be

Alice. I cannot stay.

Tho. Oh, sweet Alice!

Hylas. A clean instep,

And that I love as life¹⁷. I did not mark
This woman half so well before; how quick

And nimble, like a shadow, there her leg
shew'd! [stocking,

By th' mass, a neat one! the colour of her
A much-inviting colour.

Alice. My goud monsieur,

I have no time to talk now.

Hylas. Pretty breeches,

Finely becoming too.

Tho. By Heav'n—

Alice. She will not,

I can assure you that, and so—

Tho. But this word!

Alice. I cannot, nor I will not. Good

Lord! [Exit.

Hylas. Well, you shall hear more from me.

Tho. We'd go visit;

'Tis charity; besides, I know she is there;

And under visitation I shall see her.

Will ye along?

Hylas. By any means.

Tho. Be sure then

I be a civil man. I've sport in hand, boys,
Shall make mirth for a marriage-day.

Hylas. Away then. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter three Physicians, with an urinal.

1 *Phys.* A pleurisy, I see it.

2 *Phys.* I rather hold it

For tremor cordis.

3 *Phys.* Do you mark the faces?

'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever;

A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit; he must bleed.

1 *Phys.* By no means.

3 *Phys.* I say bleed.

1 *Phys.* I say 'tis dangerous,

The person being spent so much before-hand,
And nature drawn so low; clysters, cool
clysters—

2 *Phys.* Now, with your favours, I should
think a vomit; [low:

For, take away the cause, the effect must fol-
The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's en-
flam'd yet¹⁸. [mild means;

3 *Phys.* No, no, we'll rectify that part by
Nature so sunk must find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near? The
weak gentleman

Grows worse and worse still.

1 *Phys.* Come, we will attend him.

2 *Phys.* He shall do well, my friend.

Serv. My master's love, sir.

¹⁷ And that I love a life.] I don't discard this as nonsense, a life, for all my life long, or for a great deal, might possibly be admitted; but 'tis most probable that the Authors made use of a common expression rather than so abstruse a one, unless the latter happened to be a phrase of that age now become obsolete. *Seward.*

¹⁸ The pot's inflam'd yet.] The stomach by a coarse metaphor is here called the pot, but inflam'd should either be inflam'd or unclean'd; the former is nearer the trace of the letters, the latter makes the metaphor more consistent, and is the more common expression. I prefer the latter, but think it not material which takes place. *Seward.*

We prefer the former, it being nearer the old text, and as good sense.

1 *Phyl.* Excellent well, I warrant thee ;
right and straight, friend.
3 *Phyl.* There's no doubt in him, none at
all; ne'er fear him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine and Michael.

Mich. That he is desperate sick, I do be-
lieve well,
And that without a speedy cure it kills him ;
But that it lies within the help of physick
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozen'd; clean beside it.
I'd tell you the true cause too, but 'twould
Nay, run you mad. [vex you,
Val. May all I have restore him?
So dearly and so tenderly I love him——
(I do not know the cause why) yea, my life too?

Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll
tell you ;

*Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis
herbis !*

Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd ! Good friend,
go from me ; [recede,

I find my heart too full for further confe-
sion you are assur'd of this ?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certain ;
But bear it nobly, sir; youth hath his errors.

Val. I shall do, and I thank you ; 'pray
you no words on't.

Mich. I do not use to talk, sir. [Exit.
Val. You are welcome.

Is there no constancy in earthly things,
No happiness in us but what must alter ?
No life without the heavy load of fortune ?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves !
Ev'n then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows !

Enter Alice.

Alice. Oh, dear brother !
The gentleman, if ever you will see him
Alive, as I think——

Enter Cellide.

Cel. Oh, he faints ! For heav'n's sake,
For heav'n's sake, sir——

Val. Go comfort him, dear sister.
[Exit Alice.

And one word, sweet, with you ; then we'll
go to him.

What think you of this gentleman ?
Cel. My pity thinks, sir, [rish.

'Tis great misfortune that he should thus pe-
Val. It is, indeed ; but, Cellide, he must die.

Cel. That were a cruelty, wieu care may
cure him.

Why do you weep so, sir? he may recover.

Val. He may, but with much danger. My
sweet Cellide,

You have a powerful tongue.

Cel. To do you service. [gentlewoman,

Val. I will betray his grief: He loves a
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds ;

He knows it too ; yet such a sway blind
fancy,

And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him:
Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit
Misfortune fell so foul on.

Cel. Sure she's hard-hearted,
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At such a misery. She is not married ?

Val. Not yet.

Cel. Nor near it?

Val. When she please.

Cel. And pray, sir,

Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?

Val. His love may merit much, his person
little,

For there the match lies mangled.

Cel. Is he your friend?

Val. He should be, for he is near me.

Cel. Will not he die then,

When th' other shall recover ?

Val. You have pos'd me. [love her,

Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he
If she love him.

Val. She does, and would do equal.

Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me ; yet, for
your sake,

I will speak to her: All the art I have ;
My best endeavours; all his youth and per-
son,

His mind more full of beauties; all his hopes;
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill spoken of, and never old; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alledg'd,
I'll lay before her. What's her name? I'm
ready.

Val. But will you deal effectually?

Cel. Most truly;

Nay, were it myself, at your entreaty.

Val. And could you be so pitiful?

Cel. So doubtful,

Because you urge it, sir.

Val. It may be then

It is yourself.

Cel. It is indeed; I know it,
And now know how you love art.

Val. Oh, my dearest, [pity;

Let but your goodness judge; your own purt's
Set but your eyes on his afflictions;
He's mine, and so becomes your charge: But
think

What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,
What loss humanity, and noble manhood;

Take to your better judgment my declining,
My age hung full of impotence and ills,

My body budding now no more; seer winter
Hath seal'd that sap up: at the best and
happiest

I can but be your infant, you my nurse,
And how unequal, dearest! where his years,

His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,

Which makes him all your old love—Mis-
conceive not;

I say not this as weary of my bondage,

Or ready to infringe my faith; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps
that light me

To all the joy I have!

Cel. You've said enough, sir,
And more than e'er I thought that tongue
could utter;

But you're a man, a false man too!

Val. Dear Cellide!

Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a
woman [sundness,

Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her
The gentleman shall live, and, if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs I will to him;
And as you carelessly flung off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easy winning,
So will I lose the name of Valentine,
From henceforth all his flatteries; and, be-
lieve it,

Since you've so slightly parted with affec-
tion,

And that affection you have pawn'd your
faith for,

From this hour no repentance, vows, nor
prayers,

Shall pluck me back again; What I shall do,
(Yet I will undertake his cure) expect it,

Shall minister no comfort, no content,
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations!

Val. Why, let him die then.

Cel. No; so much I've lov'd

To be commanded by you, that ev'n now,
Ev'n in my hate, I will obey your wishes.

Val. What shall I do?

Cel. Die like a fool unsorrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure!
I must begin my cure.

Val. And I my crosses.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Francis sick, Physicians, and an Apothecary.

1 *Phys.* CLAP on the cataplasm.

Fran. Good gentlemen,

Good learned gentlemen—

2 *Phys.* And see those broths there, [in;
Ready within this hour. 'Pray keep your arms
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.

Fran. 'Pray leave me; I beseech ye leave
me, gentlemen;

I have no other sickness but your presence.
Convey your cataplasms to those that need
Your vomits, and your clysters. [e'en,

3 *Phys.* Pray be rul'd, sir.

1 *Phys.* Bring in the lettuce cap. You
must be skav'd, sir,

And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!

Fran. 'Till dooms-day. What unnecessary
nothings

Are these about a wounded mind?

2 *Phys.* How do ye?

Fran. What questions they propound too!
How do you, sir?

I'm glad to see you well. [still,

3 *Phys.* A great distemper; it grows hotter

1 *Phys.* Open your mouth, I pray, sir.

Fran. And can you tell me

How old I am then? There's my hand; pray
shew me

How many broken shins within this two year.
Who would be thus in fetters? Good master
doctor, [doctor,

And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye

To give me leave to live a little longer:

Ye stand before me like my blacks.

2 *Phys.* 'Tis dangerous;

For now his fauce turns too.

Enter Cellide

Cel. By your leave, gentlemen;
And 'pray ye your leave a while too; I have
something

Of secret to impart unto the patient.

1 *Phys.* Wit all our hearts.

3 *Phys.* Ay, marry, such a physick
May chance to find the humour. Be not long,
lady,

For we must minister within this half-hour.

Cel. You shall not stay for me.

[*Exeunt Physicians.*

Fran. 'Would you were all rotten,
That ye might only intend one another's
itches!

Or 'would the gentlemen, with one consent,
Would drink small beer but seven years, and
abolish

That wild-fire of the blood, unsatiate wench-
ing,

That your two Indies, springs and fells, might
fail ye!

What torments these intruders into bodies—

Cel. How do you, worthy sir?

Fran. Bless me, what beams [sery,
Flew from those angel eyes! Oh, what a man!
What a most studied torment, 'tis to me now
To be an honest man! Dare you sit by me?

Cel. Yes, and do more than that too, com-
fort you;

I see you've need.

Fran. You are a fair physician:
You bring no bitterness gift o'er, to gull us,
No danger in your looks; yet there my death
lies!

Cel. I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should
merit

So stubborn a construction. Will it please you
To taste a little of this cordial?

Enter Valentine, privately.

For this I think must cure you.

Fran. Of which, lady?—

Sure she has found my grief.—Why do you blush so? [cordial.

Cel. Do you not understand? of this, this

Val. Oh, my afflicted heart! She's gone for ever. [lady!

Fran. What Heaven you have brought me,

Cel. Do not wonder:

For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love, to save your life,

Your life too excellent to lose in wishes;
Love, virtuous love.

Fran. A virtuous blessing crown you!

Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much cha-
So noble a compassion in that heart, [rity,
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?

Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have¹⁹, and perfect
object,

Lies in another's light, and his deserves it?

Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think too
boldly

I dare abuse my promise: 'Twas your friend's,
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin:
But so much has your danger, and that spell
The powerful name of Friend, prevail'd
above him²⁰

To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye;
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignation;
And willingly I ratify it.

Fran. Hold, for Heaven's sake!

Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?

Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted:
You have no power to yield, nor lie to render,
Nor I to take: I am resolv'd to die first!

Val. Ha! say'st thou so? Nay, then thou
shalt not perish.

Fran. And tho' I love ye above the light
shines on me;

Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free con-
tent²¹;

Sooner would snatch at such a blessing of-
fer'd

Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited;
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise,
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it)

Yet is a gratitude to be preserv'd,

A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy

The name and nobleness of friends.

Cel. Pray tell me,

If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

Fran. Do you make a doubt?

Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent? his aim too
Level'd at you, for your good? not con-
strain'd,

But out of cure, and counsel? Alas, consider,
Play but the woman with me²², and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, sir, what misery—

Fran. For Virtue's sake, take heed!

Cel. What loss of youth,

What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections²³, born and shot together?
What living name can dead age leave behind
him,

What act of memory²⁴, but fruitless doting?

Fran. This cannot be.

¹⁹ When all the power ye have, and perfect object

Lies in another's light.] The latter part of the first line seems to have a very fine thought very stiffly expressed. I have ventured therefore upon the change of a monosyllable, which I hope will render it clear, and was probably the original. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, 'this perfect object: but the old reading was equally clear, and not more stiffly expressed.

²⁰ Prevail'd above him.] Above him, in this place, seems to signify on him, or over him.

²¹ Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content.] If content be a substantive, it seems unnecessary, and an anticlimax: For though content be philosophically preferable to the wealth of kingdoms, it will not be allowed so in poetry, as it is not in common life. The old quarto reads content with a small c; I therefore make it an adjective, taken as the former adverbially, and connect it with the following sentence: 'I would freely and contentedly sooner snatch at such a blessing.' *Seward.*

Mr. Seward prints thus;

'Beyond the wealth of kingdoms; free, content,

'Sooner would snatch at such a blessing, &c.'

In the old quarto, substantives are not distinguished by capitals; that, therefore, is no argument; and the old reading is better sense, and most poetical: *Mr. Seward's* is hard, stiff, cold, and uncouth.

²² Play but the woman with me.] i. e. Suppose yourself, as I am, a woman.

²³ Equal affections, and shot together.] Thus the quarto and folio. *Mr. Seward,*

'Equal affections, and shot up together.'

We think it more probable that the word born should supply the void;

'Equal affections, born and shot together.'

²⁴ What art of memory.] *Mr. Theobald* recommends reading 'act of memory,' and we think him right.

Cel. To you, unless you apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it;
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be; a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know you grieve this; and how-

soever [ger,
The worthiness of friend may make you stag-
(Which is a fair thing in you) yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.

Val. Oh, cruel woman!

Cel. Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,

Nor you so willing to be lost!

Fran. 'Pray stay there: [more,
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks
That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like shadow to me, thin and fa-
Val. Excellent friend! [ding!

Fran. You have no share in goodness;
You are belied; you are not Cellide,
The modest, the immaculate²⁵! Who are you?
For I will know! What devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemish'd beauty?

Cel. Do not rave, sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you:
You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
By those fair eyes I do.

Fran. Oh, double-hearted!
Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made
a devil!

What an inviting hell invented! Tell me,
And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cher-
ish'd,

So sainted in the soul of him whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy
And most religious with his love, whose life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady)
Is drawn out only for your ends—

Val. Oh, miracle!—

Fran. Whose nil, and every part of man
(Pray mark me²⁶)

Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,
Whose breath is but your bubble.—Can you,
dare you, [willing,
Must you, cast off this man, (tho' he were
Tho', in a nobleness to cross my danger,
His friendship durst confirm it) without base-
ness,

Without the stain of honour? Shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, 'There's the lady
'That lost her father, friend, herself, her
faith too,

'To fawn upon a stranger;' for aught you
know

As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless?
Val. Take her, with all my heart! Thou
art so honest

That 'tis most necessary I be undone.

With all my soul possess her²⁷. [Exit.

Cel. Till this minute,
I scorn'd and hated you, and came to chide
you; [me,

Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on
To make you mad.

Fran. Good Heav'n's, what is this woman?

Cel. Nur did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: Yet now truly,
Truly and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend: And I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.

Fran. Whither d'you drive me?

Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good
ever;

'Tis like a strong-built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it: There are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your centinels that watch it hourly,
Your eyes, let them not wander!

Fran. Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me?

Cel. Keep your ears, [strongly
The two main ports that may betray you,
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The holy of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridge'd round about with virtue, that no
breaches,

No subtle mines may meet you!

Fran. How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark, and prodigious,
She shew'd 'till now! when having won his
way,

How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams! Excellent
angel, [thee,
For no less can that heav'nly mind proclaim
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affec-
tions,

But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes),
To kiss that virgin hand!

Cel. Take your desire, sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you;
No other fruit my love must ever yield you,

²⁵ *The modest, unmaculate.*] So quarto; the folio, *immaculate*; and Mr. Seward adds the article *the*, to complete the verse.

²⁶ *Pray make me.*] Corrected by Mr. Seward.

²⁷ *Cel. With all my soul possess her.*] The giving this to Cellide is a very gross error which has run through all the editions. Seward.

I fear, no more! Yet your most constant memory

(So much I'm wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband.
Farewell, and fairly govern your affections;
Stand, and deceive me not! Oh, noble young man,

I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!
Once more, farewell, and prosper! [Exit.

From. Goodness guide thee!

My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,
Has waken'd me out of my fit of folly,
But not to shake it off. A spell dwells in me,
A hidden charm, shot from this beautiful woman,

That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physick find;
And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair Virtue.
Well, something I must do, to be a friend;
Yet I am poor, and tardy: Something for her too,

Tho' I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Val. Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure. [im leave

Tho. D'you think I'm mad? You'll give
To try her fairly?

Val. Do your best.

Tho. Why there, boy—

But where's the sick man?

Hyas. Where are the gentlewomen

That should attend him? there's the patient.
Methinks these women—

Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.

Val. Go to him, friend, and comfort him;
I'll lend ye. [pardon me.

Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend, 'pray
I am so over-joy'd I want expression:
I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends
welcome! [Exit.

Tho. How dost thou, Frank? how dost
thou, boy? Bear up, man!

What, shrink i' th' sinews for a little sickness?
Deatolo morte.

From. I am o' th' mending hand.

Tho. How like a flute thou speak'st! 'O'
th' mending hand, man?

'Gogs bors, I'm well!' Speak like a man of
worship.

From. Thou art a mad companion; never
staid, Tom?

Tho. Let rogues be staid that have no ha-
bitation²⁸; [Frank,

A gentleman may wander. Sit thee down,
And see what I have brought thee. Come,
discover;

Open the scene, and let the work appear.

A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a
million.

From. What hast thou there? a julep?

Hyas. He must not touch it;

'Tis present death.

Tho. You are an ass, a wirepipe,

A Jeffery John Bo-peep! Thou minister*?
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle. Out,
puppy!

My friend, Frank, but a very foolish fellow,
Dost thou see that bottle? View it well.

From. I do, Tom. [carries;

Tho. There be as many lives in't as a cat
'Tis everlasting liquor.

From. What?

Tho. Old sack, boy,

Old reverend sack²⁹, which, for aught that I
can reel yet, [Ptolemaeus
Was that philosopher's stone the wise king
Did all his wonders by.

From. I see no harm, Tom,

Drink with a moderation.

Tho. Drink with sugar, [boy.

Which I have ready here, and here a glass,
Take me without my tools?

Sam. Pray, sir, be temperate;

You know your own state best.

From. Sir, I much thank you,

And shall be careful: Yet a glass or two,
So fit I find my body, and that so needful—

Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou
say'st true, Frank—

Hyas. Where are these women, I say?

Tho. 'Tis most necessary;

Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal pos-
sets,

Your barley broths, and sorrel sops³⁰; they're
nangv,

And breed the scratches only: Give me sack!
(I wonder where this wench is tho'.) Have at
thee!

Hyas. So long, and yet no bolting?

From. Do; I'll pledge thee.

* *Let rogues be staid that have no habitation.*] The negative, here, is certainly put instead of its reverse; but it has run through all the editions, though it quite spoils the humour of the passage. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward, who seems to have overlooked both the humour and the sense of the passage, reads,

'Let rogues be staid, that have an habitation.'

No is clearly right, and 'a gentleman may wander' confirms it.

* *Minister.*] So all the editions. The following words prove the propriety of our alteration.

²⁸ *Old reverend sack, which, &c.*] Alluding to the grand elixir of the alchemists, which they pretended would restore youth and confer immortality. R.

³⁰ *Sorrel sops.*] These are now the green sauce used to green pease; but as this expression often occurs in our Authors for some liquor drunk in sickness, it was probably a custom to make a sort of tea of sorrel in feverish disorders. *Seward.*

Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry
 'Heigh!' like a huntsman,
 With a clear heart; and no more fits I war-
 rant thee?
 The only cordial, Frank.

[*Phys. and Serv. within.*

1 *Phys.* Are the things ready?
 And is the barber come?

Serv. An hour ago, sir.

1 *Phys.* Bring out the oils then.

Fran. Now or never, gentlemen,

Do me a kindness, and deliver me.

Tho. From whom, boy? [there;

Fran. From these things that talk within
 Physicians, Tom, physicians, scow'ring-sticks:
 They mean to read upon me.

*Enter three Physicians, Apothecary, and
 Barber.*

Hylas. Let 'em enter. [thee.

Tho. And be thou confident we will deliver
 For, look ye, doctor; say the devil were sick
 now, [a biggen,

His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with
 Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit
 Of stinking souls at his nephew's at St. Dun-
 stons³¹,

What would you minister upon the sudden?
 Your judgment, short and sound.

1 *Phys.* A fool's head.

Tho. No, sir,

It must be a physician's, for three causes:
 The first, because it is a bald-head likely,
 Which will down ensily without apple-pap.

3 *Phys.* A man's cause!

Tho. So it is, and well consider'd. [sir,
 The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek,
 Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor,
 And work upon the erudites, (conceive me)
 The fears and the fiddle-strings within it,
 That those damn'd souls must discombogue
 again.

Hylas. Or meeting with the Stygian hu-
 mour—

Tho. Right, sir. [ers—

Hylas. Fore'd with a cataplasma of crack-

Tho. Ever. [venger.

Hylas. Scour all before him, like a sea-

Tho. *Satisfecisti, domine.* My last cause,

My last is, and not least, most learned doc-
 tors, [those

Because in most physicians' heads (I mean
 That are most excellent, and old withal,

And angry, tho' a patient say his prayers,
 And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons,
 We have it by tradition of great writers)

There is a kind of toad-stone bred, whose
 The doctor being dried— [virtue,

1 *Phys.* We are abus'd, sirs.

Hylas. I take it so, or shall be. For, say
 the belly-ake,

Caus'd by an inundation of pease-porridge,

Are we therefore to open the port vein,
 Or the port espulvine?

Sam. A learned question!

Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
 The sign being then in the head of Capri-
 corn—

Tho. Meet with the passion Hyperchon-
 driaca,

And so cause a carnosity in the kidneys,
 Must not the brains, being butter'd with this
 Answer me that. [humour—

Sam. Most excellently argued!

2 *Phys.* The next fit you will have, my
 most fine scholar, [sir]

Bedlam shall find a salue for. Fare you well,
 We came to do you good, but these young

It seems have bor'd our noses. [doctors

3 *Phys.* Drink hard, gentlemen,

And get unwholesome drabs: 'Tis ten to one
 thou [ter'd.

We shall hear further from ye, your note al-
 [Eccant *Phys. Apoth. and Barber.*

Tho. And wilt thou be gone? says one.

Hylas. And wilt thou be gone? says t'other.

Tho. Then take the odd crown,

To mend thy old gown

Sam. And we'll be gone all together.

Fran. My learned Tom!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen [you;
 Sent me to see what company you had with
 They much desire to visit you.

Fran. Pray you thank 'em,
 And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence:
 You see my company.

Tho. Come hither, Crab;

What gentlewomen are these? my mistress?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Hylas. And who else?

Serv. Mistress Alice.

Hylas. Oh!

Tho. Hark you, sirrah,

No word of my bring here, unless she know it.

Serv. I do not think she does.

Tho. Take that, and mum then.

Serv. You've tied my tongue up. [Exit.

Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,

And not a word of me till you hear from me;

And, as you had my humour, follow it.

You two come hither, and stand close, unseen,

And do as I shall tutor you. [boys,

Fran. What, new work?

Tho. Pridice no more, but help me now.

Hylas. I would fain talk

With the gentlewomen.

Tho. Talk with the gentlewomen?

Of what, forsooth? whose maidenhead the

last unsk [best?

Suffer'd impression? or whose elyster wrought

Take me us I shall tell thee.

³¹ At his nephew, and St. Dunstons.] The necessity of the slight change made here must
 appear to every reader. Seward.

Hylas. To what end?

What other end came we along?

Sam. Be rul'd tho'.

Tho. Your weasel face must needs be ferreting

About the farthingale! Do as I bid you, or by this light—

Hylas. Come then.

Tho. Stand close, and mark me.

Fran. All this fore'd foolery will never do it.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice. I hope we bring you health, sir: How is't with you?

Mary. You look far better, trust me. The fresh colour

Creeps now again into his cheeks.

Alice. Your enemy, [have you I see, has done his worst. Come, we must last again, and frolick, man; leave thinking.

Mary. Indeed it does you harm, sir.

Fran. My best visitants, I shall be govern'd by you.

Alice. You shall be well then, And suddenly, and soundly well.

Mary. This air, sir, Having now season'd you, will keep you ever.

Tho. No, no, I have no hope! nor is it fit, friends,

(My life has been so lewd, my loose condition, Which I repent too late, so lamentable)

That any thing but curses light upon me; Exorbitant in all my ways!

Alice. Who's that, sir?

Another sick man?

Mary. Sure I know that voice well.

Tho. In all my courses careless disobedience²²!

Fran. What a strange fellow's this!

Tho. No counsel, friends,

No look before I leap'd.

Alice. D'you know the voice, sir?

Fran. Yes; 'tis a gentleman's that's much in's mind: Great pity, ladies. [afflicted

Alice. Now Heav'n help him!

Fran. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me, [distemper

For some things done long since, which his Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.

Mary. Oh, that this could be truth!

Hylas. Persuade yourself!

Tho. To what end, gentlemen? when all is perish'd

Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining

The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful?

My credit's split, and sunk, nor is it possible, Were my life lengthened out as long as—

Mary. I like this well.

Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.

Tho. I have a virtuous sister, but I scorn'd her;

A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman,

For goodness all out-going—

Alice. Now I know him.

Tho. Which these eyes, friends, my eyes must never see more²³.

Alice. This is for your sake, Mary: Take heed, cousin;

A man is not so soon made.

Tho. Oh, my fortune!

But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.

Hylas. Despair not, 'tis not manly: One hour's goodness

Strikes off an infinite of ills.

Alice. Weep truly,

And with compassion, cousin.

Fran. How exactly

This cunning young thief plays his part!

Mary. Well, Tom,

My Tom again, if this be truth.

Hylas. She weeps, hoy.

Tho. Oh, I shall die!

Mary. Now Heav'n defend!

Sam. Thou hast her.

Tho. Come, lead me to my friend, to take his farewell;

And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome!—

How does it shew?

Hylas. Oh, rarely well.

Mary. Say you so, sir?

Fran. Oh, you grand ass!

Mary. And are you there, my juggler?

Away; we are abus'd, Alice.

Alice. Fool be with thee!

[*Exit Mary and Alice.*

Tho. Where is she?

Fran. Gone; she found you out, and finely; In your own noose she halter'd you: You

must be whispering,

To know how things shew'd; not content to fare well, [suspicion,

But you must roar out roast-meat. 'Till that You carried it most neatly; she believ'd too,

And wept most tenderly; had you continued, Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tho. This was thy roguing, For thou wert ever whispering: Fy upon thee!

Now could I break thy head.

Hylas. You spoke to me first.

Tho. Do not anger me,

For by this hand I'll beat thee buzzard-blind then²⁴!

She shall not 'scape me thus: Farewell for this time.

²² Careless disobedience.] Old quarto; other copies, 'careless disobedience.'

²³ With these eyes.] I take *with*, here, to have been put for *whom*, or *which*. The former is more correct English, the latter nearer the trace of the letter; and the old English writers often apply *which* to men and women as to inanimate things. *Seward.*

²⁴ I'll beat the buzzard blind *then*.] We should not have made the variation here (though slight) had it not been much for the better, and probably genuine.

Fran. Good night! 'Tis almost bed-time;
yet no sleep

Must enter these eyes, 'till I work a wonder.
[*Exit.*]

Tho. Thou shalt along too, for I mean to
plague thee [of thee]
For this night's sins; I'll ne'er leave walking
Till I have worn thee out.

Hylas. Your will be done, sir.

Tho. You will not leave me, Sam?

Sam. Not I.

Tho. Away then;

I'll be your guide. Now, if my man be trusty,
My spiteful dame, I'll pipe you such a hunts-up
Shall make you dance a *tiptoes*²⁵. Keep close
to me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sebastian and Dorothea.

Seb. Never persuade me; I will marry
again!

What, should I leave my state to pins and
poking-sticks²⁶, [horses²⁷,]
To farthingales, and flounces? To fore
And an old leather bawdy-house behind 'em?
To thee?

Dor. You have a son, sir.

Seb. Where? what is he?

Who is he like?

Dor. Yourself.

Seb. Thou liest; th' hast marr'd him,
Thou, and thy prayer-books: I do disclaim
him!

Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechism in's pocket, dunsel?
One of your dear disciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What tavern has he us'd to? what things done
That shews a man, and mettle? When was
my house

At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of com-
pany?

No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals. When,
and where,

Has he but shew'd his sword of late?

Dor. Despair not, [ness;
I do beseech you, sir, nor tempt your weak-
For, if you like it so, I can assure you,
He is the same man still.

Seb. 'Would thou wert ashes
On that condition! Bat, believe it, gossip,
You shall know you have wrong'd—

Dor. You never, sir; [sake,
So well I know my duty. And, for Heaven's
Take but this counsel with you ere you marry;
(You were wont to hear me) take him, and
censure him, [false,
Search him to th' quick, and if you find him
Do as you please; a mother's name I honour.

Seb. He's lost and spoil'd; I am resolv'd
my roof [nion,

Shall never harbour him: And for you, mi-
I'll keep you close enough, lest you break
house,

And do more mischief. Get you in! Who
waits? [*Exit Dorothea.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, sir?

Seb. Seek the boy, and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning; Mark what house
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me,

Serv. I will not fail, sir.

Seb. If you do, I'll hang you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Tho. Keep you the back-door there, and
be sure

None of her servants enter, or go out.
If any woman pass, she's lawful prize, boys;
Cut off all convyns.

Hylas. Who shall answer this?

Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful
widgeon;

I shall appear to th' action.

Hylas. May we discourse too,
On honourable terms?

Tho. With any gentlewoman

That shall appear at window: You may re-
hearse too, [eels

By your commission safely, some sweet par-
Of poetry to a chambermaid.

²⁵ *Tiptoes.*] Perhaps we should read *tiptoes*; unless there be some dance called *tiptoes*; which, however, we never heard of.

²⁶ *Poking-sticks.*] *Poking-sticks*, says Mr. Steevens, 'were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604, is the following instance.—"There is such a deal of pinning, these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth them all." And again, "If you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form, &c." So in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands." Note on Winter's *Tale*."

²⁷ ——— to fore-horses,

And an old leather bawdy-house behind 'em.] I read 'four horses' viz. to a coach-and-four. Calling the former a leathern bawdy-house is quite in character. *Seward.*

Perhaps the Author intended 'fore horses' to stand in opposition to 'leather bawdy-house behind 'em.' *Fore-horses* occurs too in other plays of our Authors.

Hylas. May we sing too?

For there's my master-piece.

Tho. By no means; no, boys;
I am the unna reserv'd for air, 'tis my part;
And if she be not rock, my voice shall reach
her.

Ye may record a little²⁸, or ye may whistle,
A tune shall minister; but, for main singing,
Tray ye satisfy yourselves. Away; be careful!

Hylas. But hark you; one word, Thon!
we may be beaten.

Tho. That's as you think good yourselves:
If you deserve it,

Why, 'tis the easiest thing to compass.
Beaten?

What bugbears dwell in thy brains? who
should beat thee?

Hylas. Sir has men enough.

Tho. Art not thou man enough too?

Thou hast flesh enough about thee: If all
that mass

Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs-meat. Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind. That
door, [in serving-man.]

Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from
No more, I say: Away, Sam!

Sam. At your will, sir.

[*Exeunt Hylas and Sam.*]

Enter Launcelot and Fidler.

Laun. I have him here; a rare rogue. Good
sweet master,
Do something of some savour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live; I am almost
starv'd: [cur²⁹]

No point manieur, no point deffin, no Signi-
Not by the virtue of my languages;

Nothing at my old master's to be hop'd for!

Oh, Signieur Du! nothing to line my life with,
But cold pies, with a cudgel, 'till you help us!

Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee.
Come hither, Fidler:

What ballads are you seen in best? Be short,
sir.

Fid. Under your mastership's correction, I
can sing

'The duke of Norfolk; or the merry ballad
'Of Diverus and Lazarus; the Rose of Eng-

land;

'In Crete when Dedimus first began;

'Jonas his Crying-out against Cuventry——'

²⁸ *Ye may record a little,*] i. e. play on the musick; a recorder (as appears in Hamlet) signifying a pipe.

²⁹ *No point manieur, no point deffin, no Signieur.*] Unless Launcelot may be here supposed to speak a sort of *Lingua Franco*, or medley of languages, these words are so ill wrote, that it may be difficult to tell what was the original. *Seward.*

He is purposely represented as speaking barbarously; and the words plainly import, that
'no wine or good cheer is to be had at his old master's.'

³⁰ *Mawdlin, &c.*] Mawdlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristol. This and several others before mentioned are the titles of ballads, some of which have been lately reprinted. *R.*

³¹ *Open the door,*

Oh, gentle 'squire.] We take 'Oh, gentle 'squire,' to be part of the Maid's answer; who leaves off singing at, 'Tis master Thomas.'

Tho. Excellent!

Rare matters all.

Fid. 'Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter';
'The Devil, and Ye dainty Dunes——'

Tho. Rare still! [Bow,

Fid. 'The Landing of the Spaniards at
'With the bloody Battle at Milk-End.'

Tho. All excellent!

No tuning, as ye love me; let the fiddle
Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all
tune;

The viler still the better, like thyself,

For I presume thy voice will make no trees
dance. [homely——

Fid. Nay truly, you shall have it ev'n as
Tho. Keep ye to that key. Are they all
a-bed, now?

Laun. I hear no stirring any where, no
light

In any window; 'tis a night for the nance, sir.

Tho. Come, strike up then, and say the
Merchant's Daughter;

We'll hear the burthen: Proceed to incision,
fidler. [Song.]

Enter Sergeant, above.

Serv. Whm's there? what noise is this? what
rogue at these hours?

Tho. 'Oh, what is that to you, my fool?

'Oh, what is that to you?

'Pluck in your face,

'You bawling ass,

'Or I will break your brow.

'Hey down, down, n-down.'

A new ballad, a new, a new!

Fid. 'The twelfth of April, on My-day,
'My house and goods were burnt
away,' &c.

Maid [above]. Why, who is this?

Laun. Oh, damsel dear,

Open the door, and it shall appear;

Open the door!

Maid. Oh, gentle 'squire³¹,

I'll see thee hang first; farewell, my dear!—

'Tis master Thomas; there he stands.

Enter Mary, above.

Mary. 'Tis strange

That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,
Or sing him out in's own way; any thing

To be deliver'd of him.

Maid. Then have at him.

' My man Thomas

' Did me promise,

' He would visit me this night.

Tho. ' I am here, love ;

' Tell me, dear love,

' How I may obtain thy sight.

Maid. ' Come up to my window, love ;

' Come, come, come !

' Come to my window, my dear ;

' The wind nor the rain

' Shall trouble thee again,

' But thou shalt be lodged here.'

Tho. And art thou strong enough ?

Lann. Up, up ; I warrant you.

Mary. What dost thou mean to do ?

Maid. Good mistress, pence ;

I'll warrant you we'll cool him, Madge !

Madge [above]. I am ready. (him so,

Tho. ' The love of Greece, and it tickled

' That he devised a way to go.'

Now sing the Duke of Northumberland !

Fid. ' And climbing to promotion,

' He fell down suddenly.'

[Madge, with a devil's visard, roaring, offers to kiss him, and he falls down.

Maid. Farewell, sir !

Mary. What hast thou done ? th' hast broke his neck.

Maid. Not hurt him ;

He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.

Tho. Oh, woman !

Oh, miserable woman ! I am spoil'd !

My leg, my leg, my leg ! Oh, both my legs !

Mary. I told thee what th' hadst done ; mischief go with thee !

Tho. Oh, I am lam'd for ever ! Oh, my leg, Broken in twenty places ! Oh, take heed,

Take heed of women, Fidler ! Oh, a surgeon,

A surgeon, or I die ! Oh my good people !

No charitable people ? all despitful ?

Oh, what a misery am I in ! Oh, my leg !

Lann. Be patient, sir, be patient : Let me bind it.

Enter Sam, and Hylas with his head broken.

Tho. Oh, do not touch it, rogue.

Hylas. My head, my head !

Oh, my head's kill'd !

Sam. You must be courting wenches

Thro' key-holes, captain Hylas ! Come and be comforted ;

The skin is scarce broke.

Tho. Oh, my leg !

Sam. How do you, sir ?

Tho. Oh, main'd for ever with a fall. He's I see his brains [spoil'd too ;

Hylas. Away with me, for God's sake !

A surgeon !

Sam. Here's a night indeed.

Hylas. A surgeon !

[Exeunt all but Fidler and Thomas.

Enter Mary and Servant, below.

Mary. Go, run for help.

Tho. Oh !

Mary. Run all, and all too little.

Oh, curs'd beast that hurt him ! Run, run, fly, He will be dead else !

Tho. Oh !

Mary. Good friend, go you too.

Fid. Who pays me for my musick ?

Mary. Pox o' your musick !

There's twelve pence for you.

Fid. There's two groats again, forsooth ;

I never take above, and rest you merry !

[Exit.

Mary. A grease-pnt gild your fiddle-strings !—How do you ?

How is my dear ?

Tho. Why, well, I thank you, sweetheart. Shall we walk in ? for now there's none to trouble us. [with you.—

Mary. Are you so crafty, sir ? I shall meet I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom, Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee. Welcome, welcome ! [dearest !

Welcome, my best friend, to me ; all my Tho. Now you're my noble mistress. We lose time, sweet.

Mary. I think they are all gone.

Tho. All ; you did wisely.

Mary. And you as craftily.

Tho. We're well met, mistress.

Mary. Come, let's go in then lovingly.—

Oh, my scarf, Tom !

I lost it thereabout ; find it, and wear it As your poor mistress' favour. [Exit.

Tho. I am made now ;

I see no venture is in no hand—I have it. How now ? the door lock'd, and she in be- Am I so trimm'd ? [fore ?

Mary [above]. One parting word, sweet Thomas : [fidler,

Tho', to save your credit, I discharg'd your I must not satisfy your folly too, sir. [you. You're subtle ; but, believe it, fox, I'll find The surgeons will be here straight ; roar again, boy,

* I see no venture is in no hand :—] This scarcely seems intelligible. Tom is triomphing with the thoughts of his success ; I believe therefore that the common proverb, ' Nothing venture, nothing have,' was all that was intended here, and have ventured to change the words to it ; though not without apprehensions of being thought to have taken unwarrantable liberties. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

' I see no venture, nothing have : I have it.'

' I have it' refers to the scarf ; and Mr. Seward's *liberties* are certainly *unwarrantable*. The sentence appears as incomplete, and so intended by the Writer, whose dialogue should not be changed by an Editor, who professes giving the original text.

And break thy legs, for shame; thou wilt be sport else.

Good night!

Tho. She says most true; I must not stay:

Sir' has bubb'd me;

Which, if I live, I'll recompence, and shortly.

Now for a ballad to bring me off again:

All young men, be warn'd by me,

How you do go a-wooing;

Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,

Thereby comes your undoing, &c.

[*Erit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Servant.

Val. HE cannot go, and take no farewell of me?

Can he be so unkind? He's but retir'd

Into the garden or the orchard: See, sirs,

Alice. He would not ride there certain;
those were planted

Only for walks, I take it.

Val. Ride? Nay then—

Had he a horse out?

Serv. So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day.

Val. He's gone,

My best friend's gone, Alice! I have lost the noblest,

The truest, and the most man, I e'er found

Alice. Indeed, sir, he deserves all praise.

Val. All, sister;

All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honesty,
That cristine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness!

Alice. Sure he will return, sir;
He cannot be so harsh.

Val. Oh, never, never,
Never return; thou know'st not where the cause lies.

Alice. He was the worthiest welcome—

Val. He deserv'd it.

Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge—

Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee.
He never must return.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow, Signior.

Val. Good morrow, master Michael.

Mich. My good neighbour,
Methinks you're stirring early, since your travel;

You've learnt the rule of health, sir. Where's your mistress?

She keeps her warm, I warrant you, a-bed yet.

Val. I think she does.

Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.

Mich. Did you lie with her, lady?

Alice. Not to-night, sir,

Nor any night this week else.

Mich. When last saw you her?

Alice. Late yesternight.

Mich. Was she a-bed then?

Alice. No, sir;

I left her at her prayers. Why do you ask me?

Mich. I have been strangely haunted with
All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The same dream still: Methought I met
young Cellide

Just at St. Catherine's gate, the nunnery—

Val. He! [and troubles;

Mich. Her face slubber'd o'er with tears
Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,

'For charity receive me, holy woman,

'A maid that has forgot the world's affections,

'Into thy virgin order;' methought she took
her,

Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her,

And there I left her.

Val. Dream?

Mich. Good mistress Alice,
Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)

To step but up, and see.

Alice. I know she's there, sir,

And all this but a dream.

Mich. You know not my dreams;

They are unhappy ones, and often truths:

But this, I hope yet—

Alice. I will satisfy you. [*Erit.*

Mich. Neighbour, how does the gentleman?

Val. I know not.

Dream of a nunnery?

Mich. How found you my words
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?

Val. Did she not cry out, 'twas my folly
too

That forc'd her to this nunnery? did she not
For God sake speak! did you not dream of

me too?

How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,

Tir'd with his joys—

Mich. Alas, poor gentleman!

You promis'd me, sir, to bear all these
crosses.

Val. I bear 'em 'till I break again!

Mich. But nobly,

Truly to weigh—

Val. Good neighbour, no more of it;
You do but fling flax on my fire. Where is
she?

Enter Alice.

Alice. Not yonder, sir, nor has not this
Been in her bed. [night certain

Mich. It must be truth she tells you;

And now I'll shew you why I came: This
morning

A man of mine, being employ'd about business,
Came early home, who, at St. Catharine's
nunnery, [tress;
About day-peep, told me he met your mis-
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,
And so receiv'd by th' abbess, did he see her:
The wonder made me rise, and haste unto you,
To know the cause.
Val. Farewell! I cannot speak it.

[Exit Val.]

Alice. For Heaven's sake, leave him not!

Mich. I will not, lady.

Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted.

Mich. We shall know shortly more. Ap-
ply your own care [counsel.

At home, good Alice, and trust him to my
Nay, do not weep; all shall be well, despair
not. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Sebastian and a Servant.

Seb. At Valentine's house so merry?

Serv. As a pie, sir.

Seb. So gamesome, dost thou say?

Serv. I'm sure I heard it.

Seb. Ballads, and fiddles too?

Serv. No, but one fiddle;

But twenty noises.

Enter Launcelot.

Seb. Did he do devises?

Serv. The best devises, sir. Here's my
fellow Launcelot,

He can inform you all; he was among 'em,
A mad thing too; I stood but in a corner.

Seb. Come, sir; what can you say? Is
there any hope yet

Your master may return?

Laun. He went far else:

I will assure your worship, on my credit,
By the faith of a traveller, and a gentleman,
Yourson is found again, the son, the Tom.

Seb. Is he the old Tom?

Laun. The old Tom.

Seb. Go forward.

[old Tom.]

Laun. Next, to consider how he is the

Seb. Handle me that.

Laun. I would y' had seen it handled
Last night, sir, as we handled it: *Cop-a-pie!*
Footra for leers and leerings! ul, the noise,
The noise we made!

Seb. Good, good!

Laun. The windows clattering,

And all the chambermaids in such a whobub,
One with her smock half off, another in haste
With a serving-man's hose upon her head—

Seb. Good still! [there,

Laun. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole
And his mouth stopt with dirt—

Seb. I'faith, a fine boy!

Laun. Here one of our heads broke—

Seb. Excellent good still! [Thomas,

Laun. The gentleman himself, young Mr.
(Environ'd with his furious myrmidons,

The fiery Fidler, and myself) now singing,
Now beating at the door, there parlying,

Courting at that window, at the other scaling,
And all these several noises to two trenchers,

Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which
shew'd admirable. [pleas'd,

Seb. There; eat, and grow again; I'm

Laun. Nor here, sir,

Gave we the friluck over, tho' at length

We quit the lady's scone ou composition;
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies:

A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes
from, [follows;

There made a noise, at which he wakes, and
The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,

Hard cheese, and that, chonks him o' Mon-
day next:

Windows and signs we sent to Erebus:

A crew of hawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,

Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Ald-
gate!

Down comes a constable, and the sow his
sister

Most traitorously tramples upon authority:

There a whole stand of rug gowns routed
manly,

And the king's pence put to flight: A pur-
blind pig here [horn &;

Runs me his head into the admiral's lant-
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion:

A potter rises, to enquire this passion;
A boar imboast takes sanctuary in his shop,

When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheer-
ing;

Down go the pots, and pipkins, down the pud-
ding-pans,

The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the
candlesticks!

Seb. If this be true &, thou little tiny page,
This tale that thou tell'st me,

Then on thy back will I presently hang

A handsome new livery;

* For leers and leerings.] The word *leer* occurs in The New Inn, by Ben Jonson, act iv. scene 3. Lovel says, '——— I'll to bed, and sleep

' If th' house, and your *leer drunkards* let me.'

And also in Bartholomew Fair, 'the Author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with
' a *leer drunkard*, two or three to attend him in as good equipage as you would wish.' Upon
both which passages Mr. Whalley observes, that though the meaning of the word *leer*
cannot very easily be settled, the expression seems in both places to denote noisy, laughing,
roaring drunkards. R.

* Into the admirable lantern.] Former editions. Seward.

* If this be true, &c.] In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 67, in
Vol. II.

But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
As false it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
I'll beat thee from head to toe ⁶.

Enter Servant.

Sch. Will the boy come?

Serv. He will, sir.

Enter Thomas.

Sub. Time tries all then.

Loun. Here he comes now himself, sir.

Sch. To be short, Thomas,

Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
Concerning thy demeanor, and a main one,
And therefore like a father would be satisfied,
Get up to that window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, come from
Tripoly ⁶.

Tho. Good Lord, sir, how are you misled!

What fancies

(Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me
speak't,

And with a little wonder, I beseech you)

Chok up your noble judgment!

Sch. You rogue, Launcelot,

You lying rascal!

Loun. Will you spoil all again, sir?

Why, what a devil do you mean?

Tho. Away, knave!—

You keep a company of sancy fellows,
Debosh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour
you; [only—

Things, whose dull souls tend to the cellar
You're ill advis'd, sir, to commit your cred-
it—

Sch. Sirrah, sirrah!

Loun. Let me ne'er eat again, sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat,
If this young gentleman, sweet master Tho-
mas, [sir:

Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart,
If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Ro-
bin;

And if thou speakest less than truth—

Tho. 'Tis strange these varlets—

Serv. By these ten bones, sir, if these eyes
Can hear and see— [and ears

Tho. Extreme strange!—Should thus boldly
Bul in your sight, unto your son.

Loun. Oh, *Deu guin* ⁶!

Can you deny you beat a constable
Last night?

Tho. I touch authority, ye rascal?

I violate the law?

Loun. Good master Thomas!

Serv. Did you not take two wenches from
the wench too,

And put 'em into Pudding-Lane?

Loun. We menu not

Those civil things you did at Mr. Valentine's,
The fiddle, and the falias,

Tho. Oh, strange impudence!

I do beseech you, sir, give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son
thus; [sir,

Be wise in time, and turn 'em off. We live,
In a state govern'd civilly, and soberly,

Where each man's actions should confirm
Not crack, and cancel it. [the law,

Sch. Launcelot du Lake,

an old ballad entitled *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*, from which we shall extract two stanzas, which Sebastian seems to have intended to imitate:

^a If it be trewe, thou tincy foot-page,

^a This tale thou hast told to mee,

^a Then all my lands in Bucklesford Bury

^a I freebye will give to thee.

^a But if it be a lye, thou tincy foot-page,

^a This tale thou hast told to mee,

^a On the highest tree in Bucklesford Bury

^a All hanged shalt thou bee. *R.*

^a *I'll beat thee from head to toe.*] Unless the Poets here designed on purpose to disappoint the readers of a rhyme, we must look on this as a corruption, and then a very humorous expression may supply its place. Launcelot in his affectation of talking French had used the words *cap à pie* just before. The old man therefore may here repeat it with great humour—*I'll beat thee from cap à pie.* But the transcriber seeing what the sense should be, and not knowing that this expressed it, chose to put the English without regard to the rhyme. I hope therefore I do no more than restore it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's alteration is not unpalatable; yet it is too violent to be admitted into the text, contrary to the authority of all the old copies: Besides that, '*from cap à pie*' is rather a harsh expression.

^a *Come from Tripoly.*] In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act v. scene 1, La-Foolo says, 'I protest, sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do every whit, &c.' Upon which passage Mr. Whalley observes, that '*To come as high from Tripoly*' was a phrase then in use, to signify doing feats of activity and strength, and that Tripoly was famous for the jousts and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry; and from those feats the phrase was perhaps derived. *R.*

^a *Deu guin.*] Mr. Seward, with his accustomed fidelity, reads, *Dieu garde*; apprehending, no doubt, that 'it either was or ought to have been so wrote;' and, classing it among those variations which are 'too self-evident to require a note,' says nothing about it. *Deu guin* is the Welch ejaculation here designed, meaning literally *white God*.

Get you upon adventures! cast your coat,
And make your exit.

Lawn. Pour l'amour de Dieu!

*Seb. Pur sue no purs; but pur at that door;
out, sirrah!* [grunges]

I'll beat ye *push-blind* else; out, ye eight lan-
Lawn. My blood upon your head! [*Exit.*

Tho. Pur sue me 'em all, sir.

Seb. And you too presently.

Tho. Even as you please, sir.

Seb. Had my maid-servants come^o, and
bring my daughter;

I will have one shall please me.

[*Exit Servant.*

Tho. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Seb. Bring me the money there. Here, Mr.
Thomas!

Enter two Servants, with two bags.

I pray sit down; you are no more my son now;
Good gentleman, be cover'd.

Tho. At your pleasure. [whilom]

Seb. This money I do give ye, because of
You have been thought my son, and by my-
self too, [another.

And some things done like me: Ye are now
There is two hundred pound, a civil sum
For a young civil man: Much laud and lord-
ship

Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
To dread ye^o from your settled and sweet
carriage.

Tho. You say right, sir.

Seb. Nay, I beseech you, cover.

Tho. At your dispose. And I beseech you
too, sir,

For the word civil, and more settled course,
It may be put to use, that on the interest,
Like a poor gentleman—

Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again; do you see, sir? good fine
gentleman,

I give no brooding money for a scrivener;
Mine is for present traffick, and so I'll use it.

Tho. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, and four Maids.

Seb. For the main cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story-work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me;

Nat my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, there fore dead,
And I will break my luck, but I will get one.

Tho. Will you chuse there, sir?

Seb. There, among those damselfs,
In mine own tribes: I know their qualities,
Which cannot fail to please me. For their
beauties [fect,

A matter of a three furlings makes all per-

A little beer, and beef-broth; they are sound
too,

Stand all n-breast. Now, gentle Mr. Thomms,
Before I chuse, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these
too, [shew me

(Which fault I never frown'd upon) 'I pray
(For fear we confound our genealogies)

Which have you laid aboard; speak your
mind freely:

Have you had copulation with that damsel?

Tho. I have. [sir?

Seb. Stand you aside then. How with her,

Tho. How, is not seemly here to say.

Dor. Here's fine sport!

Seb. Retire you too. Speak forward, Mr.

Thomas. [all, sir,

Tho. I will, and to the purpose; even with

Seb. With all? that's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.

Was ever sin so glorious?

Seb. With all, Thomas?

Tho. All surely, sir.

Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet!

In again all, and to your several functions!

[*Exeunt Maids.*

What say you to young Lucie, my neighbour's
daughter? [vell'd;

She was too young, I take it, when you tra-
Some twelve years old.

Tho. Her will was fifteen, sir. [course,

Seb. A pretty answer, to cut off long dis-
For I have many yet to ask you of,

Where I can chuse, and nobly. Hold up your
finger, [Valerin,

When you are right: What say you to
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?

Tho. Her husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty moral! Have at ye once more,
Thomms: [boy!

The sisters of St. Albans?—All five? Dat
Dat's mine own boy!

Dor. Now out upon thee, monster!

Tho. Still hoping of your pardon.

Seb. There needs none, man;

A straw on pardon! prithe, need no pardon.
I'll ask no more, nor think no more of mar-
riage,

For o'my conscience I shall be thy cuckold.
There's some good yet left in him: Bear your-
self well, [sir;

You may recover me. There's twenty pound,
I see some sparkles which may flame again.

You may eat with me when you please; you
know me. [*Exit Seb.*

Dor. Why do you lie so damnably, so
foolishly?

Tho. Dost thou long to have thy head
broke? Hold thy peace,

^o Bid my maid servant come.] Former editions. Seward.

^o To dread you.] i. e. to frighten you: If the reader does not admit this uncommon use
of the word (which seemed designedly affected by the Authors), he may perhaps prefer *dread*
or *drive* or *drag*, either of which may stand in its room. Seward.

And do as I would have thee, or by this hand
I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound²¹,
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wild ass?

Tho. Prithce be quiet!

Dor. And dost thou think men will not
beat thee monstrously,
For abusing their wives and children?

Tho. And dost thou think [much?]

Men's wives and children can be abus'd too

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tho. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
Before I've done.

Dor. How stand you with your mistress?

Tho. I shall stand nearer [siness.]

Ere I be twelve hours older: There's my bu-
She's monstrous subtle, Dull.

Dor. The devil, I think,
Cannot out-subtle thee.

Tho. If he play fair play.

Come, you must help me presently.

Dor. I discard you.

Tho. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat!

Dor. I'll no hand with you,
No hawd to your abuses.

Tho. By this light, Doll,
Nothing but in the way of honesty!

Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear
your vigils. [her]

Tho. Sweet honey Doll—If I don't marry
Honestly marry her; if I mean not honour-
ably—

Come, thou shalt help me—Take heed how
you vex me!

I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentle-
man, [brown man;

(I know thou'rt mad) a tall young man, a
I swear he has his maidenhead; a rich
man— [answer ye.

Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'll

Tho. Nay, I'll go with thee, Doll.—Four
hundred a-year, wench! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Michael and Valentine.

Mich. Good sir, go back again, and take
my counsel; [from us]

Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke
Pull'd back again by sighs.

Val. What should I do, friend?

Mich. Do that that may redeem you, go
back quickly; [her;

Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with
The abbess is her aunt too.

Val. But my friend then,
Whose love and loss is equal tied?

Mich. Content you;
That shall be my task. If he be alive,

²¹ ————by this hand

I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hand.] Here the word *hand* by accident has been repeated at the end of the second line, and expelled the true word. The sense plainly leads us to a lap-dog, or a monkey, and the epithet *small* makes the former most probable: I read therefore 'small hound.' *Seward.*

Or where my travel and my care may reach
I'll bring him back again. [him,

Val. Say he come back [mistress]

To piece his poor friend's life out, and my

Be vow'd for ever a recluse?

Mich. So suddenly [away, sir,

She cannot; haste you therefore instantly
To put that danger by. First, as to a father,

Then as a friend, she was committed to you,
And all the care she now has: By which pri-
vilege

She cannot do herself this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows you.

Val. Oh, but I forc'd her to it.

Mich. Leave disputing [rable,

Against yourself: If you will needs be mis-
Spite of her goodness, and your friend's per-
sussions,

Think on, and thrive thereafter.

Val. I will bome then, [Michael—

And follow your advice; and, good, good
Mich. No more; I know your soul's di-
vided, Valentine: [rings,

Cure but that part at home with speedy mar-
Ere my return; for then those thoughts that
vex'd her, [tions,

While there ran any stream for loose affec-
Will be stopt up, and chaste-cy'd Honour
guide her. [you,

Away, and hope the best still! I'll work for
And pray too, heartily. Away; no more
words! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. I care not for my broken head.
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,

A lousy, lazy wench prepar'd to do it!

Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet; for o'
my conscience

He'll put another on thee else.

Hylas. I am resolv'd

To call him to account. Was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laugh'd at me,

When he lay roaring out, his leg was broken,
And no such matter? Had he broke his neck,

Indeed 'twould ne'er have griev'd me. Gal-
lows gall him!

Why should he chuse out me?

Sam. Thou'rt ever ready
To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,

And he as full of knavery to accept it.

Hylas. Well, if I live, I'll have a new trick
for him. [with him]

Sam. That will not be amiss, but to fight
Is to no purpose: Besides, he's truly valiant,

And a most deadly hand; thou never fought'st
yet, [ing.

Nor, o' my conscience, hast no faith in fight-

Hylas. No, no, I will not fight.

Sam. Besides, the quarrel,
Which has a woman in't, to make it scurvy,
Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands,
A month or two this weather? for, believe it,
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.

Hylas. No; upon better thought, I will not
But watch my time. [fight, Sam,

Sam. To pay him with a project; [me,
Watch him too, I would wish you. Prithce tell
Dost thou affect these women still?

Hylas. Yes, 'faith, Sam,
I love 'em, ev'n as well as e'er I did; [em.
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to
Sam. Dost thou love any woman?

Hylas. Any woman,
Of what degree or calling.

Sam. Of any age too? [teen, boy;

Hylas. Of any age, from fourscore to four-
Of any fashion.

Sam. And defect too?

Hylas. Right;

For those I love to lead me to repentance.
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry²²,
Shews like king Philip's moral, *Memento mori*;
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,
Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows;
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,
Sweet meats have sour sauce; she that's full
of aches, [porridge:
Crumb not your bread before you taste your
And many morals we may find.

Sam. 'Tis well, sir,
You make so worthy uses. But, *quid igitur*?
What shall we now determine?

Hylas. Let's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.

Sam. Let's find him first; he'll quickly give
an occasion: [you;
But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd
He has a plucky pate.

Hylas. That at my danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*Enter Sailors singing; to them, Michael and
Francis.*

Sail. Aboard, aboard! the wind stands fair.

Mich. These call for passengers; I'll stay
and see

What men they take aboard.

Fran. A boat, a boat, a boat!

Sail. Away then.

Fran. Winther are ye bound, friends?

Sail. Down to the Streights.

Mich. Ha! 'tis not much unlike him.

Fran. May I have passage for my money?

Sail. And welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he; I know 'tis he now.

Fran. Thou, merrily aboard. And, noble
friend, [virtue
Heav'n's goodness keep thee ever, and all
Dwell in thy bosom! Cellide, my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice!
For I dare stay no longer to betray you.

Mich. Be not so quick, sir. Sailors, I here
charge ye,

By virtue of this warrant, as you'll answer it,
(For both your ship and merchant I know
perfectly)

Lay hold upon this fellow!

Fran. Fellow?

Mich. Ay, sir. [ter you.

Sail. Nu hand to sword, sir; we shall mas-
Fetch out the manacles!

Fran. I do obey ye.

But, I beseech you, sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.

Mich. You have robb'd n gentleman,
One that you're bound to fur your life and
being;

Money and horse unjustly you took from him,
And something more a note; but—for you're
a gentleman—

Fran. It shall be so; and here I'll end all
miseries.

Since friendship is so cruel!—I confess it;
And, which is more, a hundred of these rob-
beries:

This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth.—Forgive
me, [em,

My innocence and truth, for saying I stole
And may they prove of value but to recom-
pense

The thousandth part of his love, and bread
I've eaten!—

'Pray see 'em render'd, noble sir; and so
I yield me to your power.

Mich. Guard him to th' wnter,
I charge ynu, sailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a justice.

²² A woman with no nose, after my surquedry.] *Surquedry* is pride or presumption: the original French word signifies over-thinking, and in that sense it is here used, '—After my surquedry, or according to my profound judgment.' Seward.

In the First Part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, act iii. this word occurs;

'———I will confesse plaine troth,

'I envy nothing but the Travense light.

'O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues it might'

'See sport, heare speech of most strange surquedries.

'O, if that candle light were made a poet,

'He would prove a rare firking satyrist,

'And draw the core forth of imposthum'd sinne.'

The word is also used by Spenser, and the Glossary to that Writer explains it in the same manner as Mr. Seward. R.

Sail. Come, sir;
Look to your neck; you're like to sail i' th' air
now, [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Maid.

Tho. Come, quickly, quickly, quickly;
paint me handsomely;

Take heed my nose be not in grain too.

Come, Doll, Doll, disen me.

Dor. If you should play now

Your devil's parts again—

Tho. 'Yea and nay,' Dorothy³².

Dor. If ye do nny thing, but that ye have
Which only is access— [sworn to,

Tho. As I'm a gentleman!

Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely.

Dor. You have your breeches?

Tho. I prithee away; thou know'st I'm
monstrous ticklish; [tucks?

What, dost thou think I love to blast my but-

Dor. I'll plague you for this roguery; for
I know well

What you intend, sir. [Aside.

Tho. On with my muffler!

Dor. You're a sweet lady! Come, let's see
you court'sy:

What, broke i' th' bum? Hold up your head.

Tho. Plague on't,

I shall bespise my breeches if I cower thus³⁴!

Come, am I ready?

Maid. At all points as like, sir,

As if you were my mistress.

Dor. Who goes with you?

Tho. None but my fortune, and myself.

[Exit.

Dor. Bless you!—

Now run thou for thy life, and get before him,
(Take the bye-way) and tell my cousin Mary

In what shape he intends to come to cozen her;

I'll follow at thy heels myself. Fly, wench!

Maid. I'll do it. [Exit.

Enter Sebastian and Thomas.

Dor. My father has met him; this goes
excellent!

And I'll away in time. Look to your skin,
Thomas! [Exit.

Seb. What, are you grown so corn-fed,
goody Gillian, [rics

You will not know your father? What vaga-
Have you in hand? what out-leaps, dirty heels,

That at these hours of night you must be gad-
ding, [sage?

And thro' the orchard take your private pas-
What, is the breeze in your breech? Or has

your brother

Appointed you an hour of meditation

How to demean himself? Get you to bed,
drab, [slut,

Or I'll so crab your shoulders—You demure
You civil dish of she'd beef, get you in!

Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is it even so, dame?

Have at you with a night-spell then!

Tho. 'Pray hold, sir!

Seb. 'St. George, St. George, our lady's
Knight,

'He walks by day, so does he by night;

'And when he had her found,

'He her beat and her bound,

'Until to him her troth she plight,

'She would not stir from him that night.

Tho. Nay then, have at you with a counter
spell:

'From elves, hobs, and fairies,

'That trouble our dairies,

'From fire-drakes and fiends,

'And such as the de'il sends,

'Defend us, good Heav'n!

[Knocks down Seb. and exit.

Enter Lancelot.

Lanc. Bless me, master! Look up, sir, I
beseech you!

Up with your eyes to Heav'n!

Seb. Up with your nose, sir!

I do not bleed. 'Twas a sound knock she gave
me;

A plaguy mankind girl³⁵! How my brains
totter!

³² Yea and nay, Dorothy.] The humour of this seems lost in the former editions. Tom seems to use the expression *yea and nay* as an adjective, *yea-and-nay* Dorothy: i. e. Puritanical Dorothy. Seward.

Mr. Seward is wrong, though the comma after *yea and nay*, might have kept him right. Tom does not call her *puritanical*, but, by a droll imitation of the fanatics of our Authors' time, intimates that his designs are as chaste as those of the religionists, whose conversation was *Yea, yea, and nay, nay*. He makes use of the same expression, at his first meeting with Hylas and Sum:

'Do not you see me alter'd? 'Yea and nay,' gentlemen;

'A much converted man.'

³⁴ If I cower thus.] i. e. bend, stoop, or shrink.

'As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold

'Approaching two and two, these cowering low

'With bloodislaunt, each bird stoop'd on his wing.'

Paradise Lost, b. viii. l. 349. R.

³⁵ A plaguy mankind girl.] Dr. Johnson says that a *mankind* woman is yet used, in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. R.

'Oh, mankind generation!' occurs in The Silent Woman.

Well, go thy ways; th' hast got one thousand
pound more [her too.]

With this dog trick. Mine own true spirit in
Laun. In her? Alas, sir,

Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy,
To knock you like a calf down, or so brave
a courage

To beat her father? If you could believe,
sir—

Seb. Who wouldst thou make me believe it
was? the devil? [times, sir,

Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he some-
And changes shapes as often; your son Thom-
mas. [me.]

Ne'er wonder; if it be not he, straight hang

Seb. He? If it be so,
I'll put thee in my will; and there's an end
on't. [a player,

Laun. I saw his legs; he has boots on like
Under his wench's cloaths; 'tis he, 'tis Thom-
mas, [watch him²⁶.]

In his own sister's cloaths, sir, and I can
Seb. No more words then; we'll watch him.

Thou'lt not believe, Launce,
How heartily glad I am.

Laun. May you be gladder!
But not this way, sir.

Seb. No more words, but watch him.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, and Maid.

Mary. When comes he?

Dor. Presently.

Mary. Then get you up, Dull;

Away; I'll straight come to you. Is all ready?

Maid. All.

Mary. Let the light stand far enough.

Maid. 'Tis plac'd so. [chamber:]

Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his
But keep close, wench; he flies at all.

Maid. I warrant you.

Mary. You need no more instruction?

Maid. I am perfect. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Valentine and Thomas.

Tho. More stops yet? Sure the fiend's my
ghostly father.

Old Valentine! what wind's in his poop?

Val. Lady,

You're met most happily. Oh, gentle Doll,

You must now do me an especial favour.

Tho. What is it, master Valentine?—I'm
sorely troubled

With a salt rheum full'n i' my gums.

Val. I'll tell you, [tress,

And let it move you equally: My blest mis-

Upon a slight occasion taking anger,

Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,

From whence by my persuasion to redeem her

Will be impossible; nor have I liberty

To come and visit her. My good, good Do-

rothy, [aunt too,

You are most powerful with her, and your

And have access at all hours liberally;

Speak now or never for me!

Tho. In a nunnery?

That course must not be suffer'd, master

Valentine; [me;

Her mother never knew it.—Rare sport for

Sport upon sport!—By th' break of day I'll

meet ye; [warrant ye,

And fear not, man; we'll have her out, I

I cannot stay now.

Val. You'll not break?

Tho. By no means.

Good night.

Val. Good night, kind mistress Doll.

[Exit.

Tho. This thrives well;

Every one takes me for my sister; excellent!

This nunnery's full'n so pat too, to my figure,

Where there be handsome wenches, and they

shall know it,

If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.

Stay, here's the house, and one of her maids.

[Enter Maid.]

Maid. Who's there?

Oh, mistress Dorothy! You are a stranger.

Tho. Still mistress Dorothy? This geer will

cotton²⁷.

Maid. Will you walk in, forsooth?

Tho. Where is your mistress?

Maid. Not very well; she's gone to bed;

I'm glad

You're come so fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid. Pray make not much noise, for she's

sure asleep. [company]

You know your side; creep softly in; your

Will warm her well.

Tho. I warrant thee, I'll warm her.

Maid. Your brother has been here; the

strangest fellow!

Tho. A very rogue, a rank rogue!

²⁶ In his own sister's cloaths, sir, and I can walt him.] The variation is Mr. Seward's, who says he at first proposed reading *canvass*; i. e. searched or inquired into him; but that by Sebastian's answer, 'We'll watch him,' the word *watch* seems the more probable reading.

²⁷ This geer will cotton.] This seems to have been a cant expression, understood at the time. In *Lily's Campaspe*, an old play in Dodsley's Collection, vol. ii. Alexander says, 'Now, Hephæstion, doth not this matter cotton as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly, 'liberty will increase her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour.' By which it appears, that the matter is said to *cotton* from the concurrence of all these circumstances: So here, from the number of successful tokens, Thomas says, 'This geer will cotton.' In the same sense we still say, that 'things *cotton* together.'

Maid. I'll conduct you
Ev'n to her chamber-door, and there commit
you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Enter Michael, Francis, and Officers.

Mich. Come, sir, for this night I shall
entertain ye.

And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath cast you on the worst part.

Fraa. How you please, sir:

I am resolv'd; nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.

Mich. I'm angry with myself now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience;
Yet any other course had been too slender.
Yet what to think I know not; for most li-
berally [they prove so,

He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if
Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and
this way. [Exeunt.]

Drink that; and now to my care leave your
prisoner;

I'll be his guard for this night.

Off. Good night to your worship. [Exeunt.]

Mich. Good night, my honest friends.

Come, sir, I hope

There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on.

Fraa. Faith, sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter; nor is my
face

The map of any thing I seem to suffer;

Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, sir.

Mich. A constant gentleman.—'Would I
had taken

A fever, when I took this harsh way to dis-
turb him! [night

Come, walk with me, sir; ere tomorrow-
I doubt not but to see all this blown over. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. I HAVE dog'd his sister, (sure 'twas
she) [night too;
And I hope she will come back again this
Sam I have lost of purpose: Now if I can,
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *reindeicta*!
They stir about the house; I'll stand at dis-
tance. [Exit.]

*Enter Mary and Dorothy, and then Thomas
and Maid.*

Dor. Is he come in?

Mary. Speak softly;

He is, and there he goes.

Good night, good night, wench!

[A bed discovered, with a Blackmoor in it.

Maid. As softly as you can. [Exit.]

Tho. I'll play the mouse, Nan.

How close the little thief lies!

Mary. How he itches! [and I

Dor. What would you give now to be there,

At home, Mall?

Mary. Pence; for shut me!

Tho. In what a figure

The little fool has pull'd itself together!

Anon you will lie straighter; ha! there's rare
circumstance

Belongs to such a treatise. Do you tumble?
I'll tumble with you straight, wench. She

sleeps soundly. [ing,

Full little thank'st thou of thy joy that's com-
The sweet, sweet joy! full little of the kisses;
But those unthought-of things come ever
happiest.

How soft the rogue feels! Oh, you little villain,
You delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum you!
Your 'Fy! awny, good servant! as you are
a gentleman!—

Mary. Prithee leave laughing.

Tho. Out upon you, Thomas!

'What do you mean to do? I'll call the house
up! [serve you;

'Oh, God, I'm sure you will not!' shall not
Fur up you go now, an you were my father.

Mary. Your courage will be cool'd anon.

Tho. If I do hang far't,

Yet I'll be quarter'd here first.

Dor. Oh, fierce villain!

Mary. What would he do indeed, Doll?

Dor. You had best try him. [Mary—

Tho. I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet

Mary. Prithee, leave laughing.

Dor. Oh, for gentle Nicholas!

Tho. And view that stormy face that has
so thunder'd me.

A coldness crept over't now? By your leave,
candle. [pretty—

And next, door, by yours too! So; a pretty,
Shall I now look upon ye? By this light it
moves me.

Mary. Much good may it do you, sir!

Tho. Holy saints defend me!

The devil, devil, devil, devil! oh, the devil!

Mary. Dor! Ha, ha, ha, ha! The devil!
oh, the devil! [bestly!

Tho. I am abus'd most damnedly, most
Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,

And here's no staying longer in this cassock.
Woman, I here disclaim thee! and, in ven-
geance,

I'll marry with that devil, but I'll vex thee!

Mary. By'r lady, but you shall not, sir!
 I'll watch ye.
Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide!
 I'll waken you.
Devil. good night! Good night, good devil!
Moor. Oh!
Tho. Roar again, devil, roar again. [*Erit.*
Moor. Oh, oh, sir! [*vanish:*
Mary. Open the doors before him; let him
 Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.
How now, wench? [*tress,*
Moor. 'Pray lie here yourself next, mis-
 And entertain your sweetheart.
Mary. What said he to thee?
Moor. I had a soft bed, and I slept out all
 But his kind farewell: You may bake me now,
 For o'my conscience, he has made me venison.
Mary. Alas, poor Kate! I'll give thee a
 new petticoat.
Dor. And I a waistcoat, wench.
Mary. Draw in the bed, maids, [*too,*
 And see it made again; put fresh sheets on
 For Doll and I. Come, wench, let's laugh an
 hour now.
 Tomorrow, early, will we see young Cellide;
 They say she has taken sanctuary: Love and
 hay.²⁸ [*thes!*
 Are thick sown, but come up so full of this-
Dor. They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a
 pricking age grown.
 Prudence to bed, for i am monstrous sleepy.
Mary. A match; but art not thou thy bro-
Dor. 'Would I were, wench! [*ther?*
 You should hear further.
Mary. Come; no more of that, Doll!
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hyllas and Thomas.

Hyllas. I heard the doors clap; now, an't
 be thy will, wench—
 By th' mass she comes. You're fairly met,²⁹
 fair gentlewoman!
 I take it mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter.
Tho. You take it right³⁰, sir.—Hyllas, are
 you ferreting?
 I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently.
Hyllas. How dare you walk so late, sweet,
 so weak guarded? [*flook for;*
Tho. Faith, sir, I do no harm, nor none i
 Yet I am glad I've met so good a gentleman,
 Against all chances; for tho' I never knew
 you,
 Yet I have heard much good spoke of you.
Hyllas. Hark you;
 What if a man should kiss you?
Tho. That's no harm, sir.— [*mischief.*
 'Pray God he 'scapes my beard! there lies the

Hyllas. Her lips are monstrous rugged; but
 that surely
 Is but the sharpness of the weather.—Hark
 ye, once more, [*so,*
 And in your ear, sweet mistress, (for you are
 And ever shall be from this hour, I've vow'd
 it)——

Enter Sebastian and Launcelot.

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, rogue; dost
 thou not see her
 Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?
Laun. Kissing?
Seb. Now, now; now they agree o' th'
 match too.
Tho. Nay then, you love me not.
Hyllas. By this white hand, Doll!
Tho. I must confess, I've long desir'd your
 sight, sir.
Laun. Why there's the boots still, sir.
Seb. Hang boots, sir!
 Why, they'll wear breeches too.
Tho. Dishonest me?
 Not for the world.

Seb. Why, now they kiss again; there!
 I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing
 Out the back way must needs have such a
 meaning.

Laun. I'm at my small wits' end.

Tho. If you mean honourably——

Laun. Did she ne'er beat you before, sir?

Seb. Why dost thou follow me?

Thou rascal, slave, hast thou not twice abus'd
 me? [*covenant;*
 Hast thou not spoil'd the boy? By thine own
 Wouldst thou not now be hang'd?

Laun. I think I would, sir;

But you are so impatient! Does not this
 shew, sir, [*judgment;*
 (I do beseech you speak, and speak with
 And let the case be equally consider'd)
 Far braver in your daughter? In a son now,
 'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;
 But to heget a daughter, a man-maiden,
 That reaches at these high exploits, is ad-
 mirable! [*durst he,*

Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when
 But when he was drunk, do any thung to speak
 This is Sebastian truly. [*of?*

Seb. Thou say'st right, Launce;
 And there's my hand once more.

Tho. Not without marriage.

Seb. Didst thou hear that?

Laun. I think she spoke of marriage.

Seb. And he shall marry her (for it seems
 she likes him)

And their first boy shall be my heir.

Laun. Ay, marry,
 Now you go right to work.

²⁸ Love and they — are thick sown, &c.] That this is corrupt needs no proof: I read
 love and hay, i. e. 'Hay seeds are thick sown,' &c. Seward.

²⁹ You're surely met.] Former editions all read thus.

³⁰ Tho. I take right, sir.] The sense and measure both are improved by the change made
 in this reading. Seward.

Tho. Fy, fy, sir!
Now I have promis'd you this night to marry,
Would you be so intemperate? Are you a
gentleman? [this rascal]

Hylas. I have no maw to marriage, yet
Tempt me extremely.—Will you marry pre-
sently? [chapel,

Tho. Get you afore, and stay me at the
Close by the nunnery; there you shall find
a night-priest, [mony

Little Sir Hugh, and he can say the matri-
Over without book; for we must have no
company,

Nor light, for fear my father know, which
must not yet be:

And then tomorrow-night—

Hylas. Nothing to-night, sweet?

Tho. No, not a bit. I'm sent of business,
About my dowry, sweet; do not you spoil all
now; [marriage!

'Tis of much haste.—I can scarce stay the
Now, if you love me, get you gone!

Hylas. You'll follow?

Tho. Within this hour, my sweet chick.

Hylas. Kiss.

Tho. A rope kiss you!—

Come, come; I stand o' thorns.

Hylas. Methinks her mouth still

Is monstrous rough; but they have ways to
Farewell! [mend it.—

Tho. Farewell!—I'll fit you with a wife, sir.

Seb. Come, follow close; I'll see the end
she aims at,

And if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot,
Fiat! 'tis done, and all my 'state is settled.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Abbess, Cellide, and Nuns.

Abbess. Come, to your matins, maids!
These early hours,

My gentle daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in ease.

Cel. No, virtuous mother,

'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which
They shall forget the child of ease, soft
slumber⁶¹.

Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in
me,

Commanding and forbidding at one instant!
Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?

Why didst thou bring that young man home,
oh, Valentine,

That virtuous youth? Why didst thou speak
his goodness,

In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant!

Why didst thou foster my affection

⁶¹ The child of ease, soft slumbers.] Former editions. *Scard.*

⁶² All to be married.] We should either read, 'All but to be married;' or, 'All to being
'married.'

'Till it grew up to know no other father,
And then betray it?

Abbess. Can you sing?

Cel. Yes, mother,

My sorrows only.

Abbess. Be gone, and to the choir then.

[*Exeunt. Musick, singing.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Michael and Servant, and Francis.

Mich. Hast thou enquir'd him out?

Serv. He's not at home, sir;

His sister thinks he's gone to th' nunnery.

Mich. Most likely: I'll away. An hour
hence, sirrah,

Come you along with this young gentleman;
Do him all service, and fair office.

Serv. Yes, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Where hast thou been, man?

Hylas. Is there ne'er a shop open?

I'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.

Sam. What's the matter?

Hylas. What dost thou think?

Sam. Thou art not married?

Hylas. By th' mass but I am, all to being
married⁶²;

I am i' th' order now, Sam.

Sam. To whom, prithee?

I thought there was some such trick in't, you
stole from me.

But who, for Hen'ry's sake?

Hylas. Ev'n the sweetest woman,

The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest,
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice, boy,

Not a bit beforehand, for my life, sirrah;

And of a lusty kindred!

Sam. But who, Hylas?

Hylas. The young gentleman and I are like
to be friends again;

The fates will have it so.

Sam. Who, Monsieur Thomas?

Hylas. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. Oh, now I smell you, Hylas;

Does he know of it?

Hylas. No, there's the trick I owe him;

'Tis done, boy; we are fast, 'faith! My youth
now

Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no trick in't?

Hylas. None, but up and ride, boy.

I have made her no jointure neither; there I
have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave wench.

Hylas. She shall be, as I'll use her;

And, if she anger me, all his abuses

I'll clap upon her cassock.

Sam. Take heed, Hylas!

Hylas. 'Tis past that, Sam. Come, I must meet her presently,
And thou⁶⁰ shalt see me a most glorious husband.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, and Valentine.

Dor. In troth, sir, you ne'er spoke to me.

Val. Can you forget me? [ning]

Did not you promise all your help and eun-

In my behalf, but for one hour to see her?

Did you not sweat it? By this hand, no strict-

ness [broken.

Nor rule this house holds, shall by me be

Dor. I saw you not these two days.

Val. Do not wrong me!

I met you, by my life, just as you enter'd

This gentle lady's lodge, just night, thus suited,

About eleven o'clock.

Dor. 'Tis true, I was there;

But that I saw or spoke to you—

Mary. I've found it;

Your brother Thomas, Doll!

Dor. Pray, sir, be satisfied,

And wherein I can do you good, command

me.— [sir,

What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while,

Whilst we walk in, and make your peace.

[*Exit with Mary.*]

Enter Abbess.

Val. I thank you. [*Sneak within.*

Abbess. Why, what's the matter there a-

mong these maids?

Now, *benedicite*! Have ye got the breeze there?

Give me my holy sprinkle!

Enter two Nuns.

1 *Nun.* Oh, madam,

There is a strange thing like a gentlewoman,

Like mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend)

Crept into th' nunnery, we know not which

Plays revel-rout among us. [way,

Abbess. Give me my holy water-pot!

1 *Nun.* Here, madam. [thee,

Abbess. Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure

Of water, or of fire— [*Sneak within.*

1 *Nun.* Hark, madam, hark!

Abbess. Be thou ghost that cannot rest,

Or a shadow of the bless'd,

Be thou black, or white, or green,

Be thou heard, or to be seen—

Enter Thomas and Cellide.

2 *Nun.* It comes, it comes!

Cel. What are you? speak, speak gently;

And next, what would you with me?

Tho. Any thing you'll let me.

Cel. You are no woman certain.

Tho. Nor you no nun,

Nor shall not be.

Cel. What make you here?

Tho. I am a holy friar.

Abbess. Is this the spirit?

Tho. Nothing but spirit, nunt.

Abbess. Now out upon thee!

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, nunt.

Abbess. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one; here's my purpose⁶⁰:

Out with this nun; she is too handsome for ye.

I'll tell thee, nunt, and I speak it with tears

to thee, [art wiser,

If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou

Mark but the mischief follows!

Abbess. She's a votress. [undo thee.

Tho. Let her be what she will, she will

Let her but one hour out, as I direct you,

Or have among your nuns again!

Abbess. You have no project

But fair and honest?

Tho. As thine eyes, sweet Abbess.

Abbess. I will be rul'd then.

Tho. Thus then, and persuade her—

But do not juggle with me; if you do, nunt—

Abbess. I must be there myself.

Tho. Away, and fit her.

Abbess. Come, daughter, you must now be

rul'd or never.

Cel. I must obey your will.

Abbess. That's my good daughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Dorothy and Mary.

Mary. What a coil has this fellow, kept

in th' nunnery!

Sure he has run the Abbess out of her wits.

Dor. Out of the nunnery, I think; for we

can neither see her

Nor the young Cellide.

Mary. 'Pray Heav'n, he be not teasing!

Dor. Nay, you may thank yourself; 'twas

your own structures.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Why, there's the gentlewoman.

Hylas. 'Mass, 'tis she indeed.

How smart the pretty thief looks! 'Morrow,

mistress!

Dor. Good morrow to you, sir!

Sam. How strange she bears it!

Hylas. Maids must do so, at first.

Dor. Would ye aught with us, gentlemen?

Hylas. Yes, marry, would I,

A little with your ladyship.

Dor. Your will, sir?

Hylas. Doll, I would have you presently

prepare [with you;

Yourself and those things you would have

For my house is ready.

Dor. How, sir?

Hylas. And this night

Not to fail; you must come to me; my friends

⁶⁰ And now shalt.] Former editions.

⁶¹ Here's my purpose.] The old quarto reads, 'Here's my purpose.'

Will all be there too. For trunks, and those things, [have carried,
And household-stuff, and cloaths, you would
Tomorrow, or the next day, I'll take order:
Only what money you have, bring away with
And jewels. [you,

Dor. Jewels, sir?

Hylas. Ay, for adornment.

There's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy:
And now, come kiss me heartily!

Dor. Who are you?

Hylas. This lady shall be welcome too.

Mary. To what, sir?

Hylas. Your neighbour can resolve you.

Dor. The man's foolish!

Sir, you look soberly: Who is this fellow,
And where's his business?

Sam. By Heav'n, thou art abus'd still.

Hylas. It may be so. Come, ye may speak
now boldly;

There's none but friends, wench.

Dor. Came you out of Bedlam?

Alas, 'tis ill, sir, that you suffer him
To walk i' th' open air thus; 'twill undo him.

A pretty handsome gentleman: Great pity!
Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'st not
cozen'd.

Hylas. Are not you my wife? Did not I
marry you last night,

At St. Michael's Chapel?

Dor. Did not I say he was mad?

Hylas. Are not you mistress Dorothy,
Thomas's sister?

Mary. There he speaks sense; but I'll as-
sure you, gentleman, [it?

I think no wife of yours. At what hour was
Hylas. 'Precious, you'll make me mad!

Did not the priest, [o'clock

Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve
Tie our hands fast? Did not you swear you
lov'd me? [woman's?

Did not I court ye, coming from this gentle-

Mary. Good sir, go sleep; for, if I credit

She was in my arms then a-bed. [have,

Sam. I told you.

Hylas. Be not so confident!

Dor. By th' mass, she must, sir;

For I'll no husband here, before I know him:
And so good morrow to ye! Come, let's go
seek 'em.

Sam. I told you what you had done.

Hylas. Is the devil stirring?

Well, go with me; for now I will be married.

Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Michael, Valentine, and Alice.

Mich. I've brought him back again.

Val. You have done a friendship,

Worthy the love you bear me.

Mich. Would he had so too!

Val. Oh, he's a worthy young man.

Mich. When all's tried,

I fear you'll change your faith. Bring in the
gentleman.

*Enter Francis and Servant, Abbot and
Cellide, severally.*

Val. My happy mistress too? Now, For-
tune, help me!

And all you stars that govern chaste desires,
Shine fair, and lovely!

Abbot. But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence, and his; and then your
pleasure. [me yield,

Cell. Tho' much unwilling, you have made
More for his sake I see: How full of sorrow,
Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but know'st to heal, as well as
hurt us. [ou him:

Mich. Be rul'd by me: I see her eye fast
And what you heard, believe; for 'tis so
certain [dence:

He neither dar'd, nor must oppose my evi-
And be you wise, young lady, and believe too.
This man you love, sir?

Val. As I love my soul, sir.

Mich. This man you put into a free posses-
sion [der?

Of what his wants could ask, or yourself ren-
Val. And shall do still.

Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid: That friendship first was
broken, [row

And you and she abus'd; next, (to my sor-
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being
Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of saying felony to his charge, to fright the
sailors)

Divers abuses done, thefts often practis'd,
Mouies and jewels too, and those no trifles.

Cell. Oh, where have I bestow'd my faith?

In neither

(Let's in for ever now) there is virtue^a!

Mich. Nay, do not wonder at it; he shall
Are you not guilty thus? [say it:

^a ——— in neither!

Let's in for ever now, there is virtue.] I read,
'—— in neither—— there is no virtue.'

I fear that I shall be thought to put a nonsensical expletive into the text for the sake of measure only; but the use of two negatives in this manner is so very common to all old English writers, and to our Authors in particular, that I cannot doubt of its being the true reading. *Seward.*

We see no necessity for this alteration; though two negatives are not uncommon, they are not necessary.—Besides, Mr. Seward is wrong in his assertion, 'that two negatives are particularly common to our Authors.'

Fran. Yes.—Oh, my fortune!

Mich. To give proof I speak not enviously,
Look here: D'you know these jewels?

Cel. Ju, good mother!

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Mary; then Sebastian and Lanucelot.

Fal. These jewels I have known.

Dor. You've made brave sport!

Tho. I'll make more if I live, wench.

Nay, do not look on me; I care not for you.

Lann. Do you see now plain? That's mistress Dorothy,

And that's his mistress.

Seb. Peace; let my joy work easily.

Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy,
Tom, boy!

Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of
wine; the town's ours!

Fal. Sure, I have known these jewels.

Alice. They are they, certain.

Fal. Good Heav'n, that they were!

Alice. I'll pawn my life on't;

And this is he. Come hither, mistress Dorothy,

And mistress Mary: Who does that face
And view my brother well?

Dor. In truth, like him.

Mary. Upon my troth, exceeding like.

Mich. Beshrew me,

But laugh, and main resemblance, both of
face [it!

And lineaments of body: Now Heav'n grant
Alice. My brother's full of passion. I'll

speak to him.—

Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these jewels?

Fran. Now I'll tell you, [happy.
Because blind Fortune yet may make me

Of whom I had 'e'en I have never heard yet,
But from my infancy upon this arm

I ever wore 'em.

Alice. 'Tis Francisco, brother;

By Heav'n, I tied 'em on! A little more, sir,
A little, little more: What parents have you?

Fran. None, [tune;
That I know yet, the more my stubborn fort-

But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,

When I reach'd eighteen years—

Alice. What said that merchant?

Fran. He said, an infant in the Genoa
gallies,

(But from what place he never could direct
me)

I was ta'en in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,
Out of his sonny pity, he redeem'd me.

He told me of a nurse that waited on me,

But she, poor soul, he said, was kill'd:

A letter too I had enclos'd within me,

To one Castruccio, a Venetian merchant,

To bring me up: The man, when years al-

low'd me, [found him
And want of friends compell'd, I sought; but

Long dead before, and all my hopes gone
with him.

The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,

For which Heav'n recompence him! Now
ye've all. [can send me,

Fal. And all the worldly bliss that Heav'n
And all my prayers and thanks!

Alice. Down o' your knees, sir! [ther
For now you've found a father, and that fa-

That will not venture you again in gallies.

Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, sir; and we
all joy with you.

Fal. My best friend still, my dearest!
Now Heav'n bless thee,

And make me worthy of this benefit!

Now, my best mistress.

Cel. Now, sir, I come to you—

Alice. No, no; let's in, wench.

Cel. Not for the world, now, mother.—

And thus, sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.

Fal. And may it prosper! [Callidon⁶,
Take her, Francisco, now no more young

And love her dearly; for thy father does so.
Fran. May all hate seek me else! and thus

I seal it.

Fal. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. Nay, I will find him.

Sam. What do all these here?

Tho. You're a trusty husband,

And a hot lover too.

Hylas. Nay then, good morrow!

Now I perceive the knavery.

Sam. I still told you! [hither, sister.

Tho. Stay, or I'll make you stay. Come

Fal. Why, how now, mistress Thomas?

Tho. Peace a little!

Thou wouldst fain have a wife.

Hylas. Not I; by no means.

⁴ For which Heav'n recompens'd him.] Former edit. Seward.

⁶ Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon.] There is an inaccuracy in this play: Frank had been never called Callidon before, but by his own name. Thus, in the second act, Thomas says,

'Whit, young Frank?

'The only temper'd spirit, &c.'

But it is very probable that this was the actor's or printer's mistake, who seeing him called Frank in the *Persons of the Drama*, might call him so here without attending to the sequel, without which the name Callidon in that place would not have been intelligible. Seward.

We see no way of clearing the Authors of this inaccuracy; probably the effect of hasty composition.

Tho. Thou shalt have a wife,
And a fruitful wife; for I find, *Hylas*,
That I shall never be able to bring thee chil-
dren. [again⁶⁶!]

Seb. A notable brave boy! nown son
Hylas. I am very well, sir.

Tho. Thou shalt be better.

Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pounds a-
year, [jointure.

And thou shalt make her three hundred
Hylas. No.

Tho. Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow

Two hundred pounds in cloaths. Look on
her; [dred,

A delicate lusty wench; she has fifteen hun-
dred and feasible: Strike hands, or I'll strike first.

Dor. You'll let me like?

Mary. He's a good handsome fellow;
Phy not the fool.

Tho. Strike, brother *Hylas*, quickly.

Hylas. If you can love me, well.

Dor. if you can please me.

Tho. Try that out soon: I say, my brother
Hylas. [brave gentlewoman.

Sam. Take her, and use her well; she's a
Hylas. You must allow me another mistress.

Dor. Then you must allow me another
servant.

Hylas. Well, let's together then. A lasty
kindred!

Seb. I'll give thee five hundred pounds
more for that word. [least full.

Mary. Now, sir, for you and I to make the
Tho. No, not a bit; you are a virtuous lady,

And love to live in contemplation.

Mary. Come, fool; I'm friends now.

Tho. The fool shall not ride you.

There lie, my woman! now my man again!
And now for travel once more!

Seb. I'll bar that first.

Mary. And I next. [will travel:

Tho. Hold yourself contented; for I say I
And so long I will travel, 'till I find a father

That I never knew, and a wife that I never
look'd for,

And a state without expectation:

So rest you merry, gentlemen!

Mary. You shall not!

Upon my faith, I love you now extremely,

And now I'll kiss you.

Tho. This will not do it, mistress. [more.

Mary. Why, when we're married, we'll do

Seb. There's all, boy,

The keys of all I have. Come, let's be merry!
For now I see thou'rt right.

Tho. Shall we to church straight?

Val. Now presently; and there with nuptial
The holy priest shall make ye happy all.

Tho. Away then, fair, afore!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

⁶⁶ A notable brave boy. Known son again.] So old quarto. The later editions leave out the three last words; which, however, we do not doubt, were genuine, (except the orthographical mistake,) and spoken by the actor.

THE CHANCES:

A COMEDY.

This Play was originally printed in the folio edition of 1647, and the Commendatory Verses by Gardiner, as well as the Prologue, ascribe it to Fletcher alone. The celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, made some considerable alterations to it, and in that state it used to be frequently acted; but the licentiousness of that nobleman's pen rendering the Play improper for representation at this refined period, further alterations became necessary; and these have been made, with much judgement, by the great ornament of the English Theatre, Mr. Garrick.

PROLOGUE.

APTNESS for mirth to all! This instant night
Thalia hath prepar'd, for your delight,
Her choice and curious viands, in each part
Season'd with rarities of wit and art:
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made
it, he
Being in himself a perfect Comedy.
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre [we
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much
Could not but pay to his loud memory.

For ourselves, we do entreat that you would
not
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot,
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme,
To gall particular persons with the time;
Or that his taw'ring muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight;
But if that sweet expressions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, fashion'd to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise;
We may profess, presuming on his skill,
If his *Chances* please not you, our fortune's ill.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Ferrara.
PETRUCHIO, Governor of Bologna.
DON JOHN, } Spanish Gentlemen, and
DON FREDERICK, } Comrades.
ANTONIO, an old stout Gentleman, Kinsman
to Petruchio.
THREE GENTLEMEN, Friends to the Duke.
TWO GENTLEMEN, Friends to Petruchio.
FRANCISCO, a Musician, Antonio's Boy.
PETER VECCHIO, a Teacher of Latin and
Musick, a reputed Wizard.

PETER, } Servants to Don John and Don
ANTHONY, } Frederick.
SURGEON.
CONSTANTIA, Sister to Petruchio, and Mis-
tress to the Duke.
WOMAN, Servant to Constantia.
LANDLADY to Don John and Don Frederick.
CONSTANTIA, a Whore to old Antonio.
BAWD.

SCENE, *Bologna.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Peter. I WOULD we were remov'd from
this town, Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet: For mine
own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,

Of who knows whom, or where. Serve
wenching soldiers,
That know no other Paradise but plaquets?
I'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-
ropes.
Anth. Thou art the forward'st fool——
Peter. Why, good tame Anthony, [ther?
Tell me but this: To what end came we hi-
Anth. To wait upon our masters.

Peter. But how, Anthony! [thony.
Answer me that; resolve me there, good An-
Anthony. To serve their uses.

Peter. Shew your uses, Anthony.

Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.

Peter. No, Anthony,

Not any thing, I take it; nor that thing

We travel to discover, like new islands;

A salt itch serve such uses! In things of mo-
ment, [errant,

Concerning things, I grant you; not things
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the
surgeon;

To no such things, sweet Anthony. Put ease—

Anth. Come, come, all will be mended;
this invisible woman,

Of infinite report for shape and virtue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on,
But full close to their studies.

Peter. Was there ever

Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they know not where

To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are
men's brains [timid

Made now-a-days of mud, that their affec-
Are never sober, but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe 'em,
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken
Are ever loving. [men

Anth. Prithce be thou sober, [guilty
And know, that they are none of those; not
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so
block'd [now settled

And lock'd up from their senses, they're
To give the wonder over.

Peter. Would they were settled
To give me some new shoes too! For I'll be
sworn

These are e'en worn out in th' reasonable uses
In their good worships' business: And some
sleep

Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a hell-man of me. And what now
Mean they to study, Anthony? moral philo-
After their war-off women? [sophy,

Anth. Mar a fool's head!

Peter. It will mar two fools' heads, as they
take not heed,

Besides the giblets to 'em.

Anth. Will you walk, sir, - [head
And talk more out of hearing? your fool's
May chance to find a wooden night-cap else.

Peter. I never lay in any.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

Anth. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying. Here they come;
You'd best tell them as much.

Peter. I am no tell-tale. [Exeunt Servants.

John. I would we could have seen her
tho'; for sure

She must be some rare creature, or report
All men's reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I'd seen her;
But since she's so conceal'd, so beyond ven-
ture

Kept and preserv'd from view, so like a Para-
Plac'd where no knowledge can come near
her, so guarded [her,

As 'twere impossible, tho' known, to reach
I've made up my belief.

John. Hang me, from this hour,
If I more think upon her, or believe her;
But, as she came, a strong report unto me,
So the next fume shall luse her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way.

But whither are you walking?

John. My old round

After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. Upon my life, this lady still—

Fred. Then you will lose it.

John. Tray let us walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet you.

John. Where?

Fred. I'll High Street;

For, not to lie, I have a few devotions

To do first, than I'll yours,

John. Remember. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his windpipe, I say!

1 *Gent.* Fy, Antonio!

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and
then forgive him!

If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,

A surgeon may see thine him.

1 *Gent.* You are too violent.

2 *Gent.* Too open undiscreet.

Petr. Am I not ruin'd? [poison'd?

The honour of my house crack'd? my blood

My credit, and my name?

2 *Gent.* Be sure it be so,

Before you use this violence: Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger, so much sway you
Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say, kill him, [may be,
And then dispute the cause! Cut off what
And what is shall be safe.

2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,

Because 'tis possible he may be thiefish?

Alas, is this good justice?

Petr. I know, as certain

As day must come again, as clear as truth,

And open as belief can lay it to me,

That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above
recompence,

Maliciously abus'd, blindest for ever

In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,

But what is smen'd and shameful! I must
Necessity compels me. [kill him;

1 *Gent.* But think better.

Petr. There is no other cure left: Yet,
witness with me,

All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and 'would
'twere possible

(I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred image of my Maker!)
My sword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis
Honour,

Honour, my noble friends, that idol Honour,
That all the world now worships, not Petru-
Must do this justice. [chio,

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or Honour,
Or both, be accessory.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, Petruclio,
The value of the person, power and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
(So much I'm tied to reputation,
And credit of my house) let it rise wild-fires
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms
that toss me

Into the waves of everlasting ruin,
Yet I must thro'. If ye dare side me——

Ant. Dare?

Petr. Ye're friends indeed; if not——

2 *Gent.* Here's none flies from you;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back
you.

Ant. But then, be sure ye kill him!

2 *Gent.* Is the cause

So mortal, nothing but his life——

Petr. Believe me,

A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

2 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 *Gent.* Think an hour more: [you,
And if then you find no safer road to guide
We'll set up our rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already;

And hang him, for my part, goes less than
life! [swords

2 *Gent.* If we see nuble cause, 'tis like our
May be as free and forward as your words.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this town Bologna
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travel-
lers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Besides the wholesome seat, and noble temper

Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And langer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of:
I'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for, see,
A fair house yet stands open; yet all about it
Are close, and no light stirring: There may
be foul play.

I'll venture to look in; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Woman [within]. Signor?

John. What? How's this?

Woman [within]. Signor Fabritio?

John. I'll go nearer.

Woman [within]. Fabritio?

John. This is a woman's tongue; here may
be good done.

Woman [within]. Who's there? Fabritio?

John. Ay.

Woman [within]. Where are you?

John. Here. [sake!

Woman [within]. Oh, come, for Heaven's

John. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman, with a child.

Woman. I have staid this long hour for
you. Make an noise,

For things are in strange trouble. Here; be
secret; [eyes watch us

'Tis worth your care. Be gone now: More
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark you!

Woman. Pence! Good night. [Exit.

John. She's gone, and I am laden; For-
tune for me!

It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: By th' mass, 'tis
heavy!

If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome;

I'll ne'er refuse a fortune: I am confident

'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodg-
ing!

If it hit right, I'll bless this night. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,

I cannot meet him; sure he has encounter'd
Some light-o'-love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well,
Don John,

If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your
night-walks; [more,

You must be still a boot-hilling*. One round

* 1 *Gent.* But then be sure ye kill him.] Mr. Seward, observing that these words did not suit the moderate character of the *Gentlemen*, gives them to Petruclio. They are much more suitable to Antonio, we think, who is crying out for blood through the whole scene.

* *Boot-hilling.*] Most probably, an indecent allusion. In Monsieur Thomas, one of Hylas's objections to matrimony is, because he would not 'cobble other men's old boots.'

Tho' it be late, I'll venture, to discover you.
I do not like your out-leaps. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?

1 Gent. To point, sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 Gent. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private all; and whatsoever for-
Offer itself, let's stand sure. [tune]

3 Gent. Fear not us:

Foe you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more; I know it.

You know your quarters?

1 Gent. Will you go alone, sir?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me; the
Shall bring ye to my rescue. [least noise]

2 Gent. We are counsell'd. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man so paid for being
curious,

Ever so bob'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? Must I needs
be peeping

Into men's houses, where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well car-
ried!

I must take other men's occasions on me,
And be I know not whom! Most finely han-
dled! [elapse?]

What have I got by this now? what's the pur-
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel: This comes of peeping!

A lump got out of laziness. Good White-
bread, [have I]

Let's have no bawling with you! 'Sdeath,
Known wenchers thus long, all the ways of
wenches,

Their snares and subtilties; have I read over
All their school-learnings, div'd into their
quiddits,

And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard?
Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine
old days,

After the dire massacre of a million
Of maidenheads? caught the common way?
i' th' night too,

Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when you've pur-
chus'd

A bevy of these butter-prints together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
Without commission. Why, it would ne'er
grieve me,

If I had got this gingerbread; ne'er stir'd
me, [tice]

So I had had a stroke for't; it had been jus-
Then to have kept it: But to raise a dairy
For other men's adulteries, consume myself
in candles*, [babies,

And scowring-works, in nurses, bells, and
Only for clarity, for mere 'I thank you,'
A little troubles me: The least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented
me.

Whose-e'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother;
For 'tis well cloath'd, and, if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within. To leave it here were
barbarous,

And ten to one would kill it; a more sin
Than his that got it: Well, I will dispose
on't, [rings,

And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in
To cry *Memento* to me; no more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify [we live,

The good old gentlewoman, at whose house
For she will fall upon me with a catechism -
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this mother. Come, good
wonder,

Let you and I be jogging; your starv'd treble
Will waken the rude watch else. All that he
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee!
[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home: I've beaten
all the purlieus,

But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: To morrow-
morning [geon's]

I shall have further knowledge from a sur-
Where he lies moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter Constantia.

Con. I'm ready, [yon;
And thro' a world of dangers am flown to
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else.
Where are your people? which way must we
For Heav'n's sake, stay not here, sir. [travel?]

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd! Sir, for Heav'n's sake, tell
Are you a gentleman? [me,

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust you!

Fred. You have charm'd me;
Humanity and Honour bid me help you,
And if I fail your trust—

* To point] signifies completely, as we now say to a hair.

* Consume myself in candles.] Mr. Seward, on recommendation of Mr. Sympson, reads,
Consume myself in candles.* See *Lovers' Progress*, act iv.

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you—
Alas, I must believe you. From this place,
Good noble sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation, may come near me,
In some secure place, settle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more
I shall reveal unto you. [leisure]

Fred. Come, be hearty;
He must strike thro' my life that takes you
from me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well ano'd?
Ant. Ne'er fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a
fiddle. [friends]

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my
Nor unadvis'd ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best game;
We shall fight close and handsome then.

1 Gent. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? All physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of
bloody?

What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-
quarrel? [mour]

On what terms stands this man? Is not his ho-
poco'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an
oyster?

His credit like a quart pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear bot this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly;
What should men do allied to these disgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance
him—

2 Gent. You are so far o'th' bow-hand now s.

Ant. And cry, [more, child?]

'That's my fine boy; thou wilt do so no
Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By saint Jaques, [Andrew,
They shall out find me one! Here's sold tough
A special friend of mine; an he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a horspipe! Knecks I
come for,

And the best blood I light on; I profess it;
Not to scare coster-swoggers: If I lose mine
own,

Mine audit's cast, and farewell five and
fifty!

Petr. Let's talk no longer; place your-
selves with silence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John and Landlady.

Land. Nay, sou, if this be your regard—
John. Good mother!

Land. Good me no goods! Your cousio
and yourself [selves
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear your-
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hi-
ther

To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And so behav'd myself—

John. I know you have. [name]

Land. Bring hither, as I say, (to make my
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils) your devices,
Your brats, got out of Alligant's, and broken
oaths! [dings]

Your linsey-woolsey work, your hasty pud-
I foster up your filch'd iniquities?

You are deceiv'd in me, sir; I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I
found it? [get it]

Land. You found an easy fool that let you
Sh'ad better have worn pasterns.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths? what do you care for oaths,
to gain your ends, [know ye?

When ye are high and pauper'd? What saint
Or what religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accus'd cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and he beyond all fal-
I'm sick to see this dealing. [coners]

John. Heav'n torbid, mother!

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Anth. [within.] Sir. [wine]

John. Bring down the bottle of Canary

Land. Exceeding sick, Heav'n help me!

John. Haste ye, sirrah.—

I must ev'n make her drunk.—Nay, geotle
mother! [purpose]

Land. Now, fy upon ye! Was it for this
You fetch'd your evening-walks for your di-
gestions?

For this, pretended holiness? No weather,

* *Bow-hand.*] A sea-term, derived from the bow of a ship; which, says Dr. Johnson, be-
gins at the loof and compassing ends of the stern, and ends at the sternmost parts of the
forecastle.

* *Your brats, got out of Alligant.*] In Rowley's Match at Midnight, Randal and Ancient
Young quarrelling, Sim, another of the characters, interposes, 'Gentlemen, there's Alligant
'in the house; 'pray set no more abroad.' The Landlady here means, 'Your brats produced
'by intoxication and faithless promises.'

Not before day, could hold you from the matins. [pray'd well,

Were these your ho-peep prayers? You've And with a learned zeal; watch'd well ton.

Your Saint, [sicker! It seems, was pleas'd us well. Still sicker,

Enter Anthony, with a bottle of wine.

John. There is no talking to her 'till I've drench'd her. [draught;

Give me. Here, mother, take a good round 'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: Deeper, mother. [mend all.

Land. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will

John. All, I faith, mother.

Land. I confess the wine Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge you.

Land. But, son John!

John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it once more; [draught,

Alas, you look not well; take a round (It warms the blood well, and restores the And then we'll talk at large. [colour)

Land. A civil gentleman? [of?

A stranger? une the town holds a good regard *John.* Nay, I will silence thee.

Land. One that should weigh his fair name?

Oh, a stitch! [good mother;

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, Make no spare of it; as you love your health, Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman?

Lodge in my house? Now Ileav'n's my comfort, Signor—

John. I look'd for this. [me thus;

Land. I did not think you would have us'd A woman of my credit; one, Ileav'n knows, That lov'd you but too tenderly.

John. Dear mother, [it.

I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel you, Where is the infant? come, let's see your workmanship. [tis, and a lusty one.

John. None of mine, mother; but there

Land. Ileav'n bless thee,

Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is, 'Tis unany a good man's fortune. As I live, Your own eyes, Signor; and the nether lip As like you, as y' had spit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Land. Bless me, what things are these?

John. I thought my labour [jewels, Was not all lost. 'Tis gold, and these are Both rich, and right, I hope.

Land. Well, well, son John,

I see you are a woodman, and can chuse Your deer, thu' it be i'th' dark; all your discretion

Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard: Here I am with you now; when, as they say,

Your pleasure comes with profit; when ye must needs do,

Do where ye may be dune to, 'tis a wisdom Becomes a young man well: Be sure of one thing,

Lose not your labour and your time together, It sensums of a foul, son; time is precious,

Work wary whilst you have it; since you must traffick [Signor;

Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading

As you would make your rest?, adventurously, But with advantage ever.

John. All this time, mother, The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses. [have all,

Land. Now blessing o'thy care! It shall And instantly: I'll seek a nurse myself, son.

'Tis a sweet child! Ah, my young Spaniard! Take you no further care, sir.

John. Yes, of these jewels, [yours, I must, by your leave, mother. These are

To make your care the stronger; for the rest I'll find a master. The guld, for bringing up I freely render to your charge. [on't,

Land. No more wurd, [me: Nor no more children, good son, as you love

This may do well.

John. I shall observe your morals. But where's dun Frederick, mother?

Land. Ten to one About the like adventure; he told me

He was to find you out. [Exit.

John. Why should he stay thus? There may be some ill chance in't: Sleep I

will not, [pleas'd, Before I've found him. Now this woman's

I'll seek my friend out, and my care is cas'd. [Exit.

SCENE X.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Believe, sir, 'tis as possible to do it, As to remove the city: The main faction

Swarm thro' the streets like hornets, arm'd with angers

Able to ruin states; no safety left us, Nor means to die like men, if instantly

You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I

surer [death Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with

More than those fears are too—

1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.

Duke. I would not crack my vow, start from my honour,

Because I may find danger; wound my soul, To keep my body safe!

[As you would make your rest.] This is an allusion to fencing. So Mercutio says of the duellist Tilalt, 'rests his minium; one, two,' &c. in which words he at once alludes to the different sciences of musick and defence.

1 *Gent.* I speak not, sir,
Out of a baseness to you.
Duke. No, nor do not
Out of a baseness leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor, cold part o' th' blood? Who takes it
bold of?

Cowards, and wicked livers: Valiant minds
Were made the masters of it; and as hearty
seamen

In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;
So with their cause and swords do they do
dangers.

Say we were sure to die all in this venture,
(As I am confident against it) is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would abuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with mankind by a man that's manly.
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on!

2 *Gent.* You may, sir;

But with what safety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying, [us
You shall perceive, sir, here be those amongst
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave sir.

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch!

Duke. No more dying;

There's no such danger in it. What's o'clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly;

Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick, and Peter with a candle.

Fred. Give me the candle. So; go you
out that way.

Peter. What have we now to do?

Fred. And o' your life, sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my
knowledge;

No, not my Landlady, nor my friend.

Peter. 'Tis done, sir. [cears me.

Fred. Nor any serious business that cou-

Peter. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Be gone.

Peter. I am, sir. [Exit.

Enter Constantia.

Fred. Now enter without fear. And, no-
ble lady,
That safety and civility you wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no
wishes

Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here; your own desires and in-
nocence,

Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect
Were dangers more than doubts. [you,

Con. Ye're truly noble, [me,
And worth a woman's trust: Let it become
(I do beseech you, sir) for all your kindness,
To render with my thanks, this worthless tri-
I may be longer troublesome. [fle;

Fred. Fair offices [lady,
Are still their own rewards: Heav'n bless me,
From selling civil courtesies! May it please
If you will force a favour to oblige me, [you,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I'm engag'd.

Con. It shall be,
For I am truly confident you're honest:
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow
wild else! [Heav'n's,

What eyes are there, rather what little
To stir men's contemplations! what a Pa-
radise [be temperate;

Runs thro' each part she has! Good blood,
I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it.—Noble
lady,

If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole families—

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy sir;
Thus far I shall entreat—

Fred. Command me, lady;
You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done. [press'd

Con. There, if you find a gentleman op-
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire; this key will guide you: All things
Are there before you. [necessary

Con. All my prayers go with you. [Exit.

Fred. You clap on proof upon me: Men
say gold

Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers:
Now I say Beauty can do more: The king's
exchequer,

Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: We're all like
sea-cards,

All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they do to the North) still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest: For a handsome woman
(Setting my soul aside) it should go hard,
But I would strain my body: Yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude, [in me,
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou tongue rot with-
Ere I infringe my faith: Now to my rescue!
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Duke, pursued by Petruchio, Antonio, and that faction.

Duke. YOU will not all oppress me?

Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye!
Let me come to him!

Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly!

Petr. Say you so, sir?

Ant. I say cut his weazand, spoil his piping:
Have at your love-sick heart, sir!

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting:
My friend may be engag'd.—Fy, gentlemen!
This is unmanly odds.

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, sir.

[*Duke falls down, Don John bestrides him.*]

John. Nay then, have at thee freely.

There's a plumb, sir, to satisfy your lunging.
Petr. Away! I hope I've sped him. Here comes rescue;

We shall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers!

Petr. How is't?

Ant. Well:

H' has given me my *quietus est*. I felt him
In my small guts; I'm sure h' has fec'd me!
This comes of siding with you.

2 Gent. Can you go, sir? [off:]

Ant. I should go, man, an my head were
Ne'er talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then.

I hear more rescue coming.

Enter the Duke's faction.

Ant. Let's turn back then;

My skull's unloven yet; let me but kill.

Petr. Away for fear n' sake with him!

[*Exit Petruchio, with his faction.*]

John. How is't?

Duke. Well, sir;

Only a little stagger'd.

Duke's Faction. Let's pursue 'em.

Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye! Thanks,
good coat;

Thou'st sav'd me a shrewd welcome: 'Twas
put home too,

With a good mind, I'm sure on't.

John. Are you safe then?

Duke. My thanks to you, brave sir, whose
timely valour,

And manly courtesy, came to my rescue.

John. Y' had foul play offer'd ye, and shame
befall him

That can pass by oppression.

Duke. May I crave, sir, [name,
But thus much honour more, to know your
And him I am so bound to?

John. For the bond, sir,

'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
Will little profit you: I am a stranger,
My country Spain; my name Don John, a
gentleman

That lies here for my study.

Duke. I have heard, sir,
Much worthy mention of you; yet I find
Fame short of what you are.

John. You're pleas'd, sir,
To express your courtesy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present,
I must desire your pardon: You shall know me
Ere it be long, sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, sir.

Duke. What is't you look for, sir? Have
you lost any thing? [fellows]

John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle: Sure these
Were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe, sir. 'Pray you use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No, sir. [another:]
Duke. Indeed you shall; I can command

I do beseech you honour me.

John. I will, sir:

And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge:
Till when, I love your memory.

[*Exit Duke, &c.*]

John. I yours.

This is some noble fellow.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure.

Don John?

John. Don Frederick?

Fred. You're fairly met, sir: [tell me,
I thought you'd been a but-fowling. Prighee
What revelations hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?

John. Revelations?

I'll tell thee, Frederick; but before I tell thee
Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, sir.

John. Why then, mark what shall follow.
This night, Frederick,

This budwy night—

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night,

What dost think I've got?

Fred. The pox, it may be.

John. 'Would 'twere no worse! Ye talk of
revelations;

I have got a revelation will reveal me

An arrant coxcomb while I live.

Fred. What is't?

Thou hast lost nothing?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got?
John. One of the infantry, a child.
Fred. How!
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. Give you joy, sir.
John. A lump of lewdness, Frederick;
 that's the truth on't.
 This town's abominable.
Fred. I still told you, John, [you:
 Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd
 But where no grace is—
John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.
Fred. Answer the parish so.
John. Cheated, in troth,
 Peeping into a house; by whom I know not,
 Nor where to find the place again. No,
 Frederick, [one,
 Had I but kiss'd the ring fir't—'Tis no poor
 That's my best comfort, for't has brought
 about it
 Enough to make it man.
Fred. Where is't?
John. At home.
Fred. A saving voyage: But what will you
 say, Signor, [ship,
 To him that, searching out your serious wur-
 rills met a stranger fortune?
John. How, good Frederick?
 A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.
Fred. No; mine's a nobler venture. What
 do you think, sir,
 Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
 Would over-sell all Italy?
John. Where is she?
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
 So qualified, as admiration [ric—
 Dwells round about her; of that perfect spi-
John. Ay marry, sir!
Fred. That admirable carriage,
 That sweetness in discourse; young as the
 Morning,
 Her blushes staining his.
John. But where's this creature?
 Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one; she's forth-coming;
 I have her sure, bay.
John. Hark you, Frederick;
 What truck betwixt my infant—
Fred. 'Tis too light, sir; [well.
 Stick to your charge, a good Don John; I can
John. But is there such a wench?
Fred. First tell me this;
 Did you not lately as you walk'd along,
 Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
 To do offence?
John. Yes, marry, and they urg'd it
 As far as they had spirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
John. A gentleman I found engag'd a-
 mongst 'em; [mettle:
 It seems of noble breeding; I am sure brave
 As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,

And without hurt (I thank Heav'n) rescued
 And came myself off safe too. [him,
Fred. My work's done then;
 And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,
 Oh, John, there is a woman—
John. Oh, where is she?
Fred. And one of no less worth than I
 assure you; [tion.
 And, which is more, fall'a under my protec-
John. I am glad of that. Forward, sweet
 Frederick!
Fred. And, which is more than that, by
 this night's wand'ring;
 And, which is most of all, she is at home too,
John. Come, let's be gone then. [sir.
Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain,
 You cannot see her, John,
John. Why?
Fred. She has sworn me [mother,
 That none else shall come near her, not my
 'Till some few daunts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her?
 What chamber is she in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go, I say:
 A woman's untis are wafers, break with
 making; [lt.
 They must for modesty a little: We all know
Fred. No, I'll assure you, sir.
John. Not see her?
 I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Fre-
 derick, [play,
 You talk'd to me of whoring: Let's have fair
 Square dealing, I would wish you.
Fred. When 'tis come
 (Which I know never will be) to that issue,
 Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir.
John. Tell me,
 And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
 Or for your ease?
Fred. By all our friendship, John,
 'Tis honest, and of great end.
John. I am answer'd:
 But let me see her tho'; leave the door open
 As you go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
 But just so, as a jealous husband would
 Level at his wanton wife thru'.
Fred. That courtesy,
 If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
 I dare afford you. Come; 'tis now near
 morning. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Peter. Nay, the old woman's gone too.
Anth. She's a-caterwauling
 Among the gutters: But, conceive me, Peter,
 Where our good masters should be?
Peter. Where they should be
 I do conceive; but where they are, good
 Anthony—

*Stick to your charges.] Varied in 1750.

Auth. Ay, there it goes: My master's bo-peeps with me,
With his sly popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.

Peter. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel.

Auth. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a master for that chase,
That 'till he spends his main-mast—

Peter. 'Pray remember
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak;
He had a sound one since he came.

Auth. Hark! [*Lute sounds within.*]

Peter. What?

Auth. Dost not hear a lute? Again!

Peter. Where is't?

Auth. Above, in my master's chamber.

Peter. There's no creature;
He hath the key himself, man. [*Sing within.*]

Auth. This is his lute¹⁰;

Let him have it.

Peter. I grant you; but who strikes it?

Auth. An admirable voice too; hark ye!

SONG [*within*].

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a
And glory in thy murders, why am I, [*pride*
That never yet transgress'd thy duty,
Never broke vow¹¹, from whose eyes never
flew

Disdainful dart, whose hard heart none e'er
Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer:
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have pow'r, but not to kill.

Peter. Anthony,
Art sure we are at home?

Auth. Without all doubt, Peter.

Peter. Then this must be the devil.

Auth. Let it be. [*Sing again.*]

Good devil, sing again! Oh, dainty devil!

Peter. Believe it, a most delicate devil!

The sweetest devil—

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. If you could leave peeping!

John. I cannot; by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly; [*further*
And, as you love your faith, presume no
Than you have promised.

John. Basta!

Fred. What make you up so early, sir?

John. You, sir, in your contemplations!

Peter. Oh, 'pray you peace, sir.

Fred. Why peace, sir?

Peter. Do you hear?

John. 'Tis your lute.

Fred. 'Pray ye speak softly;
She's playing on't.

Auth. The house is haunted, sir,
For this we have heard this half-year.

Fred. Ye saw nothing?

Auth. Not I.

Peter. Nor I, sir.

Fred. Get us our breakfast then;
And make no words on't. We'll undertake
this spirit,
If it be one.

Auth. This is no devil, Peter.

Mum! there be bats abroad.

[*Exeunt Serrants.*]

Fred. Stay; now she sings.

John. An angel's voice, I'll swear! [*Sing.*]

Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat; or, as I live,
I will not trust you.

John. Pass! I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Constantia.

Con. To curse those stars that men say
govern us,

To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate,
And task the general world, will help me no
thing:

Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own desires
Are our own fates, our own stars all our for-
tunes,

Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter Frederick, and Don John peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations!

John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o' th' light.

Con. I crave your mercy, sir;
My mind, o'er-charg'd with care, made me
unmannerly.

⁹ *Carrel.*] See note 12 on Wit without Money.

¹⁰ *Auth.* *This is his lute: Let him have it.*] The song was inserted before this line in the two former editions. The reason of the change of its place is very plain. See *ard.*

¹¹ *Never broke vow, from whose eyes never*

Flew disdainful dart,

Whose hard heart never

Slew those rewarders?

Thou art young and fair.] The measure of all, except the last line quoted above, only

wants to be replaced; but that last is deficient in sense as well as measure. I suppose the *will* to have been the monosyllable lost, and *rewarders* to have been put for *rewarded*; and then it would run, '—Thus rewarders.' This being too glaringly absurd might be thought to be amended by making it, '—Those rewarders.' See *ard.*

The above song is not in the first copy; however, it bears such strong internal marks of authenticity, that we cannot doubt its being genuine.

Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest; all shall be perfect. [body,

John. I like the body rare; a handsome A wondrous handsome body. 'Would she would turn!

See, an that spiteful puppy he not got Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done, [tlemen
As all that you command shall be: The gen-
is safely off all danger.

John. Oh, de Dios!

Con. How shall I thank you, sir? how satisfy? [warded,

Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's re-
Now does he melt, like marmalade. [Aside.

John. Nny, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest.

Fred. None disturb'd you? [near me;

Con. Not any, sir, nor any sound came
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now, [world—
But th' devil, and that flesh there o' the
What are we made to suffer?¹²

Fred. He will enter:

Pull in your head, and be hang'd!

John. Hark you, Frederick!

I have brought you home your pack-saddle.

Fred. Pox upon you! [duke,

Con. Nny, let him enter. Fy, my lord the
Stand peeping at your friends?

Fred. You're cozen'd, lady;

Here is no duke.

Con. I know him full well, signor.

John. Hold then there, wench!

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.

Con. I do beseech your Grace come in.

John. My grace?

There was a word of comfort!

Fred. Shall he enter,

Whoe'er he be?

John. Well follow'd, Frederick!

Con. With all my heart.

Fred. Come in then.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Bless you, lady! [to you,

Fred. Nay, start not; tho' he be a stranger
He's of a noble strain: My kinsman, lady,

My countryman, and fellow-traveller:

One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,

And one faith free between us. Do not fear

He's truly honest. [him;

John. That's a lie. [Aside.

Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes; valiant to defend;

And modest to converse with, as your blushes.

John. Now may I hang myself; this com-
mendation

Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now

Must I cry, 'No forsooth,' and 'Ay forsooth,'

and 'Surely,'

'And truly as I live, and as I am honest.'

It has done these things for 'nonce too; for

he knows,

Like a most envious rascal as he is,

I am not honest, nor desire to be,

Especially this way. It has watch'd his time;

But I shall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go kiss her, John.

John. Plague o' your commendations!

Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady: Thus I seal

My faith, and all my service.

Con. One word, Signor. [nest;

John. Now 'tis impossible I should be ho-

She kisses with a conjuration [she at?

Would make the devil dance! What points

My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:

Sit fast, Don Frederick!

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman

You took such care of; his own being lost

i'th' scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it! 'Tis

a right one,

I can assure you, gentleman; and right happy

May you be in all fights for that fair service!

Fred. Why do you blush?

Con. 'T had almost cozen'd me;

For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for

Another master of it; but 'tis well. [Knock within.

Fred. Who's there?

Enter Anthony.

Stand you a little close. Come in, sir!

[Exit Con.

Now, what's the news with you?

Anth. There is a gentleman without

Would speak with Don John.

John. Who, sir? [man

Anth. I do not know, sir; but he shews a

Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him shew his name,

And then return a little wiser.

Anth. Well, sir. [Exit Anthony.

¹² But th' devil and that flesh there, o' the world,

What are we made to suffer? There are two ways of correcting this; either by making it, ' (Ob, the world!) ' an exclamatory parenthesis; or by reading, 'and the world'—The sense would then be, 'That he would pray, if that flesh there, the world and the devil did not prevent him.' I prefer the former, as nearer the trace of the letters. Seward.

Mr. Seward prints,

'But th' devil and that flesh there, (O the world!)

'What are we made to suffer?'

The interjection rather destroys the allusion to the world, the flesh, and the devil: A break makes sense of the old reading.

Fred. How do you like her, John?

John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I'm honest; you shall find it so too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art not thou an ass?

'And modest as her blushes!' What a block-head

Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology,

For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman? A woman of her youth and delicacy?

They're arguments to draw them to abhor us. An honest moral man? 'tis far a constable!

A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,

A liberal man, a likely man, a man Made up like Hercules, unsuk'd with service,

The same to-night, to-morrow night, the next night,

And so to perpetuity of pleasures;

These had been things to hearken to, things catching;

But you have such a spic'd consideration, Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,

Such chillblains in your blood, that all things pinch you,

Which nature, and the liberal world, unakes And nothing but fair Honour, oh, sweet Honour!

Hang up your eunuch Honour! That I was And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!

A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast *Fred.* I'm sorry, John.

John. My lady's gentlewoman Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush

With playing with my end piece-point! 'Ty A man of thy discretion?

Fred. It shall be mended;

And henceforth you shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't.—

How now? who is't?

Anth. A gentleman of this town, And calls himself Petruchio.

John. I'll attend him. [*Exit Anthony.*]

Enter Constantia.

Con. How did he call himself?

Fred. Petruchio:—

Does it concern you aught?

Con. Oh, gentlemen,

The hour of my destruction is come on me; I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!

As ever ye had pity—

John. Do not fear; [*me*]

Let the great devil come, he shall come thro' Lost here, and we about ye?

Fred. Fall before us?

Con. Oh, my unfortunate estate! all angers Compar'd to his, to his—

Fred. Let his, and all men's, Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for Heav'n's sake!

Con. I have offended Heav'n too; yet Heav'n knows—

John. We are all evil: [*serts!*]
Yet Heav'n forbid we should have our de-

What is he?

Con. Too, too near to my offence, sir:

Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!

Fred. 'Tis no treason?

John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here, I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear;

With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not:

By Heav'n, I'll fire the town before you perish! [*with you.*]

And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping:

Spoil a sweet face for nothing? My return

Shall end all this, I warrant you.

Con. Heav'n grant it! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio, with a letter.

Petr. This man should be of special rank; for these commendals [*'em:*]

Carry no common way, no slight worth, with He shall be he.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Save you, sir! I am sorry My business was so unmannerly, to make you

Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, sir.

But is your name Don John?

John. It is, sir.

Petr. Then, [*brace you:*]

First, for your own brave sake, I must em-

Next, from the credit of your noble friend

Hernando de Alvara, make you mine;

Who buys his charge upon me in this letter

To look you out, and, for the goodness in you,

Whilst your occasions make you resident

In this place, to supply you, love and honour

Which, had I known sooner— [*you;*]

John. Noble sir, [*sword, sir,*]

You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a

And have a service to be still dispos'd of,

As you shall please command it.

Petr. Gentle sir,

That manly courtesy is half my business:

And, to be short, to make you know I honour

you, [*oracle,*]

And in all points believe your worth like

And how above my friends (which are not few,

And those not slack) I estimate your virtues,

Make yourself understand, this day Petru-

chio [*this place,*]

(A man that may command the strength of

* Art thou an ass? Both sense and measure warrant our inserting the word *not*.

† Let the great devil come, he shall go thro' me. Thus read Mr. Swurd and octavo 1711.

Hazard the boldest spirits) hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward; I'm free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then:—

I do beseech you mark me.

John. I shall do it. [him worthy!]

Petr. Ferrara's duke, (would I might call
But that h' has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy) this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house, to stock our memo-

ries, [crafts,
My sister and myself, with arts and witch-
Vows, and such onths Heav'n has no mercy
for, [stealths,

Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by
And secret passages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her;
I am asham'd to say the rest! This purchas'd,
And his hot blood ally'd, as friends forsake us
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so.

He 'scap'd me yester-night; which, if he dare
Again adventure for, Heav'n pardon him!
I shall, with all my heart.

John. For me, brave Signor,
What do you intend?

Petr. Only, fair sir, this trust, [ter,
(Which, from the commendations of this let-
I dare presume well plac'd) anshly to hear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That, man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.

John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home. When shall I visit you?

Petr. Please you, this afternoon. I will
ride with you; [find him.
For at a castle, six miles hence, we're sure to
John. I'll be ready.

Petr. To attend you, my man shall wait;
With all my love*. [Exit.

John. My service shall not fail you.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

* With all my love.] We much doubt whether these words are not part of Don John's speech:

'With all my love, my service shall not fail you.'

John. All's well. Who dost thou think this
wench is?

Guess, an thou canst.

Fred. I cannot.

John. Be it known then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious conceits
Were errant two months after.

Fred. Who? Constantia?
Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls.

John. I talk of wenches, [pullet
Of cocks and hens, Don Frederick; this is the
We two went proud after.

Fred. It can't be.

John. It shall be;
Sister to Don Petruccio: I know all, man.

Fred. Now I believe.

John. Go to; there has been stirring,
Fumling with liuen, Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis impossible;
You know her fame was pure as fire.

John. That pure fire [crack'd:
Hes melted out her maidenhead; she's
We've all that hope of our side, boy.

Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose thought in her.

John. That's all one, [world
She's loose i' th' hilt, by Heaven! But the
Must know a fair way; upon vow of marriage!

Fred. There may be such a slip.

John. And will be, Frederick,
Whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy
Will prove hers too I took up.

Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.

John. There thou hit'st it, Frederick.
Come, let's walk in and comfort her: Her
being here

Is nothing yet suspected. Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, (who, by this
light,

Is a brave noble fellow) and what honour
H' has done to me, a stranger. There be irous
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-
bloods,

Ere all be ended. So much for this time.

Fred. Well, sir. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Landlady and Peter.

Land. COME, you do know!

Peter. I do not, by this hand,
mistress;
But I suspect—

Land. What?

Peter. That if eggs continue
At this price, women will ne'er be sav'd
By their good works.

Land. I will know.

Peter. You shall, any thing
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorain now

Is seven thousand strung; I heard it of a
A woman of fine knowledge. [fish-wife,

Land. Sirrah, sirrah!

Peter. The pope's bulls are broke loose
too, and 'tis suspected
They shall be baited in England.

Land. Very well, sir!

Peter. No, 'tis not so well neither.

Land. But I say to you,
Who is it keeps your master company?

Peter. I say to you, Don John.

Land. I say, what woman?

Peter. I say so too.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Peter. I say, 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee,
He has a woman here.

Peter. And I tell thee,

'Tis then the better for him.

Land. You are no bawd now? [it:

Peter. 'Would I were able to be call'd unto
A worshipful vocation for my elders;
For, as I understand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, saucy sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I'll know how my house
Comes by these inflammations: If this gear
hold,

Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Signors,
Here ye may have lewdness at livery.

Enter Frederick.

Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Fred. How now?

Why, what's the matter, Landlady?

Land. What's the matter?

Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her? you, sir?

Land. 'Ods my witness,

I will not be thus treated, that I will not!

Peter. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou liest lewdly;

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a Maukin, a flirt Gillian¹⁴;
And thou think'st, because thou canst write
Our noses must be under thee. [and read,

Fred. Dare you, sirrah—

Peter. Let but the truth be known, sir, I
bestech ye; [sir.

She rav'd of wenches, and I know not what,
Land. Go to; thou know'st too well, thou
wast a varlet,

Thou argument of evil!

Peter. As I live, sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get you in;

I'll answer you anon, sir.

Peter. By this hand,

I'll break your posset-pan!

[Exit.

Land. Then, by this hood,
I'll lock the meat up!

Fred. Now, your grief; what is't?
For I can guess—

Land. You may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst you! Nothing
thought on, [fied
But how you may abuse my house? not satis-
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too? My
patience

(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And, as they say, am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now!

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more marmurings, lady! for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your
anger;

But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
(For such an one there is indeed)——

Land. 'Tis well, son.

Fred. Leaving your devils' matins, and
your melancholics,

Or we shall leave our lodgings.

Land. You've much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:

You had that might content
(At home, within yourselves too) right good
gentlemen, [gallants—

Wholesome, and you said handsome: But you
Beast that I was to believe ye——

Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For, as I live, there's no such thing.

Land. Mine honour!
An 'twere not for mine honour——

Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe
me, [crying,

Are well enough. Sleep up yourself, leave
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility, (she well deserves it)
Together with all secrecy: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful. When you
know her, [but do it.

You'll find your own fault: No more words,

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? By this hand,
Thou look'st most amably! Now could I
willingly, [there)

(An 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print
Venture my body with thee.

Land. You'll leave this roguery

When you come to my years.

John. By this light,

Thou art not above fifteen yet! a mere girl;
Thou hast not half thy teeth: Come——

Fred. Pristhree, John,

¹⁴ As I had been a Maukin, a flirt-Gillian.] *Flirt-Gillian* seems to be the origin of the modern expression, a *gill-flirt*. *Maukin* and *Gillian* are, we believe, both corruptions of Christian names of women, commonly applied in a bad or ridiculous sense.

Let her alone; she has been vex'd already;
She'll grow stark mad, man.

John. I would see her mad;

An old mad woman—

Fred. Prithce be patient.

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with
tooth-ach;

She'll make thee the rarest faces!

Fred. Go, and do it,

And do not mind this fellow.

Land. Well, Don John, [mother,
There will be times again, when 'Oh, good
'What's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
'Oh, the green water, mother!'—

John. Doting take you!

Do you remember that?

Fred. Sh' has paid you now, sir.

Land. 'Clary, sweet mother! clary!'—

Fred. Are you satisfied?

Land. 'I'll never whore again; never give
petticoats [mother!

'And waistcoats at five pound a-picce! Good

'Quickly, mother!' Now mock on, son.

John. A devil grind your old chaps!

[*Exit Land.*

Fred. By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this.

Has she met with your lordship?

John. Touchwood take her!

Enter Anthony.

She's a rare ghostly mother.

Anth. Below attends you

The gentleman's man, sir, that was with you.

John. Well, sir. [*Exit Anth.*

My time is come then; yet, if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust

Enter Constantia.

A cat with sweet milk, Frederick. By her
I feel her fears are working. [face,

Con. Is there no way,
(I do beseech you think yet) to divert
This certain danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible;

Their honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you please,
Make all go less yet. [sir,

John. Lady, were't mine own cause,
I could dispense; but, laden with my friend's
trust,

I must go on; tho' general massacres
As much I fear—

Con. Do you hear, sir? For Heaven's pity,
Let me request one love of you!

Fred. Yes; any thing.

Con. This gentleman I find too resolute,

Too hot and fiery for the cause: As ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: Your fair temper,
And noble disposition, like wish'd show'rs,
May quench those eating fires, that would
spoil all else.

I see in him destruction.

Fred. I will do it;

And 'tis a wise consideration,

To me a bounteous favour. Hark ye, John;
I will go with you.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will;

You go upon a hazard: No denial;
For, as I live, I'll go.

John. Then make you ready,

For I am straight o' horse-back.

Fred. My sword on,

I am as ready as you. What my best labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end. The old
gentlewoman [private,

Shall wait upon you; she's both grave and
And you may trust her in all points—

Con. You're noble.

Fred. And so I kiss your hand.

John. That sent for me too;

And I hope happy issue, lady. [prayers!

Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my

John. So, now my mind's at rest.

Fred. Away; 'tis late, John. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, Surgeon, and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Come, sir, be hearty; all the
worst is past.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Sur. 'Tis death, sir.

Ant. 'Tis a horse, sir!

'Sblood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only!
Nothing but saucers to my sores!

2 *Gent.* Py, Antonio;

You must be govern'd.

Ant. It has giv'a me a damn'd clyster,
Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
Has almost scower'd my guts out.

Sur. I have giv'n you that, sir,
Is fittest for your state.

Ant. And here he feeds me [chickens, —
With rotten ends of rooks, and drowned
Stew'd pericraniums, and pis-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven, 'tis true,
gentlemen)

He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,
That I am just the mna i' th' almanack,
My head and face is Aries' place!

Sur. Will't please you

To let your friends see you open'd?

¹⁵ *Con.* You are noble;

And so I kiss your hand.] The latter part of this certainly belongs to Frederick. 'Tis the usual compliment from a gentleman to a lady, but not from a lady to a gentleman; and John confirms it by desiring the same favour. *Seward.*

* *In head and face.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Ant. Will't please you, sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my body
Open enough for that yet.

Sur. How! a wench? [us'd still;

Ant. Why, look ye, gentlemen! thus I am
I can get nothing that I want.

1 Gent. Lend these things,
And let him open you.

Ant. Do you hear, Surgeon?
Send for the musick; let me have some pleasure

To entertain my friends, (besides your sal-
Your green salves, and your searches¹⁶;) and
some wine too,

That I may only smell to it; or, by this light,
I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom!

1 Gent. Let him have musick.

Enter Rowland with wine.

Sur. 'Tis in the house, and ready,
If he will ask no more¹⁷. But wine——

2 Gent. He shall not drink it.

Sur. Will these things please you?

Ant. Yes; and let 'em sing
John Dorrie.

2 Gent. 'Tis too long.

Ant. I'll have *John Dorrie*!
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.
Give me some drink. Have you stopt the
leaks well, Surgeon?

All will run out else.

Sur. Fear not.

Ant. Sit down, gentlemen:

And now, advance your plaisters.

[*Song of John Dorrie.*

Give 'em ten shillings, friends. How do you
find me?

What symptoms do you see now?

Sur. None, sir, dangerous,

But, if you will be rul'd——

Ant. What time?

Sur. I can cure you

In forty days, so you will not transgress me.

Ant. I have a dog shall lick me whole in
twenty.

In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do it; there's more delight in't.

1 Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business! this
foolish fellow

Hinders himself; I have a dozen rascales

To hurt within these five days. Good man-
mender, [beef,

Stop me up with some parsley, like stuff'd
And let me walk abroad——

Sur. You shall walk shortly.

Ant. For I must find *Petruchio*.

2 Gent. Time enough.

1 Gent. Come, lead him in, and let him
sleep. Within these three days

We'll beg you leave to play.

2 Gent. And then how things fall,

We'll certainly inform you.

Ant. But, Surgeon, promise me

I shall drink wine then too.

Sur. A little temper'd.

Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, Surgeon.

Sur. Well, as't please you.

So you exceed not.

Ant. Farewell! And if ye find

The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend
me to him,

And bid him keep his skin close.

1 Gent. Take your rest, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Constantius and Landlady.

Con. I've told you all I can, and more than
yet

Those gentlemen know of me; ever trusting
Your counsel and enamealment: For to me
You seem a worthy woman; one of those
Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtu-
Direct me, I beseech you. [ous.

Land. You say well, lady;

And hold you to that point; for, in these
businesses,

A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,
(Do you mark me? that conceives the matter,

lady) [something,

Is worth ten men's engagements: She knows
And out of that can work like wax; when
men

Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
Or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation,

Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held

To defame now all they can. [fashion

Con. Ay, but these gentlemen——

Land. Do not you trust to that; these
gentlemen

Are as all gentlemen of the same barrel;
Ay, and the self-same pickle too. Be't

granted, [vour,

They've us'd you with respect and fair behn-
E'er since you came; do you know what must
follow? [tic,

They're Spaniards, lady, jennets of high met-
Things that will thresh the devil or his dam,

Let 'em appear but cloven.

Con. Now Heaven bless me!

Land. Mad colts, will court the wind; I
know 'em, lady,

To the least hair they have; and I tell you,

¹⁶ Your green salves, and your searches.] Neither Mr. Simpson or I reject *searches* as non-
sense, but both think that *searchcloths* is probably the true word. Seward.

This conjecture is ingenious and plausible; and, was there not such strong reason to sup-
pose that the word *searches* is here particularly applied to their intention to open him, we
should not hesitate to adopt *searchcloths*, as a better reading.

¹⁷ If he will ask no more but wine—] Former editions. Seward.

Old as I am, let but the pint pot bless 'em,
They'll offer to my years—

Con. How!

Land. Such rude gambols—

Con. To you?

Land. Ay, and so handle me, that oft I'm
forc'd [the younger,

To fight of all four for my safety. There's
Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city:
The other time has blasted, yet he'll stoop,
If not o'erflow'd, and freely on the quarry;
H' has been a dragon in his days. But Tarmont¹⁸,

Don Jenkin, is the devil himself, the Dog-days,
The most incomprehensible whoremaster,
Twenty a-night is nothing; beggars, broom-
women,

And these so miserable they look like famine,
Are all sweet ladies in his drink.

Con. He's a handsome gentleman;

Pity he should be master of such follies.

Land. He's ne'er without a nose of syringes
In's pocket, (those proclaim him) birding-
pills¹⁹,

Waters to cool his conscie'nce, in small vials,
With thousand such sufficient emblems: The
truth is,

Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not;
He flies at all. Bastards, upon my conscie-
nce,

He's now in making multitudes; the last
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it!
(But we are all weak vessels) some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing-cloth
No less than crimson velvet.

Con. How!

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy; deliberation

And judgment shew'd in's getting; as, I'll
say for him,

He's as well pac'd for that sport—

Con. May I see it? [man,

For there's a neighbour of mine, a gentlewo-
man had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now, if you please
To be so courteous to me—

Land. You shall see it.

But what do you think of these men now you
know 'em,

And of the cause I told you of? Be wise,
You may repent too late else: I but tell you
For your own good, and as you'll find it, lady.

Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told you of; he ready.—
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps!

Con. I shall be;

But shall I see this child?

Land. Within this half-hour. [wise²⁰,
Let's in, and there think better; she that's
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and
a gentleman

(If I that so much love him may commend
him) [play

Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if soul
Should falt upon us (for which fear I brought
Will not fly back for fillips. [him)

Petr. Ye much honour me,

And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay;

What troop is that below i' th' valley there?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so: 'Tis the duke; 'tis ev'n
he, gentlemen.

Sirrah, draw back the horses'till we call you.
I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too

He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still

Within that covert'till I call. You, Frederick,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us. He comes for-
ward;

Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!

Petr. I need no more instruct you?

John. Fear me not;

I'll give it him, and boldly.

[Exit Petr. and Fred.

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke. Feed the hawks up; [tune!
We'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my blest for-
lorn I so fairly met the man—

John. You have, sir;

And him you know by this.

Duke. Sir, all the honour

And love—

John. I do beseech your Grace stay there;
(For I know you too well) that love and ho-
nour

I come not to receive; nor can you give it,

¹⁸ But Tarmont,] i. e. Termagant. Seward.

¹⁹ Birding-pills.] Mr. Seward, not finding *birding-pills* in 'any dictionary or glossary,' treats the reading as corrupt, and substitutes *purging-pills*. We have no doubt, that *birding-pills* is genuine: *Wenches* are to this day spoken of as *game*; and to go *a-birding* is used in other parts of our old writers for *wenching*, alluding to fowling.

²⁰ —she that's wise,

[Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it.] Mr. Seward thus explains this passage: 'The wise seize the first occasion; the rest, who do not do so, pay or suffer for it; but we think it may mean more literally, 'purchase it at great expence,' which at first came cheap.

Till you appear fair to the world. I must beseech you,
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside, [sir!
And out of hearing, I command ye.—Now,
John. Last time we met, I was a friend.

Duke. And nobly
You did a friend's office: Let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——

John. Your pardon;
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.

Duke. In what have I transgress'd it?
You make a bold breach at the first, sir.

John. Bolder——
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruin, to surprize a noble stock.

Duke. Be plain, sir.
John. I will, and short: You've wrong'd
a gentleman

Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?
John. Petruccio;

The wrong, you've whor'd his sister.
Duke. What's his will in't? [tleman,

John. His will is to oppose you like a gen-
And, single, to decide all.

Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me with the like belief: This gen-
tleman, [lov'd;

His sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long
(Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it)
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
I have a child by her: But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,
And him in this cause when he please; for
know, sir,

She is my wife, contracted before Heav'n;
(Witness I owe more tie to, than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long
Had had the church's approbation, [since
But for his jealous anger⁴¹.

John. Sir, your pardon;
And all that was my anger, now my service.

Duke. Fair sir, I knew I should convert
you. Had we

But that rough man here now too——
John. And you shall, sir.

Whon, hon, hoo!
Duke. I hope you've laid no ambush?

Enter Petruccio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother? Welcome!
Come, put your anger off; we'll have no
fighting,

Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly: The first
Shall put you out of these doubts. [priest

Petr. Now I love ye;
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions.

You are now more than a brother, a brave
friend too.

John. The good man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now? how goes it?

John. Why, the man has his mare again,
and all's well, Frederick;

The duke professes freely he's her husband.
Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen.
I must present you. May it please your Grace,

To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, amongst those your ser-
vants. [your bounties on me!

Duke. Oh, my brave friend! you show'r
Amongst my best thoughts, Signor; in which
number

You being worthily dispos'd already,
May place your friend to honour me.

Fred. My love, sir,
And where your Grace dares trust me, all
my service. [now, brother,

Petr. Why, this is wondrous happy. But
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: Cou-
stantin——

Duke. Why, what of her?
Petr. Nor what, nor where, do I know.—

Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond
my knowledge,

She quit my house; but whither——
Fred. Let not that—— [much.

Duke. No more, good sir; I've heard too
Petr. Nay, sink not;

She cannot be so lost.
John. Nor shall not, gentlemen: [sir,

Be free again; the lady's found!—That smile,
Shews you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech you——
John. You shall believe me: By my soul,
she's safe——

Duke. Heav'n knows, I would believe, sir.
Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage: This fair
gentleman [his guard

Met her in all her doubts last night, and to
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave
her person, [all respect,

Who waited on her to our lodging; where
Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.
Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.

Well, my good friends, or rather my good
angels, [virtues

(For ye have both preserv'd me) when these
Die in your friend's remembrance——

⁴¹ But for his jealous danger.] i. e. For the danger arising from his jealousy: But from what the Duke says to Petruccio below, anger seems, both to Mr. Symson and me, to be most probably the true word. Seward.

John. Good your Grace,
Lose no more time in compliment; 'tis too
precious:

I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes; especially
In way of lusty pleasures

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then; for this night
I'll crown

With all the joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Francisco.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief! Never
fool

Was so foli'd off, as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myself mine own ass! Trust a woman?
I'll trust the devil first; for he dare be
Better than's word sometime. What faith
have I broke?

In what observance fail'd? Let me consider;

Enter Don John and Frederick.

For this is monstrous usage.

Fred. Let them talk;

We'll ride on fair and softly.

Fran. Well, Constantine—

Fred. Constantine!—What's this fellow?

Stay, by all means.

Fran. You've spun yourself a fair thread
now.

Fred. Stand still, John.

Fran. What cause had you to fly? What
fear possess'd you?

Were you not safely lodg'd from all suspicion?

Us'd with all gentle means? Did any know

How you came thither, or what your sin was?

Fred. John,

I smell some juggling, John!

John. Yes, Frederick;

I fear it will be found so.

Fran. So strangely,

Without the counsel of your friends, so de-
sperately,

To put all dangers on you!

Fred. 'Tis she.

Fran. So deceitfully,
After a stranger's lure!

John. Did you mark that, Frederick?

Fran. To make ye appear more monster,
and the law

More cruel to reward ye, to leave all,
All that should be your safeguard, to seek
evils!

Was this your wisdom? this your promise?

Well,

He that incited you—

Fred. Mark that too!

John. Yes, sir!

Fran. Had better have plough'd further
off. Now, lady,

What will your last friend, he that should
preserve you,

And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,

Think of this slip? He'll to Petruccio,

And call for open justice.

John. 'Tis she, Frederick.

Fred. But what that he is, John?

Fran. I do not doubt yet

To bult you out; for I know certainly
You are about the town still. Ha! no more
words. [*Exit.*]

Fred. Well!

John. Very well!

Fred. Discreetly!

John. Finely carried!

Fred. You have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, sir,

I shall meet with 'em, if you have.

Fred. Is this honest?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal
dumbly?

I am no ass, Don Frederick!

Fred. And, Don John,

It shall appear I am no fool! Disgrace me,
To make yourself a lecher? 'Tis boyish, 'tis
base.

John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to up-
braid me;

Nor will I be your bolster, sir.

Fred. Thou wanton boy, th'adst better

have been an eunuch,

Thou common-woman's courtesy, than thus

Lascivious, basely to have lent mine honour!

A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first.

John. Holla, holla!

Ye kick too fast, sir! What strange brains
have you got,

That dare crow out thus bravely! I better
been an eunuch?

I privy to this dog-trick? Clear yourself!

(For I know where the wind sits) and most
subly,

Or, as I have a life—

Fred. No more: Their horses.

[*A noise within like horses.*]

Nor shew yo discontent. Tomorrow comes;

Let's quietly away: If she be at home,

Our jealousies are put off.

John. The fellow!

Enter Duke and Petruccio.

We've lost him in our spleens, like fools.

Duke. Come, gentlemen,

Nuw set on roundly. Suppose ye have all
mistresses,

And mend your pace according.

Petr. Thou have at ye. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. NOW to Bologna, my most-honour'd brother,

I dare pronounce y^a hearty and safe welcome!
Our loves shall now way-lay ye. Welcome,
gentlemen! [*Frederick,*

John. The same to you, brave sir.—Dun
Will you step in, and give the lady notice
Who comes to honour her?

Petr. Bid her be sudden;
(We come to see no curious wench) a night-
gown [her nearer.

Will serve the turn: Here's one that knows

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, sir. [*Exit.*

Duke. My dear brother,
You are a merry gentleman.

Petr. Now will the sport be,
To observe her alterations; how like wildfire
She'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,
Her conscience, and her fears creeping upon
Dead as a fowl at souse, she'll sink. [her,

Duke. Fair brother,
I must entreat you—

Petr. I conceive your mind, sir;
I will not chide her: Yet, ten ducats, Duke,
She falls upon her knees; ten more, she dare
not—

Duke. I must not have her frighted.

Petr. Well, you shall not:

Enter Frederick and Peter.

But, like a summer's evening against heat,
Mark how I'll gild her cheeks.

John. How now?

Fred. You may, sir.—
Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance—
For ye must know—

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, sir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, sir?

Fred. Gone, by Heav'n! remov'd!

The woman of the house too—

John. Well, Don Frederick!

Fred. Don John, it is not well! but—

Petr. Gone?

Fred. This fellow
Can testify I lie not.

Petr. Some four hours after
My master was departed with this gentleman,
My fellow and myself being sent of business,
(As we must think, of purpose)—

Petr. Hang these circumstances;
They appear like owls, to ill ends.

John. Now could I eat
The devil in his own bruth, I'm so tortur'd!
Gone?

Petr. Gone?

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted:
What would you have me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom,
I will not be a knave, sir.

John. He that is,
A rot run in his blood!

Petr. But hark ye, gentlemen; [this?
Are ye sure ye had her here? did ye not dream

John. Have you your nose, sir?

Petr. Yes, sir.

John. Then we had her. [having her

Petr. Since you're so short, believe your
Shall suffer more construction.

John. Let it suffer:

But if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your city's monster!

Duke. I believe you. [reveng'd

John. I could lie with a witch now, to be
Upon that rascal did this!

Fred. Only thus much

I would desire your Grace; (for my mind
gives me,

Before night yet she's yours) stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, 'till full cause call it;
Then every man's own works to justify him!
And this day let us give to search. My man
here

Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of) such a
face [too,

As our old landlady's, he believes the same
And by her hood assures it: Let's first thither;
For she being found, all's ended.

Duke. Come, for Heav'n's sake!

And, Fortune, as thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy feelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes. Away,
friends. [*Exeunt.*

²² *Fred.* You may, sir:

[Not to abuse your patience, &c.] I have ventured to give the three first words of Frederick's speech to the Duke: they are a proper answer to Petruchio, but are not intelligible in Frederick's mouth, without considering them as a broken sentence relating to the mutual suspicion between John and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward has, we think, interpreted the words right in the place they stood at first, though he has changed that place.

SCENE II.

*Enter Antonio and his Servant.**Ant.* With all my jewels?*Serv.* All, sir.*Ant.* And that money*I* left i' th' trunk?*Serv.* The trunk broke, and that gone too.*Ant.* Francisco of the plot?*Serv.* Gone with the wench too.*Ant.* The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike they thought*I* was no man of this world, and those trifles Would but disturb my conscience.*Serv.* Sure they thought, sir, You would not live to persecute 'em.*Ant.* Whore and fidler?*Why*, what a consort have they made! Hen and bacon? [Mar-tail!*Well*, my sweet mistress! well, good madam You that have hung about my neck, and lick'd me,*I'll* try how handsomely your ladyship Can hang upon a gallows; there's your master-piece.*But*, hark ye, sirrah; no imagination Of where they should be?*Serv.* None, sir; yet we've search'd All places we suspected. I believe, sir, They've taken tow'rs the ports.*Ant.* Get me a conjurer, [em! One that can raise a water-devil: I'll port Play at duck and drake with my money? Take heed, fidler!*I'll* dance ye, by this hand; your fiddle-stick I'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming To meddle with my degamboy²¹! Get me a conjurer;*Enquire* me out a man that lets out devils.*None* but my *Celiffu*²² serve your turn?*Serv.* I know not—*Ant.* In every street, Tom Fool! Any blear-ey'd people, [it: With red heads, and flat noses, can perform Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no breeches.*Mount* my mare, fidler? Ha, boy! up at first dash?*Sit* sure; I'll clap a nettle, and a smart one, Shall make your uly firk, I will, fine fidler; I'll put you to your plunge, boy! Sirrah, meet me [time,*Some* two hours hence at home; in the mean Find out a conjurer, and know his price, How he will let his devils by the day out. I'll have 'em, an they be above ground! [Exit.*Serv.* Now bless me, What a mad man is this! I must do something*To* please his humour: Such a man I'll ask for, [him, And tell him where he is; but to come near Or have any thing to do with his don devils, I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, John, Peter; and Servant with bottles.**Fred.* Whither wilt thou lend us?*Petr.* 'Tis hard by, sir.*And* ten to one this wine goes thither.*Duke.* Forward.*Petr.* Are they grown so merry?*Duke.* 'Tis most likely, [mines Sh' has heard of this good fortune, and deter- To wash her sorrows off.*Petr.* 'Tis so; that house, sir, Is it: Out of that window certainly I saw my old mistress' face.*Petr.* They're merry, indeed. [Musick. Hark; I hear musick too.*Duke.* Excellent musick.*John.* 'Would I were even amongst 'em, and alone now!*A* pallet for the purpose in a corner, And good rich wine within me; what gay Could I make in an hour now! [sport*Fred.* Hark; a voice too!*Let's* not stir yet by any means.

SONG.

Welcome, sweet Liberty, and Care fare-
I am mine own! [well:*She* is twice damn'd, that lives in Hell,
When Hon'y is shown.*Budding* beauty, blooming years,
Were made for pleasure. Farewell,
fears; [inand,*For* now I am myself, mine own com-
My fortune always in my hand.*John.* Was this her own voice?*Duke.* Yes, sure.*Fred.* 'Tis a rare one.*Enter Band, above.**Duke.* The song confirms her here too; for, if ye mark it,*It* spake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleasure.*Petr.* Look you there, sir!*Do* you know that head?*Fred.* 'Tis my good Landlady.*I* find fear has done all this.*John.* She, I swear; [hood, And now do I know, by the hanging of her
She's parcel drunk. Shall we go in?*Duke.* Not yet, sir.*Petr.* No; let 'em take their pleasure.²¹ To meddle with any degamboy.] *Viol de gambo* is often mentioned in the old writers as a musical instrument, played on at the time. R.²² C. Cliffe.] A musical term. *Cliffe* is a *key*, from *clef*, French. R.²³ Hark; a voice too!*Let's not stir, &c.*] Till this edition, the Song was inserted before this speech.

Duke. When 'tis highest, [*Musick.*
We'll step in, and amaze 'em. Peace; more
musick.

John. This masick murders me: What
blood have I now!

Fred. I should know that face.
[*Frans. passes by.*]

John. By this light, 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our first suspicions; the same fel-
low. [*too.*]

Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard
Discoursing of Constantia.

John. Still the same.

Now he slips in.

Duke. What's that?

Fred. She must be here, sir:

This is the very fellow, I told your Grace

Enter Francisco.

We found upon the way; and what his talk
was. [*'tis he;*]

Petr. Why, sure I know this fellow: Yes,
Francisco, Antonio's boy, a rare musician;
He taught my sister on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her. Cer-
tain,

Without all doubt, she's here: It must be so.

John. Here? that's no question: What
should our hen o' th' game else

Do here without her? If she be not here
(I am so confident) let your Grace believe

We two are arrant rascals, and have abus'd
you.

Fred. I say so too.

John. Why, there's the hood again now;
The card that guides us⁴; I know the fa-
brick of it,

And know the old tree of that saddle yet;
'Twas made of a hunting-hood; observe it.

Duke. Who shall enter?

Petr. I'll make one.

John. I another.

Duke. But so carry it,

That all her joys flow not together.

John. If we told her,

Your Grace would none of her?

Duke. By no means. Signor;

'Twould turn her wild, stark frantick.

John. Or assur'd her—

Duke. Nothing of that stern nature. This
ye may, sir,

That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous kiuings; or that a
little

I seem to doubt the child.

John. 'Would I could draw her
To hate your Grace with these things!

Petr. Come, let's enter.—
And now he sees me not, I'll search her
soundly.

Duke. Now luck of all sides!
[*Exeunt Petr. and John.*]

Fred. Doubt it not.—More musick?
[*Musick.*]

Sure she has heard some comfort.

Duke. Yes; stand still, sir⁵.

Fred. This is the maddest song!

Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange melancholy she is laden
with. [*Clapping of a door.*]

Fred. Now all the sport begins. Hark!

Duke. They are amongst 'em.
The fears now, and the shakings!
[*Trampling above.*]

Fred. Our old lady
(Hark how they run) is even now at this
instant

Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,
Or creeping thro' a cat-hole.

Petr. [*within.*] Bring 'em down;

And you, sir, follow me.

Duke. He's angry with 'em.

I must not suffer this.

John [*within*]. Bow down the Bowd there;
Old *Erra-mater*. You, lady Lechery,

For the good-will I bear to th' game, most
tenderly
Shall be led out, and lash'd.

*Enter Petruchio, John, Whore, and Bowd,
with Francisco.*

Duke. Is this Constantia?
Why, gentlemen, what do you mean? Is this
she?

Whore. I am Constantia, sir.

Duke. A whore you are, sir!

Whore. 'Tis very true; I am a whore in-
deed, sir.

Petr. She will not lie yet, tho' she steal.

Whore. A plain whore,

If you please to employ me.

Duke. And an impudent!

Whore. Plain-dealing now is impudence.

One, if you will, sir, can shew you as much
sport

In one half-hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiser woman can in half-a-year:
For there my way lies.

Duke. Is she not drunk too?

⁴ The guard that guides us.] In either sense of the word *guard* as a *watch* or *centinel*, or as a *fringe*, or hem of a garment, the word is intelligible in this place; but sure 'tis not a very natural expression, and I have therefore ventured to discard it, to make room for what I think a very happy conjecture of Mr. Symson's, *card*, i. e. the chart or mariner's compass.

Seward.

In p. 117, Frederick says, 'We're all like sea-cards;' which serves to confirm Mr. Symson's conjecture.

⁵ Yes; stand still, sir.] There should be another Song here, which we suppose is now lost.

Whore. A little gilded o'er¹⁸, sir.

Old sack, old sack, boys!

Petr. This is *saliant*.

John. A brave bold quean!

Duke. Is this your certainty? [men?]

Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentle-
Is this the woman meant?

Fred. No.

Duke. That your Landlady?

John. I know not what to say.

Duke. Am I a person

To be your sport, gentlemen?

John. I do believe now certain

I am a knave! But how, or when—

Duke. What are you?

Petr. Bawd to this piece of pye-meat.

Bawd. A poor gentlewoman,

That lies in town about law-business,

And like your worship.

Petr. You shall have law, believe it.

Bawd. I'll shew your mastership my ease.

Petr. By no means;

I'd rather see a custard.

Bawd. My dead husband

Left it e'en thus, sir.

John. Bless mine eyes from blinding;

I was never so frighted with a case.

Bawd. And so, sir—

Petr. Enough; put up, good velvet-head!

Duke. What are you two now,

By your own free confessions?

Fred. What you shall think us;

Two to myself I am certain, and my life

Shall make that good and perfect, or fall
with it—

John. We are sure of nothing, Frederick,
that's the truth on't:

I do not think my name's Don John, nor
dare not [debts,

Believe any thing that concerns me, but my
Nor those in way of payment. Things are so
carried, [you

What to entreat your Grace, or how to tell
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning;

But I would fain imagine we are honest,

And, o' my conscience, I should fight in't.

Duke. Thus then;

For we may be all abus'd—

Petr. 'Tis possible;

For how should this concern them?

Duke. Here let's part,

Until tomorrow this time; we to our way,

To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet again:

When, if she be not found—

Fred. We stand engag'd

To answer, nay worthy way we're call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Whore. Ye've done with us then?

Petr. No, dame.

Duke. But is her name Constantia?

Petr. Yes; a moveable [fidler;

Belonging to a friend of mine. Come out,

What say you to this lady? Be not fearful.

Fraa. Saving the rev'rence of my master's
pleasure, [him,

I say, she is a whore, and that sh' has robb'd
Hoping his hurts would kill him.

Whore. Who provok'd me?

Nay, sirrah, speak; I'll see your treble strings

Tied up too: If I hang, I'll spoil your piping;

Your sweet face shall not save you.

Petr. Thou damn'd impudence,

And thou dried devil! Where's the officer?

Peter. He's here, sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em:

Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard

Of where they are, or why. Away.

John. By this hand,

A handsome whore! Now will I be arrested,

And brought home to this officer's. A stout

whore; [ness!

I love such stirring ware!—Pox o' this busi-

A man must hunt out morsels for another,

And starve himself! A quick-ey'd whore;

that's wildfire,

And makes the blood dance thro' the veins
like billows.

I will requite this whore.

Duke. Well, good luck with ye!

Fred. As much attend your Grace.

Petr. Tomorrow, certain—

John. If we out-live this night, sir.

Fred. Come, Don John,

We've something now to do.

John. I'm sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I'm glad on't;

I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die—

John. There's so much money sav'd in

lechery. [Exeunt.

¹⁸ A little gilded o'er.] The phrase of being *gilded* is frequently used to signify being *drunk*. In the *Tempest*, *Alonso* says,

'And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they

'Find this grand liquor, that hath gilded them?' *R.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, below; and Vecchio above.

Duke IT should be hereabouts.

Petr. Your Grace is right;
This is the house, I know it.

Vec. Grace?

Duke. 'Tis further,
By the description we receiv'd.

Petr. Good my lord the Duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.

Vec. My lord the Duke?

Duke. Pray Heav'n this man prove right
now! [scholar,

Petr. Believe it, he's a most sufficient
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better: I've heard strange wonders
of him.

Duke. But can he shew us where she is?

Petr. Most certain;

And for what cause too she departed.

Duke. Knock then;

For I am greiv'd with expectation, [ards;
'Till this man satisfy me. I fear the Spani-
Yet they appear brave fellows; Can he tell us?

Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be

Duke. Awney then. [false.

Petr. Who's within here?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your Grace may enter—

Duke. How can he know me?

Petr. He knows all.

Vec. And you, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

John. What do you call his name?

Fred. Why, Peter Vecchio.

John. They say he can raise devils; can
he make 'em [believe it,

Tell truth too, when h' has rais'd 'em? for,
These devils are the lying'st rascals—

Fred. He can compel 'em.

John. With what?

Can he tie squibs i' their tails, and fire the
truth out?

Or make 'em eat a bowling Puritan

Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an
earthquake?

Fred. With spells, man. [think

John. Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou
The devil such an ass as people make him?

Such a poore coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?

Compell'd with cross and pile to run of er-
rands?

With Asteroth, and Behemoth, and Belfagor?
Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in
a smith's forge?

Or, if he do—

Fred. Without all doubt he does, John.

John. Why should not bilbo raise him, or
a pair of bullions?

They go as big as my; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses;— Make as
tremble? [cholic,

These make as fell a noise. Methinks the
Well handled, and fed with small-beer—

Fred. 'Tis the virtue—

John. The virtue? nay, an goodness fetch
him up once, [tleman

He's lost a friend of me; the wise old gen-
Knows when, and how. I'll lay this hand to
two-pence,

Let all the conjurers in Christendom,
With all their spells and virtues, call upon
him,

And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs: Where's
Virtue?

Fred. Thou art the most sufficient, (I'll say
for thee)

Not to believe a thing—

John. Oh, sir, slow credit [you;
Is the best child of knowledge. I'll go with
And, if he can do any thing, I'll think
As you would have me.

Fred. Let's enquire along;

For certain we're not far off.

John. Nor much nearer. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Vecchio.

Vec. You lost her yester-night.

Petr. How think you, sir?

Duke. Is your name Vecchio?

Vec. Yes, sir.

Duke. And you can shew me

These things you promise?

Vec. Your Grace's word bound to me,
No hand of law shall seize me.

Duke. As I live, sir! [too, sir!

Petr. And as I live, that can do something

Vec. I take your promises. Stay here a
little, [tisfy ye.

Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I'll sa-
The lady's name's Constantia?

Petr. Yes.

Vec. I come straight. [Exit.

²⁰ *Bullions.*] This word occurs in *Beggars' Bush*, and there appears to mean *buttons*. It occurs here to signify *round balls or bullets*.

Duke. Sure he's a learned man²⁰.

Petr. The most now living.

Did your Grace mark, when we told all these circumstances,

How ever and noon he bolted from us,
To use his study's help?

Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar.

Petr. Not unlikely;

For sure he has 'em subject.

Duke. How could he else

Tell when she went, and who went with her?

Petr. True. [sure me,

Duke. Or hit upon mine honour²¹? or as—
The lady lov'd me dearly?

Enter Vecchio, in his habiliments.

Petr. 'Twas so.

Vec. Now, [sir:
I do beseech your Grace, sit down; and you,
Nay, pray sit close, like brothers.

Petr. A rare fellow! [a word,

Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use
Until I ask you; for what shall appear
Is but weak apparition, nodd thin air,
Not to be held, nor spoken to.

[Knocking within.

Duke. We are counsell'd.

Vec. What noise is that without there?

Fred. [within.] We must speak with him!

Serv. [within.] He's busy, gentlemen.

John [within.] That's all one, friend;

We must and will speak with him.

Duke. Let 'em in, sir: [own,

We know their tongues and business; 'tis our
Aod in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.

Vec. Let 'em in then.

Enter Frederick, John, and Servant.

Sit down; I know your meaning.

Fred. The Duke before us?

Nuw we shall sure know something,

Vec. Not a question;

But make your eyes your tongues.

John. This is a strange juggler;

Neither indent before-hand for his payment,

Nor know the breadth o' th' business? Sure

his devil [winds

Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men
For dead drink and old doublets.

Fred. Peace; he conjures.

John. Let him; he cannot raise my devil.

Fred. 'Prithee peace!

Vec. Appear, appear!

And you soft winds so clear,

That dance upon the leaves, and make
them sing

Gentle love-lays to the spring,

Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure, as ye blow,
Rouse these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound!

[Soft music.

John. This is an honest conjurer, and a
pretty poet: [em.

I like his words well; there's no bombast in
But do you think now he can cudgel up the
devil

With this short staff of verses?

Fred. Pence; the spirits.

[Two shapes of women passing by.

John. Nay, as they be no worse—

Vec. Do you know these faces?

Duke. No.

Vec. Sit still, upon your lives then, and
mark what follows.

Away, away!

John. These devils do not paint sure?

Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?

Fred. Hark now, John.

Enter Constantia.

John. Ay, marry, this moves something like;
this devil

Carries some mettle in her gait.

Vec. I find you;

You'd see her face unvail'd?

Duke. Yes.

Vec. Be uncover'd!

Duke. Oh, heav'n's!

Vec. Peace!

Petr. See how she blushes.

John. Frederick,

This devil for my money! this is she, boy.

Why dost thou shake? I burn.

Vec. Sit still, and silent.

Duke. She looks back at me; now she
smiles, sir.

Vec. Silence!

Duke. I must rise, or I burst.

[Exit Constantia.

Vec. Ye see what follows.

Duke. Oh, gentle sir, this shape again!

Vec. I cannot;

'Tis all dissolv'd again. This was the figure?

Duke. The very same, sir. No hope once
more to see it?

Vec. You might have kept it longer, had
you spar'd it;

Now 'tis impossible.

Duke. No means to find it?

Vec. Yes, that there is; sit still awhile;
there's wine,

To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink
well, sir. [Exit Vecchio.

John. This conjurer is a right good fellow
too,

²⁰ *Sure he's a learned man.*] The ridiculous absurdity of believing in conjurers and witches is finely exposed both here and in *Il Tollo*; yet it is but a few years since our whole legislature have freed themselves from the imputation of this absurd belief, and it is to this day far from being worn out of the minds of the vulgar. *Seward.*

²¹ *Upon mine honour.*] Meaning here, my rank and title.

A lad of mettle; two such devils more [it?
Would make me a conjurer. What wine is
Fred. Hock²².

John. The devil's in it then; look how it
dances.

Well, if I be——

Petr. We are all before ye,
Thine's your best comfort, sir.

John. By th' mass, brave wine!

Nay, an the devils live in this hell, I dare
venture

Within these two months yet to be deliver'd
Of a large legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Duke. Here he comes.

Silence of all sides, gentlemen.

Vec. Good your Grace,

Observe a stricter temper; and you too, gal-
lants;

You'll be deluded all else. This merry devil
That next appears, (for such a one you'll find
it)

Must be call'd up by a strange incantation;
A song, and I must sing it: 'Pray bear with
me,

And pardon my rude pipe; for yet, ere part-
Twenty to one I please ye.

Duke. We are arm'd, sir.

Petr. Nor shall you see us more transgress.

Fred. What think'st thou

Now, John?

John. Why, now do I think, Frederick,
(And, if I think amiss, bear'n pardon me!)
This honest conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow-devils, and myself,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.

Fred. Peace; he conjures²³.

SONG.

Vec. Come away, thou lady gay:
Hoist! how she stumbles!
Hark how she mumbles.
Dance Gillian!

Answer. I come, I come.

Vec. By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain Methuggin, and Pecter²⁴,
Appear, and answer me in metre.

Why when?

Why, Gill!

Why when?

Answer. You'll tarry till I am ready.

Vec. Once again I conjure thee,
By the pose in thy nose²⁵,
And the gait in thy toes;
By thine old dried skin,
And the mummy within;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that's made of stuff;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch;
By the stakes, and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,

Appear,

Appear,

Appear!

Answer. Oh, I am here.

John. Why, this is the song, Frederick.

Twenty pound now,

To see but our don Gillian!

Enter Landlady and the child.

Fred. Peace; it appears.

John. I cannot peace! Devils in French
hoods, Frederick?
Satan's old syringes?

²² *Hollock.*] The difficulty of pronouncing German names often makes great confusion in the spelling. *Bacharach* and *Hochst*, two neighbouring towns, one upon the Rhine and the other a little higher upon the Main, give names to the two wines *Bachrack* and *Huck*; the former oftentimes occurs in our Authors and the writers of their age, though now all the wines that come from the neighbourhood of *Hochst* receive their name from thence. *Seward.*

²³ *Pecter; he conjures.*] Hitherto the Song preceded this speech; the absurdity of which must be obvious to every one.

²⁴ *By Britain-methuggin, and pecter.*] *Pecter* is the name of a liquor that neither Mr. Symphon or I can find in any dictionary. It may, perhaps, be a wine from some part of the Pope's dominions, or *Pecter's* Patrimony; but this is a mere conjecture. Another has since occurred that seems more probable. We find the Rhenish wines, *Bachrack* and *Hock* to be in much repute in our Authors' age: Now *Hochst* stands near the confluence of the river *Water* with the *Main*; might not *Hecter* therefore be the true reading? *Seward.*

We apprehend *pecter* to be an English liquor, as well as *methuggin*, and think we have somewhere else seen it mentioned.

²⁵ *By the pose.*] The *pose* is an old English word used by *Claude* for a catarrh or defluxion of rheum. Mr. Symphon says that *Hec*, *heshed* tells us, that the *pose* is a distemper which was rarely, if ever, known among the English till chimneys were introduced, which was not long before his time; that before then fires were made against *re-re-dotes*, and the smoke got out how it could. This may be true: Rich people burnt chiefly coke or charcoal in the middle of their halls, as many of the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford do still; but why either this or smoky houses should so entirely prevent colds and rheums in the head seems somewhat strange. *Hollingshed*, perhaps, meant no more than that catarrhs were much more rare than formerly. I verily believe chimneys to be pernicious to health in general, and could wish to see stoves as customary here as they are both in warmer and colder climates abroad. *Seward.*

Duke. What's this?

Vec. Peace!

John. She, boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, boy, I say.

Fred. Ha?

John. She, boy;

The very child too, Frederick.

Fred. She laughs on us

Aloud, John! Has the devil these affections?

I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.

John. I will not!

'Who calls Jeronimo?' from his naked bed?

Sweet lady, was it you? If thou be'st the

devil, [wildfire,

First, having cross'd myself, to keep out

Then said some special prayers to defend me

Against thy most unhallow'd bood, hove at

thee!

Land. Hold, sir! I am no devil—

John. That's all true.

Land. I am your very Landlady.

John. I defy thee!

Thus, as St. Dunstan blew the devil's nose

With a pair of tongs, even so, right worship-

ful—

Land. Sweet son, I am old Gillian.

Duke. This is no spirit.

John. Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone?

Land. I am, son.

Vec. Sit still, sir; now I'll shew ye all.

[Exit.

John. Where's thy bottle?

Land. Here, I beseech you, son—

John. For I know the devil

Cannot assume that shape.

Fred. 'Tis she, John, certain.

John. A hog's pox o' your mauldy chaps!

what makes you

Tumbling and juggling here?

Land. I'm quit now, Signor, [mc;

For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at

For, to tell true, out of a trick I put

Upon your high behaviours, (which was a lie,

But then it serv'd my turn) I drew the lady

Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture

Your douships for o day or two, and secure

her

Out of all thoughts of danger. Here she comes now.

Enter Vecchio and Constantia.

Duke. May I yet speak?

Vec. Yea, and embrace her too,

For one that loves you dearer—

Duke. Oh, my sweetest!

Petr. Blush not; I will not chide you.

Con. To add more

Unto the joy I know, I bring you (sec, sir)

The happy fruit of all our vows!

Duke. Heav'n's blessing

Be round about thee ever!

John. 'Pray bless me too;

For if your Grace be well instructed this way,

You'll find the keeping half the getting.

Duke. How, sir?

John. I'll tell you that anon.

Con. 'Tis true, this gentleman

Has done a charity worthy your favour,

And let him have it, dear sir.

Duke. My best lady, [sir,

He has, and ever shall have. So must you,

Tu whom I'm equal bound as to my being.

Fred. Your Grace's humble servant!

Duke. Why kneel you, sir?

Vec. For pardon for my boldness; yet

'twas harmless, [saw,

And all the art I have, sir. Those your Grace

Which you thought spirits, were my neigh-

bours' children,

Whom I instruct in grammar here, and musick;

Their shapes (the people's fond opinions,

Believing I can conjure, and oft repining

To know of things stol'n from 'em) I keep

about me,

And always have in readiness. By conjecture,

Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em

Things that by chance have fall'n out so;

which why [for

(Having the persons here, I knew you sought

I wrought upon your Grace. My end is mirth,

And pleasing, if I can, all parties.

Duke. I believe it, [mc,

For you have pleas'd me truly; so well pleas'd

That, when I shall forget it—

Petr. Here's old Antonio,

(I spied him at a window) coming mainly;

* *Who calls Jeronimo.* This play, which had a great run in queen Elizabeth's reign, is the butt which Shakespeare, Jonson, and our Authors, are contiously shooting their wit at. For the fullest account of it, see Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, act i. sc. 5. *Seward.*

We are told, that it was the production of Thomas Kyd, author of a play entitled *Cornelia*. It is printed in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, and in the Origin of the Drama, by Mr. Hawkins, vol. ii. In the latter work, notice is taken of Langbaine's assertion, that there were two plays, First and Second Parts; 'But this,' says Mr. Hawkins, 'is a mistake: They are both but one play, with varied titles by different printers the same year.' In this particular, however, Mr. Hawkins was himself mistaken; there were two different plays, but whether by the same author we cannot but have some doubt. The former is entitled, 'The First Part of *Jeronimo*, with the Warres of Portugal, and the Life and Death of Don Andrea.' Printed at London for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be sold at his shop 'at the entrance into the Exchange,' 1605, 4to. It is the Second Part which is so constantly the object of ridicule by contemporary writers. *R.*

I know, about his whore; the man you lit on,
As you discover'd unto me. Good your Grace,
Let's stand by all; 'twill be a mirth above all,
To observe his pelting fury.

Vcc. About a wench, sir?

Petr. A young whore that has robb'd him.

Vcc. But d' you know, sir,
Where she is?

Petr. Yes, and will make that perfect.

Vcc. I am instructed well then.

John. If he come

To have a devil shewn him, by all means
Let me be he; I can roar rarely.

Petr. Be so;

But take heed to his anger.

Vcc. Slip in quickly;

There you shall find suits of all sorts. When
I call,

Be ready, and come forward. Who's there
comes in? [*Exeunt all but Vecchio.*]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the conjurer?

Vcc. Sir, I can do a little

That way, if you please to employ me.

Ant. Presently,

Show me a devil that can tell—

Vcc. Where your wench is.

Ant. You are i'th' right; as also where the
fidler,

That was consenting to her.

Vcc. Sit you there, sir; [*heartily?*]

You shall know presently. Can you pray

Ant. Why, is your devil so furious?

Vcc. I must shew you

A form may chance affright you.

Ant. He must first fire then;

Take you no care for me.

Vcc. Ascend, Asht'roth!

Enter Don John, like a spirit.

Why, when? appear, I say!—Now question
him.

Ant. Where is my whore, don devil?

John. Gone to China,

To be the great clown's mistress.

Ant. That's a lie, devil.

Where are my jewels?

John. Pawn'd for petticoats.

Ant. That may be. Where's the fidler?

John. Condemn'd to th' gallows
For robbing of a mill.

Ant. The lying'st devil

That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!
What was that rascal hurt me?

John. I.

Ant. How!

John. I.

Ant. Who was he?

John. I.

Ant. Do you hear, conjurer?

Dare you venture your devil?

Vcc. Yes.

Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger.

Have at your devil's pate! D' you now?

Enter All.

Vcc. Hold!

Petr. Hold there!

I do command you hold.

Ant. Is this the devil?

Why, conjurer—

Petr. It has been a devil to you, sir;

But now you shall forget all. Your whore's
safe,

And all your jewels; your boy too.

John. Now the devil indeed

Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate

Finds what it is to be a fiend.

Ant. All safe?

Petr. Pray ye know this person; all's
right now.

Ant. Your Grace [*where?*]

May now command me then. But where's my

Petr. Ready to go to whipping.

Ant. My whore whipp'd?

Petr. Yes, your whore, without doubt, sir.

Ant. Whipp'd! Pray, gentlemen—

Duke. Why, would you have her once

more rob ye? The young boy

You may forgive; he was entic'd.

John. The whore, sir,

Would rather carry pity; a handsome whore!

Ant. A gentleman, I warrant thee.

Petr. Let's in all;

And if we see contrition in your whore, sir,

Much may be done.

Duke. Now, my dear fair, to you,

And the full consummation of my vow!

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

We have not held you long; nor do I see
One brow in this selected company
Assuring a dislike. Our pains were eas'd,
Could we be confident that all were pleas'd;

But such ambition soars too high: If we
Have satisfied the best, and they agree
In a fair censure, we have our reward,
And, in their arm'd, desire no sure guard.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

The Commentatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher, and his name alone appears in the title of the first copy we meet with, which was printed at Oxford in 1640, under the name we have adopted; instead of which the Editor of the second folio calls it, 'The Bloody Brother; or, Rollo. A Tragedy;' which variation the subsequent Editors have followed. We do not know of any alterations having been made in this tragedy; and it has been neglected at the Theatres for very many years past.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

ROLLO, } *Sons to the deceased Duke of Nor-*
OTTO, } *mandy.*
AUGREY, *their Kinsman.*
GISEBERT, *the Chancellor.*
BALDWIN, *the Princess' Tutor.*
GRANDPREE, } *Captains of Rollo's Faction.*
VERDON, }
TREVILE, } *Captains of Otto's Faction.*
DUPRETE, }
LATORCH, *Favourite to Rollo.*
HAMOND, *Captain of the Guard to Rollo.*
ALLAN, *his Brother.*

NORBRETT, }
LA FISK, } *five cheating Rogues.*
RUFRE, }
DE BURE, }
PIPEAU, }
Cook.
Yeoman of the Cellar.
Butler.
Pantier.
 Lords, Sheriff, Guard, Officers, and Boys.
SOPHIA, *the old Duchess.*
MATILDA, *her Daughter.*
EDITII, *Daughter to Baldwin.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

Baldwin. **T**HE brothers then are met?
Gis. They are.

Bald. 'Tis thought
They may be reconcil'd.

Gis. 'Tis rather wish'd;

For such, whose reason doth direct their
thoughts,

Without self-flattery, dare not hope it, Bald-
win.

The fires of love, which the dead duke be-
his equal care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided: And there are
Too many on both parts, that know they
cannot

Or rise to wealth or honour, (their main ends)

Unless the tempest of the princes' fury
Make troubled seas, and those seas yield fit
billows [practic'd
To heave them up; and these are too well.
In their bad arts to give way to a calm,
Which, yielding rest to good men, proves
their ruin.

Bald. And in the shipwreck of their hopes
and fortunes,

The dukedom might be sav'd, had it but ten
That stood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd zeal which brave Aubrey
does.

Gis. He is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many
doubts and cautions

The brothers stood upon before they met?

Gis. I did; and yet, that ever brothers should

Stand on more nice terms than sworn enemies
After a war proclaim'd, would with a stranger
Wrong the reporter's credit. They saluted
At distance; and so strong was the suspicion
Each had of other, that, before they durst
Embrace, they were by several servants
search'd,

As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes
Ta'en openly by both, fearing the room
Appointed for the interview was poison'd;
The chairs and cushions, with like care sur-
vey'd;

And, in a word, in every circumstance,
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, concord can never join
Minds so divided.

Bald. Yet our best endeavours
Should not be wanting, Gisbert.

Gis. Neither shall they.

Enter Grandpree and Verdon.

But what are these?

Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But, by their manners and behaviours,
They should express themselves.

Grandp. Since we serve Rollo,
The eldest brother, we'll be Rollians, [mans.
Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as Ro-
You stand for him?

Verd. I do.

Grandp. Why then, observe [siness,
How much the business, the so-long'd-for hu-
By men that are nam'd from their swords,
concerns you. [under

Lechery, our common friend, so long kept
With whips, and beating fatal hemp, shall rise,
And blowdry, in a French hood, plead before
her;

Where it shall be concluded, after twelve
Virginity shall be carted.

Verd. Excellent!

Grandp. And Hell but grant, the quarrel
that's between

The princes may continue, and the business
That's of the sword, t'out-last three suits in
law!

And we will make attorneys lance-prizadoes*,
And our brave gown-men practisers of back-
sword;

The pewter of all sergeants' maces shall
Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,
In which it shall be lawful to carouse
To their most lousy fortunes.

Bald. Here's a statesman! [petition,

Grandp. A creditor shall not dare, but by
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap-year, in which, if

The debtor may be won, for a French crown
To pay a sous, he shall be registr'd
His benefactor.

Verd. The chancellor hears you.

Grandp. Fear not; I now dare speak as
loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I speak law.
Have you no eyes? There is a reverence due
From children of the gown, to men of action.

Gis. How's this?

Grandp. Even so: The times, the times are
chang'd;

All business is not now prefer'd in parch-
ment,

Nor shall a grant pass which wants this broad
seal;

This seal, d' you see? Your gravity once laid
My head and heels together in the dungeon,
For cracking a scald officer's crown, for which
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three hours to

Gis. Yes, somewhat longer. [live.

Grandp. To what end?

Gis. To hang you;

Think on that, ruffian!

Grandp. For you, schoolmaster,
You have a pretty daughter: Let me see;
Near three o'clock, (by which time, I much
fear,

I shall be tir'd with killing some five hundred)
Provide a bath, and her to entertain me,
And that shall be your ransom.

Bald. Impudent rascal!

Enter Trevile and Duprette.

Gis. More of the crew?

Grandp. What are you? Rollians?

Trev. No; this for Rollo, and all such as
serve him!

We stand for Otto.

Grandp. You seem men of fashion,
And therefore I'll deal fairly; you shall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The first men kill'd by Grandpree. You see
this sword;

A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,
And I may boldly say a gentleman,
It having made, when it was Charlemaign's,
Three thousand knights; this, sir, shall cut
your throat,

And do you all fair service else.

Trev. I kiss

Your hands for the good offer: Here's an-
other, [proud

The servant of your servant, which shall be
To be scour'd in your sweet guts; 'till when,
'Tray you command me.

Grandp. Your idolater, sir*.

[*Ereunt omnes prater Gis. & Bald.*

* *Lance-prizad. ex.*] As we can annex no meaning to *lans*, we have varied it to *lance*, and suppose, from the context, it is meant they should fight for prizes with the *lance*.—But it is not improbable, that the original was *lanceprade*, which Dr. Johnson tells us 'is the officer under the corporal.'

* *Grand. Your idolater, sir.*] The politeness of the French duellists is imitably burlesqued, both here and in the first act of *The Little French Lawyer*. *Seward.*

Gis. That ever such should bear the names
of men,
Or justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!

Bald. Yet they are protected,
And by the great ones.

Gis. Not the good ones, Baldwin.

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus, by
such

As are the principal ministers of the state,
When they that are the heads have fill'd the
court

With factions, a weak woman only left [arm
To stay their bloody hands? Can her weak
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the commonwealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was? Oh, Gisbert, the fair trials
And frequent proofs which our late minister

made, [rance,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assu-
To chuse you at his death a guardian, nay,
A father to his sons; and that great trust
How ill do you discharge! I must be plain,
That, at the best, you're a sad broker-on
Of those bad practices you should prevent.
And where's the use of your philosophy
In this so needful time? Be not secure;

But I talk when I should do, and chide others

For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,

Now do, or never speak more.

Gisb. We are yours.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, &c.

Rollo. You shall know, &c.] Thus the two last editions, without any regard to the
quarto, which prints it thus:

'But I talk when I should do, and chide others

'For that I now offend in.'

SCENE V.

Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpre, Otto, Verdon, Duprete, Gisbert, Baldwin, Aubrey.

Gisb. 'See't confirm'd:

'Now do, or never speak more.

'We are yours.

Rollo. 'You shall know,' &c.

This is certainly much preferable to the former, but yet I believe there is a small mistake
in it. 'See it confirm'd,' is a mere pleonasm either in Gisbert's or Aubrey's mouth; but in
Rollo's it is a fine continuation of a supposed previous dispute between the brothers. Otto
having insisted upon the confirmation of his father's will, which appointed him coher of
the dukedom, Rollo with indignation replies,

'See't confirm'd!'

The abrupt opening of a play or scene in this manner is a very great beauty. Terence
almost always introduces his characters in the continuance of some passion, and it has the
same effect which the like conduct has in the epic poem,

'————— in medias res

'Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit.' *Seward.*

After a very close examination of this passage (which is a very difficult one) we are con-
vinced that none of the books have yet exhibited the genuine reading. The quarto very
properly finishes Aubrey's speech with,

'But I talk when I should do, and chide others

'For that I now offend in.'

The two dukes and their several followers then enter, and commence a new scene, which
opens

For, Baldwin, be assur'd, since that the princes
(When they were young, and apt for any
form)

Were given to your instruction and grave
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in me, my lord, to alter
nature, [that will not

Gis. Nor can my counsels work on them,
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Aub. Do these answers sort

Or with your place, or persons, or your years?

Can Gisbert, being the pillar of the laws,
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to serve
The princes' unjust ends, and, with a frown,
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' abuse?

Or Baldwin only weep the des'p'rate madness
Of his seduced pupils? see those minds,
(Which with good arts he labour'd to build up,
Examples of succeeding times) u'eturn'd

By undermining parasites? No one precept,
Lending to any act or great or good,

But is forc'd from their memory; in whose
room [ments

Black counsels are receiv'd, and their retire-
And secret conference producing only
Dev'lish designs, a man would shame to fa-
ther!

But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpre, Otto, Verdon, and Duprete.

Trev. See't confirm'd.

Naw do, or never speak more! We are yours.

Rollo. You shall know who I am!

Otto. I do; my equi!

Rollo. Thy priore. Give way!—Were we none, I'd force thee, In thy lost blood, to write thyself my subject, And glad I would receive it.

Aub. Sir!

Gish. Dear lord!

Otto. Thy subject?

Rollo. Yes; nor shall tame patience hold A minute longer, only half myself. *[sword]* My birth gave me this dukedom, and my Shall change it to the common grave of all That tread upon her bosom, ere I part with A piece of earth, or title, that is mine!

Otto. I need it not, and would scorn to receive.

Tho' offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know

From me, 't' a' not deliver'd in great words, Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatening action)

Our father at his death, then, when no accent *(Wert thou a son)* could fall from him in vain, Made us co-heirs, our part of land and honours

Of equal weight; and, to see this confirm'd, The oaths of these are yet upon record, Who, tho' they should forsake me, and call down

The plagues of perjury on their sinful heads, I would not leave myself.

Trev. Nor will we see

The will of the dead duke infrin'd.

Lat. Nor I

The elder robb'd of what's his right.

Grandp. Nor you?

Let me take place!—I say, I will not see't!

My sword is sharpest.

Aub. Peace, you tinder-boxes,

That only carry matter to make a flame

Which will consume you!

Rollo. You are troublesome! *[To Baldwin.]*

This is untime for arguments! My title

Needs not your school-defences, but my sword,

With which the gordian of your sophistry Being cut, shall shew th' imposture.—For your laws,

It is in me to change them as I please.

[To Gishert.]

I being above them, Gishert! Would you have me protect them?

Let them then now stretch their extremest And seize upon that traitor; and your tongue Make him appear first dangerous, and then odious;

And after, under the pretence of safety For the sick state, the land's and people's quiet,

Cut off his head: And I'll give up my sword, And fight with them at a more certain weapon

To kill, and with authority.

Gis. Sir, I grant

The laws are useful weapons, but found not T' assure the innocent, not to oppress.

Rollo. Then you conclude him innocent?

Gis. The power

Your father gave him must not prove a crime.

Aub. Nor should you so receive it.

opens abruptly, it is true; but the first line and half have never yet been assigned to the real speaker. From all that has gone before, it is absolutely impossible that Gishert, Baldwin, or Aubrey should utter words tending to foment the dispute which they had shewn themselves so anxious to extinguish: They certainly belong to one or other of the adherents in the different dukes. If the point of interrogation is adopted, one of Rollo's captains, Grandpre or Verdon, is the speaker, advising him by no means to listen to the confirmation of his father's will (for which Otto and his party contend), and assuring him of their entire support in opposing. If the point of interrogation is rejected, then Trevile or Duprete, the captains of Otto, must be the speaker, counselling him to enforce the confirmation of the late duke's will. As Rollo immediately after says, 'You shall know who I am!' asserting his right of eldership, and the quarto exhibited the point of interrogation, we should have inclined to the first of these conjectures, and have assigned the speech to Grandpre; the initial letter of whose name being the same with that of Gishert, might have occasioned the mistake. But as the point of interrogation occurs in no edition but that of Mr. Seward, we have given the words to one of Otto's faction: Their proceeding from that party, and Trevile in particular, we think confirmed by Otto himself saying afterwards,

'——— and, *to see this confirm'd,*

'The oaths of these are yet upon record;'

when Trevile immediately subjoins,

'——— Nor will we see

'The will of the dead duke infrin'd.'

The words 'See't confirm'd?' do not want spiriting from Rollo, but no editions warrant Mr. Seward's assigning them to him, nor does the sense render it necessary. To confirm what we have said relative to Gishert and Aubrey, we cannot close this long note without observing, that the very next words they deliver are entirely consonant to what we have said of them, and tending to make peace between the two dukes, not to continue their disputes:

Aub. 'Sir!' *Gish.* 'Dear lord!'

Bald. To which purpose,

All that once challenge any part in goodness
Will become suppliants to you.

Rollo. They have none [you!
That dare move me in this. Hence! I defy
Be of his party, bring it to your bows,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,
Your moral rules of justice, and her balance:
I stand on my own ground!

O. la. Which thy justice
Will make thy enemy's. By the memory
Of him whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes, with an impious hand,
Thou throw'st out to contempt, (in thy repi-

ning
At his so just decree) thou art unworthy
Of what his last will, not thy merit, gave thee!
That art so swollen within, with all those mis-

chiefs
That e'er made up a tyrant, that thy breast,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and, in thy own

words,
Discover what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee!

Rollo. Thou shalt not live

To be so happy! [*He offers his sword at Otto,*
the faction joining.

Aub. [getting between the brothers.] Nor
your misery

Begin in murder. Duty, allegiance,
And all respects of what you are, forsake me!

Do ye stare on? Is this a theatre?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad
fencers,

To make ye sport? Keep them asunder, or,
By Heav'n, I'll charge on all!

Grandp. Keep the peace! [me,
I am for you, my lord; and, if you'll have
I'll act the constable's part.

Aub. Live I to see this?

Will you do that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in yourselves those furies, which
Hell would cast out?—Do, (I am ready) kill
me,

And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make ye men again, which now ye are
not!

Rollo. These are your bucklers, hoy!

Otto. My hindrances;
And, were I not confirm'd, my justice in
The taking of thy life could not weigh down
The wrong in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these whose goodness only now protects
thee, [self

Thou shouldst feel I in act would prove my-
What thou in words dost labour to appear!

Rollo. Hear this, and talk again? I'll break
thro' all,

But I will reach thy heart.

Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it! Who
are these? [on me,

My sons? my slimmers! Turn all your swords
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel had a grave
In the unhappy womb that brought ye forth!
Dare you remember that you had a mother,
Or look on these grey hairs, (made so with
tears,

[yet
For both your goods, and not with age) and
Stand doubtful to obey her? From me you had
Life, nerves, and faculties, to use those wea-

pons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?

Otto. All peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this war then?

As if your arms could be advanc'd, and I
Not set upon the rack? Your blood is mine,
Your daughter's mine; your goodness I should
share in,

And must be branded with those impious
marks [mine,

You stamp on your own foreheads and on
If you go on thus. For my good name, there-
fore,

Tho' all respects of honour in yourselves
Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your
swords,

(Your duty should be swifter than my tongue)
And join your hands while they are innocent!
You've heat of blood, and youth apt to un-
hibition,

To plead an easy pardon for what's past;
But all the ills beyond this hour committed,
From gods or men must hope for no excuse.

Gis. Can you hear this unmov'd?

Aub. No syllable

Of this so pious charin, but should have
power

To frustrate all the juggling deceits,
With which the devil blinds you.

Otto. I begin

To melt, I know not how.

Rollo. Mother, I'll leave you!

And, sir, be thankful for the time you live,
'Till we meet next, (which shall be soon and
To her persuasion for you. [sudden)

Soph. Oh, yet stay, [hearing
And, rather than part thus, vouchsafe me
As enemies!—How is my soul divided!

My love to both is equal, as my wishes,
But is return'd by neither. My griev'd heart,
Hohl yet a little longer, and then break!
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes the authority of a mother's power;
And therefore, like myself, Otto, to thee:
(And yet observe, son, how thy mother's tears

* Takes from me th' authority of a mother's power.] Quarto reads,

* Takes the authority of a mother's power?

If this latter be not more corrupt, it is evident that *of* should be *off*, as I first intended to
read,

Outstrip her forward words, to make way
for 'em)

Thou art the younger, Otto; yet he now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elier in my love.

Otto. The means
To be so happy?

Soph. This; yield up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enemies' force
Could e'er despoil thee of!—Why dost thou
tremble,

And with a fearful eye, fix'd on thy brother,
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against
thee?

I am thy armour, and will be pierc'd thro'
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any peril my arrive at thee;
And therefore fear not.

Otto. 'Tis not for myself,
But for you, mother: You are now engag'd
In more than lies in your unquestion'd virtue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, tho' by his hand, the world
May say it was your practice.

Soph. All worlds perish,
Before my piety turn Treason's parent!
Take it again, and stand upon your guard,
And, while your brother is, continue arm'd:
And yet this fear is needless; for I know
My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet-untaught valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and
fear

Both, for each other's safety, not mine own.
Know yet, my sons, when necessity
You must deceive or be deceiv'd, 'tis better
To suffer treason, than to act the traitor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome—Consider then
What 'tis for which you strive! Is it the
dukedom?

Or the command of these so-ready subjects?

Desire of wealth? or whatsoever else
Fires your ambition, 'tis still desperate mad-
ness, [of;

To kill the people which you would be lords
With fire and sword to lay that country waste
Whose rule you seek for; to consume the
treasures,

Which are the sinews of your government,
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
Far, far be this from you! Make it not ques-
tion'd [dom

Whether you can have interest in that duke-
Whose ruin both contend for.

Otto. I desire

But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rollo. And rather than posterity shall have
cause

To say I ruin'd all, divide the dukedom:
I will accept the moiety.

Otto. I embrace it. [limb,

Soph. Divide me first, or tear me limb by
And let them find as many several graves
As there are villages in Normandy:
And 'tis less sin, than so to weaken it.

To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead lord, and almost blaspheme
Those powers which heard my prayers for
fruitfulness, [womb!

And did not with my first birth close my
To me alone my second blessing proves
My first, my first of misery*; for if Heav'n,
That gave me Rollo, there had staid his bounty,
And Otto, my dear Otto, ne'er had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my love,
The stream of my affection had run constant
In one fair current; all my hopes had been
Laid up in one, and fruitful Normandy
In this division had not lost her glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair diamond,
Which being preserv'd entire, exceeds all
value,

But cut in pieces (though these pieces are
Set in fine gold by the best workman's cun-
ning)

read, and find that Mr. Theobald read so too: But there is a pleonasm and impropriety in
taking authority from power, which I scarce think genuine, and I therefore insert in the
text what seems the natural expression. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

'Takes from me the authority of a mother.'

Off for of is all the emendation necessary. Mr. Seward goes too far in rectifying what he
thinks 'pleonasm and impropriety;' for which he substitutes a text of frigidity.

* Both; for others safety, not my own.] Mr. Seward added the word each.

* To me alone my second blessing proves my first,

My first of misery; for if Heav'n, &c.] Sophia says, that her second blessing made her
first become a curse to her, which was certainly the case, as Rollo was the incendiary.

Seward.

We do not think she means to reflect on either Otto or Rollo; but to say, 'that her hav-
ing a second son, rendered it unhappy for her that she had a first;' that is, that her misery
arose from her having more than one, which fruitfulness was to other women commonly a
blessing. This is plain from her saying immediately before, that she could

—almost blaspheme

'Those powers that heard her prayers for fruitfulness,

'And did not with her first birth close her womb.'

The rest of the speech confirms this interpretation.

Parts with all estimation: So this dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring kings may
covet,

But cannot compass; which divided, will
Become the spoil of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Gis. How this works in both! [*fire.*]

Bald. Prince Rollo's eyes have lost their
Gis. And anger,

That but can now wholly possess'd good
Otto,

Hath given place to pity.

Aub. End not thus,

Malice, but perfect what's so well begun.

Soph. I see in both fair signs of reconcil-
ement;

Make these sure proofs they are so: The fates
To your free choice, either to live examples
Of piety, or wickedness: If the latter

Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Percease this⁷ her painted outside, and discover

That she is all deformity within,
Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,

And let the last and the worst act of tyrants⁸,
The murder of a mother, but begin

The scene of blood you after me to heighten!
But if that Virtue, and her sore rewards,

Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
The fairest stars in the bright sphere of ho-
nour;

Make me the parent of an hundred sons,
All brought into the world with joy, not
sorrow,

And every one a father to his country,
In being now made mother of your concord!

Rollo. Such, and so good, loud Fame for
ever speak you!

Bald. Ay, now they meet like brothers.
[*The brothers throw down their
swords, and embrace.*]

Gis. My heart's joy
Flows thro' my eyes.

Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodness!

Gis. My heart's joy
Flows thro' my eyes.

Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodness!

Gis. My heart's joy
Flows thro' my eyes.

Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodness!

Gis. My heart's joy
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Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodness!

Gis. My heart's joy
Flows thro' my eyes.

Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodness!

Gis. My heart's joy
Flows thro' my eyes.

Aub. May never woman's tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodness!

Otto. If we contend, from this hour, it
shall be

How to overcome in brotherly affection.

Rollo. Otto is Rollo now, and Rollo, Otto;
Or, as they have one mind, rather one name.

From this atonement⁹ let our lives begin;
Be all the rest forgotten!

Aub. Spoke like Rollo! [*ment,*]

Soph. And, to the honour of this reconcil-
We all this night will, at a publick feast,

With choice wines, drown our late fears, and
with merriment

Welcome our comforts.

Bald. Sure and certain ones. [*sons,*]

Soph. Supported thus, I am secure! Oh,
This is your mother's triumph!

Rollo. You deserve it. [*Exeunt.*]

*Manent Grandprée, Verdun, Treville, and
Duprete.*

Grandp. Did ever such a hop'd-for business
end thus? [*Grandprée,*]

Verd. 'Tis fatal to us all; and yet you,
Have the least cause to fear.

Grandp. Why, what's my hope? [*hang'd;*]

Verd. The certainty that you have to be
You know the chancellor's promise.

Grandp. Plague upon you!

Verd. What think you of a bath, and a
lord's daughter,

To entertain you?

Grandp. Those desires are of
frail thoughts¹⁰. All friends; no Rollians

now, nor Otto's! [*vants*]

The several court'sies of our swords and ser-
Defer till after consequence; let's make use
Of this night's freedom, a short parliament

to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely¹¹;

Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too,
and that's

No usual business to the men o'th' sword.
Drink deep with me to-night, we shall to-
Or whip or hang the merrier. [*inorrow*]

Trev. Lead the way then. [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ And let the last and the worst act of tyrannies,

The murder of a mother, &c.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symson both concur with me
in preferring *tyrants* to *tyrannies*, as the allusion to Nero's murdering his mother becomes
more evident. *Seward.*

⁸ *Attachment.*] i. e. according to the old writers, *reconciliation*.

⁹ *Those desires are of frail thoughts.*

All friends, no Rollians now, &c.] Quarto. The subsequent editions read,

¹⁰ ———— Those desires are off.

¹¹ Frail thoughts, no Rollians now, nor Otto's.

¹² ———— *let's make use*

Of this night's freedom, a short parliament to us,

In which it will be lawful to walk freely.] Mr. Symson thinks that to carry on the
metaphor from the *parliament* we should read, *talk freely*, and indeed I at first altered it so
myself; but considering the privilege of parliament exempting the members from imprison-
ment, and the tear *Grandprée* was in of having only one night's exemption from it, the
present reading seems unexceptionable. *Seward.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Latorch and Rollo.

Lat. WHY should this trouble you?

Rollo. It does, and must do
Till I find ease.

Lat. Consider then, and quickly; {you,
And, like a wise man, take the current with
Which, once turn'd head, will sink you.
Blest Occasion

Offers herself in thousand safeties to you;
Time standing still to point you out your
purpose,

And Resolution (the true child of Virtue)
Ready to execute. What dull cold weakness
Has crept into your bosom, whose mere
thoughts, [rests,

Like tempests, ploughing up the smiling fo-
Ev'n with their swing were wont to shuke
down hazards?

What is't? your mother's tears—

Rollo. Prithce be patient.

Lat. Her hands held up? her prayers, or
her curses? [woman!]

Oh, power of pray'r and tears dropp'd by a
Take heed the soldiers see it not: 'tis miser-
able, [friends,

In Rollo below miserable; take heed your
The sinews of your cause, the strength you
stir by,

Take heed, I say, they find it not; take heed
Your own repentance (like a passing-bell)
Too late and too loud, tell the world you're
perish'd!

What noble spirit, eager of advancement,
Whose employment is his plough; what sword
whose sharpness

Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope,
After the world has blown abroad this weak-
ness,

Will move again, or make a wish for Rollo?

Rollo. Are we not friends again, by each
oath ratified?

Our tongues the heralds of our hearts?

Lat. Poor hearts then!

Rollo. Our worthier friends—

Lat. No friends, sir, to your honour;
Friends to your fall! Where is your under-
standing,

The noble vessel that your full soul sail'd in,
Ribb'd round with honours? where is that?
'tis ruin'd,

The tempest of a woman's sighs has sunk it.
Friendship (take heed, sir!) is a smiling harlot,
That, when she kisses, kills! A soldier'd
friendship,

Piec'd out with promises? Oh, painted ruin!

Rollo. Latorch, he is my brother.

Lat. The more doubted;

For hntred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,
May fawn and sport, but never leave his na-
ture.

The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Are like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce beard, but view the beaten
current,

And you shall see a thousand angry rings
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
So jars circle in distrusts; distrusts breed
dangers, [shadow,

And dangers death (the greatest extreme)
'Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their
graves!'

There is no manly wisdom, nor no safety,

"*Oh, power of prayer, dropp'd through by a woman.*" I suspect that there is a mistake in the latter part of this line; for what is the antecedent to 'dropp'd through by a woman'? We must go back to *thoughts or resolution*, and then indeed it is intelligible: But I rather think the true reading to be,

"*Oh, pow'r of pray'r and tears dropp'd by a woman!*" *Seward.*

We think Mr. Seward's conjecture so right that we have given it a place in the text. Latorch asks, 'What is't? your mother's tears, or her prayers?' and then exclaims,

"*Oh, pow'r of prayers and tears dropp'd by a woman!*"

This reading meets with a still stronger confirmation by Rollo's afterwards saying (p. 147)

"*My mother's tears, and womanish cold prayers,*

"*Farewell!*"

"*So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,*

And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,

'Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves.] The old quarto reads,

"*So jars circling in distrusts, distrusts pull down dangers,*

"*And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,*

"*'Till nothing bound them but the shores, their graves.'*"

The late editions have corrected *shores* right; but how does the word *shadow* carry on the metaphor? and what poor measure is the first line! I hope I have restored the true reading, as it perfects the measure, and makes the whole metaphor consistent. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward thus alters this passage:

"*So jars distrusts encircle; distrusts dangers,*

"*And dangers death the greatest extreme follows,*

"*'Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves.'*"

We apprehend the Editor of the folio made a mistake when intending to correct the first

In leaning to this league, this piece-patch
friendship,

This rear'd-up reconciliation on a billow;
Which, as it tumbles, totters down your fur-
ture.

Is't not your own you reach at, law and na-
ushering the way before you? Is not he
Born and bequeath'd your subject?

Rollo. Ha!

Lat. What fool

Would give a storm leave to disturb his pence,
When he may shut the casement? Can that
man

Has won so much upon you by your pity,
And drawn so high¹³, that like an ominous
comet

He darkens all your light; can this couch'd
(Tho' now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming, like a cat to cozen you)

But (when ambition whets him, and time fits
him)

Leap to his prey, and seiz'd once, suck your
D'you make it conscience?

Rollo. Conscience, Latorch! what's that?

Lat. A fear they tie up fools in, Nature's
coward, [sits]
Taking the blood¹⁴, and chilling the full spi-
rit
With apprehension of mere clouds and shad-
ows.

Rollo. I know no conscience, nor I fear no
shadows!

Lat. Or if you did, if there were conscience,
If the free soul could suffer such a curb¹⁵;
The fiery mind such puddle to put it out;

Must it needs, like a rank vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happiness,
Honour and Rule, and there sit shading of
us¹⁶?

[satisfied,
Rollo. It shall not, nor it must not! I am
And once more am myself again.

My mother's tears, and womanish cold pray-
ers,

[Conscience,
Farewell! I have forgot you. If there be
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me,

(Which is my hope of bliss) and I believe it.
Otto, our friendship thus I blow to air,
A hubble for a boy to play withal; [this,
And all the vows my weakness made, like
Like this poor heartless rush, I rend a-pieces.

Lat. Now you go right, sir! now your eyes
are open.

[he is,
Rollo. My father's last petition's dead as
And all the promises I clos'd his eyes with,
In the same grave I bury.

Lat. Now you are a man, sir.

Rollo. Otto, thou shew'st my winding-sheet
before me,

[fire,
Which, ere I put it on, like Hecate's blest

line, and left *circling* instead of altering it to *circle*, omitting *in*, which should have remained.
This small variation from the second folio is all which seems necessary, instead of the violent
alterations made by Mr. Seward. His asking, 'How does the word *shadow* carry on the
'metaphor?' must have arose from his thinking it a *substantive*, instead of a *verb*.

¹³ And drawn so high.] Mr. Seward, thinking the sense incomplete, introduces an auxiliary
verb, reading,

'And's drawn so high——'

We see no necessity for the addition, but think it flattens the text.

¹⁴ Tasting the blood.] So quarto. The two following editions read, *polling*; and Mr. Sew-
ard proposes either *tainting* or *taking*, and adopts the former. We think the latter prefer-
able; it is nearer the trace of the letters, and perfectly agreeable to the context. An ex-
planation of *taking* will be found in note ⁵⁷ of The False One.

¹⁵ If the free soul could suffer such a curb

To the fiery mind, such puddles to put it out.] The old quarto reads this passage thus:

'If the free soul could suffer

'The fiery mind, such puddle to put it out.'

Mr. Symson thinks that we should strike out the additions of the late editions, and that
the old reading is right. To me it does not seem so; for two metaphors are confounded
and have but one verb, which suits to the *fiery mind*, but not so well to the former; or if it
does, the *free soul* and *fiery mind* will be mere tautology. I therefore approve the additions
of the late editions, and believe them genuine, however they came by them. That they
had them from some manuscript, and not from conjecture, I am persuaded: Because they
have so printed them as evidently to shew that they did not understand the least syllable of
them. They make the sense thus;

'If the free soul could suffer such a curb

'To the fiery mind?——'

Here, therefore, is all the tautology and confusion of metaphors which is found in the defi-
cient text of the old quarto; but how infinitely is it improved when each metaphor is pre-
served distinct and separate!

'If the free soul could suffer such a curb;

'The fiery mind such puddle 't put it out;'

Mr. Theobald overlooked the corruptions of this passage, so I cannot tell his sentiments,
Seward.

¹⁶ Sit shaking of us.] Mr. Symson proposes the variation in the text, and we think it a
happy conjecture.

In my descent I'll make it blush in blood!
(A crown, a crown! Oh, sacred rule, now
fire me!)

Nor shall the pity of thy youth, false brother,
Altho' a thousand virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mother's blessed womb that bred
us,

Redeem thee from my doubts: Thou art a
wolf here,
Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from
No safety else.¹⁷ [me*;

Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, sir,
Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing
waters

Run deep and silent, 'till they're satisfied,
And smile in thousand curls, to gild their
craft; [wit work.

Let your sword sleep, and let my two-edg'd
This happy feast, the full joy of your friend-
Shall be his last! [ship,

Rollo. How, my Latorch?

Lat. Why thus, sir:

I'll presently go dive into the officers
That minister at table; gold and goodness¹⁸,
With promise upon promise, and time neces-
sary,

I'll pour into them.

Rollo. Canst thou do it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone; and such a bait it shall
Shall take off all suspicion. [be,

Rollo. Go, and prosper!

Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest
face put on, sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler,
Yeoman of the Cellar, with a jack of beer,
and a dish.*

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance
hot, boys! [ter!

Give me some drink; this fire's a plaguy fret-
Body of me, I am dry still! give me the
jack, boy;

This wooden skiff holds nothing.

Pant. And faith, master, [eating.

What brave new meats? for here will be old

Cook. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat,

I have it; [name.

I've bullast for their bellies, if they eat a god's

Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care

But. But what new rare munition? [not.

Cook. Phn! a thousand;

I'll make you pigs speak French at table¹⁹,

and a fat swan [lence;

Come sculling²⁰ out of England with a child-

I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance the

canaries, [em;

And a consort of cramm'd capous fiddle to

A calf's head speak an oracle, and a dozen

of larks

Rise from the dish, and sing all supper-time;

'Tis nothing, boys. I've fraid n fortification

Out of rye-paste, which is impregnable;

* Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me,

A crown, a crown, oh, sacred rule, now fire me!

No safety else.] We believe the second of these lines to be improperly repeated here, by some accidental interpolation.

¹⁷ No safety else.

Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, sir,

Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters

Run deep, &c.] Mr. Seward here objects, 'the measure is quite lost,' and 'the sense very stiff;' and then prints as follows:

'No safety else. *Lat.* But be not too much stirr'd, sir,

'Nor too high-threatening in your execution,

'Ever remember, sir, that swallowing waters,' &c.

In which interpolations he professes to have copied a passage in Shakespeare's Henry VIII. But we see no reason, nor shadow of authority, for departing from the old text, merely to show Mr. Seward's talent of imitation.

¹⁸ Gold and goodness.] As goodness seems an odd motive to persuade people to murder, I at first thought we should read, 'Gold and greatness, or goods;' but I now believe the old reading right. As Vice always assumes some pretence of good, so Latorch, in persuading the servants to the murder, urges the good of the state, and the general blessing. *Seward.*

Goodness means good things: Mr. Seward might have remembered 'filling the hungry with good things.'

¹⁹ I'll make you pigs speak French at table, and a fat swan.] Mr. Theobald very justly strikes out the words at table, as unnecessary to the sense and injurious to the measure. *Seward.*

We cannot think Theobald had any right to strike out the words, which are not foreign to the sense, and do not render the measure more irregular than it is in many other places. Editors are not to correct their Authors, but to publish them as the Authors left them. The measure too in this speech is particularly, and perhaps purposely, licentious.

²⁰ Sculling.] So quarto. Mr. Simpson reads sculling, which Mr. Seward calls an 'ingenious emendation:' To be sure, if modernizing the orthography of a word which could not be mistaken is ingenious, this is so. The folio reads, sailing.

And against that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continu-
ously. [white-broth,

For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of
And pikes come plowing up the plums before
them;

Arise on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ!
And have king herring with his oil and onion
Crown'd with a lemon peel, his wny prepar'd
With his strong guard of pilchers.

Pant. Ay marry, master!

Cook. All these are nothing: I'll make you
a stubble goose [scently,
Turn o'th' toe thrice, do a cross point pre-
And then sit down again, and cry, 'Come
eat me!' [mourning,

These are for mirth. Now, sir, for matter of
I'll bring you in the lady Loin-of-veal,
With the long love she bore the prince of
Omnes. Thou boy, thou? [Orange.

Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Fco. What's that, good master?

Cook. 'Tis a sacrifice:

A full vine bending, like an arch, and under
The bloudgud Bacchus, sitting on ahogshend,
His altar here; before that, a plump vintner
Kneeling, and offering incense to his deity,
Which shall be only this, red sprats and
pilchers. [the wine on.

But. This when the table's drawn, to draw

Cook. Thou hast it right; and then comes
thy song, Butler.

Pant. This will be admirable!

Fco. Oh, sir, most admirable!

Cook. If you'll have the paste speak, 'tis
in my power;

I've fire enough to work it. Come, stand close,
And now rehearse the song, we may be per-
fect, [thers.

The drinking song; and say I were the bro-

THE SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it tomorrow.
Best while you have it use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up; wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and ptisick,
And is for all diseases physick.

Then let us swill, hoys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the len', still in October.

Well have you borne yourselves. A red deer
pie, boys,

And that no lean one, I bequeath your virtues.
What friends hast thou to-day? no citizens?

Pant. Yes, father, the old crew.

Cook. By the mass, true wenches!

Sirrah, set by a chine of beef, and a hot paste,
And let the joll of sturgeon be corrected:
And (do you mark, sir?) stalk me to a pheasant,
And see an you can shoot her into th' cellar.

But. God-a-mercy, lad, send me thy roar-
ing bottles!²¹
And with such nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

Enter Latorch.

Monsieur Latorch? What news with him?
Save you! [men!

Lat. Save you, master! save you, gentle-
You're casting for this preparation,
This joyful supper for the royal brothers.
I'm glad I've met you fitly, for to your charge,
My bountiful brave Butler, I must deliver
A bevy of young lasses, that must look on
This night's solemnity, and see the two dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit: You have stowage?

But. For such freight I'll find room, and
be your servant.

Cook. Bring them; they shall not starve
here; I'll send 'em victuals

Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten
days hence, sir.

Lat. God-a-mercy, noble master!

Cook. Nay, I'll do't.

Fco. And wine they shall not want, let 'em
drink like ducks.

Lat. What misery it is that minds so royal,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to uncertainties!

But. Ay, were the state once settled, then
we had places!

Fco. Tisn we could shew ourselves, and
help our friends, sir. [where now

Cook. Ay, then there were some savour in't,
We live between two stools, every hour ready
To tumble on our noses; and for aught we
know yet,

For all this supper, ready to fast the next day.

Lat. I would fain speak unto you, out of
pity,

Out of the love I bear you, out of honesty,
For your own goods; nay, for the general
blessing. [pray go forward!

Cook. And we would as fain hear you!

Lat. Dure you but think to make your-
selves up certainties, [bled?

Your places and your credits ten times dou-
The prince's favour? Rollo's?

But. A sweet gentleman!

Fco. Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his
right too. [dread, boys!

Cook. By the mass, a royal gentleman in-
He'll make the chimnies smok!

Lat. He would do, friends; [ers,

And you too, if he had his right, true courti-
What could you waat then?—Dure you?

²¹ *Pant.* God-a-mercy, lad, send me thy roaring bottles.] Mr. Seward, we think properly, gives this speech to the Butler, instead of the 'solicitor, grave, honest Pantler, to whom it belongs neither by character nor office.' For God-a-mercy he reads, *Grumercy*, which we cannot think allowable. The quarto says, *dad*; the folio, *lad*.

Cook. 'Pray be short, sir. [sure you,

Lat. And this, my soul upon't, I dare as—
If you but dare your parts—

Cook. Dure not me, monsieur;
For I that fear neither fire nor water, sir,
Dare do enough, a man would think.

Yeo. Believe't, sir,
Bet make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You shall not find us flinchers.

Lat. Then I'll be sudden.

Pant. What may this mean? and whither
would he drive us?

Lat. And first, for what you must do (be-
cause all danger

Shall be apparently tied up and muzzled,
The matter seeming mighty) there's your par-
dons! [God, defend us!

Pant. Pardons? is't come to that? Good

Lat. And here's five hundred crowns, in
bounteous earnest:

And now, behold the matter.

[Gives each a paper.

But. What are these, sir?

Yeo. And of what nature? to what use?

Lat. Imagine. [abominably]

Cook. Will they kill rats? (they eat my pies
Or work upon a woman eold as Christmas?
I have an old jade sticks upon my fingers.
May I taste them?

Lat. Is your will made? [pay you.
And have you said your prayers? for they'll
And now to come up to you, for your know-
ledge,

And for the good you never shall repent you,
If you be wise men now—

Cook. Wise as you will, sir.

Lat. These must be put then into th'
several meats

Young Otto loves; by you into his wine, sir,
Into his bread by you; by you into his linen.
Now, if you desire, you have found the means
To make ye; and, if ye dare not, ye have
Found your ruin: Resolve me ere I go.

But. You'll keep faith with us?

Lat. May I no more see light else!

Cook. Why, 'tis done then.

But. 'Tis done.

Pant. It is done which
shall be undone.

Lat. About it then! farewell!

Ye're all of one mind?

Cook. All.

Omnes. All, all.

Lat. Why then, all happy! [Exit.

But. What did we promise him?

Yeo. D'you ask that now?

But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.

Pant. I'll tell you;

It is to be all villains, knaves, and traitors.

Cook. Fine wholesome titles!

But. But, if we dare go forward—

Cook. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quar-

Pant. Very true, sir! [ter'd.

Cook. Oh, what a goodly swing

Shall I give the gallows! Yet I think too
This may be done, and we may be rewarded,
Not with a rupee, but with a royal master:
And yet we may be hang'd too.

Yeo. Say 'twere done;

Who is it done fur? Is it not for Rollo,
And for his right?

Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.

But. Or say he take it, say we be disco-
ver'd? [protect us?

Yeo. Is not the same man bound still to
Are we not his?

But. Sure he will never fail us.

Cook. If he do, friends, we shall find that
will hold us. [pose,

And yet, methinks, this prologue to our pur-
These crowns should promise more. 'Tis eas-
sily done,

As easy as a man would roast an egg,
If that be all: For, look you, gentlemen!
Here stand my broths; my finger slips a little,
Down drops a dose; I stir him with my ladle,
And there's a dish for a duke; *olla podrida*.
Here stands a bak'd meat, he wants a little
seasoning;

A foolish mistake! my spice-box, gentlemen,
And put in some of this, the matter's ended;
Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the art
Or in a galingale, a little does it²². [out;

Yeo. Or as I fill my wine—

Cook. 'Tis very true, sir, [neatly first,
Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and
'Tis past.

Yeo. And done once, 'tis as easy
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pant. But 'tis a damned sin!

Cook. I never fear that; [boys.
The fire's my play-fellow. Now I'm resolv'd,

But. Why then, have with you.

Yeo. The same for me.

Pant. For me too.

Cook. And now, no more our worships, but
our lordships.

Pant. [aside.] Not this year, on my know-
ledge; I'll unlord you. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Servant and Sewer.

Serv. Perfume the room round, and pre-
pare the table.

Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.

Sewer. Make room there;

Room for the dukes' meat! Gentlemen, be
bare there; [gapers;

Clear all the entrance. Guard, put by those

²² Or in a galingale, a little does it.] This line is restored from the old quarto. *Galingale*, the dictionaries tell us, is an Indian herb, very savoury. It was probably eaten either as a sallad, or pickle, or used in some sauce; otherwise it is scarcely intelligible in this place.
Seward.

And, gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery clear;
The dukes are coming on.

Hautboys; o banquet.

Enter Sophia, between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorch, Gisbert, Baldwin, attendants, Hammond, Matilda, and Edith.

Serv. 'Tis certainly inform'd.

Otto. Reward the fellow,
And look you mainly to it.

Serv. My life for yours, sir!

Soph. Now am I straight, my lords, and young again;

My long-since-blasted hopes shoot out in blossom—
The fruits of everlasting love appearing.

Oh! my blest boys, the honour of my years,
Of all my cares the bounteous fair rewarders,
Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
Within a mother's love lock up your friendships!

And, my sweet sons, once more with mutual
As one chaste bed begot ye, make one body!
Blessings from Heav'n in thousand shows
fall on ye!

Aub. Oh, woman's goodness never to be
May the most sinful creatures of thy sex,
But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints!

Soph. Sit down, my worthy sons; my lords,
your places.

Ay, now methinks the table's nobly furnish'd;
Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;
And all the room, stuck with a general pleasure,

Shews like the peaceful bower of happiness.

Aub. Long may it last! and, from a heart
fill'd with it

Full as my cup, I give it round, my lords.

Bald. And may that stubborn heart be
drunk with sorrow

Refuses it! Men dying now should take it,
And, by the virtue of this ceremony,
Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.

Rollo. You're sad, my noble brother.

Otto. No, indeed, sir.

Soph. No sadness, my sweet son, this day.

Rollo. Pray you eat;

Something is here you've lov'd; taste of this
It will prepare your stomach.

Otto. Thank you, brother:

I am not now dispos'd to eat.

Rollo. Or that;

(You put us out of heart, man) come, these
baked meats

Were ever your best diet.

Otto. None, I thank you.

Soph. Are you well, noble child?

Otto. Yes, gracious mother.

Rollo. Give him a cup of wine, then.

Pledge the health;

Drink it to me; I'll give it to my mother.

Soph. Do, my best child.

Otto. I must not, my best mother,

Indeed I dare not; for, of late, my body
Has been much weaken'd by excess of diet;
The promise of a fever hanging on me,
And e'en now ready, if not by abstinence——

Rollo. And will you keep it in this general
freedom?

A little health preferr'd before our friendship?

Otto. I pray you excuse me, sir.

Rollo. Excuse yourself, sir;

Come, 'tis your fear, and not your fever,
brother,

And you have done me a most worthy kind—
My royal mother, and you, noble lords,
Hear, for it now concerns me to speak boldly:
What faith can be expected from his vows;
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of
friendship;

From all his full embraces, what blest issue;
When he shall brand me here for base suspicion—
He takes me for a poisoner——

Soph. Gods defend it, son!

Rollo. For a foul knave, a villain, and so
fears me.

Otto. I could say something too.

Soph. You must not so, sir,

Without your great forgetfulness of virtue;
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother—
Indeed your loving brother.

Rollo. If he please so.

Soph. One noble father, with as noble
thoughts,

Begot your minds and bodies; one care rock'd
And one truth to you both was ever sacred.
Now fy, my Otto! whither flies your goodness?

Because the right-hand has the power of cut—
Shall the left presently cry out 'Tis maim'd?
They're one, my child, one power, and one
performance,

And, join'd together thus, one love, one body.

Aub. I do beseech your Grace, take to
your thoughts

More certain counsellors than doubts and
fears;

They strangle nature, and disperse them—
(If once believ'd) into such fogs and errors,

That the bright truth herself can never sever.
Your brother is a royal gentleman,

Full of himself, honour, and honesty;

And take heed, sir, how nature beat to
goodness,

So straight a cedar in itself, uprightness,

²² Rollo. And will you keep it in this general freedom;

A little health preferr'd before our friendship?

Otto. I pray you excuse me, sir.] These lines are not found in the old quarto, yet no one can well doubt of their being genuine. Seward.

²³ For a foul knave, &c.] The octavos of 1711 and 1750 omit this line; not, as we suppose, meaning to reprobate it, but through inattention in the Editors of 1711, not sufficiently adverted to by those of 1750.

Being wrested from its true base, prove not dangerous¹⁵. [too patient.]

Rollo. Nay, my good brother knows I am
Lat. Why should your Grace think him a
poisoner?

Has he no more respect to piety?

And, but he has by oath tied up his fury,

Who durst but think that thought?

Aub. Away, thou firebrand! [place,

Lat. If men of his sort, of his power, and
The eldest son in honour to this dukedom—

Bald. For shame, contain thy tongue, thy
poisonous tongue,

That with her burning venom will infect all,
And once more blow a wildfire thro' the
dukedom! [again,

Gis. Latorch, if thou be'st honest, or a
Contain thyself.

Aub. Go to; no more! by Heav'n,

You'll find you've plaid the fool else! not a
word more!

Soph. Prithce, sweet son!

Rollo. Let him alone, sweet mother. And,
my lords,

To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred pence, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all further difference

Discourse may draw on to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this
night,

Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.

Aub. Shall we wait on your Grace?

Rollo. I dare not break you.

Latorch! [Exeunt *Rollo* and *Lat*.

Soph. D' you now perceive your brother's
sweetness¹⁶? [had eyes,

Otto. Oh, mother, that your tenderness

Discerning eyes, what would this man appear
then!

The tale of Sinon, when he took upon him
To ruin Troy; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwardly
But came like innocence and dropping pity,
Sighs that would sink a navy, and had tales
Able to take the ears of saints' belief too;
And what did all these? blew the fire to
flame!

His crafty art (but more refin'd by study¹⁷)
My brother has put on; Oh, I could tell you,
But for the reverence I bear to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood
move backward.

Soph. You dare tell me?

Otto. Yes, in your private closet,
Where I will presently attend you. Rise!
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Soph. Is this the joy I look'd for?

Otto. All will mend;

Be not disturb'd, dear mother; I'll not fail
you. [Exeunt *Sophia* and *Otto*.

Bald. I do not like this.

Aub. That's still in our powers;
But how to make it so that we may like it—

Bald. Beyond us ever!—Latorch, suc-
thought, was busy;

That fellow, if not look'd-to narrowly,
Will do a sudden mischief!

Aub. Hell look to him!

For if there may be a devil above all yet;
That rogue will make him. Keep you up
this night;

And so will I, for much I fear a danger.

Bald. I will, and in my watches use my
prayers. [Exeunt.]

¹⁵ And take heed, sir, how Nature bent to goodness,

(So straight a cedar to himself) uprightness

Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.] This passage, which, as it has been hitherto printed, seemed to Mr. Simpson quite unintelligible, like a crystal stream disturbed in a bright day, contains the glittering fragments of a most poetic sentiment. I strike out the parenthesis, and read *itself* for *himself*; it being evident that *uprightness* is the straight cedar. Being for *be* restores the grammar, and *line*, *growth*, or *course*, instead of *use*, will either of them carry on the metaphor: so will *base*; and as that is nearest the trace of the letters, though it but this instant occurred, I shall venture it into the text. *Seward*.

¹⁶ *Soph*. Do you now perceive your brother's sweetness? This line is restored from the old quarto. *Seward*.

¹⁷ His crafty art (but more refin'd by study).] This line, so necessary to the sense and undoubtedly genuine, is not in the quarto, but in the folio of 1679: *Seward*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter *Sophia*, *Otto*, *Matilda*, and *Edith*.

Otto. YOU wonder, madam, that, for all
the shows

My brother Rollo makes of hearty love, [us,
And free possession of the dukedom 'twixt
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,

As if, beneath those veils, he did convey
Intent and practices of hate and treason?

Soph. It breeds indeed my wonder.

Otto. Which makes mine,

Since 'tis so safe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.

Soph. Tho', in remote and further-off as-
fections,

These falshoods are so common, yet in him
They cannot so force nature.

Otto. The more near [sever,
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they
Being better cloaks to cover falshood ever.

Soph. It cannot be, that fruits the tree so
blasting*,

Can grow in nature. Take heed, gentle son,
Lest some suborn'd suggester of these trea-
sons,

Believ'd in him by you, provoke the rather
His tender civics to such foul attempts;
Or that your too-much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this jealous passion*:

There is not any ill we might not bear,
Were not our good held at a price too dear.

Otto. So apt is Treachery in be excus'd,
That Innocence is still aloud abus'd;

The fate of Virtue ev'n her friends perverts,
To plead for Vice oft-times against their
hearts:

Heav'n's blessing is her curse, which she must
bear,

That she may never love herself too dear*.

* *It cannot be, that fruits, the tree so blasting.*] Mr. Theobald, from the old quarto, puts—('the tree so blasting') in a parenthesis: and Mr. Simpson would read *blasted*; both join in the same sense, 'the tree being so blasted, or of such a blasting nature.' But if the tree is so blasted, or blasting, where is the wonder that it should produce bad fruit? I strike out even the common, and understand it in this sense. 'It cannot be that fruits so blasting the tree from whence they sprung should grow in nature.' Here Rollo is the fruit, she herself the tree, one of whose natural branches Rollo would blast, and by consequence the tree itself. Seward.

Mr. Seward is certainly right in his reading and explanation; and yet, by a strange confusion of ideas, quite wrong in his commentary. It is plain from the speech of Otto, to which this is an immediate answer, that *Falshood* is the supposed fruit, and *Truth* the tree; Rollo being here accused of engrafting treachery on friendship, and murder on the shews of natural affection and consanguinity.

* *Take heed, gentle son,*

Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,

Believ'd in him by you, provok'd the rather

His tender civics to such foul attempts;

Or that your too much love to rule alone,

Bred not of him this jealous passion.] So quarto. The two following editions read the last line,

'Breed not in him this jealous passion.'

Mr. Seward, in the third line, reads *provoke* instead of *provok'd*; 'which word,' says he, 'would imply Sophia's belief of Rollo's attempt, which she did not give credit to.' In this variation we think him perfectly right; but not in his restoring the last line from the quarto, which appears evidently corrupt. The meaning of the passage is, 'Take care lest your suspicion should provoke his violence, or your ambition breed his jealousy.'

* *Heav'n's blessing is her curse, which she must bear,*

That she may never love.

Soph. *Alas, my son, &c.*] The second line is left thus imperfect in sense and measure in all the editions. By observing the tendency of the sense one may ask, What is the moral reason why Virtue in this life should be permitted by Heaven to fall under obloquy and disgrace? Lest self-approbation and self-love should puff up the heart of the virtuous man to pride and vanity. The following words give this sense, and complete the rhyme:

'which she must bear,

'That she may never love herself too dear.'

After this had occurred, by looking back I found this made a direct parody to the conclusion of Sophia's last speech:

'There is not any ill we might not bear,

'Were not our good held at a price too dear.'

This therefore adds greatly to the probability of the conjecture.

Seward.

Poisons, and such close treasons, ask more time

Than can suffice his fiery spirit's haste :
And, were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practice, there would likewise rest
Conscience and fear in him of open force ;
And therefore close nor open you need fear.

Mat. Good madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust

What proves his tend'rest thoughts to doubt it just.

Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea²¹,

In which my brother Rollo's appetites
Alter and rage ? with every puff and hreath,
His swelling blood exhales ; and therefore hear, [use

What gives my temperate brother cause to
His readiest circumspection, and consult
For remedy 'gainst all his wicked purposes.
If he arm, arm ; if he strew mines of treason,
Meet him with countermines : 'Tis justice still

(For goodness' sake) t' encounter ill with ill.

Soph. Avert from us such justice, equal Heav'n²²,

And all such cause of justice !

Otto. Past all doubt

(For all the sacred privilege of night)

This is no time for us to sleep or rest in :
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety ? all but
Lust, gain, ambition²³ ?

Enter Rollo armed, and Latorch.

Rollo. Perish all the world

Ere I but lose one foot of possible empire,

By sleights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches !

I am exempt by birth from both those curbs,
And sit above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power : Where power is giv'n,
Is all the right suppos'd of earth and Heav'n.

Lat. Prove both, sir ; see the traitor !

Otto. He comes arm'd ;

See, mother, now your confidence !

Soph. What rage affects this monster ?

Rollo. Give me way, or perish !

Soph. Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it !

Otto. This is a treason like thee !

Rollo. Let her go !

Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my son ;

And thro' my breast let his rude weapon run,
To thy life's innocence !

Otto. Play not two parts,
Treachery and coward both, but yield a sword,
And let thy orning thee be odds enough
Against my naked bosom !

Rollo. Loose his hold !

Mat. Forbear, base murderer !

Rollo. Forsake our mother !

Soph. Murther dost thou name me,
And put off nature thus ?

Rollo. Forsake her, traitor,
Or, by the spin of nature, thorough hers,
This leads unto thy heart !

Otto. Hold !

Soph. Hold me still. [not hazard

Otto. For twenty hearts and lives, I will
One drop of blood in yours.

Soph. Oh, thou art lost then !

Otto. Protect my innocence, Heav'n !

²¹ *Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,*

In which my brother Rollo's appetites

Alter and rage with every puff and breath ?

His swelling blood exhales.] 'This punctuation,' Mr. Seward truly remarks, 'greatly

'diminishes the extreme beauty of the metaphors. *Exhales* signifies *boils and flings off* vapours, as the sea in storms does its spray. This is the true meaning of the word, from the Latin *exhalare*. We corrupt it when we say the sun *exhales* vapours from the sea.'

²² *Equal Heav'n.*] *Equal* is here used in the sense of the Latin word *aequus*, and means favourable, propitious.

²³ *Who knows not all things holy are prevented,*

With ends of all impiety, all but

Lust, gain, ambition ?] When a passage is utterly darkened, as this before us, and almost evidently by the loss of a whole sentence, it is impossible to restore it with certainty ; but a due observance of the tendency of the context, the character that utters it, and the genius and spirit of the Author, may lead us with high probability to the sentiment, though not to the exact words of the original. I suppose a small corruption both in the first and second line. The good Otto is in all his speeches full of moral and political reflections, and therefore the following one seems to suit both what precedes and follows it :

'Who knows not all things holy are perverted

'To th' ends of all impiety ? thus darkness

'Lulls all things in security, all but

'Lust, gain, ambition.' Seward.

These variations and additions Mr. Seward inserts in the text ; but though the passage really seems to be corrupt, we cannot venture to adopt them. - It has been suggested, that, by understanding the word *prevented* in a sense which it not unfrequently bears, that of *being beforehand*, or *taking place*, Otto here inculcates the doctrine, 'That impiety overawes righteousness, and all considerations but those of lust, gain, and ambition.'

Soph. Call out 'Murder!'

Mat. Be murder'd all, but save him!

Edith. Murder! murder!

Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?

Otto. No, fend.

Rollo. Latorch,

Rescue! I'm down.

Lat. Up then; your sword cools, sir:

Ply it i' th' flume, and work your ends out.

Rollo. Ha!

Ilave at you there, sir!

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies,

What sights are these?

Otto. Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey!

Soph. Oh, part 'em, part 'em!

Aub. For Heav'n's sake, no more!

Otto. No more resist his fury; no rage can add to his mischief done! [*Dies.*]

Soph. Take spirit, my Otto;

Heav'n will not see thee die thus.

Mat. He is dead,

And nothing lives but death of every goodness.

Soph. Oh, he hath slain his brother; curse him, Heaven!

Rollo. Curse and be curs'd! it is the fruit of cursing.

Latorch. take off bere; bring too of that blood

To colour o'er my shirt; then raise the court,

And give it out how he attempted us,

In our bed naked. Shall the name of Brother

Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers?

Or place affects of blood above our reason,

That tells us all things good against another,

Are good in the same line against a brother? [*Exeunt Rollo and Latorch.*]

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

Gis. What fears²⁴ inform these outcries?

Aub. See, and grieve.

Gis. Prince Otto slain?

Bald. Oh, execrable slaughter!

What hand hath author'd it?

Aub. Your scholar's, Baldwin.

Bald. Unjustly urg'd, lord Aubrey; as if I,

For being his schoolmaster, must teach this doctrine.

You are his counsellor; did you advise him

To this foul parricide? [*live*]

Gis. If rule affects this licence, who would

To worse than die, in force of his obedience?

Bald. Heav'n's cold and ling'ring spirit to punish sin,

And human blood so fiery to commit it,

One so outgoes the other, it will never

Be turn'd to fit obedience.

Aub. Burst it then [*bound,*

With his full swing given. Where it brooks no

Complaints of it are vain; and all that rests

To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthless)

Is, to conform our wills to suffer freely²⁵

What with our murmurs we can never master.

Ladies. be pleas'd with what Heav'n's pleasure suffers;

Erect your princely countenances and spirits,

And, to redress the mischief now resistless,

Sooth it in show, rather than curse or cross it;

Wish all amends, and vow to it your best,

But, 'till you may perform it, let it rest.

Gis. Those temporizings are too dull and servile

To breathe the free air of a manly soul,

Which shall in me expire in execrations,

Before for any life I sooth a murderer!

Bald. Pour lives before him, 'till his own be dry

Of all life's services and human comforts!

None left that looks at Heav'n's left half so base²⁶

To do these black and hellish actions grace!

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond, and Guard.

Rollo. Haste, Latorch,

And raise the city, as the court is rais'd,

Proclaiming the abhor'd conspiracy

In plot against my life.

Lat. I shall, my lord. [*Erit.*]

Rollo. You there that mourn upon the justly slain,

Arise and leave it, if you love your lives!

²⁴ What affairs inform these outcries? Varied by Mr. Theobald.

²⁵ Is to conform our wills to suffer freely.] Passive obedience and non-resistance to princes being the absurd but almost universal doctrine of our Authors' age, Aubrey is upon that principle a very complete character. And every reader, who wants to form a true taste of any poem, should always use an occasional conformity to the doctrines and tenets of the age the Poet wrote in. Without this, the characters of Amintor in *The Maid's Tragedy*, of Aecius in *Valentinian*, and Aubrey here, together with many inferior characters, will not be near so interesting as they really deserve to be. *Scوارد.*

²⁶ None less that looks at Heav'n's left half so base

To do those black and hellish actions grace.] There is a stiffness in the first line which gives suspicion of a mistake. The old quarto reads,

'None left that looks at Heaven's left half so base.'

This was evidently wrong, and the folio and octavo are only the conjectural emendation of the former. Mr. Synpson has, I believe, restored the original, as he gives it a stronger connexion with the foregoing lines, and renders the sentence natural and easy:

'Till none that looks at Heaven's left half so base.' *Scوارد.*

We think the quarto right, and perfectly intelligible.

And hear from me what (kept by you) may
save you.

Mat. What will the butcher do? I will not
Rollo. Stir, and unforc'd stir, or stir never
more!

[better
Command her, you grave beldame, that know
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountain of your own;
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the fresh impression on your heart!

Soph. Rise, daughter! serve his will in
what we may,

Lest what we may not he enforce the rather.
Is this all you command us?

Rollo. This addition

Only admitted; that, when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume
not

To cross me with a syllable, nor your souls
Murmur²⁷ nor think against it; but weigh
well,

It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my hand, wrought thus far to my
will,

Will check at nothing 'till his circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, so I consent not; but who
sooths it

[it.
Consents, and who consents to tyranny, does

Rollo. False mistress, die then with him!

Aub. Are you mad,

To offer at more blood, and make yourself
More horrid to your people? I'll proclaim,
It is not as your instrument will publish.

Rollo. Do, and take that along with you.—

So nimble!

[*Aub.* *d'naurus him.*
Resign my sword, and dare not for thy soul
To offer what thou insolently threat'nest,
One word proclaiming cross to what Latorch
Hath in commission, and intends to publish.

Aub. Well, sir, not for your threats, but
for your good,

Since more hurt to you would more hurt your
country,

And that you must make virtue of the need
That now compels you, I'll consent, as far
As silence argues, to your will proclaim'd.
And since no more sons of your princely fa-
ther

Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your father, with the love
And zeal of all your subjects, this foul
slaughter

That now you have committed, made asham'd

With that fair blessing, that, in place of
plagues,

Heav'n tries our mending disposition with,
Take here your sword; which now use like
a prince,

And no more like a tyrant.

Rollo. This sounds well;

Live, and be gracious with us.

Gis. & Bald. Oh, lord Aubrey!

Mat. He flatter thus?

Soph. He temporizes fitly.

Gis. & Bald. Wonder invades me²⁸!

Rollo. Do you two think much

That he thus wisely, and with need, consents
To what I author for your country's good,
You being my tutor, you my chancellor?

Gis. Your chancellor is not your flatterer,
sir.

[such doctrine.
Bald. Nor is't your tutor's part to shield

Rollo. Sir, first know you,

In praise of your pure oratory that rais'd you,
That when the people (who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their rests, and hast'ning hi-
ther

To witness what is done here) are arriv'd

With our Latorch, that you, *ex tempore*,

Shall fashion an oration to acquit

And justify this forced fact of mine;

Or for the proud refusal lose your head.

Gis. I fashion an oration to acquit you?

Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easy
T' excuse a parricide than to commit it.

Rollo. I do not wish you, sir, to excuse
me,

But to accuse my brother as the cause

Of his own slaughter, by attempting mine.

Gis. Not for the world; I should pour
blood on blood!

It were another murder, to accuse

him that fell innocent.

Rollo. Away with him!

Hence, hale him straight to execution!

Aub. Far fly such rigour your amend'ful hand.

Rollo. He perishes with him that speaks
for him!

Guard, do your office on him, on your lives!
[*pau.*
Gis. Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own death.

Rollo. Let it wing it!

He threatens me: Villains, tear him piece-
meal hence!

Guard. Avant, sir.

Ham. Force him hence!

Rollo. Dispatch him, captain!

²⁷ To cross me, &c.] We have here followed the quarto. All other copies exhibit,

'To cross me with a syllable, for your souls;

'Murmur, nor think, &c.'

²⁸ Rollo. Wonder invades me; do you two think much, &c.] The words 'Wonder invades me,' which express a person wrapt up in wonder and horror, seemed at first sight, both to Mr. Symonds and me, to be out of character in Rollo's mouth, and by joint consent we give it to Sophia, though it would be equally proper to Matilda, Baldwin, or Gisbert. As the verses are often divided between the speakers, this alone has produced several hundred mistakes in speakers in our Authors' plays.

We think the speech should be placed to Gisbert and Baldwin, as the words 'Oh, lord Aubrey!' are. Rollo's reply authorizes it.

And bring me instant word he is dispatch'd,
And how his rhetoric takes it.

Ham. I'll not fail, sir. [chief;

Rollo. Captain, besides remember this in
That, being executed, you deny
To all his friends the rites of funeral,
And cast his carcase out to dogs and fowls.

Ham. 'Tis done, my lord.

Rollo. Upon your life, not fail!

[*Exeunt Ham, Gis, and Guard.*

Bald. What impious daring is there here
of Heav'n's!

Rollo. Sir, now prepare yourself, against
Make here their entry, to discharge th' oration
He hath denied my will.

Bald. For fear of death?

Ha, ha, ha!

Rollo. Is death ridiculous with you?

Works misery of age this, or thy judgment?

Bald. Judgment, false tyrant!

Rollo. You'll make no oration then?

Bald. Not to excuse,

But aggravate thy murder, if thou wilt; fit
Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thyself,
With such another justly-merited murder!

Rollo. I'll answer you anon!

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The citizens

Are hasting, sir, in heaps, all full resolv'd,
By my persuasion, of your brother's treasonous.

Rollo. Honest Latorch!

Enter Hamond.

Ham. See, sir, here's Gisbert's head.

Rollo. Good speed. Was't with a sword?

Ham. An axe, my lord. [have had

Rollo. An axe? 'twas vilely done! I would
My own fine headsmen done it with a sword.
Go, take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a sword.

Ham. Your schoolmaster?

Rollo. Ev'n he. [best

Bald. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the
Of all thy damned justices! Away,
Captain; I'll follow.

Edith. Oh, stay there, duke;

And, in the midst of all thy blood and fury,
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father!
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this
mercy!

Rollo. Away with this fond woman!

Edith. You must hear me,

If there be any spark of pity in you,

If sweet humanity and mercy rule you!

I do confess you are a prince, your anger

As great as you, your execution greater—

Rollo. Away with him!

Edith. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee—I do con-
fess, sir, [righteous—

Your doom of justice on your foes most
Good noble prince, look on me!

Rollo. Take her from me! [me!

Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders

May father's blessing never fall upon him,

May Heav'n ne'er bear his prayers! I beseech
you, [hands wooe you,

Oh, sir, these tears beseech you, these chaste

That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,

Things like yourself! You are a god above us;

Be as a god thou, full of saving mercy!

Mersey, oh, mercy, sir, for his sake mercy,

That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give
you pity!

Here I must grow.

Rollo. By Heav'n, I'll strike thee, woman!

Edith. Most willingly; let all thy anger
seize me, [man,

All the most studied torments, so this good
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee!

Rollo. Carry him away, I say! [pity,

Edith. Now blessing on thee! Oh, sweet

I see it in thy eyes. I charge you, soldiers,

Ev'n by the prince's power, release my father!

The prince is merciful; why do you hold him?

The prince forgets his fury; why do you tug
him? [speak, sir!

He is old; why do you hurt him? Speak, oh,
Speak, as you are a man! a man's life hangs,

sir, A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.

'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke, sir.
Oh, speak, prince, speak!

Rollo. Will no man here obey me?

Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly!

Bald. All thou canst do takes but one short
hour from me.

Rollo. Hew off her hands!

Ham. Laid, hold off!

Edith. No, hew 'em;

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands
you! [*Exit Bald, with the Guard.*

They'll hang the faster on for death's convul-
sion— [then?

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee
Are all my tears lost? all my righteous prayers

Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up
thus then,

* ——— I stand up thus then;

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,

And to thy face in Heav'n's high name defy thee.] I am far from thinking it necessary
to fill up hemistichs where the sense does not require it: Here it does not, and yet I verily
think there has been an omission. This is one of the noblest and most correct scenes in
the whole play, and a repetition of her defiance filling up the measure, and giving a fine
climax to the workings of her passion, I have ventured to insert it, and to divide the sen-
tence into separate parts. *Seward.*

Mr.

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant, [thee!
 And to thy face, in Heav'n's high name, defy
 And may sweet Mercy, when thy soul sighs
 for it; [trembles;
 When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh
 When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends,
 nor gold, [conscience,
 Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched
 Wak'd from her dream of death, like fire shall
 melt thee; [wounds,
 When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's
 Thy people's fears, and curses, and my loss,
 My aged father's loss, shall stand before
 thee— [her father;

Rollo. Save him, I say; run, save him, save
 Fly, and redeem his head! [Exit *Latorch*.

Edith. May then that pity,
 That comfort thou expect'st from Heav'n,
 that Mercy, [thee,
 Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee! howlings and
 Despair, (oh, my sweet father!) storms of
 Blood till thou burst again! [terrors,

Rollo. Oh, fair sweet anger!

Enter Latorch and Homond, with a head.

Lat. I came too late, sir; 'twas dispatch'd
 His head is here. [before;

Rollo. And my heart there! Go, hurry him;
 Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.

Edith. Wilt thou not take me, monster?

Highest Heav'n,

Give him a punishment fit for his mischief!

Lat. I fear thy prayer is heard, and he
 rewarded.

Lady. have patience; 'twas unhappy speed;
 Blame not the duke, 'twas not his fault, but
 Fate's; [ed,

He sent, you know, to stay it, and command—
 In care of you, the heavy object hence
 Soon as it came: Have better thoughts of him!

Enter the Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Where's this young traitor?

Lat. Noble citizens, here; [lord.
 And here the wounds he gave your sovereign

1 *Cit.* This prince, of force, must be

Mr. Seward reads,

'——— I stand up thus then;

' Thus boldly, bloody tyrant, *I defy thee*;

' And to thy face; in Heav'n's high name defy thee.'

But were it necessary to fill up the hemistich, we should recommend this mode:

'——— I stand up thus then,

' Thus boldly, bloody tyrant, *I stand up*,

' And to thy face, &c.

which supposes an omission easily accounted for; viz. the transcriber taking the words for an accidental repetition; or, finding words he had but just wrote, hastily passing on to the following line.

"——— And all had felt

The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy.] To feel a gulf is certainly a poor if not an absurd expression; but to fill the gulf, as Mr. Symson reads, is the exact poetical idea which the metaphor demands. *Seward.*

4 In *Heav'n's great help.*] The particle *in*, which renders this passage stiff and obscure, seems only to have slipped from the former line, and excluded the true one. *Seward.*

Either particle is sense.

Below'd of Heav'n, whom Heav'n hath thus
 preserv'd. [know,

2 *Cit.* And if he be below'd of Heav'n, you
 He must be just, and all his actions so.

Rollo. Concluded like an oracle. Oh, how
 great

A grace of Heav'n is a wise citizen! [just,

For Heav'n 'tis makes 'em wise, as't made me
 As it preserv'd me, as I now survive

By his strong hand to keep you all alive:

Your wives, your children, goods and lands
 kept yours, [power,

That had been else prey to his tyrannous
 That would have prey'd on me, in bed as-

saulted me,

In sacred time of peace. My mother here,

My sister, this just lord, and all had fill'd

The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy⁴,

Of which my tutor and my chancellor [nest,
 (Two of the gravest, and most counted ho-

In all my dukedom) were the monstrous
 heads.

Oh, trust no honest men for their sakes ever,

My politick citizens; but those that bear
 The names of cut-throats, usurers, and ty-

rants, [world

Oh, those believe in; for the foul-mouth'd

Can give no better terms to simple goodness.

Ev'n me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me
 tyrannous [ther:

For saving my own life sought by my bro-
 Yet those that sought his life before by poison

(Tho' mine own servants, hoping to please me)
 I'll lend to death for't, which your eyes shall

1 *Cit.* Why what a priuce is here! [see,

2 *Cit.* How just!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rollo. Well, now, my dearest subjects, or
 much rather

My nerves, my spirits, or my vital blood,
 Turn to your needful rest, and settled peace,

Fix'd in this root of steel, from whence it
 sprung,

In Heav'n's great help and blessing⁴: But,
 ere sleep

Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,

The name and virtue of Heav'n's king advance

For yours (in chief), for my deliverance!

Citizens. Heav'n and his king save our most pious sovereign! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Rollo. Thanks, my good people.—Mother, and kind sister, [thus

And you, my noble kinsman, things borne Shall make ye all command whatever I Enjoy in this my absolute empery.

Take in the body of my princely brother, For whose death, since his fate no other way Would give my eldest birth his supreme right, We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears, And wash his sepulchre with kindly tears!

Aub. If this game end thus, Heav'n's will rule the set!

What we have yielded to, we could not let*. [*Exeunt omnes præter Latorch and Edith.*]

Lat. Good lady, rise; and raise your spirits within,

More high than they are humbled: You have cause,

As much as ever honour'd happiest lady; And when your ears are freer to take in Your most amendful and unmatched fortunes, I'll make you drown a hundred helpless deaths In sea of one life pour'd into your bosom; With which shall flow into your arms the riches,

The pleasures, honours, and the rules of princes:

Which, tho' death stop your ears, methinks should ope 'em.

Assay to forget death.

Edith. Oh, slaughter'd father!

Lat. Cast off what cannot be redress'd, and bless

The fate that yet you curse so; since, for that You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire The duke's affection, whom you now may rule As he rules all his dukedom: Is't not sweet? Does it not shine away your sorrows' clouds? Sweet lady, take wise heart, and hear, and

Edith. I hear no word you speak. [tell me.

Lat. Prepare to hear then,

And be not barr'd up from yourself, nor add To your ill fortune with your far worse judgment.

Make me your servant*, to attend with all Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it; [command me

See how they'll bow to you; make me wait, To watch out every minute. For the stay

Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces, [tion

And do my hopes the honour of your mo- To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.

Oh, how your touches ravish! how the duke Is slain already, with your flames embrac'd!

I will both serve and visit you, and often.

Edith. I am not fit, sir.

Lat. Time will make you, lady. [*Exeunt.*]

* *Lat.* i. e. prevent.

* *Make me your servant to attend with all joys*

Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it:

See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, &c.] This strange chaos has just light enough left to shew the general tendency of the passage: viz. That both he and all the courtiers by their humblest obeisance (if she would accept it) would endeavour to turn her sorrow into joy. From the word *amendful*, in Latorch's first speech to her above, it is highly probable that *attend* should be *amend*; that the word *courtiers*, or some one of the same import, is left out, seems almost evident, and a whole sentence must have accompanied it. We may hope to come very near the sense, however wide we are in guessing at the words of the original. But what is '———till they both bless and speak it?' It seems probable that a mistake in the points having joined the two verbs together, the former part was changed, and *both* falsely inserted to make out something that looked like grammar. I read the whole thus, marking in Italicks what I suppose only to contain something like the sense of the original.

'Make me your servant, make the courtiers all

'Your servants, studious to AMEND with joys

'Your sad estate, till YOU ARE BLEST; —and speak it,

'See how they'll bow to you,' &c. Seward.

Thus runs Mr. Seward's reading: but we cannot follow it, because the text is not in our opinion corrupt, and means (though perhaps with some little inaccuracy of expression, not unusual in our Authors) 'Let me attend your melancholy with amusements, 'till they both remove your sorrows, and make it manifest that they do so.'

* ——— for the stay

Your modest sorrow fancies, &c.] Mr. Seward, we think improperly, substitutes *fall* for *stay*. *Stay* and *motion* are plainly opposed to each other: He desires her 'not to remain in her present humble rank, but to let him have the honour of promoting her.'

* ——— how the duke

Is slain already with your flames embrac't!] So quarto. Folio:

'Is slain already with your flames embrac'd!'

This Mr. Seward treats as corrupt, and prints,

'Is slain already with your flames! embrace it.'

But surely, the duke 'embrac'd with her flames,' is not at all unintelligible.

SCENE II.

Enter Guard, three or four Boys; then the Sheriff, Cook, Yeman of the Cellar, Butler, and Pantler, to execution.

1 *Guard.* Come, bring these fellows on; away with 'em!

2 *Guard.* Make room afore there! room there for the prisoners!

1 *Boy.* Let's run afore, boys; we shall get no place else.

2 *Boy.* Are these the youths?

Cook. These are the youths you look for: And pray, my honest friends, be not so hasty; There'll be nothing done 'till we come, I assure you. [no more?]

3 *Boy.* Here's a wise hanging! Are there But. D' you hear, sir? [you.]

You may come in for your share, if it please

Cook. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging, [you] (You look like a good fellow) I can afford A reasonable pennyworth.

2 *Boy.* Afore, afore, boys!

Here's e'en enough to make us sport.

Yea. Pox take you, [tions?]

D' you cn'l this sport? are these your recrean-

Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?

Cook. D' you hear, sir? [son,

You custard-pate! we go to 't for high trea-

An honourable fault; thy foolish father

Was hang'd for stealing sheep.

Boys. Away, away, boys! [looks now?]

Cook. Do you see how that sneaking rogue

You chip, pantler, you peaching rogue, that

provided us [rogue you!]

These necklaces; you poor rogue, you costume

Pant. Pray, pray, fellows!

Cook. Pray for thy crusty soul? Where's

your reward now, [very?]

Good Goodman manchet, for your fine discou-

I do beseech you, sir, where are your dollars?

Draw with your fellows, and be hang'd!

Yea. He must now;

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort: [rascal!]

A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd

Cook. Hang handsomely, for shame! Come,

leave your praying, [courtier!]

You peaching knave, and die like a good

Die honestly, and like a man. No preaching,

With 'I beseech you, take example by me;

'I liv'd a lewd man, good people!' Pox on't,

Die me as thou hadst din'd; say grace, and

God be wi' you!

Guard. Come, will you forward?

Cook. Good master Sheriff, your leave too;

This hasty work was ne'er done well: Give's

so much time [no man,

As but to sing our own ballad, for we'll trust

Nor no tune but our own; 'twas done in ale

too,

And therefore cannot be refus'd in justice.

Your penny-pot poets are such pelting thieves,

They ever hang men twice; we have it here, sir,

And so must every merchant of our voyage;

He'll make a sweet return else of his credit!

Yea. One fit of our own mirth, and then

we're for you.

Guard. Make haste then, and dispatch.

Yea. There's day enough, sir.

Cook. Come, boys, sing cheerfully; we

shall ne'er sing younger. [like well.

We've chose a loud tune too, because it should

SONG.

Yea. Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not

who tell her, [ecellar,

Would offer to strangle a page of the

That should by his oath, to any man's

thinking, [drinking;

And place, have had a defence for his

But thus she does still when she pleases

to palter, [halter.

Instead of his wages, she gives him a

Chorus. Three merry boys*, and three merry

boys,

And three merry boys are we,

* *Three merry boys, &c.*] In Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, act ii. scene 3, Sir Toby, repeating the names and some scraps of old songs, mentions "Three merry men we be;" which Mr. Steevens asserts to be a fragment of some old song, which he found repeated in Westward Ho, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

'Three merry men,

'And three merry men,

'And three merry men he we.'

And Sir John Hawkins, in the Appendix, produces the following passage, but without noticing from whence it is taken:

'The wise men were but seven, ne'er more shall be for me;

'The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;

'And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are wee.

'The virtues they were seven, and three the greater bee;

'The Cæsars they were twelve, and fatal sisters three.

'And three merry girls, and three merry girls, and three merry girls are wee.'

To these proofs we shall add another, taken from *Ruin-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*:

'Did I not bring you off, you arrant drub,

'Without a counterbuff? looke who comes here,

'And three merry men, and three merry men,

'And three merry men be wee.' R.

The Editor of the second folio thus varies the latter part of the chorus,

As ever did sing in a hempen string under the gallows-tree.'

As ever did sing three parts in a string
All under the triple tree!

But. But I that was so lusty,
And ever kept my bottles,
That neither they were musty,
And seldom less than pottles;
For me to be thus stopt now,
With hemp instead of cork, sir,
And from the gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a fork, sir,
In death, and this the token;
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the bottle broken,
Or like the wine be spilled.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. Oh, yet but look
On the master cook,
The glory of the kitchen,
In sowing whose fate,
At so lofty a rate,
No taylor e'er had stitching;
For though he make the man,
The cook yet makes the dishes,
The which no taylor can,
Wherein I have my wishes,

That I, who at so many a feast
Have pleas'd so many tasters,
Should now myself come to be drest,
A dish for you, my masters.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Pant. Oh, man or beast,
Or you at least,
That wears or brow or antler,
Prick up your ears
Unto the tears
Of me, poor Paul the Pantler,
That thus am elipt,
Because I chipt
The cursed crust of treason
With loyal knife.
Oh, doleful strife,
To hang thus without reason!

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. There's a few copies for you. Now;
farewell,
Friends; and, good master Sheriff, let me not
Be printed with a brass pot on my head.

But. March fair, march fair! afore, good
captain Pantler! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Aubrey and Latorch.

Aub. LATORCH, I have waited here to
speak with you, [*legs*
And you must hearken—Set not forth your
Of haste, nor put your face of business on;
An honest affair than this I urge too,
You will not easily think on; and 'twill be
Reward to entertain it; 'tis your fortune
To have our master's ear above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man en-
vies ^{us}.

For I have well consider'd, truth sometimes
May be conveyed in by the same conduits
That falshood is. These courses that he takes

Cannot but end in ruin; empire got
By blood and violence, must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That, toiling still to remove enemies,
Makes himself more. It is not now a brother,
A faithful counsellor of state or two,
That are his danger; they are init dispatch'd:
It is a multitude that 'gin to fear,
And think what began there must end in them,
For all the fine oration that was made 'em;
And they are not an easy monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
And one by one employ 'em to the block *;
But when they once grow formidable to
Their clowns, and cobblers, ware then! guard
themselves ^o.

* ————but that no man envies;

[*For I have well consider'd, &c.*] By this reading, Aubrey's design of employing Latorch to convey a truth to Rollo was the reason why no man envied Latorch the favour of his master; whereas the real reason was the knowledge of the vile means he had used to obtain it; and this will be implied by changing the particle *for* into *and*. *Seaward.*

From the word *hearken* in the second line, to the particle *for* in the ninth, seems to be only a collection of different parentheses, and that particle to be genuine: 'Latorch, I have waited here to speak with you, and you must hearken—(pretend not haste) (the business is honest, and reward attends it) (you are in possession of the king's ear, and without envy)—FOR I have well considered, truth sometimes, &c.

* *And one by one employ 'em to the block.*] 'Convey 'em' seems a more natural expression; but, as the other is sense, I do not change the text. *Seaward.*

———ware then, guard themselves.] The omission of a letter in the quarto has made the subsequent editions turn a noble sentiment into a very poor one. The quarto has no comma between *then* and *guard*; undoubtedly, therefore, instead of closing Aubrey's fine speech with 'Then is their danger, ware then, let them then guard themselves;' we should

If thou durst tell him this, Latorch, the service
Would not discredit the good name you hold
With men, besides the profit to your master,
And to the public.

Lat. I conceive not so, sir: [them]
They're wily fears; and why should I object
Unto his fancy? woud what is yet sound?
Your counsels colour not with reason of state,
Where all that's necessary still is just.
The actions of the prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good and glorified, not question'd.

Men do but shew their ill affections,
That—

Aub. What? Speak out!

Lat. Do murmur 'gainst their masters.

Aub. Is this to me?

Lat. It is to whinnisoever
Melikes of the duke's counsels.

Aub. Ay! is't so?

At your stateward, sir?

Lat. I am sworn to hear

Nothing may prejudice the prince.

Aub. Why, do you?

Or have you, ha?

Lat. I cannot tell; men's hearts
Shew in their words sometimes.

Aub. I ever thought thee

Knave of the chamber; art thou the spy too?

Lat. A watchman for the state, and one
that's known,

Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Bawd o' th' state,

No less than of thy master's lusts! I now
See nothing can redeem thee. Darest thou
mention

Affection, or a heart, that ne'er hadst any?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the scale,

As thy prince doesn't before thee? That dost
never

Wear thy own face, but put'st on his, and
Baits for his ears; liv'st wholly at his beck,
And ere thou dar'st utter a thought thine own,
Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st
into him

As if thou wert to pass a ford, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no;
Then sing'st his virtue asleep*, and stay'st
the wheel

Both of his reason and judgment, that they
move not;

White'st over all his vices; and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
'Till he can neither see thee nor himself?

Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,
Aod love him while I tell him truth! Old
Aubrey

Dares go the straightest way, which still's the
shortest,

Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, parasite,
And tread 'em into nothing; and if thou

Then let's a look fall, of the least dislike,
I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at
height^o,

And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight
Of him thou flatter'st! Unto thee I speak it,

Shive, against whom all laws should now con-
spire,

And every creature that hath sense be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common enemy of mankind;

That creep'st within thy master's ear^{so}, and
whisper'st

'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;
Bid'st him trust no man's friendship, spare no
blood

That may secure him; 'tis no cruelty
That hath a specious end; for sovereignty

read, '—ware then *guards* themselves;' *i. e.* When a prince is hated by all his subjects, his very guards will become his enemies, and be the first to destroy him. The histories of almost all tyrants in the world confirm this observation. And it is a sort of prophecy of Rollo's fate, a hint of which Aubrey in the next scene gives Rollo himself, when he tells him,

'You make your *guards* your terrors by these acts.' *Seward.*

We think the old reading right, and means simply, 'that it is then time for them to be-
'ware, and to *guard* themselves;' a sentiment which is familiarly enough expressed, after the manner of our Authors, by the words,

'Ware then, *guard* themselves!'

^o *Then bring'st his virtue asleep.*] That *bring'st* is a corruption seems evident; but I was doubtful whether I should read *ring'st* or *sing'st*; the former is nearer the trace of the letters, the latter the more obvious metaphor. Mr. Symson sending me the latter as his conjecture too, determined me to give it the preference. *Seward.*

^{so} *I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at height,*

And pluck thy skin over thy face, &c.] I much suspect the first line, to which I can affix no clear idea. What would Aubrey do to him? It should seem, that he would with his sword strip open the crown of his head, and pluck his skin over his face. The following conjecture will give this reading more clearly than the former, but not so clearly as I could wish, and therefore I do not put it into the text.

^o *I'll strip thy crown open with my sword at height.* *Seward.*

^{so} *That sleep'st within thy master's ear.*] Mr. Seward, in his Postscript, says, 'The tale-
'bearer, whisperer and sycophant, cannot be said to *sleep* within their master's ear, since
'they are generally vigilant and eager to instil their poisonous counsel.' I read, therefore,

'That *creep'st* within thy master's ear.'

We think this a happy emendation.

'Break all the laws of kind; if it succeed,
'An honest, noble, and praise-worthy deed.'
While he that takes thy poisons in, shall feel
Their virulent workings in a point of time
When no repentance can bring aid, but all
His spirits shall melt, with what his conscience
burn'd, [mourn'd.

And dying in a flatterer's arms, shall fall un-
There's matter for you now.

Lat. My lord, this makes not
From loving of my master³¹.

Aub. Loving? no;

Thy hate ill princes most that make them so.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, and Guard.

Rollo. I'll hear no more!

Ham. Alas, 'tis for my brother
I beseech your highness.

Rollo. How! a brother?

Had not I owe myself? did title move me
When it was fit that he should die? Away!

Allan. Brother, lose no word more; leave
my good cause

T'upbraid the tyrant: I am glad I'm fall'n
Now in those times, that will'd some great
example

T'assure men we can die for honesty.

Rollo. Sir, you are brave; 'pray that you
hold your neck

As bravely forth upon unto the headsman.

Allan. 'Would he would strike as bravely,
and thou by!

Rollo. 'twould make thee quake to see me die.

Aub. What's his offence?

Ham. For giving Gilbert burial,
Who was some time his master.

Allan. Yes, lord Aubrey,
My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.

Rollo. Why bear you him not hence?

Aub. My lord—(Suy, soldiers)—

I do beseech your highness, do not lose
Such men for so slight causes. This is one
Hath still been faithful to you; a tried soul
In all your father's battles; I have seen him
Bestride a friend against a score of foes:
And look, he looks as he would kill his un-
For you, sir, were you in danger. [dread

Allan. 'Till he kill'd [ter;
His brother, his chancellor, and then his mas-

To which he can add nought to equal Nero,
But killing of his mother.

Aub. Peace, brave fool,
Thou valiant ass!—Here is his brother too,
sir,

A captain of your guard, hath serv'd you long,
With the most noble witness of his truth
Mark'd in his face, and every part about him;
That turns not from an enemy. But view him;
Oh, do not grieve him, sir, if you do mean
That he shall hold his place: It is not safe
To tempt such spirits, and let them wear
their swords; [acts,
You'll make your guards your terrors by these
And throw more hearts oil from you than you
hold.

And I must tell you, sir, (with my old freedom,
And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd so
But that your state will need such men, such
hands,

Of which here's one, shall in an hour of trial
Do you more certain service, with a stroke,
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers,
With all th' unsavory unction of their tongues.

Rollo. Peace, talker!

Aub. One that loves you yet, my lord,
And would not see you pull on your own ruins.
Mercy becomes a prince, and guards him best;
Awe and affrights are never ties of love;
And when men 'gin to fear the prince, they
hate him,

Rollo. Am I the prince, or you?

Aub. My lord, I hope

I have not utter'd nought should urge that
question.

Rollo. Then practise your obedience. See
him dead!

Aub. My lord!

Rollo. I'll hear no word more!

Aub. I am sorry then.

There is no small despair, sir, of their safety,
Whose ears are blocked up against the truth.
Come, captain.

Ham. I do thank you, sir.

Aub. For what?

For seeing thy brother die a man, and honest?
Live thou so, captain; I will, I assure thee,
Altho' I die for't too. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Rollo and Lat.*

³¹ *My lord, this makes not*

[*For loving of my master.*] How do Latorch's words express his sentiments? — This 'makes not for loving of my master,' should seem to imply, that Aubrey's speech shewed no love to Rollo; but Aubrey's answer plainly shews that Latorch spoke something of his own love to his master, and not of Aubrey's. Perhaps the reader may think the old reading may be construed to this sense; and therefore, without disturbing the text, I shall only offer a conjecture of which I am myself very dubious.

Lat. 'My lord, this rating's

'For loving of my master.'

i. e. 'The real cause of your anger to me is my love to my master.' *Seward.*

The simple change of *for* to *from* gives an easier and more natural reading:

'My lord, this makes not

'From loving of my master.'

i. e. 'All this does not disprove my affection to my master;' to which Aubrey's answer is a proper and apposite reply.

Rollo. Now, Latorch,
What do you think?

Lat. That Aubrey's speech and manners
Sound somewhat of the boldest.

Rollo. 'Tis his custom.

Lat. It may be so, and yet he worth a fear.

Rollo. If we thought so, it should be worth
his life,

And quickly too.

Lat. I dare not, sir, be author

Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous:

But, with your highness' favour and your licence—

Rollo. He talks, 'tis true; and he is licence'd: Leave him,

We now are duke alone, Latorch, secur'd;
Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect;

We look right forth, beside, and round about
us,

And see it ours with pleasure: Only one [it,
Wish'd joy there wants to make us so possess
And that is Edith, Edith, she that got me
In blood and tears, in such an opposite minute,
As had I not at once felt all the flames

And shafts of Love shot in me, his whole
armory,

I should have thought him as far off as death.

Lat. My lord, expect a while, your happiness

Is nearer than you think it; yet her griefs
Are green and fresh; your vigilant Latorch
Hath not been idle; I have leave already
To visit her, and send to her.

Rollo. My life!

Lat. And if I find not out as speedy ways,
And proper instruments, to work and bring
her

To your fruition, that she be not watch'd
Tame to your highness*, say you have no
servant

Is capable of such a trust about you,
Or worthy to be groom of your delight**.

Rollo. Oh, my Latorch, what shall I render
thee

For all thy travels, care and love?

Lat. Sir, one suit, [me.

Which I will ever importune, 'till you grant

Rollo. About your mathematicians?

Lat. Yes, to have

The scheme of your nativity judg'd by them;
I have't already erected. Oh, my lord,
You do not know the labour of my fears;
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope

Any security but from the stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all pow'r else, there being no pow'r
beyond them.

Rollo. All thy petitions still are care of us;
Ask for thyself.

Lat. What more can concern me
Than this? [then;

Rollo. Well, rise, true honest man, and go
We'll study ourselves a means how to reward
thee.

Lat. Your Grace is now inspir'd; now,
now, your highness

Begins to live! from this hour count your joys!
But, sir, I must have warrants, with blanks
figur'd,

To put in names such as I like.

Rollo. You shall. [figure.

Lat. They dare not else, sir, offer at your
Oh, I shall bring you wonders! there's a friar,
Rusee, an admirable man; another,

A gentleman; and then la Fiske,
The mirror of his time; 'twas he that set it.

But there's one Norbrut (him I never saw)
Has made a mirror, a mere looking-glass,

In show you'd think't no other; the form oval,
As I am given to understand by letter,

Which renders you such shapes, and those so
differing, [answers;

And some that will be question'd and give an-
Theo has he set it in a frame, that wrought

Unto the revolutions of the stars,
And so compact by due proportions

Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus Dædalus' statues,

Or Vulcan's stools—

Rollo. Dost thou believe this?

Lat. Sir?

Why, what should stay my faith, or turn my
sense?

It has been about it above twenty years,
Three sevens, the powerful, and the perfect

numbers;

And oft and time, sir, can produce such things.
What do we read there of Hiarbus' banquet,

(The great gymnosophist) that had his butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?

The images of Mercury, too, that spoke?
The wooden dove that flew? a snake of brass

That hiss'd? and birds of silver that did sing?
All these were done, sir, by the mathematicks,

Without which there's no science, nor no
truth.

* *Tame to your highness, say, &c.*] The folio reads,

'Tame to your highness' with, say, &c.

** *Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.*] This indeed is good sense, but it is only the conjectural reading of the late editions, and departs too much from the trace of the letters to be allowed to stand. The old quarto reads,

'Or worthy to be ——— of your delight.'

Here a word was lost: *baud* or *pimp*, which are his true character, are too coarse names for a man to call himself; *secretary*, *steward*, and all words but monosyllables are excluded by the measure. *Groom* therefore seems to bid fairest for being the original. *Seward*.

We believe the original to have been a coarse word, which occasioned the omission, as in some other instances.

Rollo. You are in your own sphere, Latorch; and rather
Than I'll contend w' ye for it, I'll believe it:
You've won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, whate'er it be.

Lat. And I'll endeavour, you shall know't
with speed; [me,
For which I should have one of trust go with
(If you please, Hamond) that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after, I
Shall bring you more³², and as they come
still more,
And accurate forth from them.

Rollo. Take your way,
Chuse your own means, and be it prosperous
to us! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Rusee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbret, and Pippeau.

Rusee. Come, bear up, sirs; we shall have
better days,
My almanack tells me.

Bube. What is that? your rump?

Rusee. It never itch'd in vain yet. 'Slid,
la Fiske,

Throw off thy slogging face; I can't abide
To see thee look like a poor jade i'th' pound,
That saw no meat these three days.

Fiske. 'Slight, to me
It seems thirteen days since I saw any.

Rusee. How!

Fiske. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or meat, or mouey; you may talk of both,
To open a man's stomach or his purse,
But feed 'em still with air.

Bube. Friar, I fear

You do not say your office well a-days;
I cannot hear your beads knock.

Norb. Pox, he feeds

With lechery, and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two eggs and pudding with the market-
women!

Rusee. And what do you, sir, with the
advocate's wife,

Whom you persuade, upon your doctorel bed,
To take the mathematical trance so often?

Fiske. Come, we are stark naught all; bad's
the best of us:

Four of the seven deadly spots we are:

Besides our lechery, we are envious,

And most, most gluttonous when we have
it thus,

Most covetous now we want it; then our boy,
He is a fifth spot, sloth, and he undoes us.

Bube. 'Tis true the child was wont to be
industrious,

And now and then sent in a merchant's wife
Sick of the husband, or a swearing butler
That miss'd one of his bowls, a crying maid
Had lost a silver spoon; the curry-comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was something
But now—— [gotten;

Pip. What now? Did I not yestern-morning
Bring you in a cardecu³³ there from the pea-
sant

Whose ass I'd driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and again, last night,
Six sous from the cook's wife you shar'd among
To set a figure for the pestle I stole; [you,
It is not at home yet. These things, my mas-
ters, [You

In a hard time, they would be thought on:

Talk of your lands and castles in the air,

Of your twelve houses there; but it is I

That bring you in your roots for 'em, 'tis

That is your bird-call. [Pippeau

Norb. 'Faith, he does well,

And cuts thro' the elements for us, I must
needs say,

In a fine dextrous line.

Fiske. But not as he did

At first; then he would sail with any wind,

Into every creek and corner.

Pip. I was light then, [gentlemen;

New built and rigg'd, when I came to you,

But now, with often and far venturing for you,

Here be lenks sprung, and whole planks
wanting, see you.

If you'll new-sheath me again, yet I am for
you [send me;

To any gulf or streights³⁴, where-e'er you'll
Fur as I am, where can this ragged bark
Put in for any service, 'less it be

³² Shall bring you more, as they come more,
And accurate forth from them.] So quarto. The two following editions exhibit,
' Shall bring you more, and as they come still more,'

and omit the last line. Mr. Seward reads,

' Shall bring you more, and as they come forth from 'em,

' More and more accurate.'

³³ Cardecu.] A corruption of quart d'ecu, the quarter part of a crown-piece.

³⁴ ———yet I am for you

To any bog or sleights.] Mr. Theobald proposed reading bog or sloughs; Mr. Seward
introduced gulf for bog; and he and Mr. Sympton concurred in altering sleights to streights,
and quote the following passage from Jonson's Underwoods as a confirmation of its propriety:

' ———their very trade

' Is borrowing; that but stopt, they do invade

' All as their prize, turn pirates here at hand,

' Have their Bermudas and their streights in the Strand,

' Man out their boats to th' Temple, and not shift

' Now but command——'

O'th' isle of rogues, and there turn pirate for you? {must leave}

Norb. 'Fnith, he says reason, friar; you Your neat crisp claret, and full to your cyder A while; and you, la Fiske, your larded capons.

And turkies for n time, and take n good Clean tripe in your way; de Bube too must content him

With wholesome two-sous'd pettitoes²⁶; no more {fant.}

Crown ordinaries, till we've cloth'd our in-
Bube. So you'll keep {self.}

Your own good motions, doctor, your dear *Fiske.* Yes, for we all do know the latitude Of your concupiscence.

Rusee. Here about your belly. {sey,}
Bube. You'll pick a bottle open, or a whims-
As soon as the best of us.

Fiske. And dip your wrist-bands
{For cuffs you've none;} as comely in the sauce
As any courtier—{*Bell rings.*} Hark, the bell!
Who's there?

Rusee. Good luck, I do conjure thee! Boy,
look out. {Exit Pip. and enter again.}

Pip. They're gallants, courtiers; one of
Of the duke's bed-chamber. {'ciu is}

Rusee. Latorch.—Down!
On with your gown {to *Norb.*}; there's a new
suit arriv'd.

Did I not tell you, sons of hunger? Crowns,
Crowns, are coming toward you; wine and
wenches

You shall have once again, and fidlers!
Into your studies close; each lay his ear
To his door, and no you hear me to prepare
you.

So come, and put me on that vizard only.
{Exeunt omnes praeter Rusee and Pippeau.}

Enter Latorch and Humond.

Lat. You'll not be far hence, captain.
When the business

Is done, you shall receive present dispatch.
Hum. I'll walk, sir, in the cloister. {Exit.}

Rusee. Monsieur Latorch? my son,
The stars are happy still that guide you hither.

Lat. I'm glad to hear their secretaries say so,
My learned father *Rusee.* Where's la Fiske?
Monsieur de Bube? how do they?

Rusee. At their studies;
They are the secretaries of the stars, sir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd
off,

They stick like cupping-glasses. If ever men
Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.

Lat. For love's sake, let's salute 'em.

Rusee. Boy, go see;

Tell them who's here; say, that their friends
do challenge

Some portion of their time; this is our minute,
Pray 'em they'll spare it. They are the sun
and moon {Exit Pip.}

Of knowledge; pity two such noble lights
Should live obscur'd here in an university,
Whose beams were fit t'illumine any court
Of Christendom!

Enter la Fiske, de Bube, and Pippeau.

Lat. The duke will shortly know 'em.

Fiske. Well, look upon the astrolabe;
you'll find it

Four almucanturies²⁷ at least.

Bube. It is so.

Rusee. Still of their learned stuff; they
care for nothing, {dca}

But how to know; as negligent of their bo-
dy diet, or else, especially in their cloaths,
As if they had no change.

Pip. They have so little {Aside.}
As will may free them from the name of

Fiske. Monsieur Latorch! {shifters.}

Lat. How is it, learned gentlemen,
With both your virtues?

Bube. A most happy hour,
When we see you, sir.

Lat. When you hear me then
It will be happier: The duke greets you both
Thus; and tho' you may touch no money,
Yet you may take it. {father,}

Rusee. 'Tis his highness' bounty,
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The world, superfluous.

Fiske. We have heard of late
His highness' good success.

Bube. And gratulate it.

Lat. Indeed it hath escap'd a strange con-
spiracy, {me,}

Thanks to his stars! which stars he prays by
You would again consult, and make a judg-
ment

On what you lately erected for my love.
Rusee. Oh, sir, we dare not!

Fiske. For our lives!

Bube. It is

The prince's scheme!

Lat. T' encounter with that fear,
Here's, to assure you, his signet; write your
And be secur'd all three. {names,}

Bube. We must entreat some time, sir,
Lat. I must then

Entreat, it be as present as you can.
Fiske. Have you the scheme here?

Lat. Yes.

Rusee. I would you had, sir,
Another warrant!

²⁶ With wholesome two sous'd pettitoes.] Mr. Theobald reads, from the old quarto, two sous'd; the idea which he would allude to, I suppose, twice pickled, or twice salted: But *sols*, *souls*, or *sous*, the French coin, making a more natural expression, and a stronger antithesis to the crown ordinaries, I think that the true one. *Seward.*

²⁷ Almucanturies.] *Almucantors*, *Almicanterahs*, or *Almicanturahs*, circles of altitude parallel to the horizon, the common pole of which is in the zenith. *Bailey.*

Lat. What would that do?

Rusee. Murry,
We have a doctor, sir, that in this business
Would not perform the second part.

Lat. Not him
That you writ to me of?

Rusee. The very same.

Lat. I should have made it, sir, my suit
to see him.

Here is a warrant, father. I conceiv'd
That he had solely applied himself to magick.

Rusee. And to these studies too, sir; in
this field

He was initiated. But we shall hardly
Draw him from his chair.

Lat. Tell him he shall have gold——

Fiske. Oh, such a syllable would make
him forswear

Ever to breathe in your sight.

Lat. How then?

Fiske. Sir, he, if you do please to give him
any thing,

Must have't convey'd under a paper.

Rusee. Or left behind some book in his study.

Bube. Or in some old wall.

Fiske. Where his familiars

May tell him of it, and that pleases him, sir.

Bube. Or else, I'll go and assay him⁵⁸.

Lat. Take gold with you.

Rusee. That will not be amiss. Give it the
boy, sir;

He knows his holes, and how to bait his spirits.

Pip. We must lay in several places, sir.

Rusee. That's true;

That if one come not, the other may hit.

[*Exeunt Rusee and Pipeau.*]

Lat. Well, go then. Is he so leaer'd,
gentlemen?

Fiske. The very top of our profession,
mouth o'dh' fates! [take]

'Pray Heav'n his spirits be in good humour to
They'll fling the gold about the house else!

Bube. Ay,

And beat the friar, if he go not well

Furnish'd with holy water.

Fiske. Sir, you must observe him.

Bube. Not cross him in a word; for then
he's gone.

Fiske. If he do come, which is a hazard,
yet——

'Mass, he is here! this is speed!

Enter Norbret, Rusee, and Pipeau.

Norb. Where's your scheme?

Let's see't; dispatch; nay, fumbling now!
Who's this?

Rusee. Chief gentleman of the duke's cham-
ber, doctor.

Norb. Oh, let him be; good ev'n to him!
he's a courtier; [here?]

I'll spare his compliment, tell him. What is
The geniture nocturnal, longitude

At twenty-one degrees⁵⁹, the latitude⁶⁰
At forty-nine and ten minutes? How are the

Cardines? [minutes;
Fiske. *Libra* in twenty-four, forty-four mi-
And *Capricorn*——

Norb. I see it; see the planets,
Where, how they are dispos'd; the Sun and

Mercury,
Mars with the *Dragon's tail* in the third house,
And *pars Fortune* in the *Imo Celi*.

Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Carademon*,
Bube. And *Venus* in the second *Inferna*

Porta. [fifth,
Norb. I see it; pence! then *Saturn* in the
Luna i'th' seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,

Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rising in th' Ascen-
dent, [Venus,

And joind with *Libra* too, the house of
And *Immo Celi*, *Mars* his exaltation

In the seventh house, *Aries* being his natural
house [him

And where he is now seated, and all these shew
To be the Almanuter.

Rusee. Yes, he's lord of the geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomy's* way,
Or *Messahalah's*⁶¹, *Laet*, or *Alkidius*.

Fiske. No other planet hath so many dig-
nities,

Either by himself, or in regard of the cuspes.
Norb. Why, tuld your tongue then, if you

know it; *Venus*
The lady of the horoscope, being *Libra*,

The other part, *Mars* rules: So that, the geni-
Being nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest, [true

None else being in sufficient dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the seventh house,

Where *Sol* exalted, is the Alchoroden.
Bube. Yes, for you see he hath his termine

In the degrees where she is, and enjoys
By that six dignities.

Fiske. Which are clearly more
Than any else that view her in the scheme.

Norb. Why, I saw this, and could have
told you too,

That he beholds her with a trine aspect
Here out of *Sagittary*, almost quartile⁶²,

⁵⁸ *Bube.* Or else I'll go and assay him.] The words *or else* were struck out by Seward and
Sympson, as 'injurious to sense and measure.'

In our opinion, they assist both.

⁵⁹ *At twenty-one degrees, the latitude.*] This line, strange as it may appear, is in no edition
but the old quarto.

⁶⁰ *Or Mesethales.*] The quarto reads, *Nassahales*. The right name is *Messahalah*: he
was a Jew famous for judicial astrology, and lived in the times of the chulifs Almansur and
Almamoun. *Vide Salmasium de Anis Clinactericis*, p. 309. *Sympton.*

⁶¹ —almost partile.] The old quarto reads, 'almost partly'; *quartile* is undoubtedly the
true word. It is difficult to us at present to relish the jargon of a science so long exploded,
but

In some fact fit t' employ his active flame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false star that quenches us it glides.

Edith. I have such means t' employ it as
your wish

Can think no better, easier, or securer;
And such as, but for the honours I intend
To your partakings, I alone could end.
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the shedder, are much
greater, [slaughter;
And therefore should work your hands to his
For your consent to which, 'twere infinite
wrong

To your severe and most impartial justice,
To move you to forget so false a son
As with a mother's duty made you curse him.

Mat. Edith, he is forgot for my son
Born of my mother, or to me a brother;
For, should we still perform our rights to him,
We should partake his wrongs, and as foul be
In blood and damned parricide as he:

And therefore tell the happy means that
Heav'n
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd-for free-
dom

From so abhor'd and impious a monster.
Soph. Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand
nor ear

To whatsoever Heav'n puts in her power.
[*Erit.*

Mat. How strange she is to what she
chiefly wishes!

Sweet Edith, be not any thought the more
Discourag'd in thy purpose, but assur'd
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that
we two

Shall be enough to all we wish to do.

Edith. Madam, myself alone, I make no
doubt,

Shall be afforded power enough from Heav'n
To end the murderer. All I wish of you,

Is but some richer ornaments and jewels
Than I am able to provide myself;
To help out the defects of my poor beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his fancy tamed with my desire.
But you know, madam, women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous man;
And this man's torments I would heighten still,
'Till at their highest he were fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my jewels and
my mother's;
And thou shalt paint too, that his blood's de-
sir

May make him perish in a painted fire.
Hast thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
I set that hour back to baste more his longing:
But I have promis'd to his instruments,
The admittance of a visit at our house;
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suspicion of my purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can add, sweet wench, in jewels, tires;
I'll be myself thy dresser. Nor may I
Serve my own love with a contracted husband
More sweetly, nor more amply, than may'st
thou [tions!
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affec-
Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine,
My noblest Edith?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayer,
For full effect and speed of my affair.

Mat. They're thine, my Edith, as for me
my own:

For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the
best,

Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
To shed blood still? or where, alas, were thou
The endless love we owe to worthy men?

Edith. Love of the warthiest ever bless
your highness! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Enter Rollo (with a glass), Aubrey, and ser-
vants.*

Rollo. I NEVER studied my glass till now;
It is exceeding well; now leave
me. Cousin,

How takes your eye the object?

Aub. I have learn'd
So much, sir, of the craftier, as to say
Your person does become your habit; but,
Being call'd unto it by a noble war,
Would grace an armour better.

Rollo. You are still
For that great art of which you are the master:
Yet I must tell you, that to the encounters

We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, fears mix'd with flatt'ring
hopes,

The danger in the service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite thro' and thro'
The body of an army.

Aub. I'll not argue. [in't.

How you may rank the dangers, but will die
The ends which they arrive at are as distant
In every circumstance, as far as honour
Is from shame and repentance.

Rollo. You are sour?

Aub. I would speak my free thoughts, yet
not appear so;

Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one that dares balk any thing that runs

Against the torrent of his own opinion,
That I affect to speak aught may offend you :
And therefore, gracious sir, be pleas'd to think

My manners or discretion have inform'd me,
That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you,
And not to check at what concerns me not :
I look not with sore eyes on your rich outside,
Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpose

'Tis now employ'd ; I wish it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not. For a subject
Towards his prince, in things indifferent,
To use th' austereness of a censuring Cato
Is arrogance, not freedom.

Rollo. I commend
This temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter Hamond, with letters.

They come from Roan? Latorch employ'd
Ham. True, sir. [you?]

Rollo. I must not now be troubled with a thought

Of any new design. Good Aubrey, read 'em ;
And as they shall direct you, use my power,
Or to reply or execute.

Aub. I will, sir. [our guard]

Rollo. And, captain, bring a squadron of
To th' house that late was Baldwin's, and
there wait me.

Ham. I shall.

Rollo. Some two hours hence.

Ham. With my best care.

Rollo. Inspire me, Love, and be thy deity
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st
me ! [Exit.]

Ham. My stay to do my duty, may-be,
wrong's

Your lordship's privacy.

Aub. Captain, your love
Is ever welcome. I entreat your patience
While I peruse these.

Ham. I attend your pleasure.

Aub. How's this? a plot on me?

Ham. What is contain'd

I th' letters that I brought, that thus trans-
ports him?

Aub. To be wrought on by rogues, and
have my head [bread?]

Brought to the axe by knaves that cheat for
The creatures of a parasite, a slave?

I find you here, Latorch, nor wonder at it ;
But that this honest captain should be made
His instrument, afflicts me : I'll make trial

Whether his will or weakness made him do it.

Captain, you saw the duke when he com-
manded

I should do what these letters did direct me ;
And I presume you think I'll not neglect,
For fear or favour, to remove all dangers,
How near soe'er that can be to me
From whom they should have birth.

Ham. It is confirm'd.

Aub. Nor would you, captain, I believe,
Or for respect of thankfulness, or hopes,
To use your sword with fullest confidence
Where he shall bid you strike.

Ham. I never have done.

Aub. Nor will, I think.

Ham. I hope it is not question'd.

Aub. The means to have it so is now pro-
pos'd you. [head!]

Draw ; so, 'tis well ; and next, cut off my

Ham. What means your lordship?

Aub. 'Tis, sir, the duke's pleasure ;
My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I must be remov'd, and you the man
Must act his will.

Ham. I'll be a traitor first,

Before I serve it thus !

Aub. It must be done ; [warrant.]

And that you may not doubt it, there's your
But as you read, remember, Hamond, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession ;
And, tho' it be not manly, I must grieve

That man of whose love I was most ambitious
Could find no object for his hate but me.

Ham. It is no time to talk now. Honour'd
sir,

Be pleas'd to hear thy servant : I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to serve the duke,

Stay to express the manner how ; but if
I do not suddenly give you strong proofs

Your life is dearer to me than my own,
May I live base, and die so ! Sir, your pardon.

[Exit.]

Aub. I'm both ways ruin'd, both ways
mark'd for slaughter !

On every side, about, behind, before me,
My certain fate is fix'd ! Were I a knave now,

I could avoid this ; had my actions
But mere relations to their own ends, I could

'scape now.

Oli, honesty ! thou elder child of Virtue,
Thou seed of Honor's, why, to acquire thy

goodness, [us,

Should malice and distrust stick thorns before
And make us swim unto thee, hung with

hazards?

But Heav'n is got by suffering, not disputing !

— dars talk any thing that was

Against the torrent of his own opinion.] The old quarto for *now* reads *runs*, a word much preferable to the other. But what *daring* is there to talk only against *his own opinion*? To talk against such a man as Rollo's was during indeed in an inferior. The words *his own* are probably a mere interpolation. *Opinion*, according to the constant usage of all the old poets, is four syllables, or two, or will ; and to call it *opinion* is general, rather than Rollo's in particular, is more elegant. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward, therefore, treating *opinion* as 'four syllables,' omits the words *his own*. The small change of *talk* into *talk*, gives good verse, and sound sense,

Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?

Or say he do not know it, where's my inyalty?

I know his nature, troubled as the sea,

And as the sea devouring where he's vex'd,

And I know princes are their own expounders.

Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?

Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?

Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,

Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances,

In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,

And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me,

Smiling and full of sanctity? I'll meet him;

My loyal hand and heart shall give this to him,

And, tho' it bear beyond what poets feign

A punishment, duty shall meet that pain;

And my most constant heart, to do him good,

Shall check at neither pale affright nor blood.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The duchess presently would crave your presence.

Aub. I come; and, Aubrey, now resolve to keep

Thy honour living, tho' thy body sleep!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Edith and a boy; a banquet set out.

Edith. Now for a father's murder, and the ruin

All chastity shall suffer if he reign!

Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy daughter,

Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,

And thro' that bloody cloud behold my piety!

Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,

And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,

So all remembrance may I lose of mercy!

Give me a woman's anger bent to blood,

The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers!

Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,

My rage, like roving billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his soul to sink it! Give me flattery,

(For yet my constant soul ne'er knew dissimulation) Flattery the foud of fools, that I may rock him

And lull him in the down of his desires;

That, in the height of all his hopes and wishes,

His Heav'n forgot, and all his lusts upon him,

My loud, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him!

I hear him come^a; go, boy, and entertain

SONG*.

Take, oh, take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes, like break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn;

But my kisses bring again,

Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,

Which thy frozen bosom bears,

On whose tops the pinks that grow

Are yet of those that April wears;

But first set my poor heart free,

Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Enter Rollo.

Rollo. What bright star, taking Beauty's form upon her,

In all the happy lustre of Heav'n's glory,

Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me?

Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee

My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiss

The gentle sacrifice of love and service,

Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

Edith. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,

Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;

The servint to your will affects no flattery.

Rollo. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes

Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?

That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighs

^a *I hear him come.*] The following scene is evidently writ in emulation of the famous courtship of Richard the Third to Lady Ann; and though it may fall somewhat short, every reader of taste will be charmed with so noble a resemblance of that consummate master of dramatic poetry. Rollo is certainly an inferior character to Richard, but Edith much excels Lady Ann, and indeed almost any female character that Shakespeare has drawn. So does Juliana in *The Double Marriage*, and Lucina in *Valentinian*. I forgot to mention in the former scenes of this play what were taken from Seneca's *Thebais*; but it is chiefly Sophia's speeches in the first act, which are almost literal translations. *Seward.*

'The famous courtship of Richard to Lady Ann' is not one of the happiest scenes of Shakespeare; and if we should allow that 'Edith much excels Lady Ann,' we could not by any means add, with Mr. Seward, that she also excels 'almost any female character that Shakespeare has drawn.' Editors are not bound to be partial.

* *Song.*] The first stanza of this Song is to be found in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*; and the whole of it is printed, as the production of that Author, in the edition of his Poems published by Sewel and Gildou. But Dr. Percy observes, these Gentlemen have inserted therein many pieces not written by our great Bard, and the present is not in Jagard's old edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets: We cannot, therefore, with certainty ascribe it to him. *R.*

The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty!

Edith. Your Grace is full of game.

Rollo. By Heav'n, my Edith,

Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.

Edith. And thine on brambles, that have
prick'd her heart out!

Rollo. The sweetness of th' Arabian wind,
still blowing

Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, calls thee
mistress!

Edith. Will't please you sit, sir?

Rollo. So you please sit by me.

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee;

The excellency that appears upon thee

Ties up my tongue! 'Pray speak to me.

Edith. Of what, sir?

Rollo. Of any thing, and any thing is ex-
cellent.

Will you take my direction? Speak of love
Speak of thy fair self, Edith; and while thou
speak'st,

Let me, thus languishing, give up myself,
Edith. It has a strange cunning tongue.—

Why do you sigh, sir?

How masterly he turns himself to catch me!

Rollo. The way to Paradise, my gentle
maid,

Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance hind-
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.

Give me thy hand: What dost thou feel?

Edith. Your tears, sir;

You weep extremely.—Strengthen me now,
justice!

Why are these sorrows, sir?

Rollo. Thou'lt never love me

If I should tell thee; and yet there's no way
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise.

But swimming thither in these tears.

Edith. I stagger!

Rollo. Are they not drops of blood?

Edith. No.

Rollo. They're for blood then,
For guiltless blood! and they must drop, my

Edith,

They must thus drop, 'till I have drown'd my
Edith. If this be true, I have no strength
to touch him.

Rollo. I prithee look upon me; turn not
from me!

Alas, I do confess I'm made of mischief,
Begot with all men's miseries upon me;

But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou
learn,

Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition tenderness of na-
ture—

Edith. My anger melts; oh, I shall lose
my justice!

Rollo. Do not thou learn to kill with cruel-
As I have done; to murder with thy eyes,

Those blessed eyes, as I have done with mal-
lice.

When thou hast wounded me to death with

(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for
ever,

Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I
suffer,

Take heed my nightly dreams of death and
horror,

Pursue thee not; no time shall tell thy griefs
Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.

Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father;
As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate
me;

But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repent-
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,

In my fair life hereafter—

Edith. He will fool me!

Rollo. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold
and bless me!

Of Heav'n we call for mercy, and obtain it;
To Justice for our right on earth, and have it;

Of thee I beg for love; save me, and give it!

Edith. Now, Heav'n, thy help, or I am
gone for ever;

His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity!

Enter Homond and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors safe; and, upon
pain of death,

Let no man enter 'till I give the word.

Guard. We shall, sir.

Ham. Here he is, in all his pleasure:

I have my wish.

Rollo. How now? why dost thou stare so?

Edith. A help, I hope!

Rollo. What dost thou here? who sent
thee?

Ham. My brother, and the base malicious
Thou mad'st me do to Aubrey. Pray!

Rollo. Pray?

Ham. Pray!

Pray, if thou canst pray; I shall kill thy
soul else!

Pray suddenly!

Rollo. Thou canst not be so traitorous!

Ham. It is a justice.—Stay, lady!

(For I perceive your end) a woman's hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.

Edith. 'Tis my glory!

Ham. 'Tis mine; stay, and share with
me.—By the gods, Rollo,

There is no way to save thy life!

Rollo. No?

Ham. No?

It is so monstrous, no repentance cures it!

Rollo. Why then, thou shalt kill her first;
and what this blood

Will cast upon thy cursed head—

Ham. Poor guard, sir!

Edith. Spare not, brave captain!

Rollo. Fear, or the devil have thee!

Ham. Such fear, sir, as you gave your ho-
mour'd mother,

When your most virtuous brother shield-like
held her,

Such I'll give you. Put her away.

Rollo. I will not;

I will not die so timely.

Ham. Murderous villain,

Wilt thou draw seas of blood upon thee?

Edith. Fear not; [him!]

Kill him, good captain! any way dispatch

My body's honour'd with that sword that

thru' me [hand!]

Sends his black soul to hell! Oh, but for one

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Edith. He is too strong. Strike him!

Ham. Oh, am I with you, sir? Now keep
you from him!

What, has he got a knife?⁶⁵

Edith. Look to him, captain;

For now he will be mischievous.

Ham. Do you smile, sir?

Does it so tickle you? Have not you once more!

Edith. Oh, bravely thrust. Take heed he
come not in, sir.

To him again; you give him too much respite.

Rollo. Yet wilt thou save my life? and I'll

forgive thee, [ments,

And give thee all, all honours, all advance-

Call thee my friend!

Edith. Strike, strike, and hear him not!

His tongue will tempt a saint.

Rollo. Oh, for my soul sake!

Edith. Save nothing of him!

Ham. Now for your farewell!

Are you so wary? take you that!

Rollo. Thou that too!

Oh, thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely!

[Dies.

Edith. The just reward of murder falls
upon thee!

How do you, sir? has he not hurt you?

Ham. No;

I feel not any thing.

Aub. [within.] I charge you let us pass!

Guard [within]. You cannot yet, sir.

Aub. I'll make way then.

Guard. We are sworn to our captain;

And, 'till he give the word—

Ham. Now let them in there.

*Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and
Attendants.*

Soph. Oh, there he lies! Sorrow on sorrow
seeks me!

Oh, in his blood he lies!

Aub. Had you spoke sooner,

This might have been prevented. Take the
duchess,

And lead her off; this is no sight for her eyes.

Mat. Oh, bravely done, wench!

Edith. There stands the noble doer.

Mat. May honour ever seek thee for thy
justice!

Oh, 'twas a deed of high and bravendventure,

A justice e'en for Heav'n to envy at!

Farewell, my sorrows! and, my tears, take
truce!

My wishes are come round! Oh, bloody
brother,

'Till this hour never benighted; 'till thy life,

Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,

Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never right-
eous!

Oh, how my eyes are quarried⁶⁶ with their
joys now!

My longing heart e'en leaping out for light-
ness! [thee!]

But, die thy black sins with thee; I forgive

Aub. Who did this deed?

Ham. I; and I'll answer it! [Dies.

Edith. He faints! Oh, that same cursed
knife has kill'd him!

Aub. How?

Edith. He snatch'd it from my hand for
whom I bore it;

And, as they grappled—

Aub. Justice is ever equal! [honest.

Had it not been on him, th' hadst died too

Did you know of his death?

Edith. Yes, and rejoice in't.

Aub. I'm sorry for your youth then, for
tho' the strictness

Of law shall not fall on you, that of life

Must presently. Go, to a cloyster carry her;

And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Edith. Best father to my soul, I give you
thanks, sir!

And now my fair revenges have their ends;

My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my
friends! [Exit.

Enter Latorch and Jugglers.

Lat. Stay there; I'll step in, and prepare
the duke.

Norb. We shall have brave rewards!

Fiske. That's without question.

Lat. By this time, where's my huffing
friend, lord Aubrey?

Where's that good gentleman? Oh, I could
laugh now,

And burst myself with mere imagination:

A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man,
Should suffer himself to be juggled out o' th'
world,

By a number of poor gipsies! Farewell,
swash-buckler; [time.

For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this

A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,

And ne'er draw blood in show. Now shall

my honour, [sure

My power, and virtue, walk alone; my plea-

sure'd by all; all knees bend to my wor-
ship;

All suits to me, as saint of all their fortunes,

⁶⁵ A knife.] i. e. A dagger.

⁶⁶ Quarried.] This is an allusion to falconry. Latham, who wrote in the time of James I., explains the word *quarried* 'to be taken for the fowle which is flowne at and blaue at any time, especially when young hawks are flowne thereunto.' R.

Preferr'd and crowded to. What full place
of credit,

And what stile now*? your lordship? no,
'tis common;

But that I'll think tomorrow on: Now for
my business.

Aub. Who's there?

Lat. Ha! dead? my master dead? Aubrey
alive too?

Guard. Latorch, sir.

Aub. Seize his body!

Lat. Oh, my fortune!

My master dead?

Aub. And you, within this half-hour,
Prepare yourself, good devil! you must to it;

Millions of gold shall not redeem thy mis-
chiefs,

Behold the justice of thy practice, villain;
The mass of murders thou hast drawn upon

us;
Behold thy doctrine! You look now for re-
ward, sir,

To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your labours;
And you shall have it. Make his gallows

higher
By ten foot at the least, and then advance

Lat. Mercy, mercy! [him.

Aub. It is too late, fool;

Such as you meant for me. Away with him!
[He is led out.

What peeping knaves are those? Bring 'em
in, fellows.

Now what are you?

Norb. Mathematicians,

An't like your lordship.

Aub. And ye drew a figure?

Fiske. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the duke, I mean, sir.

Latorch's knaves you are!

Norb. We know the gentleman.

Aub. What did he promise you?

Norb. We're paid already.

Aub. But I will see you better paid: Go,
whip them!

Norb. We do beseech your lordship! we
were hir'd.

Aub. I know you were, and you shall have
your hire:

Whip 'em extremely; whip that doctor there,
'Till he record himself a rogue.

Norb. I am one, sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one; and when
they're whipt, [hang'd.

Lead 'em to th' gallows to see their patroa
Away with them!

Norb. Ah, good thy lord!

[They are led out.

Aub. Now to mine own right, gentlemen.

1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed; we all
confess it,

And here stand ready to invest you with it.
2 *Lord.* Which to make stronger to you,
and the surer

Than blood or mischiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this lady, sir, this noble lady,

Full of the blood as you are, of that nearness;
How blessed would it be——

Aub. I apprehend you;

And, so the fair Matilda dare accept me,
Her ever constant servant——

Mat. In all pureness,

In all humility of heart and service,
To the most noble Aubrey I submit me.

Aub. Then this is our first tie. Now to
our business!

1 *Lord.* We're ready all to pat the honour
on you.

Aub. These sad rites must be done first:

Take up the bodies;

This, as he was a prince, so princely funeral
Shall wait upon him; on this honest captain,

The decency of arms; a tear for him too.

So, sadly on, and, as we view his blood,

May his example in our rule raise good!

* ————what full place of credit,

And what place now?] The second place seems to have been accidentally repeated, in-
stead of some word that implies title, honour, or dignity. Stile seems to bid fairest of any
monosyllable that occurs. Scward.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE:

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills ascribe this Comedy wholly to Fletcher. In 1647, (the Playhouse Copy having been lent out of the house, and lost) The Wild-Goose Chase could not be inserted among our Authors' other Plays: It was, however, afterwards recovered, and published in 1652, by Lowin and Taylor, two Players. Farquhar's *Iaconstant* is built on this Play; the mad scene of *Oriana*, and others, are almost transcribed; al though both the Author in his Preface, and Mr. Rowe in the Epilogue, assert that only the hint was taken from this piece of our Author.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DE GARD, *a noble Gentleman.*
LA CASTRE, *Father to Mirabell.*
MIRABELL, *the Wild-Goose.*
PINAC, *his Fellow-traveller, Servant to Lillia-Bianca.*
BEILLEUR, *Companion to both, in love with Rosalura.*
NANTOLET, *Father to Rosalura and Lillia-Bianca.*
LUGIER, *Tutor to the Ladies.*

A young Factor.
Two Merchants.
Singing-Boy.
ORIANA, *betrothed to Mirabell.*
ROSALURA,
LILLIA-BIANCA, } *Daughters of Nantolet.*
PETELLA, *their Waiting-woman.*
MARIANA, *an English Courtesan.*
Fage, Servants, Priest, and four Women.

SCENE, *Paris.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Monsieur De Gard and a Footboy.

De Ga. SIRRAH, you know I have rid hard; stir my horse well, And let him want no litter.

Boy. I am sure I've run hard; 'Would somebody would walk me, and see me litter'd,

For I think my fellow horse cannot in reason Desire more rest, nor take up his chamber before me:

But we are the beasts now, and the beasts are our masters.

De Ga. When you have done, step to the ten-crown ordinary——

Boy. With all my heart, sir; for I have a twenty-crown stomach.

De Go. And there bespeak a dinner.

Boy [going]. Yes, sir, presently.

De Ga. For whom, I beseech you, sir?

Boy. For myself, I take it, sir.

De Ga. In truth, you shall not take it; 'tis not meant for you:

There's for your provender. Bespeak a dinner For monsieur Mirabell, and his companions; They'll be in town within this hour. When you have done, sirrah,

Make ready all things at my lodging, for me, And wait me there.

Boy. The ten-crown ordinary?

De Ga. Yes, sir, if you have not forgot it.

Boy. I'll forget my feet first: 'Tis the best part of a footman's faith.

[Exit Boy.]

De Go. These youths, For all they have been in Italy to learn thrift, And seem to wonder at men's lavish ways, Yet they can't rub off old friends, their French itches; [bodies

They must meet sometimes to disport their With good wine, and good women; and good store too, [all points,

Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at

And then hang saying, let the sen grow high!
This ordinary can fit 'em of all sizes. [toms.
They must salute their country with old cus-

Enter La Castre and Oriana.

Ori. Brother!

De Ga. My dearest sister!

Ori. Welcome, welcome!

Indeed, you are welcome home, most welcome!

De Ga. Thank ye!

You're grown a handsome woman, Oriana:
Blush at your faults. I'm wondrous glad to see you!

Monsieur La Castre, let not my affection
To my fair sister make me hold unmannerly:
I'm glad to see you well, to see you lusty,
Good health about you, and in fair company;
Believe me, I am proud—

La Ca. Fair sir, I thank you.

Monsieur De Gard, you're welcome from your journey!

Good men have still good welcome: Give me your hand, sir.

Once more, you're welcome home! You look still younger. [us;

De Ga. Time has no leisure to look after
We wander every where; nee cannot find us.

La Ca. And how does all?

De Ga. All well, sir, and all lusty. [sir,

La Ca. I hope my son be so: I doubt not,
But you have often seen him in your journeys,
And bring me some fair news.

De Ga. Your son is well, sir,

And grown a proper gentleman; he's well,
and lusty.

Within this eight hours I took leave of him,
And over-rid him¹, having some slight business [you,

That forc'd me out o' th' way: I can assure
He will be here to-night.

La Ca. You make me glad, sir,

For, o' my faith, I almost long to see him!

Methinks, he has been away—

De Ga. 'Tis but your tenderness;

What are three years? a love-sick wench will allow it².

His friends, that went out with him, are come back too; [little,

Belleur, and young Pinne: He bid me say

Because he means to be his unwor glad messenger.

La Ca. I thank you for this news, sir. He shall be welcome, [heartily!

And his friends too: Indeed, I thank you

And how (for I dare say you will not flatter him)

Has Italy wrought on him? has he mew'd yet
His wild fantastic toys? They say that climate

Is a great purger of those humorous fluxes.

How is he improv'd, I pray you?

De Ga. No doubt, sir, well. [man;

He has borne himself a full and noble gentleman
To speak him further is beyond my charter.

La Ca. I'm glad to hear so much good.

Come, I see

You long to enjoy your sister; yet I must
curtreat you,

¹ And over-ey'd him, having some slight business

That forc'd me out o' th' way.] *Over-ey'd* is plainly a corruption, and *out o' th' way* unsatisfactory. Mr. Seward reads with me,

'And over-rid him—'

'—on the way:—'

But yet I have some doubt whether *over-rid* is the true lection, there being a reading which has occurred to me, much nearer the traces of the letters than that advanced above, viz.

'And over-yed him, —'

i. e. over-went him; though I am afraid the reader will think this too obsolete a word to stand in the text, as fitter for Chaucer or Spenser, than Mr. Fletcher, and therefore I have chose to leave the passage just as I found it. *Sympton.*

The opening of the play, 'Sirrah, I have rid hard,' seems to countenance the conjectural reading of 'over-rid him.' Obsolete and ungenial indeed is Mr. Sympton's 'over-yed him.' Were we to offer a reading 'near the trace of the letters,' we would rather propose 'over-hied him,' which might, we think, much more familiarly express De Gard's having gone on before his fellow-traveller. As to *out of the way*, we see no difficulty requiring an alteration.

² — a love-sick wench will allow it.] As plausible as this passage may seem at first sight, yet I am afraid it is unsound; for whatever reasons the poor wench might have to induce her to allow her lover's absence, yet notwithstanding them, she might bear it still with the utmost impatience. Why may not we read, therefore,

'— love-sick wench will swallow it.'

A three-years absence (De Gard says) is nothing; it will go easily down, even with a love-sick girl. So, in the concluding scene of this play, Mirabell says,

'— I am pleas'd ye have deceiv'd me;

'And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't.' *Sympton.*

Mr. Sympton's conjecture, enforced by the authority which he quotes, is not unpalatable; yet he mistakes the sense of the word *allow* as here used, supposing it to be genuine: 'A love-sick wench will allow it' not meaning that she will permit her lover to be absent for three years; but that she will *allow*, i. e. *agree*, that three years' absence is no such great matter.

Before I go, to sup with me to-night,
And must not be denied.

De Ga. I am your servant.

La Ca. Where you shall meet fair, merry,
and noble company; [daughters,
My neighbour Nantolet, and his two fair

De Ga. Your supper's season'd well, sir:
I shall wait upon you.

La Ca. 'Till then I'll leave ye: And you're
once more welcome! [*Erit.*

De Ga. I thank you, noble sir! Now, Ori-
anna,

How have ye done since I went? have ye had
your health well?

And your mind free?

Ori. You see, I am not bated;

Merry, and eat my meat.

De Ga. A good preservative. [*Orianna,*
And how have you been us'd? You know,
Upon my going-out at your request,
I left your portion in *La Cestre's* hands,
The main means you must stick to: For that

reason,
And 'tis no little one, I ask you, sister,
With what humanity he entertains you,
And how you find his courtesy?

Ori. Most ready:

I can assure you, sir, I'm us'd most nobly.

De Ga. I'm glad to hear it: But I prithee,
tell me,

And tell me true, what end had you, *Orianna*,
In trusting your money here? He is no kins-
Nor any tie upon him of a guardian; [man,
Nor dare I think you doubt my prodigality.

Ori. No, certain, sir; none of all this pro-
vok'd me;

Another private reason.

De Ga. 'Tis not private,
Nor carried so; 'tis common, my fair sister;
Your love to *Mirabell*: Your blushes tell it.
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too
largely;

And with no little shame I wonder at it.

Ori. Is it a shame to love?

De Ga. To love indiscreetly:

A virgin should be tender of her honour,
Close, and secure.

Ori. I am as close as can be, [too;
And stand upon us strong and honest guards
Unless this warlike age need a portcullis.

Yet, I confess, I love him.

De Ga. Hear the people. [dares

Ori. Now I say, Hang the people! he that
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give

His mother, nay, his own wife, up to rumour.
All grounds of truth, they build on, is a tavern;
And their best censure's sack, sack in abun-
dance;

For as they drink, they think: They ne'er
speak modestly,

Unless the wine be poor, of they want money.
Believe them? Believe *Amadis de Gaul*,

The Knight o' th' Sun, or *Palmerin* of Eng-
land; [ries!

For these, to them, are modest and true sto-
'Pray understand me; if their tongues be truth,

And if *In vino veritas* be an oracle,

What woman is, or has been ever honest?

Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear
Lucretia

Died not for want of power to resist *Tarquin*,
But want of pleasure, that he stay'd no longer;
And *Portia*, that was famous for her piety
To her lov'd lord, they'll face ye out, died
o' th' pox.

De Ga. Well, there is something, sister.

Ori. If there be, brother, [strous:

'Tis none of their things; 'tis not yet so mon-
My thing is marriage; and, at his return,

I hope to put their squint eyes right again.
De Ga. Marriage? 'Tis true, his father is

a rich man,
Rich both in land and money; he his heir,

A young and handsome man, I must confess
too;

But of such qualities, and such wild flings,
Such admirable imperfections, sister,

(For all his travel, and bought experience)
I should be loth to own him for my brother.

Methinks, a rich mind in a state indifferent
Would prove the better fortune.

Ori. If he be wild, [ther,

The reclaiming him to good and honest, bro-
Will make much for my honour; which, if I

prosper,
Shall be the study of my love, and life too.

De Ga. You say well; 'would he thought
as well, and lov'd too!

He marry? he'll be hang'd first; he knows no
more

What the conditions and the ties of love are,
The earnest purposes and grounds of mar-
riage, [deavour,

Nor will know, nor be ever brought to en-
Than I do how to build a church: He was ever

A loose and strong defier of all order; [door,
His loves are wanderers, they knock at each
And taste each dish, but are no residents.

2 All his travel, and bought experience.] Mr. Theobald fills up the measure thus,

— and his bought experience;

Mr. Seward thus,

— and dear-bought experience;

which he thinks is not only a completion of the measure, but an improvement of the sense.

Symphon.

Theobald's filling up the measure, and Seward's completion of the measure, and improvement of the sense, are both unnecessary. The measure and sense are each sufficiently perfect; especially supposing the word *experience*, after the manner of our Authors, to be resolved into distinct syllables.

Or say, he may be brought to think of marriage,
 (As 'twill be no small labour) thy hupes are I know, there is a labour'd match now follow'd,

Now at this time, for which he was sent fur home too:
 Be not abus'd; Nantolet has two fair daugh- And he must take his choice.

Ori. Let him take freely:
 For all this I despair not; my mind tells me That I, and only I, must make him perfect; And in that hope I rest.

De Ga. Since you're so confident,
 Prosper your hope! I'll be no adversary!
 Keep yourself fair and right, he shall not wrong you.

Ori. When I forget my virtue, no man know me!

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, and Servants.

Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, gentlemen!

We have had a merry and a lusty ordinary, And wine, and good ment, and a bouncing reckoning!

And let it go for once, 'tis a good physick: Only the wenches are not for my diet; They are too lean and thin, their embraces brawn-faln.

Give me the plump Venetian, fat, and lusty, That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,

As if a cup of full wine leap'd to kiss me; These slight thiogs I affect not.

Pinac. They're ill built!
 Pin-buttock'd, like your dainty Barbaries, And weak i' th' pasterns; they'll endure no hardness.

Mir. There's nothing good or handsome bred amongst us:

Till we are travell'd, and live abroad, we're coxcombs.

You talk of France; a slight unseason'd country,

Abundance of gross food, which soaks us We're fair set out indeed, and so are fore-horses:

Men say, we are great courtiers; men abuse We are wise, and valiant too; non credo, signior!

Our women the best linguists; they are par-O' this side the Alps they're nothing but mere drolleries.

Hu! Roma la Santa, Italy for my money! Their policies, their customs, their frugalities, Their courtesies so open, yet so reserv'd too,

As, when you think you're known best, you're a stranger;

Their very pick-teeth speak more man than And season of more salt!

Pinac. 'Tis a brave country;
 Not pester'd with your stubborn precise pup- That turn all useful and allow'd contentments To scabs and scruples: Hang 'em, capon-worshippers!

Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their women too,

And would fain do as others do; but I'm so So naturally an ass—Look ye, I can look upon And very willingly I go to see 'em, (There's no man willing) and I can kiss 'em, And make a shift—

Mir. But if they chance to float you, Or say, 'You are too bold! fy, sir, remem-

I pray, sit further off—

Bel. 'Tis true—I'm humbled, I am gane; I confess ingenuously, I am si-

The spirit of amber cannot force me answer. Pinac. Then would I sing and dance—

Bel. You have wherewithal, sir.

Pinac. And charge her up again.

Bel. I can be hang'd first;

Yet, where I fasten well, I am a tyrant.

Mir. Why, thou dar'st fight?

Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight, And fight with any man at any weapon; 'Would, the other were no more! but a pox on't,

When I am sometimes in my height of hope, And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,

Some scornful jest or other chops between me And my desire: What would you have me to do then, gentlemen?

Mir. Belleur, you must be bolder: Travel three years,

And bring home such a baby to betray you. As baseness? a great fellow, and a soldier?

Bel. You have the gift of impudence; be thankful;

Every man has not the like talent. I will And if it may be reveal'd to me—

Mir. Learn of me, Ladies will look for courtship.

Pinac. 'Tis but fleshing,

But standing one good brunt or two. Hast thou any mind to marriage?

We'll provide thee some soft-natur'd wench, that's dumb too.

Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in charity.

Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were enger,

⁴ *More drolleries.*] This countenances, and perhaps confirms, our conjectural reading of *drolleries* for *drolleries* in the Tragedy of Valentinian. It is there as well as here applied to women: *Dralleries* too is, as far as we can discover, absolute nonsense; and the corruption is easy. If the reader has any curiosity to refer to the passage in question, he will find it in p. 43.

⁵ *You're known best.*] i. e. are most acquainted with them.

And can't not for discourse, I were excellent at.

Mir. You must now put on boldness (there's no avoiding it)

And stand all hazards, fly at all games bravely; They'll say, you went out like an ox, and return'd like an ass else.

Bel. I shall make danger sure.

Mir. I am sent for home now, [pardon me: I know it is to marry; but my father shall Altho' it be a weighty ceremony*, And may concern me hereafter in my gravity, I will not lose the freedom of a traveller; A new strong lusty bark cannot ride at one anchor. [eyes?]

Shall I make divers suits to shew to the sunne 'Tis dull and home-spun! study several pleasures, [first!]

And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd Tie me to one sock? make my travels fruitless?

I'll none of that; for every fresh behaviour, By your leave, father, I must have a fresh And a fresh favour too. [mistress,

Bel. I like that passingly; As many as you will, so they be willing, Willing, and gentle, gentle!

Pinauc. There's no reason [up, A gentleman, and a traveller, should be elapt (For 'tis a kind of bilboes† to be married) Before he manifest to the world his good parts: Tug ever, like a rascal, at one oar? Give me the Italian liberty!

Mir. That I study, [men; And that I will enjoy. Come, go in, gentle- There mark how I behave myself, and follow, [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter La Castre, Nantolet, Lugier, Rosalura, and Lallin-Ibanca.

La Ca. You and your beauteous daughters are most welcome!

Beshrew my blood they're fair ones! Welcome, beauties,

Welcome, sweet birds!

Nant. They're bound much to your courtesies. [ed.

La Ca. I hope we shall be nearer acquainted. *Nant.* That's my hope too;

For, certain, sir, I much desire your alliance. You see 'em; they're no gypsies; for their breeding,

It has not been so coarse, but they are able To rank themselves with women of fair fashion.

Indeed, they have been trained well*.

Lug. Thank me!

Nant. Fit for the heirs of that state I shall leave 'em; [son,

To say more, is to sell 'em. They say, your Now he has travell'd, must be wondrous curious,

And choice in what he takes; these are no coarse ones.

Sir, here's a merry wench—let him look to himself;

All heart, i' faith!—may chance to startle him; For all his care, and travell'd caution,

May creep into his eye: If he love gravity, Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him,

La Ca. So young and so demure?

Nant. She is my daughter,

Else I would tell you, sir, she is a mistress Both of those manners, and that modesty,

You would wonder at. She is no often-speaker, But, when she does, she speaks well; nor no reveller,

Yet she can dance, and has studied the court elements,

And sings, as some say, handsomely; if a woman, [lur,

With the decency of her sex, may be a school- I can assure you, sir, she understands too.

La Ca. These are fit garments, sir.

Lug. Think them that cut 'em!

* A witty ceremony.] Where the wit of the matrimonial ceremony lies, will, I believe, puzzle, at this time of the day, any of our wits to discover. Mr. Seward saw with me that the true reading ought to be, '—— a weighty ceremony.' *Symson.*

The old reading, however, is not entirely indefensible: Wit and wisdom, as the late learned Editor of Evelyn's *Silva* observes, were, at the time when his Author wrote, and long before, synonymous terms, of which he gives the following instance: '—— then might I by 'councell help my truth, which by mine own wit I am not able againste such a prepared 'thyng.' Sir Thomas Wynn's Defence, No. ii. Wulpolc's Miscell. Ant. 22.

Mr. Evelyn's words are, 'Rather, therefore, we should take notice how many great wits and ingenious persons, who have leisure, and faculty, are in pain for improvements of their 'heaths and barren hills, &c.'

Other examples might be produced. *R.*

† A kind of bilboes to be married.] As this is a word I do not remember any where to be found, I have altered it, with Mr. Seward and Mr. Theobald, into one, which, as it is congruous to the sense of the place, might very probably have been the original.

'—— bilboes to be married.' *Symson.*

* To rank themselves with women of fair fashion;

Indeed, they have been trained well.] Nantolet had expressed himself modestly and genteelly of his daughters' education, in the former part of his speech, and the last line will be equally proper and genteel when given to La Castre, to whom it seems therefore evidently to belong. *Seward.*

We think the old reading best.

Yes, they are handsome women, they have handsome parts too,

Pretty becoming parts.

La Ca. 'Tis like they have, sir.

Lug. Yes, yes, and handsome education they have had too,

Had it abundantly; they need not blush at it: I taught it, I'll avouch it.

La Ca. You say well, sir.

Lug. I know what I say, sir, and I say but right, sir:

I am no trumpet of their commendations Before their father; else I should say further.

La Ca. 'Pray you, what's this gentleman?

Nant. One that lives with me, sir;

A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter; [in't:

Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure Many fair gifts he has, in some of which, That lie most easy to their understandings, He has handsomely bred up my girls, I thank him.

Lug. I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it;

It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't.

Nant. He's wondrous blunt.

La Ca. By my faith I was afraid of him: Does he not fall out with the gentlewomen sometimes?

Nant. No, no; he's that way moderate and discrete, sir. [him.

Ros. If he did, we should be too hard for *Lug.* Well said, sulphur!

Too hard for thy husband's head, if he wear not armour.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, De Gard, and Oriana.

Nant. Many of these bick'nings, sir.

* *I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,*

It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't.

He's wondrous blunt.] A small degree of attention will shew us that the two first lines can properly belong to no one but *Lugier*. *Sympton.*

¹⁰ *The best wealth, &c.*] Mr. *Sympton* has made a strange piece of work here; he puts no part of this line into the text of his edition, and yet has quoted the later part of it in the following note.

¹¹ *One of these two: You know my meaning, &c.*] This *De Gard* speaks aside to his sister, as the text stands at present, and seemingly her answer that follows fixes it here; but what is there left then to introduce and make way for *Mirabell's*

'To marry, sir?'

To remove all difficulties, it would perhaps be the best to make the whole run thus;

'——— by your favours, beauties.

La Ca. 'One of these two: You know my meaning. [*Aside to Mir.*
Oriana. 'Well——— [*Aside to herself.*

'They are fair and handsome, I must needs confess it;

'And let it prove the worst, I shall live after it;

'Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve me;

'For if I die o' th' first fit I am unhappy,

'And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

Mira. 'To marry, sir?'

Sympton.

During the dialogue in the text, *La Ca.* has been talking apart to *Mirabell*, and it is their supposed conversation which is to 'introduce and make way for *Mirabell's*

'To marry, sir?'

We do not see how *Sympton's* arrangement removes the difficulty he has created.

La Ca. I'm glad, they are no oracles!

Sure as I live, he beats them, he's so puissant.

Ori. Well, if you do forget——

Mir. 'Prithee, hold thy peace!

I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'st me; [on't;

Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse And a fit place; I'll ease thy heart, I warrant thee:

Thou seest, I have much to do now.

Ori. I am answer'd, sir: [ditions.

With me you shall have nothing on these conditions. *De Ga.* Your father and your friends.

La Ca. You're welcome home, sir!

'Bless you, you're very welcome! 'Pray know this gentleman,

And these fair ladies.

Nant. Monsieur *Mirabell*,

I am much affected with your fair return, sir; You bring a general joy.

Mir. I bring you service,

And these bright beauties, sir.

Nant. Welcome home, gentlemen!

Welcome, with all my heart!

Bel. Pinac. We thank you, sir. [too.

La Ca. Your friends will have their share

Bel. Sir, we hope [gers.

They'll look upon us, th' we shew like strangers.

Nant. Monsieur *De Gard*, I must salute you also,

And this fair gentlewoman: You're welcome from your travel too!

All welcome, all!

De Ga. We render you our loves, sir,

The best wealth we bring home¹⁰. By your favours, beauties!

One of these two¹¹: You know my meaning.

Ori. Well, sir; [fess it;

They're fair and handsome, I must needs confess it; And, let it prove the worst, I shall live after it:

Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve me;

For, if I die o' th' first fit, I'm unhappy,
And worthy to be buried with my heels up—

Mir. To marry, sir? [ward.

La Ca. You know, I am an old man,
And every hour declinoing to my grave,
One foot already in; more souse I have not,
Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy;

In you lies all my hope, and all my annc,
The making good or wretched of my memory,
The safety of my state.

Mir. And you've provided,
Out of this tenderness, these handsome gentlewomen, [of?

Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice
La Ca. I have, dear son.

Mir. 'Tis true, you're old, and feeble;
'Would you were young again, and in full vigour!

I love a bounteous father's life, a long one;
I'm none of those, that, when they shoot to ripeness, [grew on;

Do what they can to break the boughs they
I wish you many years, and many riches,
And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for marriage,
I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.

La Ca. You'll render me your reasons?

Mir. Yes, sir, both short and pithy, and these they are:

You would have me marry a maid?

La Ca. A maid? what else?

Mir. Yea, there be things called widows,
dead men's wills,

I never lov'd to prove those; nor never long'd yet [monument.

To be buried alive in another man's cold
And there be maids appearing, and maids being: [dows;

The appearing are fantastic things, mere shadows;
And, if you mark 'em well, they want their heads too;

Only the world, to cozen misty eyes,
Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being
A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry, [fortune;

If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor
And let him take heed how he gather these too; [lous,

For look you, father, they are just like me-
Musk-melons are the emblems of these maids;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em they taste pleasantly,

And are n dainty fruit, digested easily;
Neglect this present time, and come tomorrow,

They are so ripe, they're rotten—goose!¹²
their sweetness

Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit!

La Ca. Why, these are now ripe, son.

Mir. I'll try them presently,

And, if I like their taste——

La Ca. Pray you please yourself, sir.

Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it. [now?

Lady, what think you of n handsome man

Mrs. A wholesome too, sir?

Mir. That's as you make your bargain.

A handsome, wholesome man then, and a kind man,

To cheer your heart up, to rejoice you, lady?

Ros. Yes, sir, I love rejoicing.

Mir. To lie close to you?

Close as a cockle? keep the cold nights from you? [ask it.

Ros. That will be look'd for too; our bodies

Mir. And get two boys at every birth?

Ros. That's nothing;

I've known a cobbler do it, n poor thin cobbler,
A cobbler out of mouldy cheese perform it,

Cabbage, and coarse black bread; methinks,
a gentleman

Should take foul scorn to have an owl out-name him.

Two at n birth? Why, every house-dove has it: [too,

That man that feeds well, promises as well
I should expect indeed something of worth

You talk of two? [from.

Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
Like bottons, at n birth.

Ros. You love to brag, sir;

If you proclaim these offers at your marriage,
(You are n pretty-timber'd man; take heed!)

They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hop'd for at a higher rate too.

Mir. I will take heed, and thank you for your counsel.—

Father, what think you?

La Ca. 'Tis n merry gentlewoman;

Will make, oo doubt, a good wife.

Mir. Not for me:

I marry her, and, happily, get nothing;

In what a state am I then, father? I shall suffer,

For any thing I hear to th' contrary, more *majorum*;

I were as sure to be a cuckold, father,

A gentleman of outler——

La Ca. Away, away, fool!

Mir. As I am sure to foil her expectation.

I had rather get the pox than get her babies!

La Ca. You're much to blame! If this do not infect you,

'Pray try the other; she's of n more demure way. [thus!

Bel. That I had but the audacity to talk
I love that plain-spoken gentlewoman admirably;

And, certain, I could go as near to please her,

¹² They are rotten goose.] Probably, 'rotten grown.' *Symson.*

We think 'rotten gone' better than 'rotten grown'; but a stop renders it still better:

'They are so ripe, they are rotten—gone!' &c.

If down-right doing—Sh' has a perilous countenance!

If I could meet one that would believe me,
And take my honest meaning without circumstance—

Mr. You shall have your will, sir; I will try the other;

But 'twill be to small use.—I hope, fair lady,
(For, methinks, in your eyes I see more mercy)
You will enjoin your lover a less pittance;
And tho' I'll promise much, as men are liberal,

And vow an ample sacrifice of service,
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,
And thriftiness in love, good huswife's care—
To keep the stock entire— [fulness

Lil. Good sir, speak louder, [thing:
That these may witness too, you talk of no—
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of so much indiscretion.

Mr. Hark ye, hark ye!
Ods-bobs, you're angry, lady!

Lil. Angry? no, sir;
I never ow'd an anger to lose poorly.

Mr. But you can love, for all this; and
delight too,

For all your set austerity, to hear
Of a good husband, lady?

Lil. You say true, sir; [years,
For, by my truth, I've heard of none these ten
They are so rare; and there are so many, sir,
So many longing women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping-down of these good
husbands—

The dropping-down from Heav'n; for they're
not bred here—

That you may guess at all my hope, but
hearing—

Mr. Why may not I be one?

Lil. You were near 'em once, sir,
When ye came o'er the Alps; those are near
Heaven:

But since you miss'd that happiness, there is
no hope of you.

Mr. Can ye love a man?

Lil. Yes, if the man be lovely;
That is, be honest, modest. I would have
him valiant,

His anger slow, but certain for his honour;
Travel'd he should be, but thro' himself ex-
actly, [countries;

For 'tis fairer to know manners well than
He must be no vain talker, nor no lover
To hear himself talk; they are brags of a
wanderer,

Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour,
Would you learn more?

Mr. Yes.

Lil. Learn to hold your peace then:

Fond girls are got with tongues, women with
tempers.

Mr. Women, with I know what; but let
that vanish: [hand

Go thy way, good wife Bias! Sure, thy hus-
Must have a strong philosopher's stone, he
will ne'er please thee else.

Here's a starebt piece of austerity! Do you
hear, father?

Do you hear this moral lecture?

La Ca. Yes, and like it.

Mr. Why, there's your judgment now;
there's an old bolt shot!

This thing must have the strangest observation,
(Do you mark me, father?) when she is mar-
ried once,

The strangest custom too of admiration

On all she does and speaks, 'twill be past
sufferance;

I must not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry, 'Haye at thee, Kate!' I shall be
hus'd then;

Nor eat my meat without the sauce of sen-
tences, [diet!

Your powder'd beef and problems, a rare
My first son monsieur Aristotle, I know it,
Great master of the metaphysicks, or so;
The second, Solon, and the best law-setter;
And I must look Egyptian god-fathers,
Which will be no small trouble: My eldest
daughter

Sappho, or such a filling kind of poctess,
And brought up, *invitâ Minerva*, at her
needle;

My dogs must look their names too, and all
Spartan,

Lelaps, Melampus! no more Fox and Bau-
disarc.

I married to a sullen set of sentences?

To one that weighs her words and her beha-
viours

In the guld weights of discretion? I'll be
hang'd first.

La Ca. Prithce reclaim thyself.

Mr. 'Pray ye, give me time then;

If they can set me any thing to play at,
That seems fit for a gamester, have at the
fairest!

Till then see more, and try more!

La Ca. Take your time then;

I'll bar you no fair liberty. Come, gentlemen;
And, ladies, con-e; to all, once more a wel-
come!

And now let's in to supper.

[*Erit.*

Mr. How dost like 'em?

¹³ 'Till I see more, and try more.] The sense here seems to indicate a slight corruption; which, however, makes no material difference: We would read,

'Pray ye, give me time then:

'If they can set me any thing to play at,

'That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest!

'Till then see more, and try more!

La Ca. Take your time then.'

Pinac. They're fair enough, but of so strange behaviours—

Mir. Too strange for me: I must have those have mettle,
And mettle to my mind. Come, let's be merry.

Bel. Bless me from this woman! I would stand the cannon,
Before ten words of hers.

De Ga. Do you find him now?

Do you think he will be ever firm?

Ori. I fear not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Mir. NE'ER tell me of this happiness; 'tis nothing! [scurvy!]

The state they bring with being sought-to, I had rather make mine own play, and I will do. My happiness is in mine own content, And the despising of such glorious trifles*, As I have done a thousand more. For my humour,

Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me, A jocular fair companion; there's a beauty! For women, I can have too many of them; Good women too, as the age reckons 'em, More than I have employment for.

Pinac. You're happy.

Mir. My only fear is that I must be fore'd, Against my nature, to conceal myself: Health and an able body are two jewels.

Pinac. If either of these two women were offer'd to me now,

I would think otherwise, and do accordingly; Yes, and recant my heresies, I would, sir, And be more tender of opinion,

And put a little of my travell'd liberty Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously. Methinks, this grave-carried wench—

Bel. Methinks, the other, The home-spoken gentlewoman, that desires to be fruitful,

That treats of the full manage of the matter, (For there lies all my aim) that wench, methinks,

If I were but well set on, for she is a fable¹⁴, If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me: [th' point!]

She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to

Now do I know I have such a body to please her, [sure on't,

As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I'm If I could but talk myself into her favour.

Mir. That's easily done.

Bel. That's easily said; 'twould'twere done! You should see then how I would lay about me.

If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me, Or any thing that might justify my modesty; But when my nature is prone to do a charity, And my calf's tongue will not help me¹⁵—

Mir. Will you go to 'em?

They can't but take it courteously.

Pinac. I'll do my part,

Tho' I am sure 'twill be the hardest I e'er play'd yet; [me;

A way I never tried too, which will stagger And, if it do not shame me, I am happy.

Mir. Win 'em and wear 'em; I give up my interest.

Pinac. What say you, monsieur Belleur?

Bel. 'Would I could say, Or sing, or any thing that were but handsome! I would be with her presently!

Pinac. Yours is no venture;

A merry, ready wench.

Bel. A vengeance squibber!

She'll flee me out of faith too.

Mir. I'll be near thee;

Pluck up thy heart; I'll second thee at all brunts. [little;

Be angry, if she abuse thee, and beat her a Some women are won that way.

Bel. 'Pray be quiet,

And let me think: I am resolv'd to go on; But how I shall get off again—

Mir. I am persuaded

* *Glorious trifles.*] i. e. *Vain trifles.* The word occurs twice again, in the same sense, in this act, p. 186. So the French often use *gloire* and *glorieux*.

¹⁴ ———— *for she is a fable.*] The glaring nonsense of this passage strikes at first sight. I shall give the reader what I imagine was the original lection, and leave it to him whether it must stand or fall:

‘————— *for she is affable.*’ *Symson.*

Symson's conjecture is ingenious, though we cannot think the present reading *glaring nonsense*; and the next line seems to enforce it. The whole passage should be in a parenthesis, thus,

‘————— that wench, methinks,

‘If I were but well set on—(for she is a fable,

‘If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me)—’

‘She speaks,’ &c.

¹⁵ *And my calf's tongue.*] *And* ought evidently to be changed into *Then.* *Symson.* Leaving the sentence broken, as it ought to be, *And* is right, and most spirited.

Thou wilt so please her, she'll go near to ravish thee.

Bel. I would 'twere come to that once!
Let me pray a little.

Mir. Now for thine honour, Pinac! Board me this modesty, ^[conquest]
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a
(Altho' I know thou art a fortunate winner,
And hast done rarely in thy days) above all
thy ventures.

Bel. You will be ever near?

Mir. At all necessities;

And take thee off, and set thee on again, boy,
And cherish thee, and stroke thee.

Bel. Help me out too;

For I know I shall stick 'till' mire. If ye see
us close once, ^{[denly,}
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, sud-
For I am then determin'd to do wonders.
Farewell, and fling an old shoe ¹⁶. How my
heart throbs!

'Would I were drunk! Farewell, Pinac!
Heav'n send us

A joyful and a merry meeting, man!

Pinac. Farewell,

And cheer thy heart up! and remember,
Belleur,
They are but women.

Bel. I had rather they were lions.

^[Exeunt Bel. & Pinac.]

Mir. About it; I'll be with ye instantly.

Enter Oriana.

Shall I ne'er be at rest? no peace of con-
science?

No quiet for these creatures? am I ordain'd
To be devour'd quick by these she-cannibals?
Here's another they call handsome; I care
not for her,

I ne'er look after her: When I am half-tipp'd,
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her;
Or, in my want of women, I might call for
her;

But to be haunted when I have no fancy,
No maw to th' matter—Now! why do you
follow me?

Ori. I hope, sir, 'tis no blemish to my vir-
tue;

Nor need you, out of scruple, ask that ques-
tion,

If you remember you, before your travel,
The contract you tied to me: 'Tis my love,
sir,

That makes me seek you, to confirm your me-
mory;

And that being fair and good, I cannot suffer.
I come to give you thanks too.

Mir. For what, prithee?

Ori. For that fair piece of honesty you
shew'd, sir,

That constant nobleness.

Mir. How? for I am short-headed.

Ori. I'll tell ye then; for refusing that free
offer

Of monsieur Nantolet's, those handsome
beauties,

Those two prime ladies, that might well have
prest ye,

If not to have broken ¹⁷, yet to have bow'd
your promise.

I know it was for my sake, for your faith
sake,

You slipt 'em off; your honesty compell'd ye;
And let me tell ye, sir, it shew'd most hand-
somenely.

Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no
such matter;

Nothing intended that way, of that nature:
I have more to do with my honesty than to
fool it,

Or venture it in such leak barks as women.

I put 'em off because I lov'd 'em not,
Because they are too quacy for my temper,
And not for thy sake, nor the contract sake,
Nor rows nor oaths; I have made a thousand
of 'em;

They are things indifferent, whether kept or
broken;

Mere venial slips, that grow not near the con-
science:

Nothing concerns those tender parts; they
are trifles:

For, as I think, there was never man yet
hop'd for

Either constancy or secrecy, from a woman,
Unless it were an ass ordain'd for sufferance;
Nor to contract with such can be a tial ¹⁸;
So let them know again; for 'tis a justice,
And a main point of civil policy,

Whate'er we say or swear, they being repro-
bates, ^{[sides,}

Out of the state of faith, we're clear of all
And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.

Ori. You do not mean this, sure?

Mir. Yes, sure, and certain;

And hold it positively, as a principle,

¹⁶ *Fling an old shoe.*] i. e. In order to produce good luck. It is a saying not yet obse-
lete. *R.*

¹⁷ *If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promise.*] Butler probably had this place
in his head when he wrote these lines:

'Marrage, at best, is but a vow,

'Which all men either break or bow.' *Symson.*

¹⁸ *Can be a tial.*] Mr. Theobald makes a query about *tial* in his margin: as it is a word I
do not know any where to be found, I have, with Mr. Seward, taken the freedom to alter
it. *Symson.*

Mr. Symson changes *tial* to *tie*: We have retained the old word, and think it is intelli-
gible, though there be no other authority for it.

As ye are strange things, and made of strange
fires and fluxes,
So we're allow'd as strange ways to obtain ye,
But not to hold; we're all created errant.

Ori. You told me other tales.

Mir. I not deny it;

I've tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
And protestations likewise of all sizes,
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs:
If I obtain a good turn, so it is,
I'm thankful for it; if I be made an ass,
The 'mends are in mine own hands, or the
surgeon's,

And there's an end on't.

Ori. Do not you love me then?

Mir. As I love others; heartily I love
thee; [elly:]

When I am high and lusty, I love thee cru-
After I've made a plenteous meal, and satis-
fied

My senses with all delicacies, come to me,
And thou shalt see how I love thee.

Ori. Will not you marry me?

Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I
know yet:

I must not lose my liberty, dear lady,
And, like a wanton slave, cry for more shack-
les.

What should I marry for? do I want any
thing?

Am I an inch the further from my pleasure?
Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of
mine own,

When other honest married men's will ease me,
And thank me too, and be beholden to me?

Thou think'st I'm mad for a maidenhead;
thou art cozen'd;

Or, if I were addicted to that diet,
Can you tell me where I should have one?

Thou art eighteen now,
And if thou hast thy maidenhead yet extant,
Sure, 'tis as big as coals-head; and those grave
dishes

I oever love to deal withal. Dost thou see
this book here?

Look over all these ranks; all these are women,
Maids, and pretenders to maidenheads; these
are my conquests;

All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,
With the same reservation, and most righte-
ously:

Which I need not have done neither; for,
alas, they made no scruple,

And I enjoy'd 'em at my will, and left 'em:
Some of 'em are married since, and were as
pure maids again,

Nay, o' my conscience, better than they were
bred for;

The rest, fine sober women.

Ori. Are you not ashamed, sir?

Mir. No, by my troth, sir; there's no
shame belongs to it;

I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in
pleasure,
As others do in rotten sheep and pasture!

Enter De Gard.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? Is
there no faith,

No troth, nor modesty, in men?

De Ga. How now, sister?

Why weeping thus? Did I not prophesy?

Come, tell me why—

Ori. I am not well; 'pray ye pardon me.
[Exit.]

De Ga. Now, monsieur Mirabell, what
ails my sister?

You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it,

She is crying for a cod-piece. Is she gone?
Lord, what an age is this! I was calling for
ye;

For, as I live, I thought she would have ra-
vish'd me.

De Ga. You're merry, sir.

Mir. Thou know'st this book, De Gard,
this inventory?

De Ga. The debt-book of your mistresses;
I remember it.

Mir. Why, this was it that anger'd her;
she was strick mad [down-right.]

She found not her name here; and cried
Because I would not pity her immediately,

And put her in my list.

De Ga. Sure she had more modesty.

Mir. Their modesty is anger to be over-
done;

They'll quarrel sooner for precedence here,
And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted,

Than they will in publick meetings; 'tis their
natures:

And, alas, I have so many to dispatch yet,
And to provide myself for my affairs too,

That, in good faith—

De Ga. Be not too glorious-foolish;

Sum not your travels up with vanities;

It ill becomes your expectation¹³!

Temper your speech, sir! Whether your
loose story

Be true or false, (for you're so free, I fear it)
Name not my sister in't, I must not hear it;

Upon your danger, name her not! I hold her
A gentlewoman of those happy parts und-
erringe,

A good man's tongue may be tight proud to
speak her.

Mir. Your sister, sir? d'ye blench at that?
d'ye enail?

D'ye hold her such a piece she mayn't be
play'd withal?

I've had an hundred bandsomer and nobler,
Have sued to me too, for such a courtesy

Your sister comes i'th' rear. Since ye're so
angry,

¹³ Your expectation.] i. e. The expectation the world has of you. *Symson.*

And hold your sister such a stroff Recusant,
I tell ye, I may do it; and, it may be, will
too;

It may be, have too; there's my free confes-
Work upon that now!

De Ga. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work such stubborn work should make
your heart ake!

But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious talker, and a legend-maker
Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver
Of your own truth: Their honours fly above
ye!

And so I take my leave; but with this eau-
Your sword be surer than your tongue! you'll
smart else.

Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect
And I'll talk louder, and despise thy sister;
Set up a chamber-maid that shall out-shine
her,

And carry her in my coach too, and that will
kill her.

Go, get thy rents up, go!

De Ga. You are a fine gentleman! *[Exit.*

Mir. Now have at my two youths; I'll see
how they do;

How they behave themselves; and then I'll
What wench shall love me next, and when
I'll loose her.

SCENE II.

Enter Pinac and a Servant.

Pinac. Art thou her servant, say'st thou?

Serv. Her poor creature;

But servant to her horse, sir.

Pinac. Canst thou shew me

The way to her chamber, or where I may
conveniently

See her, or come to talk to her?

Serv. That I can, sir;

But the question is, whether I will or no.

Pinac. Why, I'll content thee.

Serv. Why, I'll content thee then; now
you come to me.

Pinac. There's for your diligence.

Serv. There's her chamber, sir,

And this way she comes out; stand you but
here, sir,

You have her at your prospect, or your plen-

Pinac. Is she not very angry?

Serv. You'll find that quickly:

May-be she'll call you saucy scarry fellow,
Or some such familiar name; may-be she
knows you,

And will fling a piss-pot at you, or a pantofole,
According as you are in acquaintance: If she
like you,

May-be she'll look upon you; may-be no;
And two months hence call for you.

Pinac. This is fine.
She's monstrous proud then?

Serv. She's a little haughty;
Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted.
Can you speak Greek?

Pinac. No, certain.

Serv. Get you gone then!
And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-
drakes?

Do you remember who was Adam's school-
And who taught Eve to spin? She knows all
these,

And will run you over the beginning o' th'
As familiar as a fiddler. Can you

Sit seven hours together, and say nothing?
Which she will do, and, when she speaks,

Speak oracles,
Speak things that no man understands, nor
herself neither.

Pinac. Thou mak'st me wonder!

Serv. Can you smile?

Pinac. Yes, willingly;

For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

Serv. She'll ne'er endure you then; she's
never merry;

If she see one laugh, she'll swoon past *ague*
vita.

Never come near her, sir; if you chance to
venture,

And talk not like a doctour, you are damnd
I've told you enough for your crown, and so

good speed you! *[Exit.*

Pinac. I have a pretty task, if she be thus
curious,

As, sure, it seems she is! If I fall off now,
I shall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,

I can but be abus'd, and that I look for;
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.

Stay! in what mood and figure shall I at-
tempt her?

A careless way? No, no, that will not wa-
ken her;

Besides, her gravity will give me line still,
And let me lose myself; yet this way often

“—their honours fly about ye.] But for what? We have here a manifest corruption,
and the true reading is,

“——honours fly above ye;”

i. e. are out of the reach of your tongue, &c. *Sympson.*

Mr. Sympson, we think, has suggested the right reading, (which we have placed in the
text,) but he has not rightly explained his own emendation;

“Their honours fly above you;”

i. e. (not ‘out of the reach of your tongue,’ but) beyond your malice to impeach, or power
to subdue.

“—and when I'll lose her.] Edit. 1652 reads, ‘and when I'll loose her,’ which we
have followed.

Has hit, and handsomely. A wanton method?
Ay, if she give it leave to sink into her con-
sideration;

But there's the doubt: If it but stir her blood
And creep into the crannies of her fancy,
Set her a-going—But if she chance to slight it,
And by the pow'r of her modesty fling it back,
I shall appear the arrant'st rascal to her,
The most licentious knave—for I shall talk
lewdly.

To bear myself austere? rate my words?
And fling a general gravity about me,
As if I meant to give laws? But this I can-
not do,

This is a way above my understanding:
Or, if I could, 'tis odds she'll think I mock her;
For serious and sad things are ever still suspi-
cious. Well, I'll say something: [serious.
But learning I have none, and less good man-
ners, [face.
Especially fur ladies. Well; I'll set my best

Enter Lillia and Petella.

I hear some coming. This is the first woman
I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me.
Lil. Give me my hat, Petella; take this
veil off,

This sullen cloud; it darkens my delights.
Come, wench, be free, and let the musick
Play me some lusty measure. [warble;

Pinac. This is she, sure,
The very same I saw, the very woman,
The gravity I wonder'd at. Stay, stay;
Let me be sure. Ne'er trust me, but she
daneeth!

Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth.
I'll go a little nearer.

Lil. Quicker time, fellows!
I cannot find my legs yet. Now, Petella!

Enter Mirabell.

Pinac. I am amaz'd! I'm founder'd in my
fancy!

Mir. Ha! say you so? Is this your gravity?
This the austerity you put upon you?
I'll see more o' this sport.

Lil. A song now!
Call in for a merry, and a light song;
And sing it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Man.

Man. Yes, madam.

Lil. And be not amaz'd, sirrah, but take
us for your own company.
Let's walk ourselves: Come, wench. 'Would
we had a man or two!

Pinac. Sure, she has spied me, and will
abuse me dreadfully;
She has put on this for the purpose; yet I
will try her.—

Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,
Which I must crave a pardon for—

Lil. Oh, you are welcome,
You are very welcome, sir! we want such a
quip.

Strike up again. I dare presume you dance
well.

Quick, quick, sir, quick! the time steals on.
Pinac. I would talk with you.

Lil. Talk as you dance.

Mir. She'll beat him off his legs first.

This is the finest mask!

Lil. Now, how do you, sir?

Pinac. You have given me a shrewd heat.
Lil. I'll give you a hundred.

Come, sing now, sing; for I know you sing
well;

I see you have a singing face.

Pinac. A fine modesty!

If I could, she'd never give me breath.—

Madam, 'would I might sit and recover.

Lil. Sit here, and sing now;

Let's do things quickly, sir, and handsomely,
Sit close, wench, close. Begin, begin! [Song.

Pinac. I'm lesson'd.

Lil. 'Tis very pretty, i' faith. Give me some
wine now.

Pinac. I would fain speak to you.

Lil. You shall drink first, believe me.

Here's to you a lusty health.

Pinac. I thank you, lady.—

'Would I were off again! I smell my misery:
I was never put to this rack! I shall be drunk
too.

Mir. If thou be'st not a right one, I have
lost mine aim much:

I thank Heav'n, that I have 'scap'd thee! To
her, *Pinac*;

For thou'rt as sure to have her, and to gronn
for her— [trimly.

I'll see how my other youth does; this speeds
A fine grave gentlewoman, and worth much
honour!

Lil. Now, how do you like me, sir?

[Exit *Mir.*

Pinac. I like you rarely.

Lil. You see, sir, th' sometimes we're grave
and silent,

And put on sadder dispositions,

Yet we're compounded of free parts, and
sometimes too

Our lighter, airy, and our fiery mettles

Break out, and shew themselves: And what
think you of that, sir?

Pinac. Good lady, sit, (for I am very weary)
And then I'll tell you.

Lil. Fy! a young man idle?

Up, and walk; be still in action;

The motions of the body are fair beauties;

Besides, 'tis cold. Ouds-one, sir, let's walk
faster!

What think you now of the lady Felicia?

And Bella-Fronte, the duke's fair daughter?
ha? [arta,

Are they not handsome things? There is Du-
And brown Olivia—

Pinac. I know none of 'em.

Lil. But brown must not be cast away,
sir. If young Lelia

Had kept herself till this day from a husband,

Why, what a beauty, sir! You know Ismeua,
The fair gem of Saint Germans?

Pinac. By my troth, I do not. [*Brisac,*

Lil. And then, I know, you must hear of
How unlike a gentleman—

Pinac. As I live, I have heard nothing.

Lil. Strike me another galliard!

Pinac. By this light, I cannot!

In troth, I have sprain'd my leg, madam.

Lil. Now sit you down, sir,

And tell me why you came hither? why you
chose me out?

What is your business? your errand? Dis-
patch, dispatch!

May-be you are some gentleman's man, (and
I mistook you)

That have brought me a letter, or a haunch
of venison,

Sent me from some friend of mine.

Pinac. Do I look like a carrier?

You might allow me, what I am, a gentleman.

Lil. Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you yester-
day: [*you.*

You're new come out of travel; I mistook
And how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Pinac. Madam, I came with duty, and fair
courtesy,

Service, and honour to you.

Lil. You come to jeer me!

You see I'm merry, sir; I've chang'd my copy:
None of the sages now, and 'pray you proclaim

it; [*sir,*

Fling on me what aspersion you shall please,
Of wantonness, or wildness; I look for it;

And tell the world, I am an hypocrite,
Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I ex-
pect it; [*sir,*

But not to have you believ'd: For, mark you,
I have won a nobler estimation,

A stronger tie by my discretion
Upon opinion (howe'er you think I forc'd it)

Than either tongue or act²² of yours can slub-
ber, [*sir,*

And, when I please, I will be what I please,
So I exceed not mean²³; and none shall

brand it, [*slighted.*

Either with scorn or shame, but shall be
Pinac. Lady, I come to love you.

Lil. Love yourself, sir;

And when I want observers, I'll send for you.
Heigh-bo! my fit's almost off; for we do all
by fits, sir.

If you be weary, sit, till I come again to you.
[*Exit.*

Pinac. This is a wench of a dainty spi-
rit; but

Hang me if I know yet either what to think
Or make of her! She had her will of me,
And baited me abundantly, I thank her;
And, I confess, I never was so blurted²⁴.
Nor ever so abus'd: I must bear my own sins.
You talk of travels; here's a curious country!
Yet I will find her out, or forswear my faculty.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Rosolura and Oriana.

Ros. Ne'er vex yourself, nor grieve; you
are a fool then. [*suffer*

Ori. I'm sure I'm made so: Yet, before I
Thus like a girl, and give him leave to tri-
umph—

Ros. You say right; for as long as he per-
ceives you [*you:*

Sink under his proud scorings, he'll laugh at
For me, secure yourself; and for my sister,

I partly know her mind too: Howsoever,
To obey my father, we have made a tender

(Of four poor beauties to the travell'd monsieur,
Yet two words to a bargain! He slights us

As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.
May-be, my free behaviour turns his stomach,

And unlikes him seem to doubt a loose opinion:
I must be so sometimes, tho' all the world saw

it.

Ori. Why should not you? Are not *minds
only measur'd?

As long as here you stand secure—

Ros. You say true;

As long as mine own conscience makes no
question, [*rabble,*

What care I for report? that woman's mis-
That's good or bad for their tongues' sake.

Come, let's retire.

And get my veil, wench. By my troth, your
sorrow, [*maddings,*

And the consideration of men's humorous
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

²² *Tongue or act of yours.*] The sense is, 'than either what you can say or do sully.'
But haply this cannot be made out of the words as they stand, and therefore I would read,

'Tongue or act of yours.'

So Mr. Theobald had wrote in his margin. *Act and art*, through our Authors' plays, are
frequently confounded. *Synopson.*

²³ *Exceed not mean.*] i. e. moderation, discretion.

²⁴ *I never was so blurted.*

Nor ever so abus'd.] Edit. 1652 reads, *blurted*. Mr. Sympson, disliking both words, is
inclined to substitute *flurted*; but *blurted* is certainly the right word. It is used in the same
sense in Edw. III. See Capell's *Prolusions*, p. 81.

'Oh, that I were some other countryman!

'This dny hath set derision on the French,

'And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.'

R.

* *Are our minds only measur'd?*] The sense seems to require,

'Are not minds only measur'd?'

Enter Mirabell and Belleur.

Ori. Come, 'faith, let's sit, and think.

Ros. That's all my business.

Mir. Why stand'st thou peeping here?
Thou great slug, forward!

Bel. She is there; peace!

Mir. Why stand'st thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou wouldst steal
linen?

Hast thou not place and time?

Bel. I had a rare speech
Studied, and almost ready; and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.

Mir. Hang your rare speeches!
Go rue on like a man.

Bel. Let me set my beard up.

How has Pinac perform'd?

Mir. It has won already;

He stands not thrumming of caps thus.

Bel. Lord, what should I ail!

What a cold I have n'r my stomach! 'would
I had some hum!

Certain I have a great mind to be at her,
A mighty mind.

Mir. On, fool!

Bel. Good words, I beseech you;

For I will not be abus'd by both.

Mir. Adieu, then,

(I will not trouble you; I see you are valiant)
And work your own way.

Bel. Hist, hist! I will be rul'd;

I will, 'i' faith; I will go presently: [sings?]

Will you forsake me now, and leave me 'i' th'

You know, I am false-hearted this way; I

beseech you,

Good sweet Mirabell (I'll cut your throat if
you leave me,

Indeed I will!) sweet-heart!

Mir. I will be ready,

Still at thine elbow; take a man's heart to thee,
And speak thy mind; the plainer still the
better.

She is a woman of that free behaviour,

Indeed, that common courtesy, she cannot
deny thee;

Go bravely on.

Bel. Madam—keep close about me,
Still at my back.—Madam, sweet madam—

Ros. Ha! [ble me?]

What noise is that? what saucy sound to trou-

Mir. What said she?

Bel. I am saucy.

Mir. 'Tis the better.

Bel. She comes; must I be saucy still?

Mir. More saucy.

Ros. Still troubled with these vanities?
Heaven bless us!

What are we born to? Would you speak with
any of my people?

Go in, sir; I am busy.

Bel. This is not she, sure! [then?]

Is this two children at a birth? I'll be hang'd
Mine was a merry gentlowoman, talk'd dnu-
tily,

Talk'd of those matters that befitted women;
This is a parcel-prayer-book; I'm serv'd
sweetly!

And now I am to look too; I was prepar'd
for th' other way.

Ros. Do you know that man?

Ori. Sure, I have seen him, lady.

Ros. Methinks 'tis pity such a lusty fel-
low [ployment,

Should wander up and down, and want em

Bel. She takes me for a rogue!—You may
do well, madam, [fursooth;

To stay this wanderer, and set him at work,
He can do something that may please your

Indyship; [ings,

I have heard of women that desire good breed-

Two at a birth, or so.

Ros. The fellow's impudent.

Ori. Sure, he is craz'd.

Ros. I have heard of men too that have had
good manners; [pity

Sure, this is want of grace! Indeed, 'tis great
The young man has been bred so ill; but this

Is full of such examples. [lcwd age

Bel. I am founder'd,

And some shall rue the setting of me on!

Mir. Ha! so bookish, lady? is it possible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd
then.

Why, this is such a feat, such an activity,

Enter Servant, with a veil.

Such fast and loose—A veil too for your
O Dio, Dio! [knavery?

Ros. What do you take me for, sir?

Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,
Howe'er you seem, and thus you're to be

handled; [it.

(Mark me, Belleur) and this you love, I know

Ros. Stand off, bold sir!

Mir. You wear good clothes to this end,

Jewels; love feasts, and masks.

Ros. Ye're monstrous saucy!

Mir. All this to draw on fools; and thus,
Ye're to be lull'd. [thus, lady,

Bel. Let her alone, I'll swinge ye else,
I will, 'i' faith! for tho' I cannot skill o' this

matter [me,

Myself, I will not see another do it before

And do it worse.

* 'Would I had some hum.] Mr. Theobald, doubtful of this term, queries whether *rum* ought not to supply its place. I once thought *mum* was the more likely to be the true reading, but am convinced (so precarious, however likely, are all conjectural emendations) that the text is right upon credit of Ben Jonson in his *Devil's an Ass*, vol. iv. p. 256.

' Chimney-sweepers and curmcs, are got,

' To their tobacco, strong-waters, *hum*,

' Meath, and obarni.'

Symphon.

Hum, the common cant for strong liquor. See Beggars' Bush.

Ros. Away! you're a vain thing!
You've travell'd far, sir, to return again
A windy and poor bladder! You talk of
women, [one,
That are not worth the favour of a common
The grace of her grew in an hospital?
Against a thousand such blown fooleries,
I'm able to maintain good women's honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will
do it—

Mir. Sh' has almost struck me dumb too.

Ros. And declaim

Against your base malicious tongues, your
noises, [viours?
For they are nothing else. You teach beha-
Or touch us for our freedoms? Teach your-
selves manners,

Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly
That our lives may shine in ye; and then
task us, [ye:
It seems, ye're hnt; the suburbs will supply
Good women scorn such gamesters, so I'll
leave ye!

I am sorry to see this: 'Faith, sir, live fairly.
[Exit.

Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be
virtuous;

'Tis almost possible: We'll have a new day.

Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forc'd me to
this folly;

I'm sham'd, I'm scorn'd, I'm flurted! yes, I
am so! [ship,

Tho' I cannot talk to a woman like your warr-
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.

Mir. Py!

Bel. I can, sir;

And I will fight.

Mir. With whom?

Bel. With you, with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.

Mir. Prithee be moderate.

Bel. And I'll beat all men. Come!

Mir. I love thee dearly.

Bel. I will beat all that love; love has
undone me!

Never tell me! I will not be a history.

Mir. Thou art not.

Bel. 'Foot, I will not! Give me room,
And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me;
And I'll begin with you first.

Mir. Prithee, Belleur!

If I do not satisfy thee—

Bel. Well, look you do.

But, now I think on't better, 'tis impossible!
I must beat somebody; I am maul'd myself,
And I ought in justice—

Mir. No, no, no; ye're cozen'd:

But walk, and let me talk to thee.

Bel. Talk wisely,

And see that no man laugh, upon no occa-
sion;

For I shall think then 'tis at me.

Mir. I warrant thee.

Bel. Nor no more talk of this.

Mir. Dost think I'm maddish?

Bel. I must needs fight yet; for I find it
concerns me;

A pox on't! I must fight.

Mir. I' faith, thou shalt not. [Exeunt.

* Or touch us for our freedoms.] On considering the turn of this speech, it seems probable we should substitute task for touch: 'You teach, or task?'—Teach yourselves, and then task us.'

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter De Gord and Lugier.

De Ga. I KNOW you are a scholar, and
can do wonders.

Lug. There's no great scholarship belongs
to this, sir;

What I am, I am: I pity your poor sister,
And heartily I hate these travellers,
These gim-cracks, made of mops* and mo-
tions: [unings;
There's nothing in their houses here but hum-
A bee has more brains. I grieve and vex too.
The insolent licentious carriage

* Mops.] Mapping and moving, and mops and mows, are used by Shakespeare for wild and extravagant behaviour.

* ——— I grieve and vex too

The insolent licentious carriage.] Vex here is a neutral verb, and is used so a little lower:

Mir. '——— now vex, ladies,

' Envy, and vex, and rail.'

The text here I have not altered either as to pointing or reading, though I once thought the whole should thus have run,

'——— I grieve and vex too.

' The insolent licentious carriage

' (Of this out-facing fellow, Mirabell,

' I'm mad to see; to see him prick his plumes up.' Symptom.

Our Authors often use neutral verbs actively. Vex here signifies to vex at,

Of this out-facing fellow, Mirabell;
And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.

De Ga. His wrongs you partly know.

Lug. Do not you stir, sir;

Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it:
Keep your sword close; we'll cut his throat a
new way.

I am ashamed the gentlewoman should suffer
Such base lewd wrongs.

De Ga. I will be rul'd; he shall live,
And left to your revenge.

Lug. Ay, ay, I'll fit him: [men;
He makes a common scorn of handsome wo-
Modesty and good manners are his in-
gaines; [mission;
He takes up maidenheads with a new com-
The church-warrant's out of date. Follow
my counsel,

For I am zealous in the cause.

De Ga. I will, sir,

And will be still directed; for the truth is,
My sword will make my sister seem more
monstrous:

Besides, there is no honour won on reprobates.

Lug. You are i' th' right. The slight b' has
shew'd my pupils

Sets me a-fire too. Go; I'll prepare your sister,
And, as I told you—

De Ga. Yes; all shall be fit, sir.

Lug. And seriously, and laudably;

De Ga. I warrant you.

Lug. A little counsel more. [Whispers.

De Ga. 'Tis well.

Lug. Most stately!

See that observ'd; and then!

De Ga. I leave you every way.

Lug. Away then, and be ready.

De Ga. With all speed, sir. [Exit.

Enter Lillia, Rosalura, and Oriana.

Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may-be,
beyond him.

Good day, fair beauties!

Lil. You have beautified us,

We thank you, sir; you have set us off most
gallantly

With your grave precepts.

Ros. We expected husbands

Out of your documents and taught behaviours,
Excellent husbands; thought men would run
stark mad on us,

Men of all ages, and all states; we expected

An inundation of desires and offers,

A torrent of trim suitors; all we did,

Or said, or purpos'd, to be spells about us,

Spells to provoke—

Lil. You have provok'd us finely!

We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,

We were stately, coy, demure, careless, light,
giddy,

And play'd at all points: This, you swore,
would curry.

Ros. We made love, and contemn'd love;
now seem'd holy,

With such a reverent put-on reservation

Which could not miss, according to your
principles; [public,

Now gave more hope again; now close, now

Still up and down, we beat it like a billow;

And ever those behaviours you read to us,

Salute, and new: But all this will not help us!

Lil. They help to hinder us of all acquaint-
ance, [better

They've frighted off all friends! What am I

For all my learning, if I love a dunce,

A handsome dunce? to what use serves my
reading? [horse,

You should have taught me what belongs to

Dogs, dice, lawks, banquets, masks, free and

fair meetings,

To have studied gowns and dressings.

Lug. Ye're not mad, sure! [agements:

Ros. We shall be, if we follow your encour-

I'll take mine own way now!

Lil. And I my fortune;

We may live maids ere till the moon drop
mill-stones. [sters;

I see, your modest women are taken for non-

A dowry of good breeding is worth nothing.

Lug. Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray
ye give me leave yet, [tic:

And you shall see how I'll convert this here-
Mark how this Mirabell—

Lil. Name him no more;

For, tho' I long for a husband, I hate him,

And would be married sooner to a monkey,

Or to a Jack of Straw*, than such a juggler.

Ros. I am of that mind too; he is too nim-
ble,

And plays at fast and loose too learnedly,

For a plain-meaning woman; that's the truth
on't.

Here's one too, that we love well, would be
angry; [Pointing to Oriana.

And reason why. No, no, we will not trou-
ble you, [happy!

Nor him at this time: May he make you

We'll turn ourselves loose now, to our fair
fortunes;

And the down-right way—

Lil. The winning way we'll follow;

We'll bait that men may bite fair, and not
be frighted;

Yet we'll not be carried so cheap neither;
we'll have some sport, [tutor,

Some mad-morris or other for our money,

* *A Jack of Straw.*] In Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v. scene 4, Falstaff says, 'See now, how wit may be made a *Jack-a-lent*, when 'tis upon ill employment.' Upon which Mr. Steevens observes, that 'a *Jack o' Lent* appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide corks;' and, among other instances to prove it, produces this passage from our Author. R.
A *man of straw* is a phrase in use at this day.

Lug. 'Tis like enough: Prosper your own devices!
Ye're old enough to chuse: But, for this gentlewoman,

So please her give me leave—

Ori. I shall be glad, sir,

To find a friend whose pity may direct me.

Lug. I'll do my best, and faithfully deal for ye;

But then ye must be rul'd.

Ori. In all, I vow to you.

Ros. Do, do: He has a lucky hand sometimes, I'll assure you;

And hunts the recovery of a lost lover deadly.

Lug. You must away straight.

Ori. Yes.

Lug. And I'll instruct you:

Here you can know no more.

Ori. By your leave, sweet ladies;

And all our fortunes arrive at our own wishes!

Lil. Amen, amen!

Lug. I must borrow your man.

Lil. Pray take him;

He is within: To do her good, take any thing,
Take us and all.

Lug. No doubt, ye may find takers;

And so we'll leave ye to your own disposers.

Lil. Now, which way, wench?

[*Exeunt Lug. & Ori.*

Ros. We'll go a brave way, fear not;

A safe and sure way too; and yet a bye-way.

I must confess, I have a great mind to be married.

Lil. So have I too a grudging of good-will that way;

And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this monsieur Quicksilver—

Ros. No, no; we'll bar him, bye and main:
Let him trample;

There is no safety in his surquedry *:

An army-royal of women are too few for him;

He keeps a journal of his gentleness,

And will go near to print his fair dispatches,

And call it his triumph over time and women:

Let him pass out of memory! What think you
Of his two companions?

Lil. Pinnce, methinks, is reasonable;

A little modesty he has brought home with him,

And might be taught, in time, some handsome duty.

Ros. They say, he is a wench too.

Lil. I like him better; [gentleman,

A free light touch or two becomes a gen-

And sets him seemly off: So he exceed not,

But keep his compass clear, he may be look'd at.

I would not marry a man that must be taught,
And conjur'd up with kisses; the best game

Is play'd still by the best gamesters.

Ros. Fy upon thee!

What talk hast thou?

Lil. Are not we alone, and merry?

Why should we be asham'd to speak what we think? Thy gentleman, [thee—

The tall fit fellow, he that came to see
Ros. Is't not a goodly man?

Lil. A wondrous goodly!

It has weight enough, I warrant thee: Mercy upon me,

What a serpent wilt thou seem under such a St. George!

Ros. Thou art a fool! Give me a man brings mettle,

Brings substance with him, needs no broths to lare him.

These little fellows shew like fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us:

Give me the puissant pike! take you the small shot. [duller!

Lil. Of a great thing, I have not seen a Therefore, methinks, sweet sister—

Ros. Peace, he's modest;

A bashfulness; which is a point of grace, wench: [sister,

But, when these fellows come to moulding,
To heat, and handling—As I live, I like him;

And, methinks, I could form him.

Enter Mirabell.

Lil. Peace! the fire-drake.

Mir. Bless ye, sweet beauties, sweet incomparable ladies,

Sweet wits, sweet humours! Bless you, learned lady! [tions!

And you, most holy nun! Bless your devo-

Lil. And bless your brains, sir, your most pregnant brains, sir!

They are in travail; may they be deliver'd
Of a most hopeful Wild-Goose!

Ros. Bless your manhood!

They say you are a gentleman of action,
A fair-accomplish'd man, and a rare engineer;

You have a trick to blow up maidenheads,
A subtle trick, they say abroad.

Mir. I have, lady.

Ros. And often glory in their ruins.

Mir. Yes, forsooth;

I have a speedy trick, please you to try it:
My engine will dispatch you instantly.

Ros. I would I were a woman, sir, fit for you, [too;

As there be such, no doubt, may engine you
May, with a counter-mine, blow up your

valour. [next;

But, no good faith, sir, we are both too ho-

And, the plague is, we cannot be persuaded:

For, look you, if we thought it were a glory

To be the last of all your lovely ladies—

Mir. Come, come; leave prating: This

has spoil'd your market!

This pride, and puffed-up heart, will make ye
fast, ladies,

Fast, when ye're hungry too.

Ros. The more our pain, sir.

Lil. The more our health, I hope too.

* *Surquedry.*] See note 32 on Monsieur Thomas.

Mir. Your behaviours
Have made men stand amaz'd; those men
that lov'd ye;
Men of fair states and parts. Your strange
conversions³⁰ [fore;
Into I know not what, nor how, nor where-
Your scorn of those that came to visit ye;
Your studied whim-whams, and your fine set
faces:
What have these got ye? Proud and harsh
opinions! [ture,
A travell'd monsieur was the strangest crea-
The wildest monster to be wonder'd at;
His person made a public scoff, his knowledge
(As if he had been bred 'mongst bears or
bandogs)
Shunn'd and avoided; his conversation snuff'd
What harvest brings all this? [at:
Ros. I pray you proceed, sir.
Mir. Now ye shall see in what esteem a
traveller,
An understanding gentleman, and a monsieur,
Is to be held; and to your griefs confess it,
Both to your griefs and galls!
Lil. In what, I pray ye, sir?
We would be glad to understand your excel-
lence. [rarely!
Mir. Go on, sweet ladies; it becomes ye
For me, I have blest me from ye; scoff on
seriously, [Learning,
And note the man ye mock'd. You, lady,
Note the poor traveller, that came to visit ye,
That flat unfurnish'd fellow; note him
thoroughly!
You may chance to see him anon.
Lil. 'Tis very likely.
Mir. And see him courted by a travell'd
lady, [gin;
Held dear, and honour'd, by a virtuous vir-
May-be, a beauty not far short of yours nei-
It may be, clearer. [ther;
Lil. Not unlikely.
Mir. Younger;
As killing eyes as yours, a wit as poignant;
May-be, a state to that may top your fortune:
Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds
him;
His good parts, in what preclious price already;
Being a stranger to him, how she courts him;
A stranger to his nation too, how she dotes
on him;
Enquire of this; be sick to know: Curse, lady,
And keep your chamber! cry, and curse! A
sweet one,
A thousand in yearly land, well bred, well
friended,
Travell'd, and highly follow'd further fashions!
Lil. Bless his good fortune, sir.
Mir. This scurvy fellow,

I think they call his name Pinac, this serving-
man [dam,
That brought you venison, as I take it, ma-
Note but this scab! 'Tis strange, that this
coarse creature,
That has no more set-off but his jugglings,
His travell'd tricks—
Lil. Good sir, I grieve not at him,
Nor envy not his fortune: Yet I wonder!
He's handsome, yet I see no such perfection.
Mir. 'Would I had his fortune! for it is a
woman [ment,
Of that sweet-temper'd nature, and that judg-
Besides her state, that care, clear under-
standing,
And such a wife to bless him—
Ros. Pray you whence is she? [lady;
Mir. Of England, and a most accomplish'd
So modest that men's eyes are frighted at her,
And such a noble carriage—How now, sirrah?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great English lady—
Mir. Whnt of her, sir?
Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming
this way, [Pinac
Where you may see her plain: Monsieur
The only man that leads her.

Enter Pinac, Mariana, and attendants.

Mir. He's much honour'd;
'Would I had such a favour! Now vex, ladies,
Envy, and vex, and rail!
Ros. You are short of us, sir.
Mir. Bless your fair fortune, sir!
Pinac. I nobly thank you.
Mir. Is she married, friend?
Pinac. No, no.
Mir. A goodly lady;
A sweet and delicate aspect! Mark, mark,
and wonder!
Hast thou any hope of her?
Pinac. A little.
Mir. Follow close then;
Lose not that hope.
Pinac. To you, sir.
[Mariana courtesies to him.
Mir. Gentle lady!
Ros. She's fair, indeed.
Lil. I've seen a fairer; yet
She's well.
Ros. Her cloaths sit handsome too.
Lil. She dresses prettily.
Ros. And, by my faith, she's rich; she
looks still sweeter.
A well-bred woman, I warrant her.
Lil. Do you hear, sir?
May I crave this gentlewoman's name?
Pinac. Mariana, lady.

³⁰ ————strange conversions

[Into I know not what, &c.] Mr. Theobald too here has affixed his query in the margin. I make no doubt but our Authors have suffered only at the press, and that the original reading was,

'———strange conversions.' Symson.

Lil. I will not say, I owe you a quarrel,
mon-sieur,
For making me your stale! A noble gentleman
Would have had more courtesy, at least more
faith,
Than to turn off his mistress at first trial:
You know not what respect I might have
shew'd you;
I find you have worth.

Pinac. I cannot stay to answer you;
You see my charge. I am beholding to you
For all your merry tricks you put upon me,
Your bolts, and base accounts: I came to
love you,
To woo you, and to serve you; I am much
indebted to you.

For dancing me off my legs, and then for
walking me,
For telling me strange tales I never heard of,
More to abuse me; for mistaking me,
When you both knew I was a gentleman,
And one deserv'd us rich match as you are!

Lil. Be not so bitter, sir.

Pinac. You see this lady:
She's young enough, and fair enough, to
please me;
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that
loves her;

I am content with this, and bless my fortune:
Your curious wits, and beauties—

Lil. 'Faith, see me once more.

Pinac. I dare not trouble you.

Lil. May I speak to your lady?

Pinac. I pray you content yourself: I
know you're bitter,

And, in your bitterness, you may abuse her;
Which if she comes to know, (for she under-
stands you not.)

It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,
And such an indiscretion ling on you too
(For she is nobly friended)—

Lil. I could eat her!

Pinac. Rest as ye are, a modest noble
gentleman,
And afford your honest neighbours some of
your prayers.

[*Exeunt Pin. Mar. and attendants.*]

Mr. What think you now?

Lil. 'Faith, she's a pretty whiting;

Sh' has got a pretty catch too!

Mr. You are angry,

Monsieur, angry now, grievously angry;

And the pretty heart does swell now!

Lil. No, in truth, sir.

Mr. And it will cry anon, 'A pox upon it!'
And it will curse itself, and eat no meat, lady;
And it will fight²¹!

Lil. Indeed, you are mistaken;
It will be very merry.

Ros. Why, sir, do you think

There are no more men living, nor no hand-
somer, [thousand,

Than he, or you? By this light, there be ten
Ten thousand thousand! Comfort yourself,
dear monsieur!

Faces, and bodies, wits, and all ailments²²:
There are so many we regard 'em not.

[*Enter Belleur and two Gentlemen.*]

Mr. That such a noble lady—I could
burst now!

So far above such trifles—

Bel. You did laugh at me;

And I know why ye laugh'd!

1 Gent. I pray ye be satisfied!

If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.

2 Gent. Alas, we know you not, sir.

Bel. I'll make you know me! Set your
faces soberly;

Stand this way, and look sad; I'll be no may-
game!

Sadder, demurer yet!

Ros. What's the matter?

What ails this gentleman?

Bel. Go off now backward, that I may be-
hold ye!

And not a simper, on your lives!

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Lil. He's mad, sure.

Bel. Do you observe me too?

Mr. I may look on you.

Bel. Why do you grin? I know your mind.

Mr. You do not.

You're strangely humorous: Is there no mirth,
nor pleasure,

But you must be the object?

Bel. Mark, and observe me: Where-ever
I am mirth'd,

The very word shall raise a general sadness,
For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me,

This proud pert thing! Take heed you laugh
not at me;

Provoke me not; take heed!

Ros. I would fain please you;

Do any thing to keep you quiet.

Bel. Hear me:

'Till I receive a satisfaction

Equal to the disgrace and scorn you gave me,

You are a wretched woman; till then woo'st
me,

And I scorn thee as much, as seriously
Jeer and abuse thee; ask, what Gill thou art,

Or any baser name; I will proclaim thee,
I will so sing thy virtue, so be-praise thee—

Ros. Nay, good sir, be more modest.

²¹ *And it will fight.*] *Mr. Symphon* for *fight* substitutes *sigh*, because the word *merry* occurs in *Lilith's* answer; and thus 'the sentence,' says he, 'is set sound by restoring of the *antithesis*.' We have not adopted his variation, because the text is sense, and spirited.

²² *Abilities.*] Probably we should read, *habiliments*; unless *abilities* formerly signified *capacity*, or *accomplishments*.

Bel. Do you laugh again?—

Because you are a woman, you are lawless,
And out of compass of an honest anger.

Ros. Good sir, have a better belief of me.

Lil. Away, dear sister. [*Exeunt ladies.*]

Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming
neediness,

Than 'telling out with your friends?

Bel. Have I not frighted her?

Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee:

Follow this humour,

And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twill
guide thee.

Bel. I'm glad I've found a way to wooe
yet; I was afraid once

I never should have made a civil suitor.

Well, I'll about it still. [*Exit.*]

Mir. Do, do, and prosper.

What sport do I make with these fools; what
pleasure feeds me,

And tats my sides at their poor innocence!

Enter Lagier.

Wooing and wiving! hang it! give me mirth,
Witty and dainty mirth! I shall grow in love,

sure,

With mine own happy head. Who's this?

To me, sir?

What youth is this?

Lag. Yes, sir, I would speak with you,

If your name be monsieur Mirabell.

Mir. You have hit it:

Your business, I beseech you?

Lag. This it is, sir;

There is a gentlewoman hath long time af-
fected you,

And lov'd you dearly.

Mir. Turn over, and end that story:

'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women,
sir.

Lag. It seems so, sir: I do not come to
woo for her,

Or sing her praises, tho' she well deserve 'em;

I come to tell you, you've been cruel to her,

Unkind and cruel, false of faith, and careless;

Taking more pleasure in abusing her,

Wresting her honour to your wild dispositions,

Than noble in requiting her affection:

Which, as you are a man, I must desire you

(A gentleman of rank) not to persist in,

No more to load her fair name with your in-
juries.

Mir. Why, I beseech you, sir?

Lag. Good sir, I'll tell you,

And I'll be short; I'll tell you, 'cause I love
you; [*follow.*]

Because I'd have you shun the shame may

There is a nobleman, new come to town, sir,

A noble and a great man, that affects her,

(A country man of mine, a brave Savoyan,

Nephew to th' duke) and so much honours

her, [*way,*]

That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old

To touch at any thing concerns her honour,

Believe, most dangerous: Her name is Oriana,

And this great man will marry her. Take
heed, sir;

For how-so'er her brother, a staid gentleman,

Lets things pass upon better hopes, this lord,
sir,

Is of that fiery and that poignant mettle,

(Especially provok'd on by affection)

That 'twill be hard—but you are wise.

Mir. A lord, sir?

Lag. Yes, and a noble lord.

Mir. Send her good fortune!

This will not stir her lord?—A baroness?

Say you so, say you so? By'r lady, a brave
title!

Top, and top-gallant now! 'Save her great
ladyship! [*mir,*]

I was a poor servant of hers, I must confess,

And in those days I thought I might be jovy,

And make a little bold to call in to her;

But, *basta!* now, I know my rules and dis-
tance:

Yet, if she want an usher, such an implement,
One that is thoroughly pac'd, a clean-made

gentleman,

Can hold a hanging up with approbation,

Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience,

I do beseech you, sir—

Lag. Sir, leave your scoffing,

And, as you are a gentleman, deal fairly:

I have given you a friend's counsel; so I'll
leave you. [*possible*]

Mir. But, hark ye, hark ye, sir! Is't
I may believe what you say?

Lag. You may choose, sir.

Mir. No haits? no hsh-hooks, sir? no gins?
no mooses?

No pitfalls to catch puppies?

Lag. I tell you certain:
You may believe; if not, stand to the danger!

[*Exit.*]

Mir. A lord of Savoy, says he? the duke's
nephew? [*range!*]

A man so mighty? By'r lady, a fair mar-
tyr by my faith, a handsome fortune! I must

leave prating;

For, to confess the truth, I have abus'd her,

For which I should be sorry, but that will

seem scurvy.

I must confess she was, ever since I knew

her,

As modest as she was fair; I am sure she

lov'd me;

Her means good, and her breeding excellent;

And for my sake she has refus'd fair matches;

I may play the fool freely.—Stay! who are
these?

Enter Dr. Gard, Oriana, and attendants.

'Tis she, I am sure; and that the lord, it

should seem:

He carries a fair part, is a handsome man too,

I do begin to feel I am a coxcomb.

Ori. Good my lord, choose a nobler; for

I know

I am so far below your rank and honour,

That what you can say this way, I most credit
But spoken to beget yourself sport. Alas, sir,
I am so far off from deserv'ing you,
My beauty so unfit for your affection,
That I am grown the scorn of common railers,
Of such injurious things, that, when they
cannot

Reach at my person, lie with my reputation.
I'm poor, besides.

De Ga. You are all wealth and goodness;
And none but such as are the scorn of men,
The ulcers of an honest state, spite-weavers,
That live on poison only, like swain spiders,
Dare once profane such excellence, such
sweetness.

Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.

De Ga. Naue but the men, lady;

Let me but know these poor and base de-
pravers,

Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully,
For your most beauteous sake, how direfully,
I'll handle their despites. 'Is this thing one?
Be what he will—

Mir. Sir!

De Ga. Dare your malicious tongue,
sir—

Mir. I know you not, nor what you mean.

Ori. Good my lord!

De Ga. If he, or any he—

Ori. I beseech your honour!

This gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge;
And, no doubt, sir, a worthy man.

De Ga. Your mercy!

But, had he been a taint of your honour,
A blaster of those beauties reign within you—
But we shall find a fitter time. Dear lady,
As soon as I have freed you from your guar-
dian,

And done some honour'd offices unto you,
I'll take you, with those faults the world flings
on you,

And dearer than the whole world I'll esteem
you! [*Exeunt.*]

Mir. This is a thundering lord; I'm glad I
'scap'd him. [*Alone!*]

How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my vil-
I am vex'd now heartily that he shall have
her;

Not that I care to marry, or to lose her,
But that this bilbo-lord shall reap that mai-
denhead [*Alone!*]

That was my due; that he shall rig and top
I'd give a thousand crowns now, he might
miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep
your counsel,

You have good luck, sir; I'll teach you to
strike lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honest fellow; Canst
thou tell me

Where this great lord lies? this Savoy lord?
Thou met'st him;

He now went by thee, certain.

Serv. Yes, he did, sir;

I know him, and I know you're fool'd.

Mir. Come hither;

Here's all this, give me truth.

Serv. Not for your money, [*beaten,*
(And yet that may do much) but I have be-
And by the worshipful contrivers beaten, and
I'll tell you.

This is no lord, no Savoy lord.

Mir. Go forward. [*grossly*]

Serv. This is a trick, and put upon you
By one Lagier: The lord is monsieur De
Gard, sir,

An honest gentleman, and a neighbour here:
Their ends you understand better than I, sure.

Mir. Now I know him;

Know him now plain!

Serv. I have discharg'd my choler²²; so
God be wi' you, sir! [*Exit.*]

Mir. What a purblind poppy was I! Now
I remember him;

All the while east on's face, tho' it were um-
ber'd, [*whelp,*

And mask'd with patches. What a dunder-
To let him domineer thus! How he strutt'd,

And what a load of lord he elapt upon him!
'Would I'd him here again! I would so bounce

him, [*plot—*]

I would so thank his lordship for his lewd
Do they think to carry it away, with a great
band made of bird-pots,

And a pair of pin-buttock'd breeches?—Ha!
'tis he

Agin; he comes, he comes, he comes! have
at him.

Enter De Gard, Oriana, &c.

My Savoy lord, [*singing.*] why dost thou
frown on me?

And wilt that favour never sweeter be?

Wilt thou, I say, for ever play the fool?

De Gard, be wise, and, Savoy, go to school!

My lord De Gard, I thank you for your an-
tick;

My lady bright, that will be sometimes frau-
You worthy train that wait upon this pair,

'Send you more wit, and them a bouncing
baire²³!

And so I take my humble leave of your ho-
nours. [*Exit.*]

De Ga. We are discover'd, there's no re-
medy.

²² I have discharged my colours.] As it appears that the Servant betrays the plot out of resentment from having been beaten, Mr. Simpson properly reads, 'I have discharged my choler.'

²³ And they a bouncing baire.] It is clear that for *they* we should read *them*; but we know not what to make of the word *baire*.

Lillia-Bianca's man, upon my life,
In stubbornness, because Lugier corrected
him—— [cal!
A shameless slave²⁵! plague on him for a rascal.
Ori. I was in a perfect hope. The bane
on't is now,
He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.

De Ga. We must be patient; I am vex'd
to th' proof too. [speaks,
I'll try once more; then if I fail, here's one
Ori. Let me be lost, and scorn'd first!
De Ga. Well, we'll consider.
Away, and let me sluff; I shall be hooted
else. [Exeunt.

²⁵ A shameless slave's plague on him for a rascal.] What a shameless slave's plague means, is possibly as much unknown to the reader as myself. I dispute not but the Poet gave the line thus,

'A shameless slave! plague on him for a rascal.' Symphon.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter, Lugier, Lillia, and Servants.

Lug. PAINT not, but do as I direct ye;
trust me. [lady,

Believe me too, for what I have told you,
As true as you are Lillia, is authentic;
I know it, I have found it: 'Tis a pour cou-
rage

Flies off for one repulse. These travellers
Shall find, before we have done, a hump-spun
wit, [em.

A plain French understanding, may cope with
They've had the better yet, thank your sweet
squire here!

And let 'em brag. You would be reveng'd?

Lil. Yes, surely.

Lug. And married too?

Lil. I think so.

Lug. Then be counselld;

You know how to proceed. I've other irons
Heating as well as yours, and I will strike
Three blows with one stone home. Be rul'd,
and happy;

And so I leave you. Now's the time. [Exit.

Lil. I'm ready,

If he do come to do me²⁶.

Serv. Will you stand here,
And let the people think you're God knows
what, mistress?

Let boys and 'prentices presume upon you?

Lil. 'Prithce hold thy peace.

Serv. Stand at his door that hates you?

Lil. 'Prithce leave prating.

Serv. 'Pray you go to th' tavern: I'll give
you a pint of wine there.

If any of the mad-cup gentlemen should come
by,
That take up women upon special warrant,
You were in a wise ense now.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Mariana, Priest, and
attendants.

Lil. Give me the garland:

And wait you here.

Mir. She is here to seek thee, sirrah:

I told thee what would follow; she is mad
for thee!

Shew, and advance.—So early stirring, lady?
It shews a busy mind, a faucy troubled.

A willow garland too? Is't possible?

'Tis pity so much beauty should lie musty;

But 'tis not to be help'd now.

Lil. The more's my misery.

Good fortune to you, lady, you deserve it;

To me, too-late repentance, I have sought it.

I do not envy, tho' I grieve a little,

You are mistress of that happiness, those joys,

That might have been, had I been wise—But
fortune——

Pinac. She understands you not; 'pray you
do not trouble her!

And do not cross me like a hare thus; 'tis as
ominous.

Lil. I come not to uphraid your levity,
(Tho' you made shew of love, and th' I lik'd
you) [gers;

To claim an interest, (we are yet both stran-
Bot what we might have been, had you per-
sever'd, sir!)

To be an eye-sore to your loving lady:

This garland shews, I give myself forsaken,

²⁶ — do come to do me.] This unmeaning phrase I would reform thus,

'If he do come to dor me.'

The *dor* and to *dor* are common in our Authors' and Ben Jonson's writings. Thus in *The Lover's Progress*, the second play after this, act i. scene 1, Malfurt says to Leon,

—— I would not

'Receive the *dor* ——' Symphon.

Possibly *do* is an accidental interpolation of the printer or transcriber: The measure, as well as sense, is better without it; and Symphon's alteration is hard and unpalatable. The *dor*, as a substantive, is common; but we remember no instance of its being used as a verb, *to dor*.

(Yet she must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly.)

And all the power and interest I had in you
(As, I persuade myself, somewhat you lov'd
Thus patiently I render up, I offer [me:]
To her that must enjoy you, and so bless; on!
Only, I heartily desire this courtesy,
And would not be denied, to wait upon you
This day, to see you tied, then no more trouble you.

Pinac. It needs out, lady.

Lil. Good sir, grant me so much.

Pinac. 'Tis private, and we make no invitation. [public.]

Lil. My presence, sir, shall not proclaim it.

Pinac. May-be, 'tis not in town.

Lil. I have a couch, sir,

And a most ready will to do you service.

Mr. Strike, now or never! make it sure!

I tell thee,

She'll hang herself, if she have thee not.

Pinac. Pray you, sir, [two]

Entertain my noble mistress; Only a word or
With this importunate woman, and I'll re-

ceive you— [sinner:]

Now you see what your flings are, and your
Your states, and your wild stubbornness;

now you find [vices:]

What 'tis to gird and kick at men's fair sex—
To raise your pride to such a pitch and glory,

That goodness shews like gunts, scotch'd under you.

'Tis ugly, naught; a self-will in a woman,

Cham'd to an over-weening thought, is pestilent,

Murders fair Fortune first, then fair Opinion:
There stands a pattern, a true patient pattern,

Humble, and sweet.

Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance.

Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice;

I'm sure, sir, if my choice had been so happy
(As I confess I was mine own destroyer) [sy,

As to have arriv'd at you, I will not prophesy—
But certain, as I think, I should have pleas'd

you; [tesy:]

Have made you as much wonder unto your-
My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd you.

Some hours we have of youth, and some of

fully;

And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,
And, to maintain that, sometimes we strain

highly.

Pinac. Now you talk reason.

Lil. But being you'd and govern'd, [us,
Married, and those slight vanities purg'd from

How fair we grow! how gentle, and how
tender, [us:]

We twine about those loves that shoot up with
A sulen woman fear, that talks not to you;

She has a sad and darken'd soul, loves dully;
A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,

Believe her, in the lightest form she appears
to you,

Believe her excellent, tho' she despise you;
Let but these fits and flashes pass, she'll shew

to you [wish'd:]

As jewel is rubb'd from dust, or gold new burn-
Such had I been, had you believ'd!

Pinac. Is't possible? [you,

Lil. And to your happiness I dare assure
If true love be account'd so. Your pleasure,

Your will, and your command, had tied my
motions:

But that hope's gone. I know you are young
and giddy, [you,

And, 'till you have a wife can govern with
You sail upon this world's sea²⁷, light and

empty; [neither
Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name

Of wife can steer you: but the noble nature,
The diligence, the cure, the love, the patience;

She makes the pilot, and preserves the hus-
band, [on.

That knows and reckons every rib he's built
But this I tell you, to my shame.

Pinac. I adore you;

And now am sorry that I aim beyond you.

Mr. So, so, so! fair and softly! She is
thine own, boy;

She comes now without lure.

Pinac. But that it must needs
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness,

Or worse, a madness, to forsake a blessing,
A blessing of that hope—

Lil. I dare not urge you:

And yet, dear sir—

Pinac. 'Tis most certain, I had rather,
If 'twere in my own choice—for you're my

country-woman, [ger,
A neighbour, here born by me; she a stran-

And who knows how her friends—

Lil. Do as you please, sir;
If you be fast, not all the world—I love you,

It is most true, and clear, I would persuade
And I shall love you still, [you;

Pinac. Go, get before me; [scintly:]
So much you have won upon me—do it pre-

Here's a priest ready—I'll have you.

Lil. Not now, sir; [lady:]
No, you shall pardon me!—Advance your

I dare not hinder you most high preferment:
'Tis honour enough for me I have unmask'd

Pinac. How's that? [you.
Lil. I've caught you, sir! Alas, I am no

states-woman,
Nor no great traveller, yet I have found you:
I've found your lady too, your beauteous lady;

I've found her birth and breeding too, her
discipline,

²⁷ You sail upon this world's sea.] The reader, I dare say, will be pleased to see this dark place so well cleared up. The text, with only the trifling addition of a letter, is from the copy of 1652, which represents the line thus;

'You sail upon this world's sea, light and empty.' *Symson.*

Who brought her over, and who kept your lady,

And, when he laid her by, what virtuous nun-
Receiv'd her in; I've found all these! Are
you thank now?

Metlinks, such travell'd wisdoms should not
fool thus;

Such excellent indiscretions—

Mir. How could she know this?

Lil. 'Tis true, she's English born, but most
part French now, [fart.

And so I hope you'll find her, to your con-
Alas, I am ignorant of what she cost you!

The price of these hir'd clothes I do not know,
gentlemen!

Those jewels are the broker's, how you stand
bound for 'em!

Finn. Will you make this good?

Lil. Yes, yes; and to her face, sir,
That she's no English whore! a kind of fling-
dust, [one!

One of your London light o' loves, a right
Came over in thin pumps, and built a petticoat,

One faith ², and one smock, with a broken
haberdasher:

I know all this without a conjurer.
Her name is Jumping-Juan, an ancient sin-
weaver; [slipp'd,

She was first a lady's chambermaid, there
And broke her leg above the knee; departed,

And set up shop herself; stood the fierce
conflicts [fours,

Of many a furious term; there lost her ex-
And last slipp'd over luther.

Mir. We're betray'd! [mystery?

Lil. Do you come to fright me with this
To stir me with a stink none can endure, sir?

I pray you proceed; the wedding will become
you! [thier!

Who gives the lady? you? An excellent fa-
A careful nun, and one that knows a beauty!

Send you fair shipping, sir! and so I'll leave
you.

Be wise and manly, then I may chance to
love you! [Exit.

Mir. As I live, I'm asham'd this wench
has reach'd me,

Monstrous asham'd! but there's no remedy.
This skew'd-ey'd carrion—

Finn. This I suspected ever. [of you;

Come, come, wench; we have no more use
Your cloaths must back again.

Mariann. Sir, you shall pardon me;
'Tis not our English use to be degraded.

If you will visit me, and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties:

And so, sweetheart— [Exit.

Mir. Let her go, and the devil go with her!
We have never better luck with these prelu-
diums. [woman,

Come, be not daunted; think she's but a
And, let her have the devil's wit, we'll reach
her! [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Rancara and Lugier.

Ros. You have now redeem'd my good
opinion, tutor,

And you stand fair again.

Lug. I can but labour,

And sweat in your affairs. I am sure Belleur
Will be here instantly, and use his anger,

His wonted harshness.

Ros. I hope he will not beat me.

Lug. No, sure, he has more manners. Be
you ready? [him,

Ros. Yes, yes, I am; and am resolv'd to fit
With patience to out-do all he can offer.

But how does Oriana?

Lug. Worse, and worse still;

There is a sad house for her; she is now,
Poor lady, utterly distracted. *

Ros. Pity!

Infinite pity! 'Tis a handsome lady. [ster,

That Mirabell's a beast, worse than a mou-
If this affliction work not.

Enter Lilliu-Bianca.

Lil. Are you ready?

Belleur is coming on, here, hand behind me;
I have no leisure to relate my fortune;

Only I wish you may come off as handsomely.
Upon the sign, you know what. [Exit.

Ros. Well, well; leave me!

Enter Belleur.

Bel. How now?

Ros. You're welcome, sir.

Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners!

That court'st again, and hold your counte-
nance steadily!

That look's too light; take heed! so, sit ye
down now;

And, to confirm me that your gall is gone,
Your bitterness dispers'd, (for so I'll have it)

Look on me steadfastly, and whatsoe'er I say
to you, [then!

Move not, nor alter in your face; you're gone
For if you do express the least distaste,

Or shew an angry wrinkle, (mark me, woman!)
We are now alone; I will so conjure thee,

The third part of my execution
Cannot be spoke.

Ros. I am at your dispose, sir.

Bel. Now rise, and woo me a little; let
me hear that faculty: [you!

But touch me not; nor do not lie, I charge
Begin now.

Ros. If so mean and poor a beauty
May ever hope the grace—

Bel. You cog, you flatter!

Like a lewd thing, you lie! ' May hope that
grace?'

Why, what grace canst thou hope for? An-
swer not; [thce!

For if thou dost, and liest again, I'll swing

* One faith, and one smock.] The word *faith* seems a corruption here.

Do not I know thee for a pestilent woman?
A proud at both ends? Be not angry,
Nor stir oot, o' your life!

Ros. I am counsell'd, sir.

Bel. Art thou not now (confess, for I'll have the truth out)

As much unworthy of a man of merit,
Or any of ye all, nay, of mere man,
Tho' he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him, [figure,
Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that
As devils are of mercy?

Ros. We are unworthy.

Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee.

And is it oot our bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with
Our mere and special bounty? [ye,

Ros. Yes.

Bel. Our pity, [ly;
That for your wickedness we swinge ye sound—
Your stubbornness, and your stout hearts,
we belabour ye?

Answer to that!

Ros. I do confess your pity.

Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person,

Thou impudent, thou pert—Do not change countenance!

Ros. I dare not, sir.

Bel. For if you do—

Ros. I'm settled.

Bel. Thou wagtail, peacock, puppy, look on me;

I am a gentleman.

Ros. It seems no less, sir.

Bel. And darest thou in thy surquedry—

Ros. I beseech you!

It was my weakness, sir, I did not view you,
I took oot notice of your noble parts,
Nor call'd your person²⁰, nor your proper fashion.

Bel. This is some mends yet.

Ros. I shall mend, sir, daily,

And study to deserve.

Bel. Come a little nearer!

Const thou repent thy villaioy?

Ros. Most seriously.

Bel. And be ashamed?

Ros. I am ashamed.

Bel. Cry!

Ros. It will be hard to do, sir.

Bel. Cry now instantly;

Cry monstrously, that all the town may hear thee; [key;

Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy woe—
And, as I like thy tears—

Ros. Now!

Enter Lillia, and four women laughing.

Bel. How! how! do you jeer me?

Have you broke your bounds again, dame?

Ros. Yes, a'! laugh at you,

And laugh most heartily.

Bel. What are these? whirlwinds?

Is hell broke loose, and all the furies? flut—

Am I greiv'd once again? [ter'd]

Ros. Yes, indeed are you;

And once again you shall be, if you quarrel!

Do you come to vent your fury on a virgin?

Is this your manhood, sir?

1 *Wom.* Let him do his best;

Let's see the utmost of his indignation;

I long to see him angry. Come; proceed, sir. [ber!

Hang him, he dares not stir; a man of tim—

2 *Wom.* Come hither to fright maids with thy bull-faces? [may-pole!

To threaten gentlewomen? Thou a man? a

A great dry pudding!

3 *Wom.* Come, come, do your worst, sir;

Be angry if thou dur'st.

Bel. The Lord deliver me!

4 *Wom.* Do but look scurvily upon this lady, [taken;

Or give us one foul word—We are all mis—
This is some mighty dairy-maid in man's cloaths.

Lil. I am of that mind too.

Bel. What will they do to me?

Lil. And hir'd to come and abuse us: A man has manners;

A gentleman, civility and breeding.

Some tinker's trull, with a beard glcw'd on.

1 *Wom.* Let's search him,

And as we find him—

Bel. Let me but depart from ye,

Sweet Christian women!

Lil. Hear the thing speak, neighbours.

Bel. 'Tis but a small request: If e'er I trouble ye,

If e'er I talk agnain of beating womeo,

Or heating any thing that can but turn to me;

Of ever thinking of a handsome lady

But virtuously and well, of ever speaking

But to her honour—This I'll promise ye,

I will take rhubarb, and purge choler mainly,

Abundantly I'll purge.

Lil. I'll send you broths, sir. [patiently;

Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it I will do any thing!

Ros. I'll be your bail then.

When you come next to woe, 'pray you come not boisterously,

And furnish'd like a bear-ward.

Bel. No, in truth, forsooth.

Ros. I scented you long since.

²⁰ Nor call'd your person, nor your proper fashion.] If the passage was designed to be imperfect by the Poet, it is to no purpose to undertake the correction of it; if not, probably we should alter call'd into something like skill'd, i. e. had no knowledge of, or did not know your person, &c. was so proper. *Symson.*

Call'd seems crasseous; yet we do not like skill'd. Mark'd would come nearer to the sense of the passage.

Bel. I was to blame sure;

I will appear a gentleman.

Ros. 'Tis the best for you,

For a true noble gentleman's a brave thing.

Upon that hope, we quit you. You fear seriously?

Bel. Yes, truly do I; I confess I fear you,

And honour you, and any thing!

Ros. Farewell then!

Wom. And when you come to woe next,
bring more merrcy!

[*Exeunt Ros. and Women.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A dairy-maid! a tinker's trull! Heav'n
bless me!

Sure, if I had provok'd 'em, they had quar-
ter'd me.

I am a most ridiculous ass, now I perceive it;
A coward, and a knave too.

1 Gent. 'Tis the mad gentleman;

Let's set our faces right.

Bel. No, no; laugh at me,

And laugh aloud.

2 Gent. We are better manner'd, sir.

Bel. I do deserve it; call me patch, and
puppy,

And beat me, if you please.

1 Gent. No, indeed; we know you.

Bel. Death, do as I would have ye!

2 Gent. You are an ass then,
A coxcomb, and a calf!

Bel. I am a great calf.

Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient.

Now laugh aloud, and scorn me; so God b'ye!
And ever when ye meet me, laugh.

1 Gent. We will, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter Nantolet, La Costre, De Gard, Lagier,
and Mirabell.*

Mir. Your patience, gentlemen! Why do
ye bait me?

Nant. Is't not a shame you are so stub-
born-hearted,

So stony and so dull, to such a lady,
Of her perfections, and her misery?

Lag. Does she not love you? Does not her
distracted

For your sake only, her most-pitied lunacy
Of all but you, shew ye? Does it not compel
ye?

Mir. Soft and fair, gentlemen; pray ye
proceed temperately.

Lag. If you have any feeling, any sense
in you,

The least touch of a noble heart—

La Co. Let him alone;

It is his glory that he can kill beauty.

You bear my stamp, but not my temperance;
Your wild unsavoury courses set that in you!

For shame, be sorry, tho' you cannot cure her;
Shew something of a man, of a fair nature.

Mir. You make me mad!

De Ga. Let me pronounce this to you;

You take a strange felicity in slighting
And wronging women, which my poor sister
feels now;

Heav'n's hand be gentle on her! Mark me,
That very hour she dies, (there's small hope
otherwise)

That minute, you and I must grapple for it;
Either your life or mine!

Mir. Be not so hot, sir;

I am not to be wrought on by these policies,
In truth, I am not! nor do I fear the tricks,

Or the high-sounding threats, of a Savoyan.
I glory not in cruelty, (ye wrong me)

Nor grow up water'd with the tears of women.
This let me tell ye, howsoever I shew to ye,

Wild, as ye please to call it, or self-will'd,
When I see cause I can both do and suffer,

Freely, and feelingly, as a true gentleman.

Enter Rosalura and Lillia.

Ros. Oh, pity, pity! thousand, thousand
pities!

Lil. Alas, poor soul! she'll die! she is
grown senseless;

She will not know, nor speak now.

Ros. Die for love? [first t

And love of such a youth? I'd die for a dog
He that kills me, I'll give him leave to eat me!

I'll know men better, ere I sigh for any of 'em.
Lil. Ye have done a worthy act, sir, a most
famous;

Ye've kill'd a maid the wrong way; ye're a
conqueror!

Ros. A conqueror? a cobler! I'ming him,
sawter!

Go lude thyself, for shame! go lose thy me-
Live not 'mongst men; thou art a beast, a

A brutish beast! [monster,

Lil. If you have yet any honesty,
Or ever heard of any, take my counsel;

Off with your garters, and seek out a bough,
A handsome bough; for I would have you
bang like a gentleman;

And write some doleful matter to the world,
A warning to hard-hearted men.

Mir. Out, killings!

What catterwauling's here! what gibing!
D'you think my heart is soften'd with a black

Shew me some reason. [santis t]

Enter Oriana on a bed.

Ros. Here then, here is a reason.

Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this sight
shake ye!

La Co. Alas, poor gentlewoman! Do you
know me, lady?

Lag. How she looks up, and stares!

Ori. I know you very well; [sicur.
You are my godfather; and that's the mon-

⁴⁰ *Black santis.*] This expression also occurs in *The Mad Lover*, vol. i. act iv. It seems
to mean some dirge or howl at funerals.

De Ga. And who am I?

Ori. You are Amadis de Gaul, sir.

Oh, oh, my heart! Were ye never in love,
sweet lady? [deus?]

And do you never dream of flowers and gar-
I dream of walking fires: Take heed! It
comes now. [face, sure.]

Who's that? Pray stand away. I've seen that
How light my head is!

Ros. Take some rest.

Ori. I cannot;

For I must be up tomorrow to go to church,
And I must dress me, put my new gown on,
And be as fine to meet my love! Heigh-ho!
Will not you tell me where my love lies
buried?

Mir. He is not dead. Deshrew my heart,
she stirs me!

Ori. He's dead to me.

Mir. Is't possible my nature
Should be so damnable, to let her suffer?

Give me your hand.

Ori. How soft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Mir. How she stares on me!

Ori. You have a flattering face, but 'tis n
fine one; [hearts.]

I warrant you may have a hundred sweet-
Will ye pray for me? I shall die tomorrow;
And will ye ring the bells?

Mir. I'm most unworthy,
I do confess, unhappy. Do you know me?

Ori. I would I did!

Mir. Oh, fair tears, how ye take me!

Ori. Do ye weep too? You have not lost
your lover?

You mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Pray you pardon me;

Or, if it please you to consider justly, [me,
Scorn me, for I deserve it; scorn and shame
Sweet Oriana!

Lil. Let her alone; she trembles: [her.
Her fits will grow more strong, if ye provoke

La Ca. Certain she knows you not, yet
loves to see you.

How she smiles now!

Enter Belleur.

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why dun't you
laugh? Come, laugh at me!

Whyn devil art thou sad, and such a subject,
Such a ridiculous subject as I am
Before thy face?

Mir. 'Prithce put off this lightness;
This is no time for mirth, nor place; I've us'd
too much on't:

I have undone myself, and a sweet lady,
By being too indulgent to my foolery,

Which truly I repent. Look here!

Bel. What ails she?

Mir. Alas, she's mad.

Bel. Mad?

Mir. Yes, too sure; for me too.

Bel. Dost thou wonder at that? 'Tis this
good light, they're all so;

They're cozzing mad, they're brawling mad,
they're proud mad;

They're all, all mad, I came from a world
of mad women, [deal with 'em.]

Mad as March hares: Get 'em in chains, then
There's one that's mad; she seems well, but
she is dog-mad.

Is she dead, dost think?

Mir. Dead? Heav'n forbid!

Bel. Heav'n further it!

For, till they be icy-cold dead, there's no
trusting of 'em. [it,

Whate'er they seem, or howsoe'er they carry
Till they be clap-fall'n, and their tongues
at peace, [em.]

Nail'd in their coffins sure, I'll ne'er believe
Shall I talk with her?

Mir. No, dear friend, be quiet,

And be at peace a while.

Bel. I'll walk aside;

And come again anon. But take heed to her:
You say she is a woman?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. Take great heed;

For if she do not coven thee, then hang me.
Let her be mad, or what she will, she'll cheat
thee! [Exit.]

Mir. Away, wild fool! How vile this shew
in him now!

Now take my faith, (before ye all I speak it)
And with it my repentant love.

La Ca. This seems well.

Mir. Were but this lady clear again, whose
sorrows [fect,

My very heart melts for, were she but per-
(For thus to marry her would be two miseries)

Before the richest and the noblest beauty,
France, or the world could shew me, I would
take her: [her.

As she now is, my tears and prayers shall wet
De Ga. This makes some small amends.

Ros. She beckons to you:

To us too, to go off.

Nant. Let's draw aside all.

[*Excant omnes prater Oriana and Mirabell.*

Ori. Oh, my best friend! I would fain—

Mir. What? she speaks well,

And with another voice.

Ori. But I'm fearful,
And shame a little stops my tongue—

Mir. Speak boldly.

Ori. Tell you, I'm well, I'm perfect well;
(Pray you mock not)

And that I did this to provoke your nature;
Out of my infinite and restless love,

To win your pity. Pardon me!

Mir. Go forward:

Who set you on?

Ori. None, as I live, no creature;
Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant.

Will you be mine?

Mir. 'Tis true, I pity you;
But when I marry you, you must be wiser.

Nothing but tricks? devices?

Ori. Will you shame me?

Mr. Yes, marry, will I.—Come near, come near! a miracle! [marring,]
The woman's well; she was only mad for
Stark mad to be ston'd to death; give her good
counsel. [damsel?]
Will this world never mend? Are you caught,

*Eater Belleur, La Castre, Lugier, Nantolet,
De Gard, Rosalure, and Lillia.*

Bel. How goes it now?

Mr. Thou art a kind of prophet;
The woman's well again, and would have
gull'd me; [her.]

Well, excellent well, and not a taint upon
Bel. Did not I tell you? Let 'em be what
can be,

Saints, devils, any thing, they will abuse us.
Thou wert an ass to believe 'her so long, a
coxcomb; [tions.]

Give 'em a minute, they'll abuse whole mil-

Mr. And am not I n rare physician, gen-
That can cure desperate mad minds? [tlemen,

De Ga. Be not insalant.

Mr. Well, go thy ways: From this hour
I disclaim thee, [love thee.]

Unless thou hast a trick above this; then I'll

You owe me for your curc. 'Pray have a care
of 'her,

For fear she fall into relapse. Come, Belleur;
We'll set up hills to cure diseased virgins.

Bel. Shall we be merry?

Mr. Yes.

Bel. But I'll no more projects:

If we could make 'em mad, it were some
mastery! [Excunt.]

Lil. I'm glad she's well again.

Ros. So am I, certain.

Be not asham'd.

Ori. I shall never see a man more.

De Ga. Come, you're a fool! had you but
told me this trick,

He should not have gloried thus.

Lug. He shall not long neither.

La Ca. Be rul'd, and be at peace: You
have my consent,

And what power I can work with.

Naut. Come, leave blushing;

We are your friends: An honest way com-
pell'd yna, [pens'g.]

Heav'n will not see so true a love uncon-
come in, and slight him too.

Lug. The next shall hit him. [Excunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter De Gard und Lugier,

De Ga. 'Twill be discover'd.

Lug. That's the worst can hap-
pen: [him.]

If there be any way to reach, and work upon
Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him—

That he loves,

Tho' he dissemble it and would shew contrary,

And will at length relent, I'll lay my fortune;

Nay, more, my life.

De Ga. Is she won?

Lug. Yes, and ready,

And my designments set.

De Ga. They're now far travel; [wooing.]

All for that game again; they have forgot

Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.

De Ga. Where's his father?

Lug. Within; he knows my mind too, and
allows it,

Pities your sister's fortune most sincerely;

And has appointed, for our more assistance,

Some of his secret friends.

De Ga. 'Spced the plough!

Lug. Well said;

And be you serious too.

De Ga. I shall be diligent.

Lug. Let's break the ice for one, the rest
will drink too [gentlewoman]

(Believe me, sir) of the same cup: My young
Wait but who sets the game a-foot; tho' they
seem stubborn,

Reserv'd, and proud now, yet I know their
hearts,

Their pulses how they beat, and for what
cause, sir,

And how they long to venture their abilities
In a true quarrel. Husbands they must and
will have,

Or nunneries, and thin collations [sincere];
To cool their bloods. Let's all about our bus-

And, if this fail, let Nature work!

De Ga. You've arm'd me. [Excunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabell, Nantolet, and La Castre,

La Ca. Will you be wilful then?

Mr. 'Pray, sir, your pardon;

For I must travel. Lie lazy here,
Bound to a wife? chain'd to her subtleties,

Her humours, and her wills, which are mere
fetters?

To have her today pleas'd, tomorrow peevish,
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?

You see, before they're married, what un-
rascals, [us:]

What masks and mummeries they put upon
To be tied here, and suffer their *lavalto's*?

Naut. 'Tis your own seeking.

Mr. Yes, to get my freedom.

Were they as I could wish 'em—

La Ca. Fools, and meacocks,

To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em!

Come, change your mind.

Mir. Not before I have chang'd air, father.
When I know women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
'Till then, dear sir, I'll ramble all the world
over ⁴¹,
And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,
So I escape the dangerous lay of matrimony!

Enter Belen and Pinac.

Pinac. Are you resolv'd?

Mir. Yes, certain; I will out again.

Pinac. We are for you, sir; we are your
servants once more.

Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange
countries;

Ours is too scornful for us.

Bel. Is there ne'er a land

That you have read, or heard of, (for I care
not how far it be,

Nor under what pestiferous star it lies)

A happy kingdom, where there are no women?

Nor have been ever? nor no mention

Of any such lewd things, with lewder qualities?

For thither would I travel; where 'tis felony

To confess he had a mother; a mistress, treason—

La Co. Are you for travel too? [son.

Bel. For any thing,

For living in the moon, and stopping hedges,
Ere I stay here to be abus'd, and baffled.

Nant. Why did you not break your minds
to me? they are my daughters;

And sure I think I should have that command
over 'em,

To see 'em well bestow'd. I know ye are
gentlemen, [parents;

Men of fair parts and states; I know your

And had ye told me of your frail affections—

Make but one trial more, and let me second
ye.

Bel. No; I'll make hol-nails first, and
mend old kettles!

Can you lend me an armour of high proof, to
appear in,

And two or three field-pieces to defend me?

The king's guard are mere pigmies.

Nant. They'll not eat you. [monsieurs,

Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty father

If their high stomachs hold; They came with
chopping-knives,

To cut me into rounds and sirloins ⁴², and so
powder me.

Come, shall we go?

Nant. You cannot be so discourteous,

If ye intend to go, as not to visit 'em,

And take your leave.

Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,

And thank 'em too,

Pinac. Yes, sir, we know that honesty ⁴³.

Bel. I'll come i'th' rear, forty foot off, I'll
assure you,

With a good gun in my hand; I'll no more
Amazons,

I mean no more of their frights: I'll nuke
my three legs,

Kiss my hand twice, and if I smell no danger,

If the interview be clear, may-be I'll speak
to her;

I'll wear a privy coat too, and behind me,

To make those parts secure, a handkerchief ⁴⁴.

La Co. You are a merry gentleman.

Bel. A wary gentleman, I do assure you;

I have been warn'd, and must be warn'd.

La Co. Well, son,

These are your hasty thoughts; when I see
you are bent to it,

Then I'll believe, and join with you; so we'll
leave ye.

There is a trick will make ye stay. [Exit.

Nant. I hope so. [Exit.

Mir. We have won immortal fame now,
if we leave 'em.

Pinac. You have, but we have lost.

Mir. Pinac, thou'rt cov'ous;

I know they love you; and to gain you hand-
someness, [rubbings:

Not to be thought to yield, they would give
Their father's willingness, that must needs
shew you.

Pinac. If I thought so—

Mir. Yet shall be hang'd, you recreant!

Would you turn renegade now?

Bel. No; let's away, boys,

Out of the air and tumult of their villainies.
Tho' I were married to that grasshopper,

⁴¹ *I'll amble all the world over.* We have ventured to insert *ramble*, which is a much better word here than *amble*, and probably the right.

⁴² *To cut me into rands and sirloins.* As we can annex no meaning to the word *rands* in this passage, we have inserted *rounds*. A *round of beef* is almost as common a phrase as a *sirloin*.

⁴³ *Honesty.* i. e. Good-breeding, good-manners. *Symphon.*

⁴⁴ *Bandog.* This word has often occurred before. It is frequently to be met with in our old writers, as a term of reproach; as in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, act ii. scene 2.

'Sirrah! bandog!'

It appears to have been the name of a dog of the fierce kind; thus in the same play, act iv. scene 2,

'What bandogs but you two would worry a woman?'

And again, act v. scene 1,

'Bandogs (kept three days hungry) worried

'A thousand British rascals,' &c. *R.*

It seems in this place to signify some part of dress which had derived its name from the dog; though it may mean literally a *bandog*.

And had her fast by th' legs, I should think
she would euzen me.

Enter a young Factor.

Fac. Monsieur Mirabell, I take it?

Mir. You're i'th' right, sir.

Fac. I am come to seek you, sir; I have
been at your father's,

And understanding you were here——

Mir. You're welcome.

May I crave your name?

Fac. Foss, sir, and your servant.

That you may know me better, I am factor
To your old merchant, Leverdure.

Mir. How does he?

Fac. Well, sir, I hope; he is now at Orleans,
About some business.

Mir. You are once more welcome.
Your master's a right honest man, and one
I am much beholding to, and must very shortly
Trouble his love again.

Fac. You may be bold, sir.

Mir. Your business, if you please now?

Fac. This it is, sir.

I know you well remember, in your travel,
A Genoa merchant——

Mir. I remember many.

Fac. But this man, sir, particularly; your
own benefit

Must needs imprint him in you; one Alberto,
A gentleman you sav'd from being murder'd
A little from Bologna:

I was then myself in Italy, and supplied you,
Tho' haply you have forgot me now.

Mir. No, I remember you,

And that Alberto too; a noble gentleman,
More to remember were to thank myself, sir.
What of that gentleman?

Fac. He's dead.

Mir. I'm sorry. [sister]

Fac. But on his death-bed, leaving to his
All that he had, beside some certain jewels,
(Which, with a ceremony, he bequeath'd to
you,

In grateful memory) he commanded strictly
His sister, as she lov'd him and his peace,
To see those jewels safe and true deliver'd,
And, with them, his last love. She, as ten-
der to [sister]

Observe this will, not trusting friend nor ser-
With such a weight, is come herself to Paris,
And at my master's house.

Mir. You tell me a wonder.

Fac. I tell you a truth, sir. She is young
and handsome,

And well attended; of much state and riches;
So loving and obedient to her brother, [also,
That, on my conscience, if he had given her

She would most willingly have made her
tender.

Mir. May not I see her?

Fac. She desires it heartily.

Mir. And presently?

Fac. She's now about some business,

Passing accounts of some few debts here
And buying jewels of a merchant. [sister]

Mir. Is she wealthy? [venture:]

Fac. I would you had her, sir, at all ad-
Her brother had a main state.

Mir. And fair too?

Fac. The prime of all those parts of Italy,
For beauty and for courtesy.

Mir. I must needs see her.

Fac. 'Tis all her business, sir. You may
now see her;

But tomorrow will be fitter for your visitation,
For she is not yet prepar'd.

Mir. Only her sight, sir;

And, when you shall think fit, for further
visit. [your cunning.]

Fac. Sir, you may see her, and I'll wait

Mir. And I'll be with ye instantly. I know
the house;

Mean time, my love, and thanks, sir!

Fac. Your poor servant! [Exit.]

Pinac. 'I have had the strangest luck! What
was that Alberto?

Mir. An honest noble merchant, 'twas my
chance [him].

To rescue from some rogues had almost slain
And he in kindness to remember this!

Bel. Now we shall have you [ness,]

(For all your protestations, and your forward
Find out strange fortunes in this lady's eyes,
And new enticements to put off your journey;
And who shall have honour then?

Mir. No, no, never fear it:

I must needs see her, to receive my legacy.

Bel. If it be tied up in her smock, Heaven
help thee!

May not we see too?

Mir. Yes, afore we go:

I must be known myself ere I be able
To make thee welcome. Wouldst thou see
more women?

I thought you had been out of love with all.

Bel. I may be,

(I find that) with the least encouragement;
Yet I desire to see whether all countries

Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits;
For if they be, I'll take a monastery,

And never travel; for I had rather be a friar,
And live new'd up, than be a fool, and flouted.

Mir. Well, well, I'll meet you anon, thy
tell you more, boys; [sister]

However, stand prepar'd, prest for our jour-

* *Pres.*] Prepar'd, ready. *Symon.*

So in *The four P's*, by John Heywood, (Doddsley's Collection, vol. i. p. 95.)

Who may not play one day in a week

May think his thrift far to seek.

Devise what pastime that ye think best,

And make ye sure to finde me *pres.* R.

For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen her,
And view'd her well.

Pinco. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;
Your fortune directs ours.

Bel. You shall find us i'th' tavern,
I'menning in sack and sugar^a for our losses.
If she be right Italian, and want servants,
You may prefer the properest man: How I
Worry a woman now! [could

Pinco. Come, come, leave prating;
You may have enough to do, without this
boasting. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter *Lugier, De Gard, Rosalara, and Lillia-
Bianca.*

Lug. This is the last adventure.

De Ga. And the happiest,
As we hope, too.

Ros. We should be glad to find it.

Lil. Who shall conduct us thither?

Lug. Your man is ready, [man;
For I must not be seen; no, nor this gentle-
That may beget suspicion; all the rest
Are people of no doubt. I would have ye,
ladies, [ye.

Keep your old liberties, and do as we instruct
Come, look not pale, ye shall not lose your
wishes, [happy.

Nor beg 'em neither, but be yourselves, and
Ros. I tell you true, I cannot hold off
Nor give no more hard language. [longer,

De Ga. You shall not need.

Ros. I love the gentleman, and must now
show it:

Shall I bent a proper man out of heart?

Lug. There's none advises you.

Lil. 'Faith, I repent me too.

Lug. Repent, and spoil all;
Tell what you know, you had best!

Lil. I'll tell what I think;

For if he ask me now, if I can love him,
I'll tell him, Yes, I can. The man's a kind
man,

And out of his true honesty affects me.

Altho' he play'd the fool, which I requited,
Must I still hold him at the staff's end?

Lug. You are two strange women.

Ros. We may be, if we fool still.

Lug. Dare ye believe me?

Follow but this advice I have set you in now,
And if ye lose—Would ye yield now so basely?
Give up without your honours sav'd?

De Ga. Fy, ladies!

Preserve your freedom still.

Lil. Well, well, for this time.

Lug. And carry that full state—

Ros. That's as the wind stands;

If it begin to chop about, and scant us,
Hang me, but I know what I'll do! Come,
direct us;

I make no doubt, we shall do handsomely.

De Ga. Some part o'th' way we'll wait upon
you, ladies;

The rest your man supplies.

Lug. Du well, I'll honour ye. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Factor and Mirolell, Oriano, and two
merchants.*

Fac. Look you, sir, there she is; you see
how busy.

Metinks you are infinitely bound to her, for
her journey.

Mir. How gloriously she shews! She is a
tall woman.

Fac. Of a fair size, sir. My master not
being at home,

I have been so out of my wits to get her com-
pany!

I mean, sir, of her own fair sex, and fashion—

Mir. A far off, she is most fair too.

Fac. Near, most excellent—

At length, I have entreated two fair ladies,
(And happily you know 'em) the young daugh-
ter of monsieur Nantoleit— [terr

Mir. I know 'em well, sir.

What are those? jewels?

Fac. All.

Mir. They make a rich show.

Fac. There is a matter of ten thousand
pounds too

Was owing here: You see those merchants
with her;

They have brought it in now.

Mir. How handsomely her shape shews!

Fac. Those are still neat; your Italians
are most curious

Now she looks this way.

Mir. Sh' has a goodly presence! [you;
How full of courtesy! Well, sir, I'll leave
And if I may be hold to bring a friend or two,
Good noble gentlemen—

Fac. No doubt, you may, sir;

For you have most command.

Mir. I have seen a wonder! [Exit.

Ori. Is he gone?

Fac. Yes.

Ori. How?

Fac. Taken to the utmost:

A wonder dwells about him.

^a *Sack and sugar.* ^b *Sugar and sack* was a favourite liquor in Shakespeare's time: In a
letter describing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L.
[Langham] bl. l. 12mo, the writer says, (p. 86.) "Sijt I no more *sak and suger* than I do"
"Malnecy, I should not blush so much a dayz as I doo." And in another place, describing
a minstrell, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended by the company, he adds,
"At last, by sum entreaty, and many fair wordes, with *sak and suger*, we sweeten him again."
P. 52. Dr. Percy's note on the First Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene 4. R.

Ori. He did not guess at me? [*woman.*
Fac. No; be secure, you shew another
 He is gone to fetch his friends.

Ori. Where are the gentlewomen?

Fac. Here, here; now they are come,
 Sit still, and let them see you.

Enter Rosalura, Lillia, and Servant

Ros. Pray you, where's my friend, sir?

Fac. She is within, ladies; but here's another
 gentlewoman, [*her,*
 A stranger to them: So please you visit
 'Twill be well taken.

Lil. Where is she?

Fac. There, above, ladies.

Serv. Bless me! what thing is this! Two
 pinacles [*woodcocks?*
 Upon her pate! Is't not a glode to catch

Ros. Peace, you rascal knave!

Serv. What a bouncing bum she has too!
 There's sail enough for a carrack *.

Ros. What is this lady?

Fac. As I live, she's a goodly woman.

Fac. Guess, guess.

Lil. I have not seen a nobler presence.

Serv. 'Tis a lusty wench! now could I
 spend my forty-pence, [*her,*
 With all my heart, to have but one fling at
 To give her hut a swashing blow †.

Lil. You rascal!

Serv. Ay, that's all a man has for's good
 will: 'I will be long enough [*me.*

Before you cry, 'Come, Anthony, and kiss

Lil. I'll love you whipt.

Ros. Has my friend seen this lady?

Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.

Ros. I much admire her presence.

Lil. So do I too;

For, I protest, she is the handsomest,
 The rarest, and the newest to mine eye,
 That ever I saw yet.

Ros. I long to know her;
 My friend shall do that kindness.

Ori. So she shall, ladies:

Come, 'pray you come up.

Ros. Oh me!

Lil. Hang me, if I knew her!

Were I a man myself, I should now love you;
 Nay, I should dote.

Ros. I dare not trust mine eyes;
 For, as I live, you are the strangest alter'd—
 I must come up to know the truth.

Serv. So must I, lady;

For I am a kind of unbeliever too.

Lil. Get you gone, sirrah;

And what you have seen 'be secret in; you
 are paid else!

No more of your long tongue.

Fac. Will ye go in, ladies,
 And talk with her? These ventures will come
 straight.

Away with this fellow.

Lil. There, sirrah; go, disport you.

Serv. I would the trunk-hos'd woman
 would go with me! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Pinac. Is she so glorious handsome?

Mir. You would wonder;

Our women look like gipsies, like Gills to her;
 Their cloaths and fashions leggarly, and
 Base, old, and scurvy. [*bankrupt,*

Bel. How looks her face?

Mir. Most heavenly;

And the becoming motion of her body
 So sets her off!

Bel. Why, then we shall stay.

Mir. Pardon me,
 That's more than I know; if she be that woman
 She appears to be—

Bel. As 'tis impossible.

Mir. I shall then tell you more.

Pinac. Did you speak to her?

Mir. No, no, I only saw her, she was busy:
 Now I go for that end; and mark her, gentle-
 men,

If she appear not to you one o' th' sweetest,
 The handsomest, the fairest, in behaviour—
 We shall meet the two wenches there too;
 they came to visit her,

To wonder, as we do.

Pinac. Then we shall meet 'em.

Bel. I had rather meet two bears.

Mir. There you may take your leaves,
 dispatch that business,

And, as ye find their humours—

Pinac. Is your love there too?

Mir. No, certain; she has no great heart
 to set out again.

This is the house; I'll usher you.

Bel. I'll bless me,

And take a good heart, if I can.

Mir. Come, nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Factor, Rosalura, Lillia, and Oriana.

Fac. They are come in. Sit you two off
 as strangers;

Enter Boy.

There, lady. Where's the boy? Be ready,
 sirrah,

And clear your pipes; the music now; they
 enter. [*Musick.*

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Pinac. What a state she keeps! How far
 off they sit from her! [*ly!*

How rich she is! Ay, marry, this shews brave-
Bel. She is a lusty wench, and may allure
 a good man;

* Carrack. See note † on The Elder Brother.

† A washing blow.] Surely we should read, swashing.

But if she have a tongue, I'll not give two-pence for her.

There sits my fury; how I shake to see her!

Fac. Madam, this is the gentleman.

Mir. How sweet she kisses!

She has a spring dwells on her lips, a Paradise!

This is the legacy.

SONG.

From the honour'd dend I bring
Thus his love and last off'ring.
Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
From a friendship ever true,
From a faith, &c.

Ori. Most noble sir,

This from my now-dend brother, as his love,
And grateful memory of your great benefit;
From me my thanks, my wishes, and my service.

'Till I am more acquainted, I am silent;
Only I dare say this, you are truly noble.

Mir. What should I think?

Pinac. Think you've a handsome fortune:

'Would I had such another!

Ros. Ye are well met, gentlemen;

We hear ye are for travel?

Pinac. You hear true, lady;

And come to take our leaves.

Lil. We'll along with ye: [ney,

We see you're grown so witty by your journey.

We cannot chuse but step out too. This lady

We mean to wait upon as far as Italy.

Bel. I'll travel into Wales, amongst the mountains,

In hope they cannot find me.

Ros. If you go further,

So good and free society we hold ye,

We'll jog along too.

Pinac. Are you so valiant, lady?

Lil. And we'll be merry, sir, and laugh.

Pinac. It may be

We'll go by sea.

Lil. Why, 'tis the only voyage;

I love a sea-voyage, and a blustering tempest;

And let all split!

Pinac. This is a dainty damsel!

I think 'twill tame you. Can you ride post?

Lil. Oh, excellently! I am never weary that way:

A hundred mile a-day is nothing with me.

Bel. I'll travel under ground. Do you hear, sweet lady?

I find it will be dangerous for a woman.

Ros. No danger, sir, I warrant; I love to be under. [over!

Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world.

But say we pass thro' Germany, and drink hard?

Ros. We'll learn to drink and swagger too.

Bel. She'll beat me!

Lady, I'll live at home.

Ros. And I'll live with thee;

And we'll keep house together.

Bel. I'll keep bounds first;

And those I hate right heartily.

Pinac. I go for Turkey;

And so it may be up into Persia.

Lil. We cannot know too much; I'll travel with you.

Pinac. And you'll abuse me?

Lil. Like enough.

Pinac. 'Tis dainty!

Bel. I will live in a hawdy-house.

Ros. I dare come to you.

Bel. Say, I'm dispos'd to hang myself?

Ros. There I'll have you.

Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid you.

Mir. May I speak yet?

Bel. She beckons to you. [peuce,

Mir. Lady, I could wish I knew to recom-

Even with the service of my life, those pains,

And those high favours you have thrown

upon me:

'Till I be more desertful in your eye, [you,

And 'till my duty shall make known I know

Nobles of women, do me but this favour

To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.

Ori. I must have you too with 'em; else the will, [fring'd, sir;

That says they must rest with you, is in-

Which, pardon me, I dare not do.

Mir. Take me then;

And take me with the truest love.

Ori. 'Tis certain,

My brother lov'd you dearly, and I ought

As dearly to preserve that love: But, sir,

Tho' I were willing, these are but your cere-

monies.

Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul!

Ori. I like you: [mony,

But how you can like me, without I've testi-

A stranger to you—

Mir. I'll marry you immediately;

A fair state I dare promise you.

Bel. Yet she'll cozen thee.

Ori. 'Would some fair gentleman durst

promise for you!

Mir. By all that's good—

Enter La Castre, Nantolet, Lugier, and De Gard.

All. And we'll make up the rest, lady.

Ori. Then, Oriana takes you. Nay, she has

caught you!

If you start now, let all the world cry shame

on you!

I have out-travell'd you.

Bel. Did not I say she would cheat thee?

Mir. I thank you! I am pleas'd you have

deceiv'd me,

And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't.

And yet, perhaps, I know you. Whose plot

was this?

* I hope they cannot find me.] So all former editions.

Lag. He's not ashamed that cast it; He that executed,

Follow'd your father's will.

Mir. What a world's this!

Nothing but craft and cozenage?

Ori. Who begun, sir?

Mir. Well; I do take thee upon mere compassion;

And I do think I shall love thee. As a testi-
I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.

But these fine cloaths you shall wear still.

Ori. I obey you, sir, in all.

Nant. And how, how, daughters? What say you to these gentlemen?

What say ye, gentlemen, to the girls?

Pinac. By my troth—if she can love me.

Lil. How long?

Pinac. Nay, if once you love—

Lil. Then take me,

And take your chance.

Pinac. Most willingly! You are mine, lady;
And if I use you not, that you may love me—

Lil. A match, i' faith.

Pinac. Why, now you travel with me.

Ros. How that thing stands!

Bel. It will, if you urge it³¹.

Bless your five wits!

Ros. Nay, prithee stay; I'll have thee.

Bel. You must ask me leave first.

Ros. Wilt thou use me kindly,

And beat me but once a week?

Bel. If you deserve no more.

Ros. And wilt thou get me with child?

Bel. Dost thou ask me seriously?

Ros. Yes, indeed do I.

Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child. Come presently,

An't be hut in revenge, I'll do thee that cour-
tesy. [thce !]

Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me, have at

Ros. I'll love you, and I'll honour you.

Bel. I am pleas'd then.

Mir. This Wild-Goose Chase is done; we
have won o' both sides.

Brother, your love, and now to church of
all hands;

Let's lose no time.

Pinac. Our travelling lay by.

Bel. No more for Italy; for the Low
Countries, I³². [Exeunt omnes,

³¹ *Bel.* It will, if ye urge it.] The want of a negative makes Belleur say just the contrary to what he designed,

‘It will not if ye urge it.’ *Sympton.*

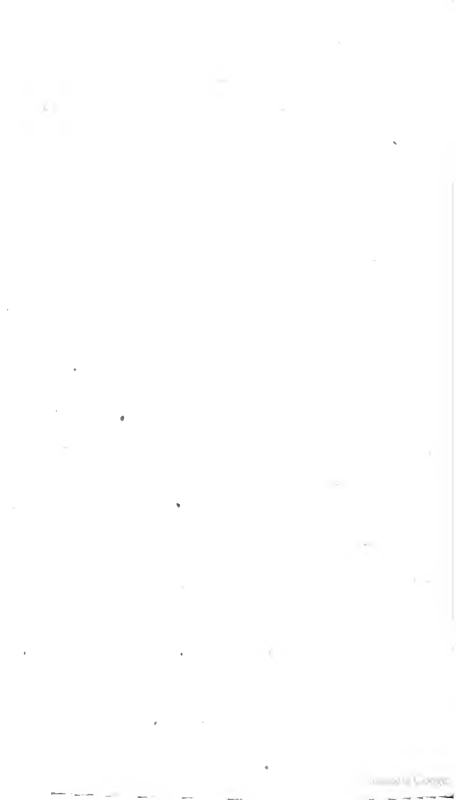
The insertion of the negative reverses what the Poets most clearly intended to say.

³² ——— lay by.

Bel. No more for Italy, for the Low-Countries.] The reading which the present edition exhibits is Mr. Theobald's, and a happy one it is, as it both completes the sense, and keeps up the solemn custom of not only the play-wrights of our Authors, but these of our present time, viz. of making each drama conclude in a jingle. *Sympton.*

A strong reason for supposing the *I* was lost at the press, is, that the first edition has a sonnet at the end of this play,

‘————— for the Low Countries;’



A WIFE FOR A MONTH:

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; and the Prologue speaks of the Author in the singular number. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. We do not know that it ever received any alterations; nor has it been performed in the course of many years past. And indeed, notwithstanding the noble flights of poetry with which this Tragi-Comedy abounds, the subject is of such a nature as must necessarily preclude its representation on the modern theatre.

PROLOGUE.

You'RE welcome, gentlemen; and 'would our feast

Were so well season'd, to please ev'ry guest!
 Ingenious appetites, I hope we shall,
 And their examples may prevail in all.
 Our noble friend, who writ this, hid me say,
 He'd rather dress, upon a triumph-day, [two,
 My lord-mayor's feast, and make him sauces
 Sauce for each sev'ral mouth, nay further go,
 He'd rather build up those invincible pies
 And castle-castards that affright all eyes,

Nay eat 'em all and their artillery,
 Than dress for such a curious company
 One single dish: Yet he has pleas'd ye too,
 And you've confess'd he knew well what to
 do:
 Be hungry as you were want to be, and bring
 Sharp stomachs to the stories he shall sing,
 And he dare yet, he says, prepare a table
 Shall make you say, Well drest, and he well
 able:

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALPHONSO, *King of Naples.*
 FREDERICK, *Brother to Alphonso, and Uurper of his Kingdom.*
 SORANO, *a Lord, Brother to Evanthé, Frederick's Instrument.*
 VALERIO, *a noble young Lord, Servant; afterwards married to Evanthé.*
 CAMILLO, }
 CLEANTHES, } *Three honest Court Lords.*
 MENALLO, }
 RUGIO, *an honest Lord, Friend to Alphonso.*
 MARCO, *a Friar, Alphonso's Friend.*
 PODRANO, *a necessary Creature to Sorano.*

TONY, *Frederick's knavish Fool.*
 CASTRUCCIO, *Captain of the Citadel, an honest Man.*
 CUPID and GRACES, *with other Masquers.*
 Lawyer.—Physician.—Captain.—Cutpurse.
Citizens and Attendants.
 QUEEN, *Wife to Frederick, a virtuous Lady.*
 EVANTHÉ, *Sister to Sorano, the chaste Wife of Valerio; or A Wife for a Month.*
 CASSANDRA, *an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to Evanthé.*
Ladies, and City Wives.

SCENE, *Naples.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and attendants.

Sorano. WILL your Grace speak?
 Fred. Let me alone, Sorano:

Altho' my thoughts seem sad, they're well come to me. [wishes,
 Sor. You know I'm private as your secret
 Ready to fling my soul upon your service,
 Ere your command be na't:
 Fred. Bid those depart.

[*Ready to fling my soul, &c.*] Sorano's readiness to assist his master's amours is equal to, and as infamous as, that of Pandarus, in Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida.* R.

Sor. You must retire, my lords.

Cam. What new design

Is hammering in his head now?

Cle. Let's pray heartily [old,
None of our heads meet with't: My wife's
That's all my comfort.

Men. Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,
And I think honest too; 'twould make me
start else. [fever,

Cam. Mine's troubled in the country with a
And some few infirmities else. He looks
again; [business,

Come, let's retire: Certain 'tis some shod-
This new lord's employ'd. [Exeunt lords.

Val. I'll not be far off,
Because I doubt the cause. [Retires.

Fred. Are they all gone?

Sor. All but your faithful servant.

Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.

Sor. Pray you speak it:

Is it my head? I have it ready for you, sir:
Is't any action in my power? my wit?

I care not of what nature, nor what follows.

Fred. I am in love.

Sor. That's the least thing of a thousand,
The easiest to achieve.

Fred. But with whom, Sorano?

Sor. With whom you please, you must not
be denied, sir.

Fred. Say, it be with one of thy kinawomen?

Sor. Say, with all;

I shall more love your Grace, I shall more
honour you; [sure!

And 'would I had enough to serve your plea-

Fred. Why, 'tis thy sister then, the fair
Evanthe;

I'll be plain with thee.

Sor. I'll be as plain with you, sir;
She brought not her perfections to the world,

To lock them in a case, or hang 'em by her;
The use is all she breeds 'em for; she's yours,

Fred. Dost thou mean seriously? [sir.

Sor. I mean my sister; [yours.

And if I had a dozen more, they were all
Some wants I have, they have been handsome
women; [cousins,

My mother's dead indeed; and some few
That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.

Fred. No; 'tis Evanthe.

Sor. I've sent my man unto her,
Upon some business to come presently,

Hither she shall come; your Grace dare speak
unto her? [sir,

Large golden promises, and sweet language;
You know what they work; she's a complete

Besides, I'll set in, [courtier:

Fred. She waits upon my queen;

What jealousy and anger may arise,

Incensing her—

Sor. You have a good sweet lady,
A woman of so even and still a temper,

She knows not anger: Say, she were a fury,
I'd thought you had been absolute, the great

king, [pleasures,

The fountain of all honours, place, and
Your will and your commands unbounded

also:

Go, get a pair of beads and learn to pray, sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, your servant stays.

Sor. Bid him come hither,
And bring the lady with him. [Exit Serv.

Fred. I will wooe her;

And either lose myself, or win her favour.

Sor. She's coming in.

Fred. Thy eyes shoot thro' the door;
They are so piercing, that the beams they dart
Give new light to the room!

Enter Podrarno and Evanthe.

Evan. Whither dost thou go?

This is the king's side, and his private lodgings;
What business have I here?

Pod. My lord sent for you. [mistaken!

Evan. His lodgings are below; you are
We left them at the stair-foot.

Pod. Good sweet madam!

Evan. I am no counsellor, nor important
sutor, [climbers,

Nor have no private business thro' these
To seek him this way. O' my life, thou'rt

drunk, [hither

Or worse than drunk, hir'd to convey me
To some base end! Now I look on thee better,

Thou hast a hawdy face, and I abhor thee,
A beastly hawdy face! I'll go no further.

Sor. Nay, shrink not back; indeed you
shall, good sister.

Why do you blush? the good king will not
He honours you, and loves you. [hurt you;

Evan. Is this the business? [at,

Sor. Yes, and the best you ever will arrive
If you be wise.

* ——— Certain 'tis some she-business,

This new lord's employ'd.] Mr. Symson, without authority, or notice, reads,

'This new lord's employ'd in;'

which proves he did not understand the Poet. Canillo, a good man, is intended to say,
'Certainly 'tis some illicit amour, as this [bad] lord is employed.' J. N.

2 ——— presently

Hither, she shall come.] Hither, i. e. into your apartments. But Sorano could not say
that he had sent for her to come thither. The comma therefore should be, as I have put it,
after presently. Symson.

Either reading comes to the same thing.

4 The fountain of all honours, plays and pleasures.] The variation in the text was proposed
by Mr. Symson.

Evan. My father was no bawd, sir,
Nor of that worshipful stock, as I remember.

Sor. You are a fool!

Evan. You're that I shame to tell you!

Fred. Gentle Evanthe!

Evan. The gracious Queen, sir,

Is well and merry, Heav'n be thanked for it;
And, as I think, she waits you in the garden.

Fred. Let her wait there; I talk not of
I talk of thee, sweet flower. [her garden;

Evan. Your grace is pleasur'd,
To mistake a nettle for a rose.

Fred. No rose,

Nor lily, nor no glorious hyacinth,
Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness,
Softness, and satisfying blessedness,
As my Evanthe.

Evan. Your grace speaks very feelingly:
I would not be a handsome wench in your
For a new gown. [why, sir,

Fred. Thou art all handsomeness;
Nature will be ashamed to frame another
Now thou art made; th' hast robb'd her of
her cunning;

Each several part about thee is a beauty.

Sor. D'you hear this, sister?

Evan. Yes, unworthy brother!
But all this will not do.

Fred. But love, Evanthe,
Thou shalt have more than words, wealth,
My tender wench. [ease, and honours,

Evan. Be tender of my credit, [you.
And I shall love you, sir, and I shall honour

Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my Evanthe,
To give thee the content of love.

Evan. Hold, hold, sir, [way,
You are too fleet: I have some business thus
Your Grace can ne'er content.

Sor. You stubborn toy!

Evan. Good my lord Bawd, I thank you!

Fred. Thou shalt not go. Believe me,
sweet Evanthe,

So high I will advance thee for this favour,
So rich and potent I will raise thy fortune,
And thy friends mighty—

Evan. Good your Grace, be patient;
I shall make the worst honourable wench
that ever was,

Shame your discretion, and your choice.

Fred. Thou shalt not. [glorious,

Evan. Shall I be rich, do you say, and
And shine above the rest, and scorn all beauty
And mighty in command? [tics,

Fred. Thou shalt be any thing.

Evan. Let me be honest too, and then I'll
thank you.

Have you not such a title to bestow too? ⁶
If I prove otherwise, I'd know but this, sir;
Can all the power you have, or all the riches,

But tie men's tongues up from discoursing
of me,

Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that shall come, from wood'ring at my
impudence, [curses?

And they that read my wanton life, from
Can you do this? have you this magick in you?
This is not in your power, tho' you be a
prince, sir,

No more than evil is in holy angels,
Nor I, I hope. Get wantonness confirm'd
By act of parliament an honesty,
And so receiv'd by all, I'll hearken to you.
Heav'n guide your Grace!

Fred. Evanthe, stay a little!

I'll no more wantonness; I'll marry thee.

Evan. What shall the Queen do?

Fred. I'll be divorc'd from her.

Evan. Can you tell why? What has she
done against you? [son?

Has she contriv'd a treason 'gainst your per-
Abus'd your bed? Does disobedience urge

Fred. That's all true; 'tis my will. [you?

Evan. 'Tis a most wicked one,
A most absurd one, and will shew a monster!
I'd rather be a whore, and with less sin,
To your present lust, than queen to your in-
justice.

Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no taste of fair affection in it.

Some hellish flame abuses your fair body,
And hellish furies blow it. Look behind you:

Divorce you from a woman of her beauty,
Of her integrity, her piety,

Her love to you, to all that honours you,
Her chaste and virtuous love? are these fit
causes? [you?

What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd
You may find time out to eternity,

Deceit and violence in heav'nly justice,
Life in the grave, and death among the bless'd,

Ere stain or brack in her sweet reputation.
Sor. You're fool'd enough; be wise now,
and a woman!

You've shew'd a modesty sufficient,
If not too much, for court.

Evan. You've shew'd an impudence
A more experienc'd bawd would blush and

You'll make my kindred mighty? [shake at!

Fred. 'Prithee hear me!

Evan. I do, sir, and I count it a great offer.

Fred. Any of thine. [honour on them,

Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap her,
But how 'twill sit, and how men will adore it,

Is still the question. I'll tell you what they'll
say, sir, [too;

What the report will be, and 'twill be true,
(And it must needs be comfort to your
master!)

⁵ And it must needs be comfort to your master. Who was Frederick's master? Preferment had been promised to her kindred, by whom her brother Sorano is chiefly intended, who was pandar and minister of Frederick's lusts. I read therefore,

⁶ And it must needs be comfort to your minister. Seward.

Undoubtedly, Evanthe turns to Sorano, and addresses this line to him. J. N.

'These are the issues of her impudence.'
I'll tell your Grace, so dear I hold the queen,
So dear that honour that she nurs'd me up in,
I'd first take to me, for my lust, a Moor,
One of your galley-slaves, that cold and
hunger,
Decrepit misery, had made a mock-man,
Than be your queen!

Fred. You're bravely resolute.

Evan. I'd rather be a leper, and be shunn'd,
And die by pieces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high whore to eternity!

Fred. You have another gamester, I perceive by ye;

You darst not slight me else.

Sor. I'll find him out; [him;

Tho' he lie next thy heart hid, I'll discover
And, ye proud peat, I'll make you curse your
insolence! [Heav'n,

Fal. Tongue of an angel, and the truth of
How am I blest! [Exit.

Sor. Podrains, go in haste [well]
To my sister's gentlewoman; (you know her
And bid her send her mistress presently
The lesser cabinet she keeps her letters in,
And such-like toys, and bring it to me instantly. Away!

Pod. I'm gone. [Exit.

Enter the Queen, with two ladies.

Sor. The Queen!

Fred. Let's quit the place; she may grow
jealous. [Exit *Fred.* and *Sorano*.

Queen. So suddenly departed! what's the
reason?

Does my approach displease his Grace? are
my eyes

So hateful to him? or my conversation
Infected, that he flies me? Fair Evanthie!
Are you there? then I see his shame.

Evan. 'Tis true, madam,
'T has pleased his goodness to be pleasant
with me.

Queen. 'Tis strange to find thy modesty in
this place! [him?

Does the king offer fair? does thy face take
Ne'er blush, Evanthie, 'tis a very sweet one.
Does he rain gold, and precious promises,
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, wench?

Evan. Never mock, madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At least reveng'd. I can be mighty, lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great as you
Queen. He'll marry thee? [sure.

Evan. Who would not be a queen, madam?

Queen. 'Tis true, Evanthie, 'tis a brave ambition,
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind.

What shall become of me?

Evan. You must learn to pray;
Your age and honour will become a nunnery.

Queen. Wilt thou remember me?

[Weeps.

Evan. She weeps!—Sweet lady,
Upon my knees I ask your sacred pardon,
For my rude boldness; and know, my sweet
mistress,

If e'er there were ambition in Evanthie,
It was and is to do you faithful duties.
'Tis true I have been tempted by the king,
And with no few and potent charms, to wrong
ye,

To violate the chaste joys of your bed;
And, those not taking hold, to usurp your
state;

But she that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your virtuous precepts,
Still growing strong by example of your goodness,

Having no errant motion from obedience,
Flies from these vanities, as mere illusions,
And, arm'd with honesty, defies all promises!
In token of this truth, I lay my life down
Under your sacred foot, to do you service.

Queen. Rise, my true friend, thou virtuous
bud of beauty! [rush!

Thou virgins' honour, sweetly blow and flourish
And that rude nipping wind that seeks to
blast thee,

Or taint thy root, be curs'd to all posterity!
To my protection from this hour I take ye;
Yes, and the king shall know—

Evan. Give his best way, madam,
And 'twill go out again; he may forget all.
[Exit.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthus, and Menallo.

Cam. What have we to do with the times?
we can't cure 'em. [surfeits,
Let 'em go on: When they are swollen with
They'll burst and stink; then all the world
shall smell 'em.

Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an
honest man.

Men. Yes, and a wise man too; it is a
virtuous calling.

Cam. To his own wife especially, or to his
sister,
The nearer to his own blood, still the honestest;
There want such honest men; 'would we had
more of 'em!

Men. To be a villain is no such rude matter.

Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect;
Art makes all excellent. What is it, gentlemen,
In a good cause to kill a dozen coxcombs,
That blunt rude fellows call good patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.

Men. 'Tis e'en as much,
As easy too, as honest, and as clear,
To ravish matrons, and deflower coy wenches;
But here they are so willing, 'tis a compliment.

Cle. To pull down churches with pretension
[mour;
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour
And all this time believe no God.

Cam. I think so;

'Tis faith enough if they name him in their
angers,

Or on their rotten tombs? engrave an angel.
Well, brave Alphonso, how happy had we
If thou hadst reign'd! [*beu,*

Men. 'Would I had his disease,
Tied, like a leprosy, to my posterity,
So he were right again!

Cle. What is his malady?

Cam. Nothing but sad and silent melancholy,

Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man
knows why neither.

The good Brandino, father to the princes³,
Used all the art and industry that might be,
To free Alphonso from this dull calamity,
And sent him in his role; he was his eldest,
And noblest too, had not fair Nature stopt in
him,

For which cause this was chosen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.

Cle. Does he use his brother
With that respect and honour that befits him?

Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more ease and comfort to his sickness;
But he has honest servants, the grave Rugio,
And friar Marco, that wait upon his person,
And in a monastery he lives.

Men. 'Tis full of sadness,
To see him when he comes to his father's tomb,
(As once a day that is his pilgrimage,
Whilst in devotion the choir sings an anthem)
How piously he kneels, and, like a virgin
That some cross fate had cozen'd of her love,
Weeps 'till the stubborn warble sweats with
pity,

And to his groans the whole choir bears a
chorus!

*Enter Frederick, Sorano with the cabinet, and
Podrasso.*

Cam. So do I too. The king, with his coun-
trivers!

This is no place for us. [*Exeunt lords.*

Fred. This is a jewel!

Lay it aside. What paper's that?

Pod. A letter;

But 'tis a woman's, sir, I know by the hand,
And the false orthography; they write old
Saxon.

Fred. May-be her ghostly mother's that
instructs her.

Sor. No, 'tis a cousin's, and came up with
a great cake.

Fred. What's that?

Sor. A pair of gloves the duchess gave her;
For so the outside says.

Fred. That other paper?

Sor. A charm for the tooth-ach; here's no-
thing but saints and crosses.

Fred. Look in that box; methinks, that
should hold secrets.

Pod. 'Tis paint, and curls of hair; she
'gins to exercise.

A glass of water too; I would fain taste it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill s-lence me;
Never a conduit-pipe to convey this water?

Sor. These are all rings, deaths'-heads, and
such memento's,

Her grandmother and worn-eaten nunts left
to her,

To tell her what her heauty must arrive at.

Fred. That, that?

Pod. They're written songs, sir, to provoke
young ladies.

Lord, here's a prayer-book! how these agree!
Here's a strange union!

Sor. Ever by a surfeit

You have a jolep set, to cool the patient.

Fred. Those, those?

Sor. They're verses: 'To the blest Evanthe.'

Fred. Those may discover.

Send them out, Sorano.

TO THE BLEST EVANTHE.

Let those complain that feel Love's cruelty,

And in sad legends write their woes;

With roses gently h'has corrected me,

My war is without rage or blows;

My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflam'd with her new
fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,

With folded arms, and sighs all day,

Reck'ning the torments of my hell,

And flung my sweet joys away;

I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,

Or being blest with her sweet tongue,

If these no other joys imply?

A golden eye⁴, a pleasing wrong;

To be your own but one poor Month, I'd
give [live!

My youth, my fortune, and then leave to

Fred. This is my rival; that I knew the
hand now!

Sor. I know it, I have seen it; 'tis Valerio's,
That hopeful gentleman's that was brought up
With you, and, by your charge, noorish'd
and fed

At the same table, with the same allowance.

Fred. And all this courtesy to ruin me?

Cross my desires? It had better have fed
humbler,

And stood at greater distance from my fury!
Go for him quickly, find him instantly,

Whilst my impatient heart swells high with
choler!

Better have lov'd Despair, and safer kiss'd
her! [*Exeunt Sorano and Podrasso.*

¹ Or on their rotten tombs engrave an angel.] Mr. Sympson wishes to read 'o'er their rotten bones;' but we see no need of change.

² —father to the princes.] Altered in 1730.

³ Gyré.] See note 38 on Beggars' Bush.

Enter Evanthe and Cassandra.

Evan. Thou old weak fool! dost thou know to what end,
To what betraying end, he got this casket?
Durst thou deliver him, without my ring,
Or a command from mine own mouth, that cabinet

That holds my heart? You unconsid'rate ass,
You brainless idiot!

Cas. I saw you go with him,
At the first word commit your person to him,
And make no scruple; he's your brother's
gentleman,

And, for any thing I know, an honest man;
And might not I upon the same security
Deliver him a box?

Evan. A bottle-head!

Fred. You shall have cause to chafe, as I
will handle it. [pirates,

Evan. I'd rather th' hadst deliver'd me to
Betray'd me to incurable diseases,
Hung up my picture in a market-place¹⁰,
And sold me to vile hawks¹¹!

Cas. As I take it, madam,
Your maidenhead lies not in that cabinet;
You have a closer, and you keep the key too:
Why are you vex'd thus?

Evan. I could curse thee wickedly,
And wish thee more deform'd than age can
make thee!

Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it¹²,
Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease
it! [palsy

Those hands that gave the casket, may the
For ever make unuseful, ev'n to feed thee!

Long winters, that thy bones may turn to
icicles

No hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee!
Is thy care like thy body, all one crookedness?

How scurvily thou criest now! like a drunk-
ard!

I'll have as pure tears from a dirty spout.
Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear
it,

Swear and be damo'd, thou half witch!

Cas. These are fine words!

Well, madam, madam!

Evan. 'Tis not well, thou mummy!

'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty—

Fred. Has your young sanctity done railing,
madam,

Against your innocent 'squire? Do you see
this sonnet,

This loving script? d'you know from whence
it came too?

Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure and
honest. [lady,

Fred. You've private visitants, my noble
That in sweet numbers court your goodly
virtues,

And to the height of adoration.

Evan. Well, sir,

There's neither heresy nor treason in it.

Fred. A prince may beg at the door, whilst
these feast with ye;

A favour or a grace¹³, from such as I am,

Enter Valerio and Podramo.

Coarse common things—You're welcome!

Pray come near, sir:

D'you know this paper?

Val. I'm betray'd!—I do, sir;

'Tis mine, my hand and heart. If I die for
her, [me.

I am thy martyr, Love, and time shall honour
Cas. You saucy sir, that came in my lady's
name

For her gilt cabinet, you cheating sir too,

You scurvy usher, with us scurvy legs,

And a worse face, thou poor base hanging-
bolder, [mouth?

How durst thou come to me with a lie in thy
An impudent he—

Pod. Holla, good Gill! you hobble.

Cas. A stinking lie, more stinking than the
teller? [rascals

To play the pilfering knave? There have been
Brought up to fetch and carry, like your
warship, [are daily;

That have been hang'd for less; whipt there
And if the law will do me right—

¹⁰ *Hung up my picture, &c.*] This seems to allude to a custom which formerly was frequent at Naples, of hanging up the pictures of the most celebrated courtizans in the public parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. See Mrs. Belm's play of *The Rover*, or *Vanished Cavaliers*, where the scene is laid in the same place. R.

¹¹ *And sold me to wild hawks.*] This may possibly be right; but had any of the copies run thus, 'to wild hawks,' I should have made no scruple to prefer it as better. *Symphon.*
There can be no doubt of the Author's writing *valde*, which word, modernized, is *vile*.

¹² *Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it.*] That a person may be *perpetually hungry* whether he has *teeth* or no is very evident; may we not then wish that, instead of *teeth*, the Poets had wrote,

'——No meat to satisfy it.' *Symphon.*

¹³ *A favour or a grace from such as I am, Coarse common things.*] The sense here is easy enough, but the expression labours. I would read,

'A favour or a grace, for such as I am

'Coarse common things—You're welcome,' &c.

i. e. such coarse common things as I am are not worthy of a grace, &c. *Symphon.*

We see no difficulty here, either of *sense* or *expression*.

Pod. What then, old maggot?

Car. Thy mother was carted younger.—

I'll have thy hide, [whip *]
Thy mangy hide, embroider'd with a dog-
As it is now with potent pox, and thicker.

Fred. Pence, good antiquity! I'll have your
bones else

Ground into gunpowder to shoot at cats with.
One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an
almond: [ness

There's no such cure for the she-falling sick-
As the powder of a dried bawd's skin. Be
silent!— [sir;

You're very prodigal of your service here,
Of your life more, it seems.

Val. I repeat neither;
Because, your Grace shall understand, it
comes [tion;

From the best part of love, my pure affec-
And, kindled with chaste flame, I will not fly
If it be error to desire to marry, [from't.
And marry her that sanctity would dote oo,
I've done amiss; if it be a treason

To graft my soul to virtue, and to grow there,
To love the tree that bears such happiness,
(Conceive me, sir; this fruit was ne'er for-
bidden)

Nay, to desire to taste too, I am traitor.
Had you but plants enough of this hest tree,
sir,

Set round about your court, to beautify it,
Deaths twice so many, to dismay the ap-
proachers, [lovers.

The ground would scarce yield graves to noble
Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd. You wish and
pray to Fortune, [prayers)

Here in your sonnet, (and she has heard your
So much you date upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Tho' at the expiring of that time you die for't.

Val. I could wish many, many ages, sir;
To grow as old as Time in her embraces,
If Heav'n would grant it, and you smile upon
it: [perish,

But if my choice were two hours, and then
I would not pull my heart back.

Fred. You've your wish:

Tomorrow I will see you nobly married;
Your Month take out in all content and plea-
sure;

The first day of the following Month you die
for't.

Kneel not! not all your prayers can divert
me.— [lady!

Now mark your sentence; mark it, scornful
If, when Valerio's dead, within twelve hours,
(For that's your latest time) you find not out
Another husband, on the same condition
To marry you again, you die yourself too!

Evon. Now you are merciful! I thank
your Grace!

Fred. If, when you're married, you but
seek to 'scape

Out of the kingdom, you, or she, or both,
Or to infect men's minds with hot commo-
tions,

You die both instantly!—Will you love me
now, lady? [you!

My tale will now be heard; but now I scorn
[*Exeunt omnes præter Valerio and Evanthé.*

Evon. Is our fair love, our honest, our en-
Came to this hazard? [tire,

Val. 'Tis a noble one,
And I am much in love with Malice for it;
Envy could not have studied me a way,
Nur Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if she had her eyes.
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet Evanthé,
And blest my youth with her most dear em-
braces,

I've done my journey here, my day is out:
All that the world has else is foolery,
Labour, and loss of time. What should I live
for? [happy.

Think but man's life a Month, and we are
I would not have my joys grow old for any
thing:

A Paradise, as thou art, my Evanthé,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander
from. [me!

Come, do not weep, sweet; you dishonour
Your tears and griefs but question my ability,
Whether I dare die. Do you love entirely?

Evon. You know I do.

Val. Then grudge not my felicity.

Evon. I'll to the Queen.

Val. Do any thing that's honest;
But, if you sue to him, in death I hate you!
[*Exeunt.*

* ——— embroider'd with a dog-whip,

And it is now, &c.] Mr. Symphon, without giving any reason, singly furnishes this reading.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Camillo, Cleantes, and Menallo.

Cam. WAS there ever heard of such a
marriage?

Men. Marriage and hanging go by destiny;

'Tis the old proverb; now they come together.

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2 F

Cle. But a Month married, then to lose his
life for't? [diers.
I'd have a long Month sure, that pays the sol-

Enter Tony, with an urinal.

Cam. Or get all the almanacks burnt, (that
were a rare trick)

And have no Month remember'd. How now,
Whose water are you casting? [Tony?]

Tony. A sick gentleman's,
Is very sick, much troubled with the stone;
He should not live above a Month, by's urine:
About St. David's Day 't will go hurd with
him; [too]

He'll then be troubled with a pain in his neck
Men. A pestilent fool! When wilt thou
marry, Tony?

Tony. When I mean to be hang'd; and 'tis
the surer contract. [Vulorio's?]

Cle. What think you of this marriage of
Tony. They have given him a hot custard,
And mean to burn his mouth with't. Had I
known

He had been given to die honourably, [one,
I would have help'd him to a wench, a rare
Should have kill'd him in three weeks, and
sav'd the sentence.

Cam. There be them would have spar'd ten
days of that too. [virtues:]

Tony. It may be so; you're women of all
There be some guns that I could bring him to,
Some mortar-pieces that are plac'd i' th'
suburbs,

Would tear him into quarters in two hours;
There be also of the race of the old cock-
atrices, [on him]

That would dispatch him with once looking
Men. What Month wouldst thou chuse,

If thou hadst the like fortune? [Tony,
Tony. I would chuse

A mull'd sack Month, to comfort my belly;
for sure [end,

My hack would ake for it; and, at the Month's
I'd be most dismally drunk, and scorn the
gallows.

Men. I would chuse March, for I would
come in like a lion.

Tony. But you'd go out like a lamb, when
you went to hanging.

Cam. I would take April, take the sweet
o' th' year,

And kiss my wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every green, and, as the birds
sing,

Embrace, and melt away my soul in pleasure.

Tony. You'd go a-maying gaily to the gal-

Cle. 'Prithee tell us some news. [lows.

Tony. I'll tell ye all I know:

You may be honest, and poor fools, as I am,
And blow your fingers' ends.

Cam. That's no news, fool.

Tony. You may be knaves then when you
please, stark knaves,
And build fair houses; but your heirs shall
have none of 'em.

Men. These are undoubted.

Tony. Truth's not worth the hearing!

I'll tell you news then: There was a drunken
sailor, [a-milking,
That got a mermaid with-child as she went

And now she sues him in the bawdy-court
for't; [street.

The infant monster is brought up in Fish-
Cam. Ay, this is something! [taken,

Tony. I'll tell you more; there was a fish
A monstrous fish, with a sword by's side, a
long sword, [gun,

A pike in's neck, and a gun in's nose, a huge
And letters of mart in's mouth, from the
duke of Florence.

Cle. This is a monstrous lie!

Tony. I do confess it!

Do you think I'd tell you truths, that dare
not hear 'em?

You're honest things, we courtiers scorn to
converse with. [Exit.

Cam. A playuy fool! But let's consider,
gentlemen, [sentence;

Why the Queen strives not to oppose this
The kingdow's honour suffers in this cruelty.

Men. No doubt the Queen, tho' she be
virtuous,

Winks at the marriage; for by that only means
The king's flame lessens to the youthful lady,

If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt
not,

She hopes to rock asleep his anger also.
Shall we go see the preparation? [wonder.

'Tis time, for strangers come to view the
Cam. Come, let's away. Send my friends

happier weddings! [Exeunt.

Enter Queen and Evanthe.

Queen. You shall be inerry; come, I'll
have it so:

Can there be any nature so unnohle,
Or anger so inhuman, to pursue this?

Evan. I fear there is.

Queen. Your fears are poor and foolish.
Tho' he be hasty, and his anger death,

His will like torrents not to be resisted,
Yet law and justice go along to guide him;

And what law, or what justice, can he find
To justify his will? what act or statute,

By human or divine establishment,
Left to direct us, that makes marriage death?

Honest fair wedlock? 'Twas given for en-
crease,

For preservation of mankind, I take it;
He must be more than man then that dare

break it.

Come, dress you handsomely; you shall have
my jewels, [tune;

And put a face on that condemns base for-
'Twill make him more insult to see you fear-

Outlook his anger. [ful:

Evan. Oh, my Vulorio!

Be witness, my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve
for! [him

Queen. But shew it not. I would so crucify
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,

A brave strong pious scorn, that I would
shake him!

²³ This Play was acted about the latter end of January. Thobald.

Put all the wanton Cupids in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee;
Make up thy beauty to that height of excel-
lence,

(I'll help thee, and forgive thee) as if Venus
Were now again to catch the God of War,
In his most rugged anger. When thou hast
him

(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee) [cy,
And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mer-
Then shew thy virtue, then again despise him,
And all his power; then, with a look of ho-
nour

Mingled with noble chastity, strike him dead!

Evam. Good madam, dress me;

You arm me bravely.

Queen. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him first; he must suffer for it;
And that thy sentence is so welcome to thee,
And to thy noble lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp such a deep impression of thy beauty
Into his soul, and of thy worthiness,
That when Valerio and Evamthe sleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with
blessings,

He may run mad, and curse his act. Be lusty;
I'll teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'st it.

Evam. I thank your Grace I you have pre-
par'd me strongly;

And my weak mind—

Queen. Death is unwelcome never,
Unless it be to tortur'd minds and sick souls,
That make their own hells; it is such a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, shows
so sweet too! [us,

Tho' they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain
For every living thing would love it else,
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd
'em; [ble

The rest we have from labour and from trou-
Is some incitement; every thing alike,
The poor slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his master¹⁶, in that tomb
The earth as light upon him, and the flowers
That grow about him smell as sweet, and
flourish;

But when we love with honour to our ends,
When memory and virtues are our mourners,
What pleasures there! they're infinite, Evam-
the. [senses,

Only, my virtuous wench, we want our

That benefit we're barr'd, 'twould make us
proud else,

And lazy¹⁷ to look up to happier life,
The blessings of the people would so swell us,

Evam. Good madam, dress me; you have
dress'd my soul:

The merriest bride I'll be, for all this misery,
The proudest to some eyes too.

Queen. 'Twill do better;

Come, shrink no more.

Evam. I am too confident.

[Exit.

Enter Frederick and Sirano.

Sor. You're too remiss and wanton in your
angers; [lect 'em;

You mould things handsomely, and then neg-
A pow'rful prince should be constant to his
power still, [him.

And hold up what he builds; then people fear
When he lets loose his hand, it shows a weak-
ness,

And men examine or condemn his greatness;
A scorn of this high kind should have call'd
A revenge equal, not a pity in you. [up

Fred. She is thy sister.

Sor. An she were my mother, [hate her,
Whilst I conceive 'tis you sh' has wrong'd, I
And shake her nearness off. I study, sir,
To satisfy your angers that are just,
Before your pleasures.

Fred. I've done that already,

I fear, has pall'd too many curses on me!

Sor. Curses, or evils, on Valerio's head
(Would you take my counsel, sir) they should
all light,

And with the weight not only crack his skull,
But his fair credit. The exquisite vexation
I have devis'd, (so please you give way in't,
And let it work) shall more afflict his soul,
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
Than fear of death in all the frights he car-
ries. [you,

If you sit down here, they will both abuse
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and
scorn you. [you,

What satisfaction can their deaths bring to
That are prepar'd, and proud to die, and
willingly,

And at their ends will thank you for that
honour?

How are you nearer the desire you aim at?

¹⁶ The poor slave that lies private has his liberty,

As amply as his master, in that tomb,

The earth as light upon him.—] Private in its common acceptation would be flat

here, but in its original sense (*privatus*, deprived of life and motion,) it gives the proper iden.
But why in that tomb? No particular tomb had been specified; I read 'the tomb,' and add
a verb to the next sentence:

'As amply as his master, in the tomb

'The earth's as light upon him.'

Seward.

Mr. Seward's interpretation of *private* is a false refinement: 'The tomb' may be right;
but the addition of the verb flattens the text.

¹⁷ And lazy.] The sense demands a word of a signification directly opposite to that which
now occupies the text. *Crazy* is nearest to the present reading, in sound and trace of let-
ters; but we do not approve it enough to obtrude it with confidence as genuine, though we
have no doubt that *lazy* is corrupt.

Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their single deaths give you content, sir?

Petty revenges end in blood, slight angers;
A prince's rage should find out new diseases;
Death were a pleasure too, to pay proud fools
Fred. What should I do? [with.

Sor. Add but your power unto me,
Make me but strong by your protection,
And you shall see what joy, and what delight,
What infinite pleasure this poor Month shall yield him. [riage-day,

I'll make him wish he were dead on his marriage-bed-rid with old age; I'll make him curse, And cry and curse, give me but power.

Fred. You have it:

Here, take my ring; I am content he pay for't.
Sor. It shall be now revenge, as I will handle it!

He shall live after this to beg his life too:
Twenty to one, by this thread, as I'll weave
Evanthe shall be yours. [it,

Fred. Take all authority,
And be most happy!

Sor. Good sir, no more pity! [Exeunt.

Enter *Tony*, three *Citizens*, and three *Wives*.

1 *Wife.* Good master *Tony*, put me in.

Tony. Where do you dwell?

1 *Wife.* Forsooth, at the sign of the great shoulder of mutton.

Tony. A hungry man would hunt your house out instantly;

Keep the dogs from your door. Is this lettuce ruff your husband?

A fine sharp sallied to your sign.

2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?

3 *Wife.* And me, good master *Tony*?

Tony. Put ye all in? [t's easy,

You had best come twenty more; you think
A trick of legerdemain, to put ye all in:

'Twould pose a fellow that had twice my body,

Tho' it were all made into chimes and filets.

2 *Wife.* Put's into the wedding, sir; we would fain see that.

1 *Wife.* And the brave masque too.

Tony. You two are pretty women:

Are you their husbands?

2 *Cit.* Yes, for want of better.

Tony. I think so too; you would not be so mad else [courtiers,

To turn 'em loose to a company of young
That swarm like bees in May, when they see young wenches.

You must not squeak.

3 *Wife.* No, sir; we're better tutor'd.

Tony. Nor, if a young lord offer you the courtesy—

2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, sir.

Tony. Nor you must not grumble,

If you be thrust up hard; we thrust most furiously.

1 *Wife.* We know the worst.

Tony. Get you two in then quietly,

And shift for yourselves.—We must have no old women,

They're out of use, unless they have petitions;
Besides, they cough so loud, they drown the music.— [for ye;

You would go in too? but there's no place
I'm sorry for't; go, and forget your wives;

Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently:
You may have heirs may prove wise aldermen.

Go, or I'll call the guard.

3 *Cit.* We will get in;

We'll venture brokeo pates else!

Tony. 'Tis impossible,

[Exeunt *Cit.* and *Wom.*

You're too securely arm'd. How they flock
hither,

And with what joy the women run by heaps
To see this marriage! They tickle to think

of it;

They hope for every Month a husband too.
Still how they run, and how the wittols follow 'em, [legs,

The weak things that are worn between the
That brushing, dressing, nor new saps can mend,

How they post to see their own confusion!
This is a merry world.

Enter *Frederick*.

Fred. Look to the door, sirrah; [fully.

Thou art a fool, and mayst do mischief law-
Tony. Give me your hand! you are my

brother fool; [sently.

You may both make the law, and mar it pre-
D'you love a wench?

Fred. Who does not, Fool?

Tony. Not I, [her.

Unless you'll give me a longer lease to marry
Fred. What are all these that come? what

business have they?

Tony. Some come to gaze, those are my
fellow fools;

Some to get home their wives, those be their
own fools; [fools;

Some to rejoice with thee, those be the time's
And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor

fools,

Enter *Cassandra*, passing over.

A set people call them honest¹⁵. Look, look,
king, look!

A weather-benten lady new careen'd!
Fred. An old one.

¹⁵ A set people call 'em honest.] Mr. Seward proposes correcting this place thus,

'Yet people call 'em honest.'

I had put in my margin

'And ye: people,' &c.

The preference is left to the reader's judgment. Symptom.

A set people may signify 'formal, precise people that call those poor fools honest;' or that
f people call those poor fools an honest set.

Tony. The glasses of her eyes are new
rub'd over,
And the worm-eaten records in her face
Are daub'd up neatly; she lays her breasts
out too, [suck'd out:
Like two pock'd eggs¹⁸ that had the yolks
They get new heads also, new teeth, new
tongues, [hop'd,
(For the old are all worn out) and, as 'tis
New tails.

Fred. For what?

Tony. For old courtiers; [vels.
The young ones are too stirring for their tra-
Fred. Go, leave your knav'ry, and help to
keep the door well;
I'll have no such press.

Tony. Lay thy hand o' thy heart, king!

Fred. I'll have you whipp'd!

Tony. The Fool and thou art parted. [Exit.

Fred. Sorano, work, and free me from this
spell;

Twixt love and scorn, there's nothing felt
but hell! [Exit.

Enter *Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo,*
and servants.

Val. Tie on my scarf; you are so long
about me!

Good my lords, help; give me my other cloak;
That hat and feather. Lord, what a taylor's
this, [burst me;

To make me up thus strait! one sigh would
I have not room to breathe; come, button,
button, apace! [button,

Cam. I'm glad to see you merry, sir.

Val. 'Twould make you merry, had you
such a wife,

And such an age to enjoy her in.

Men. An age, sir? * [tent'd;

Val. A Mooth's an age to him that is con-
What should I seek for more?—Give me my
sword.— [now

Ha, my good lords! that every one of you
Had but a lady of that youth and beauty
To bless yourselves this night with! would ye
'Pray ye speak uprightly— [not?

Cle. We confess you happy,
And we could well wish such another banquet;
But on that price, my lord—

Val. 'Twere nothing, else;

No man can ever come to oim at Heav'n,
But by the knowledge of a hell.—These shoes
are heavy,

And, if I should be call'd to dance, they'll clog
me; [millo,

Get me some pumps.—I'll tell you, brave Ca-
And you, dear friends; the king has honour'd
me, [me,

Out of his gracious favour, has much honour'd
To limit me my time; for who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis such a weariness,
Such a disease, that hangs like lead upon us,
As it encreases, so vexations,
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs; we're but out-
living codlins: [vetous;

Besides, the fair soul's old too²⁰, it grows co-
Which shews all honour is departed from us,
And we are earth again!

Cle. You make fair use, sir.

Val. I would not live to learn to lie, Cle-
outhes, [too.

For all the world; old men are prone to that
Thou that hast been a soldier, Menallo,
A noble soldier, and defied all danger,
Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory;
Wouldst thou live so long till thy strength
forsook thee?

'Till thou grew'st only a long tedious story
Of what thou hadst been? 'till thy sword hung
hy,

And lazy spiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?
Men. No, sure, I would not.

Val. 'Tis not fit you should;
To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our great²¹ good parts put wings unto our
souls²²— [have?

'Pray you tell me, is't a handsome masqu. we
Cam. We understand so.

Val. And the young gentlemen dance?
Cle. They do, sir, and some dance well.

Val. They must, before the ladies.
We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,
A lusty one; 'twill make my blood dance too.
[Musick.

Cam. Ten²³, if you please.

Val. And we'll be wondrous merry.
They stay, sure! Come; I hear the musick;
forward!

You shall have all gloves presently. [Exit.

¹⁸ Like to pock'd eggs.] Mr. Seward concurred with me in altering the text. *Sympton.*

²⁰ Besides, the fair soul's old too, &c.] So Shakespeare has the same thought, in his *Timon*
of Athens, act ii. scene 2.

* And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey dull and heavy.' *R.*

²¹ Our great good parts.] Mr. Seward wishes to read,

'Our yet good parts.'

²² ——— Put wings unto our souls:

We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,

'Pray ye tell me, &c.] The second line is surely an accidental interpolation here; but
comes in with great propriety six lines lower. The former copies exhibit it in both places.

²³ A lusty one, 'twill make my blood dance too.

Cam. Too, if you please.] This contemptible punning upon words was the sin of the times,
not of the Poets.

Men. We attend, sir,
But first we must look to the doors, the king
has charg'd us. [Exit.

Enter two Servants. [Knocking within.

1 *Serv.* What a noise d'you keep there!

Call my fellows n'th' guard!

You must cease now until the king be enter'd;
He's gone to the temple now.

2 *Serv.* Look to that back door, [it.
And keep it fast; they swarm like bees about

Enter Camillo, Cleonthes, Menallo; Tony
following.

Cam. Keep back those citizens; and let
their wives in,

Their handsome wives,

Tony. They've crowded me to verjuice;
I sweat like a butter-lux.

1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.

Men. Take the women aside, and talk with
'em in private;

Give 'em that they came for.

Tony. The whole court cannot do it;
Besides, the next masque, if we use 'em so,
They'll come by millions to expect our largess.
We've broke an hundred heads.

Cle. Are they so tender?

Tony. But 'twas behind; before they have
all murrions.

Cam. Let in those ladies; make 'em room,
for shame there!

Tony. They are no ladies; there's one bald
before 'em,

A gent. bald; they're curtail'd quans in hired
clothes. [sultry.

They come out of Spain, I think; they're very

Men. Keep 'em in breath for an ambassador.
Metinks, my nose shinks at their meowries.

What bouncing's that? [Knocks within.

1 *Cit.* [within.] I'm ope o'th' musick, sir.

2 *Cit.* [within.] I've sweet-meats for the

Cam. Let 'em in. [banquet.

Tony. They lie, my lord! they come to
seek their wives;

Two broken citizens. [yet.

Cam. Break 'em more; they are but brusled
Bold rascals! offer to disturb your wives?

Cle. Lock the doors fast! the musick!
hark! the king comes.

A curtain drawn.

The King, Queen, Valerio, Evonthe, ladies;
attendants, Camillo, Cleonthes, Sorano,
Menallo.

A MASQUE.

Cupid descends, the Graces sitting by him.

Cupid being bound, the Graces unbind
him; he speaks.

Cupid. Unbind me, my delight; this night
is mine!

Now let me look upon what stars here shine,
Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.

I'm satisfied; bind me again, and fast;
My angry bow will make you great a waste

Of beauty else. Now call my masquers in,
Call with a song, and let the sports begin;

Call all my servants, the effects of love,
And to a measure let them nobly move.

[One of the Graces sings.

Come, ye servants of proud Love,

Come away:

Fairly, nobly, gently move!

Too long, too long you make us stay.

Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,

Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here;

Consuming Care, and raging Ire,

And Poverty in poor attire,

March fairly in, and last Despair.

Now full musick strike the air.

Enter the masquers⁴⁶, Fancy, Desire, Delight,
Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousy, Care, Ire,
Poverty, Despair: they dance, after
which Cupid⁴⁷ exits.

Cupid. Away! I've done; the day begins
to light.

Lovers, you know your fate; good night, good
night!

[Cupid and the Graces ascend in the choriol.

King. Come, to the banquet! when that's
ended, sir,

I'll see you i' bed, and so good night. Be
You've a sweet bed-fellow. [merry;

Val. I thank your Grace,

And ever shall be bound unto your nobleness.

King. I pray I may deserve your thanks.

Set forward! [Exit.

⁴⁶ — — — Now call my masquers in,

Call with a song.] Cupid bids some of his attendants call in the maskers with a song;
but it seems it was to little purpose, since, by the present disposition of the scene, he sings
the song himself: To make the god's command of any signification or avail, we ought to in-
sert some speaker before 'Come ye servants,' &c. And who can be more proper than one
of the Graces who descended with him, and waited at his side? *Symson.*

⁴⁷ Enter the masquer, — Care, Ire, Despair.] The stage direction here is faulty, as it does
not set down the several names of the maskers in the foregoing song; for upon comparison
we shall find, that out of eleven there are but ten reckoned up, Poverty being dropt betwixt
Ire and Despair. This observation I am not singular in, Mr. Theobald having before made
the same in his margin. *Symson.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter divers monks, Alphonso going to the tomb, Rugio and friar Marco.

Marco. 'Tis night grows on; lead softly to the tomb,

And sing not 'till I bid ye; let the music
Play gently as he passes.

Rug. Oh, fair picture,
That wert the living hope of all our honours!
How are we banish'd from the joy we dream'd
Will he ne'er speak more? [of]

Mar. 'Tis full three months, lord Rugio,
Since any articulate sound came from his
bet him down gently. [tongue.]

[*Alphonso sits in a chair.*]

Rug. What should the reason be, sir?

Mar. As 'tis in nature with those loving
husbands, [throes,

That sympathise their wives' pains, and their
When they are breeding, (nod 'tis usual too;
We have it by experience) so in him, sir,
In this most noble spirit that now suffers;
For when his honour'd father good Brandino
Fell sick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with
them;

His fits, and his disease he still inherited,
Grew the same thing, and, had not Nature
check'd him, [too.

Strength and ability, h'had died that hour
Rug. Emblem of noble love!

Mar. That very minute [instant
His father's breath forsook him, that same
(A rare example of his piety,
And love paternal) th' organ of his tongue
Was never heard to sound again; so near
death

He seeks to wait upon his worthy father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.

Rug. He points to th' tomb.

Mar. That is the place he honours;
A house I fear he will not be long out of.
He will to th' tomb: Good my lord, lend your
hand.

Now sing the funeral song, and let him kneel,
For then he's pleas'd. [A song.]

Rug. Hear 'u, lend thy pow'ful hand,
And ease this prince!

Mar. He will pass back again. [Exeunt.]

Enter Valerio.

Val. They drink abundantly; I'm hot with
wine too,

Lastly warm. I'll steal now to my happiness;
'Tis midnight, and the silent hour invites me:
But she is up still, and attends the queen.
Thou dew of wine and sleep, hang on their
eye-lids, [drink,

Steep their dull senses in the healths they
That I may quickly find my lov'd Evanthé!
The king is merry too, and drank unto me;

Sign of fair peace. Oh, this night's blessed-
ness!

If I had forty heads, I would give all for't.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our human studies, and our travels,
Of our desires, th' obtaining of our wishes?
Certain, it is; and there none makes his centre.
I have obtain'd Evanthé, I have married her:
Can any fortune keep me from enjoying her?

Enter Sorano.

I have my wish; what's left me to accuse now?
I'm friends with all the world, but thy base
malice:

Go, glory in thy mischiefs, thou proud man,
And cry it to the world, th' hast run'd virtue!
How I condemn thee, and thy petty malice!
And with what scorn I look down on thy pro-
fite! [lerio,

Sor. You'll sing me a new song anon, Va-
And wish these hot words—

Val. I despise thee, fellow!

Thy threats, or th' cries, all I fling behind me.
I have my end, I have thy noble sister,
A name too worthy of thy blood! I've married
And will enjoy her too. [her,

Sor. 'Tis very likely. [tue with her

Val. And that short Month I have to bless
I'll make an age: I'll reckon each embrace
A year of pleasure, and each night a jubilee,
Ev'ry quick kiss a spring; and when I mean
To lose myself in all delightfulness,
Twenty sweet summers I will tie together.

In spite of thee, and thy malignant master,
I will die old in love, tho' young in pleasure!

Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could
pity thee;

Thou art the poorest miserable thing
This day on earth! I'll tell thee why, Valerio:
All thou esteem'st, and build'st upon for
happiness,

For joy, for pleasure, for delight, is past thee,
And, like a wanton dream, already vanish'd!

Val. Is my love false?

Sor. No, she is constant to thee;
Constant to all thy misery she shall be.

And curse thee too.

Val. Is my strong body weaken'd,
Charin'd or abus'd with subtle drink? Speak,
villain! [as lusty

Sor. Neither; I dare speak, thou art still
As when thou lov'dst her first, as strong and
hopeful. [misery,

The Month th' hast given thee is a Month of
And where thou think'st each hour shall yield
a pleasure,

Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it:
Before thou diest, each minute shall prepare it,
And ring so many knells to sad afflictions;
The king has giv'n thee a long Month to die
And miserably die! [in,

Vol. Undo thy riddle;

I am prepar'd, whatever fate shall follow.

Sor. Dost thou see this ring?

Vol. I know it too.

Sor. Then mark me:

[*thce.*

By virtue of this ring, this I pronounce to
It is the king's will—

Vol. Let me know it suddenly! [*body,*

Sor. If thou dost offer to touch Evantlie's
Beyond a kiss, tho' thou art married to her,
And lawfully, as thou think'st, moyst enjoy
Thint minute she shall die!

Vol. Oh, devil!

Sor. If thou discover this command unto

Or to a friend that shall importune thee,
And why thou abstainest, and from whose will,
ye all perish,

Upon the self-same forfeit!—Are you fitted,
Now, if you love her, you may preserve her
life still;

If not, you know the worst. How fall's your
Month out?

Vol. This tyranny could never be invented
But in the school of hell, earth is too innocent!
Not to enjoy her when she is my Wife?
When she is willing too?

Sor. She is most willing,
And will run mad to miss; but if you hit her,
Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it,
(There are such women that will die with
pleasure)

The ax will follow else, that will not fail
To fetch her maidenhead, and dispatch her
quickly;

Thou shalt the world know you're the cause
of murder,

And, as 'tis requisite, your life shall pay for't.

Vol. Thou dost but jest; thou canst not
be so monstrous

As thou proclaim'st thyself; thou art her bro-
And there must be a feeling heart within thee
Of her afflictions: Wert thou a stranger to us,
And bred amongst wild rocks, thy nature
wild too,

Affection in thee, as thy breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the rocks that nourish'd
thee,

Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they
tremble

When the rude sea threatens divorce amongst
'em,

They that are senseless things shake at a tem-
Thou art a man—

Sor. He thou too then; 'twill try thee,
And patience now will best become thy no-
bleness.

Vol. Invent some other torment to afflict
All, if thou please, put all afflictions on me,
Study thy brains out for 'em, so this be none,
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
Nor of what length.

Sor. This is enough to vex you.

Vol. The tale of Tantalus is now prov'd
And from me shall be register'd authentic!
To have my joys within my arms, and lawful,
Mine own delights, yet dare not touch? Even
as

Thou hast me, brother, let no young man
know this,

As thou shalt hope for peace when thou most
need'st it,

Peace in thy soul! Desire the king to kill me,
Make me a traitor, any thing, I'll yield to it,
And give thee cause, so I may die immediately!
Lock me in prison where no sun may see me,
In walls so thick no hope may e'er come at me,
Keep me from meat, and drink, and sleep,

I'll bless thee!
Give me some damned potion to deliver me,
That I may never know myself again, forget
My country, kindred, name and fortune; last,
That my chaste love may ne'er appear before
This were some comfort!

Sor. All I have I've brought you,
And much good may it do you, my dear bro-
See you observe it well; you'll find about you
Many eyes set, that shall o'er-look your ac-
tions:

If you transgress, you know—and so I leave
you.

Vol. Heav'n be not angry⁷, and I've some
leaps yet;

Look on my harmless youth! Angels of pity,
To whom I kneel, be merciful unto me,

⁷ *Vol.* Heav'n be not angry, and I've some hope yet,
And when you please, and how, allay my miseries.

Enter Frederick.

To whom I kneel be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmless youth angels of pity,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows,
The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
Of cruel men ore bent against my innocence,
You that controul the mighty walls of princes
And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weakness,

And when you please, and how, allay my miseries. *Exit.* This fine speech I have re-
covered from the folio of 1647, which why it should have been dropped, all but the first line,
by the two later Editors, I am at a loss to understand. I have given it in the text, expressly
as I found it, though I think it not so correct as to preclude all attempts toward its meliora-
tion and amendment. The second line I would strike out as supernumerary and tautological,
as well as the stage direction, *Enter Frederick: Armes* in the last but one is plainly cor-
rupted; in short, I would propose to read and point the whole thus:

Vol.

And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows!

The power, the pride, the malice, and injustice
Of cruel men are bent against my innocence;
You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weakness,

And when you please, and how, allay my miseries! *[Exit.]*

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fred. Hast thou been with him?

Sor. Yes, and given him that, sir,
Will make him curse his birth; I told you which way.

Did you but see him, sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected nature
He walks now in a mist, with what a silence,
As if he were the shroud he wrapt himself in,
And no more of Valerio but his shadow,
He seeks obscurity to hide his thoughts in,
You'd wonder and admire, for all you know it.
His jollity is down, vnled to the ground, sir,
And his high hopes of full delights and pleasures

Are turn'd tormentors to him, strong diseases.

Fred. But is there hope of her?

Sor. It must fall necessary
She must dislike him, quarrel with his person,
(For women once deluded are next devils)
And, in the height of that opinion, sir,
You shall put on again, and she must meet you.

Fred. I'm glad of this.

Sor. I'll tell you all the circumstance
Within this hour. But sure I heard your Grace,

To-day as I attended, make some stops,
Some broken speechees, and some sighs between;
And then your brother's name I heard di-
And some sad wishes after. *[Exit.]*

Fred. You're i'th' right, sir;
I would he were as sad as I could wish him,
Sad as the earth!

Sor. Would you have it so?

Fred. Thou hast it me.
Tho' he be sick, with small hope of recovery,

That hope still lives, and men's eyes live upon it,

And in their eyes their wishes: My Sorano,
Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes
(As 'tis the fittest place for melancholy) [on,
My court should be another Paradise,
And flow with all delights.

Sor. Go to your pleasures; [ble you,
Let me alone with this: Hope shall not trou-
Nor be, three days.

Fred. I shall be bound unto thee.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, and Monallo.

Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me.

Fred. Be gone. They're going to bed; I'll bid good night to 'em.

Sor. And mark the man! you'll scarce know 'tis Valerio. *[Exit.]*

Cam. Cheer up, my noble lord; the minute's come,

You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness.
We did you wrong; you need no wine to warm you, *[wildfires.]*

Desiro shoots thro' your eyes like sudden

Val. Beshrew me, lords, the wine has made me dull;

I am I know not what.

Fred. Good pleasure to ye! *[appetite,*
Good night and long too! As you find your
You may fall to.

Val. I do beseech your Grace,
[Aside to Frederick.]

For which of all my loves and services
I have I deserv'd this?

Fred. I'm not bound to answer you.

Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust notions.

Fred. Do as you please; you know the penalty,

And, as I have a soul, it shall be executed!
Nay, look not pale; I am not us'd to fear, sir.
If you respect your lady—Good night to you! *[Exit.]*

Val. But for respect to her, and to my duty,
That reverend duty that I owe my sovereign,
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,

Val. 'Heav'n be not angry, and I've some hope yet,

'To whom I kneel; be merciful unto me,

'Look on my harmless youth, angels of pity,

'And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows;

'The power, the pride, the malice and injustice

'Of cruel men are bent against my innocence.

'You that controul the mighty wills of princes,

'And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weakness,

'And when you please, and how, allay my miseries.' *Symson.*

The striking out *Enter Frederick* is certainly right, and it only gained place by the omission of this speech, now restored. The first insertion of the line,

'And when you please, and how, allay my miseries,' is also an error, palpably arising from the same source: We have therefore omitted both. But there seems to be a more material mistake, and that is a transposition of two verses in the beginning of the speech: We have placed the lines as we believe the Author intended them to stand; by which slight change the whole of this fine speech becomes extremely clear.

The good night should be thine, good night for ever!— [know of me

The king is wanton, lords; he would needs How many quick chances I would make to-night.

Men. My lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect gamester. [pleasure;

Val. Faith, no; I'm unacquainted with the Bungle as yet I may.—How my heart trembles, And leaps my breast as it would break his Good night, my noble friends. [way out!

Cle. Nay, we must see you

Toward your bed, my lord.

Val. Good faith, it needs not;

'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.

Cam. No, no;

'Till the bride come, sir—

Val. I beseech you, leave me; You'll make me foolish else, I am so foolish; Besides, I have some few devotions, lords, And he that can pray with such a book in's arms—

Cam. We'll leave you then; and a sweet night wait upon ye! [crown ye!

Men. And a sweet issue of this sweet night

Cle. All nights and days be such 'till you grow old, sir. [Exeunt lords.

Val. I thank ye; 'tis a course sufficient for me,

A labour'd one too, tho' you mean a blessing. What shall I do? I'm like a wretched debauch, That has a sun to tender on the forfeit Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it. Other men see the sun, yet I must wink at it, And tho' I know 'tis perfect day, deny it. My veins are all on fire, and burn like Aton, Youth and desire beat 'laruns to my blood, And add fresh fuel to my warm affection. I must enjoy her; yet, when I consider, When I collect myself, and weigh her danger, The tyrant's will, and his pow'r taught to murder,

My tender care controls my blood within me, And, like a cold fit of a peevish ague, Creeps to my soul, and flings an ice upon me,

Enter Queen, Evanthe, Ladies, and Tony.

That looks all pow'r's of youth up: But prevention—

Oh, what a blessedness 'twere to be old now, To be unable, bed-rid with diseases, Or hint on crutches to meet holy Hymen; What a rare benefit! But I am curst! I spy, That that speaks utler men most freely happy, And makes all eyes hung on their expectations, [lity.

Must prove the bane of me, Youth and Ali- She comes to bed; how shall I entertain her?

Tony. Nay, I come after too; take the Fool with ye,

For lightly he is ever one at weddings.

Queen. Evanthe, make you unready, your lord stays for you, And 'prithce be merry!

Tony. Be very merry, chicken;

Thy lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance too.

Lady. Will he so, Goodman Ass?

Tony. Yes, goodly filly:

As you had such a pipe, that pip'd so sweetly, You'd dance to death; you've learnt your sinque-upare.

Evan. Your Grace desires that, that's too free in me;

I'm merry at the heart.

Tony. Thou wilt be anon; [cordial. The young smug boy will give thee a sweet

Evan. I am so taken up in all my thoughts, So possess'd, madam, with the lawful sweets

I shall this night partake of with my lord, So far transported (pardon my immodesty) —

Val. Alas, poor wench, how shall I recompence thee!

Evan. That thou' they must be short, and snatch'd away too

Ere they grow ripe, yet I shall prefer 'em Before a tedious pleasure with repentance.

Val. Oh, how my heart akes!

Evan. Take off my jewels, ladies, [t'ye; And let my ruff loose: I shall bid good night My lord stays here.

Queen. My wench, I thank thee heartily, For learning how to use thy few hours handsomely; [gown now.

They will be years, I hope. Off with your Lav down the bed there.

Tony. Shall I get into it, [thing! And warm it fur thee? A fool's fire's a fine And I'll so buss thee!

Queen. I'll have you whipp'd, you rascal!

Tony. That will provoke me more. I'll talk with thy husband:

He's a wise man, I hope.

Evan. Good night, dear madam!

Ladies, no further service; I am well.

I do beseech your Grace to give us this leave; My lord and I to one another freely,

And privately, may do all other ceremonies; Woman and page we'll be to one another,

And trouble you no further

Tony. Art thou a wise man?

Val. I cannot tell thee, Tony; ask my neighbours. [night,

Tony. If thou be'st so, go lie with me to— The old fool will be quieter than the young one,

And give thee more sleep) thou wilt look tomorrow else [of,

Worse than the prodigal fool the ballad speaks That was squeez'd thro' a horn.

Val. I shall take thy counsel!*

* *Val.* I shall take thy counsel.] This is *aside* if the words are right; but perhaps they would be better joined, with some little change, to the end of the Fool's speech:

* That was squeez'd through a horn. 'll I'll take my counsel?' *Symposium.*

Valerio speaks ironically. J. N.

Queen. Why then, good night, good night,
my best Eranthe! [vanish]
My worthy maid! and, as that name shall
A worthy wife²⁰, a long and happy.—Follow,
sirrah!

Evan. That shall be my care. Goodness
rest with your Grace! [to you:]

Queen. Be lusty, lord, and take your lady
And that power that shall part you be un-
happy! [ladies!]

Fal. Sweet rest unto you! to ye all, sweet
Tons, good night!

Tony. Shall not the Fool stay with thee?

Queen. Come away, sirrah!

[Exeunt Queen and ladies.]

Tony. How the fool is sought for!

Sweet malt is made of easy fire;
A hasty horse will quickly tire;
A sudden leaper sticks i' th' mire;
Phlebotomy, and the word 'lie higher,'
Take heed of, friend, I thee require.
This from an Almanack I stole,
And learn this lesson from a Fool.

Good night, my bird! [Exit Tony.]

Evan. Good night, wise master Tony.

Will you to bed, my lord? Come, let me help
you.

Fal. To bed, Eranthe? art thou sleepy?

Evan. No;

I shall be worse, if you look sad upon me.

'Pray you let's to bed!

Fal. I am not well, my love.

Evan. I'll make you well; there's no such
physic for you

As your warm mistress' arms.

Fal. Art thou so cunning?

Evan. I speak not by experience: (pray
you mistake not)

But, if you love me—

Fal. I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of desire,
I know not how to answer thee.

Evan. To bed then;

There I shall better credit you. Fy, my lord!

Will you put a maid to't, to teach you what
to do?

²⁰ A worthy wife, a long and happy; follow, sirrah.

Evan. That shall be my care,

[Goodness rest with your Grace.] Instead of *follow, sirrah*, I could wish to connect the
verb with the preceding words. The relative that *ton*, in the second line, can only refer to
a *worthy wife*, for all Eranthe's care and prudence could not possibly make her a *long and*
happy one. With likewise, in the last, seems to have little business there. In a word, I
would propose reading the whole in this manner:

²¹ A worthy wife, a long and happy follow it.

Evan. That shall be my care; these—

²² Goodness rest your Grace.—That shall—

i. e. to be a worthy wife shall be my study and endeavour; but *these*, i. e. long and happy,
must be left to the gods, (or something to that effect.) and so, 'Goodness rest,' &c. i. e. May
the gods give your Grace good rest to-night! *Symon.*

There is no kind of difficulty in the text, and Symon's reading is all uncouthness and
confusion: Eranthe answers immediately to what the Queen addresses to her, taking no
notice of the two words she speaks to the Fool: And why need she? or how do they create
any obscurity to a reader of the least observation or taste?

An innocent maid? Are you so cold a lover?
In truth, you make me blush! 'Tis midnight
ton,

And 'tis no stolen love, but authorised openly,
No sin we coveit. 'Pray let me undress you;
You shall help me. 'Prithee, sweet Valerio,
Be not so sad; the king will be more merciful.
Fal. May not I love thy mind?

Evan. And I yours too;

'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with virtue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our minds together,
And so make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind superstition.
This is no school to argue in, my lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us:
'Pray let's dispartch. If any one should come
And find us at this distance, what would they
think?

Come, kiss me, and to bed!

Fal. That I dare do,

And kiss again.

Evan. Spare not; they are your own, sir.

Fal. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious,
Too sensual in my love, and too notorious!—
Oh, how I burn!—To pluck thee from the
stalk

Where now thou grow'st a sweet bud and a
And bear'st the prime and honour of the
garden,

Is but to violate thy spring, and spoil thee.

Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone,
would anger you.

Fal. Let's sit together thus, and, as we sit,
Feed on the sweets of one another's souls.
The happiness of love is contemplation,
The blessedness of love is pure affection,
Where no alloy of actual dull desire,
Of pleasure that partakes with wantonness,
Of human fire that burns out as it kindles,
And leaves the body but a poor repentance,
Can ever mix: Let's fix on that, Eranthe;
That's everlasting, th' other casual;
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,
Blind as herself, and full of all afflictions:
Shall we love virtuously?

Evan. I ever lov'd so.

Val. And only think our love! The rarest pleasure,
(And that we most desire, let it be human)
If once enjoy'd grows stale, and cloy's our appetites.

I would not lessen in my love for any thing;
Nor find thee but the same in my short journey
For my love's safety.²⁰ [*Lucy,*

Evan. Now I see I am old, sir,
Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and despis'd,
And am not worth your noble fellowship,
Your fellowship in love; you would not else
Thus cunningly seek to betray a maid,
(A maid that honours you thus piously)
Strive to abuse the pious love she brings you.
Farewell, my lord; since you've a better
mistress,

(For it must seem so, or you are no man)
A younger, happier, I shall give her room,
So much I love you still.

Val. Stay, my Evanthe!
Heav'n bear me witness, thou art all I love,
All I desire! And now, have pity on me!—
(I never lied before²¹; forgive me, Justice!
Youth and Affection, stop your ears unto
me!) [*Aside.*

Evan. Why do you weep? If I have spoke
too harshly,
And unbecom'ing (my beloved lord)
My care and duty, pardon me!

Val. Oh, hear me,
Hear me, Evanthe!—(I am all on torture,
And this lie tears my conscience as I vent
it!)— [*Aside.*

I am no man.

Evan. How, sir?

Val. No man for pleasure;
No woman's man.

Evan. Goodness forbid, my lord!
Sure you abuse yourself.

Val. 'Tis true, Evanthe;
I shame to say you'll find it. [*Weeps.*

Evan. He weeps bitterly:
'Tis my hard fortune; bless all young maids
from it!

Is there no help, my lord, in art will comfort ye?

Val. I hope there is.

Evan. How long have you been destitute?

Val. Since I was young.

Evan. 'Tis hard to die for nothing.—

Now you shall know, 'tis not the pleasure, sir,
(For I'm compell'd to love you spiritually)
That women aim at, I affect you for;

'Tis for your worth: And kiss me; be at peace.
Because I ever lov'd you, I still honour you,
And with all duty to my husband follow you.
Will you to bed now? You're ashamed, it
seems: [*Life.*

Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold stone took
You do not know with what zeal I shall ask,
sir, [*You.*

And what rare miracle that may work upon
Sill blush? Prescribe your law.

Val. I prithee pardon me!
To bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with
thee,

Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones.
Do not despise me; make me not more
wretched!

I pray to Heav'n, when I am gone, Evanthe,
(As my poor date is but a span of time now)
To recompense thy noble patience,
Thy love and virtue, with a fruitful husband,
Honest and honourable.

Evan. Come, you have made me weep
now. [*Tity,*

All fond desire die here, and welcome chaste-
honour and chastity! Do what you please,
sir. [*Exeunt.*

²⁰ *Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,*

For my love's safety.] Valerio would not suffer the least abatement of her affection if he might save, — what by it? his love? his *life* to be sure he designed to say, and the true reading is,

'For my *life's* safety.' *Symson.*

Very good sense may be made out of the text: 'He would not lessen in his love for any thing, and therefore wishes to find her still the same, that his love may not lessen.' In his 'short journey' his *life's* safety is quite out of the question.

²¹ — have pity on me,

I never lied before, forgive me, Justice;

Youth and affection stop your ears unto me.] Valerio going to pretend impotency, prays, *aside*, that Heaven may forgive the lie, and (as the text at present runs) Evanthe *not believe*, but stop her ears against it. But is not this a contradiction glaring enough? 'Tis, I think, not only possible but very probable the Authors' manuscript ran,

'Youth and affection *open* your ears unto me;'

i. e. to hear and believe what he was going to discover. *Symson.*

He desires them *not* to hear, and that is surely much best.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter at one door Rugio and friar Marco, at the other door Sorano, with a little glass viol.

Rug. **W**HAT ails this piece of mischief to look sad?

He seems to weep too.

Mar. Something is a-hitching,
And of some bloody nature too, lord Rugio,
This crocodile mourns thus cunningly.

Sor. Hail, holy father!

And good day to the good lord Rugio!

How fares the sad prince, I beseech you, sir?

Rug. 'Tis like you know; you need not ask that question: [cries

You have your eyes and watches on his mis-
As near as ours: I would they were as tender!

Mar. Can you do him good? As the king
and you appointed him,

So he is still; as you desir'd I think too,
For e'ry day he's worse: He'll n-pardon all!

Put off your sorrow; you may laugh now,
lord;

He cannot last long to disturb your master:
You have done worthy service to his brother,
And he most miserable love,

Sor. You do not know, sir, [sweariness
With what remorse I ask, nor with what

I groan and bow under this load of honour;
And how my soul sighs for the beastly serv-
ices [with me!

I've done his pleasures, these be witness
And from your piety believe me, father, ,
I would as willingly uncloath myself

Of title, (that becomes me not, I know;
Good men and great names best agree to-
gether) [pings

Cast off the glorious favours, and the trap-
Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,
His wanton pleasures have flung on my weak-
ness, [Virtue's,

And chuse to serve my country's cause and
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruins,
As I would hope remission of my mischiefs.

Rug. Old and experienc'd men, my lord
Sorano,

Are not so quickly caught with gilt hypocrisy.
You pull your claws in now, and fawn upon
As lions do to entice poor foolish beasts: [us,
And beasts we should be too, if we believ'd

Go, exercise your art— [you:
Sor. For Heav'n's sake, scorn me not,
Nor add more hell to my afflicted soul
Than I feel here! As you are honourable,
As you are charitable, look gently on me!

I will no more to court, be no more devil;
I know I must be hated even of him
That was my love now; and the more he
loves me

For his foul ends, when they shall once appear
to him,

Must before his conscience, and accuse him,
The fouler and the more falls his displeasure:
Princes are fading things, so are their favours.

Mar. He weeps again;
His heart is touch'd sure with remorse.

Sor. See this,
And give me fair attention. Good my lord,
And worthy father, see; within this viol,

The remedy and cure of all my honour,
And of the sad prince, lie.

Rug. What new trick's this? [dantly
Sor. 'Tis true, I have done offices about-
Ill and prodigious to the prince Alphonso;

And, whilst I was a knave, I sought his death
too. [yct.

Rug. You are too late convicted to be good
Sor. But, father, when I felt this part af-
flict me,

This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my misdeeds and mischiefs—

Mar. Well; go on, sir.

Sor. Oh, then, then, then! what was my
glory then, father!

The favour of the king, what did that ease me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?
Worship, and courted? what did this avail

I was a wretch, a poor lost wretch! [me?
Mar. Still better. [found

Sor. 'Till, in the midst of all my grief, I
Repentance; and a learned man to give the
means to it;

A Jew, an honest and a rare physician:
Of him I had this jewel; 'tis a jewel, [it.
And, at the price of all my wealth, I bought

If the king knew it, I must lose my head;
And willingly, most willingly, I'd suffer.
A child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.

Mar. To whom would you apply it?
Sor. To the sick prince;

It will in half a day dissolve his melancholy.
Rug. I do believe, and give him sleep for
ever. [lice,

What impudence is this, and what haste ma-
To make us instruments of thy abuses!

Are we set here to poison him?

Sor. Mistake not;
Yet I must needs say, 'tis no noble cure,
And worthy virtuous servants. If you'll see

A flourishing estate again in Naples,
And great Alphonso reign, that's truly good,
And like himself able to make all excellent,

Give him this drink; and this good health
unto him! [Drinks,

I'm not so desprate yet to kill myself.
Never look on me as a guilty man,
Nor on the water as a speedy poison:

I am not mad, nor laid out all my treasure,
My conscience and my credit, to abuse ye.
How nimbly and how cheerfully it works now
Upon my heart and head! Sure I'm a new man!

There is no sadness that I feel within me,

But, as it meets it, like a lazy vapour
How it flies off! Here, give it him with speed:
You are more guilty than I ever was,
And worthier of the name of evil subjects,
If but an hour you hold this from his health.

Rug. 'Tis some rare virtuous thing sure;²²
he's a good man!

It must be so; come, let's apply it presently,
And may it sweetly work!

Sor. 'Pray let me hear on't;

And carry't close, my lords.

Mar. Yes, good Sorano.

[*Exeunt Rugio and Marco.*

Sor. Do, my good fools, my honest pious
coconuts, [dums?

My wary fools too! Have I caught your wis-
You never dream'd I knew an antidote,
Nor how to take it to secure mine own life;
I am no ass! Go, give him the fine cordal,
And when you've done, go dig his grave, good
friar. [bawling,

Some two hours hence we shall have such a
And roaring up and down for *acqua vite*,

Such rubbing, and such 'pointing, and such
cooling! [lolly;

I've sent him that will make a bonfire in's
If he recover it, there's no heat in hell sure.

[*Exit.*

Enter Frederick and Podraro.

Fred. Podraro!

Pod. Sir.

Fred. Call hither lord Valerio;

And let none trouble us.

Pod. It shall be done, sir. [*Erit.*

Fred. I know he wants no additions to his
tortures,

He has enough for human blood to carry;
(Yet I must vex him further!)

So many, that I wonder his hot youth
And high-bred spirit breaks not into fury;

I must yet torture him a little further,
And make myself sport with his miseries;

My anger is too poor else. Here he comes.

Enter Valerio.

Now, my young-married lord, how do you
feel yourself?

You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,
The joy and pleasure.

Val. Would you had the like, sir!

Fred. You tumb in delights with your
sweet lady,

And draw the minutes out in dear embraces;
You live a right lord's life.

Val. Would you had tried it,

That you might know the virtue but to suffer!
Your anger, tho' it be unjust and insolent,
Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn;
To do a wilful ill, and glory in it,
Is to do't double, double to be damn'd too.

Fred. Hast thou not found a loving and
nice prince?

High in his favours too? that has conferr'd
Such hearts-ense, and such heaps of comfort
All thou couldst ask? [on thee,

Val. You are too grown a tyrant.

Upon so suffering and so still a subject!
You've put upon me such a punishment, [at:

That if your youth were honest it would blush
But you're a shame to Nature, as to Virtue.

Pull not my rage upon you! 'tis so just,
It will give way to no respect. My life,

My innocent life. (I dare maintain it, sir.)
Like a wanton prodigal you've flung away;

Had I a thousand more, I would allow 'em,
And be as careless of 'em as your will is;

But to deny those rights the law hath giv'n
me,

The holy law, and make her life the penance,
Is such a studied and unheard-of malice,

No heart that is not hir'd from hell; dare
think of!

To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
High as my blood, all my desires upon me,

My free affections ready to embrace her,

Enter Cassandra

And she mine own—D'you smile at this? is't
done well?

Is there not heav'n above you, that sees all?
[*Erit.*

Fred. Come hither, Time. How does your
noble mistress?

Cas. As a gentlewoman may do in her case
That's newly married. sir; sickly sometimes

And fond on't, like your majesty.²³

Fred. She's breeding then?

Cas. She wants much of her colour, and
has her qualms

As ladies use to have, sir, and her disgusts,
Fred. And keeps her chamber?

Cas. Yes, sir.

Fred. And eats good broths and jellies?

Cas. I'm sure she sighs, sir, and weeps,
good lady!

Fred. Alas, good lady, for it!

She should have one could comfort her, Cas-
sandra, [forter.

Could turn those tears to joys, a lusty com-
Cas. A comfortable man does well at, all

For he brings comfortable things. [hours,

²² 'Tis some rare virtuous thing.] So Milton in his II Penseoso uses the word:

'And of the virtuous ring and glass,' &c. *Sympton.*

† (Yet I must vex him further). This line seems to be an interpolation; and was perhaps occasioned by the players' omitting the three next lines.

‡ Hir'd from hell! Hir'd is not nonsense, yet its being genuine is doubtful. Perhaps we should read 'hot from hell.'

²³ Sickly sometimes and fond on't, like your majesty.] This place I would read so:

'Sickly sometimes and fond, on't like your majesty.' *Sympton.*

Fred. Come hither;
And hold your fan between, you've eaten
onions.
Her brenth stinks like a fox, her teeth are
contagious;
These old women are all elder-pipes.—Do
you mark me? [*gives a purse.*]
Car. Yes, sir; but does your Grace think
I am fit,
That am both old and virtuous?
Fred. Therefore the suttier, th' older still
the better;
I know thou art as holy as an old cope,
Yet, upon necessary use——
Car. 'Tis true, sir
Fred. Her feelingsense is fierce still; speak
unto her,
(You are familiar) speak, I say, unto her,
Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.
Car. Alas, she's honest, sir, she's very ho-
And would you have my gravity—— [*nest,*
Fred. Ay, ay;
Your gravity will become the cause the better.
I'll look thee out a knight shall make thee a
lady too, [*thee;*
A lusty knight, and one that shall be rul'd by
And add to these, I'll make 'em good. No
mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good lady,
But do it home. We'll all be friends too,
tell her,
And such a joy——
Car. That's it that stirs me up, sir;
I would not for the world attempt here chastity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too.
Car. A little evil
May well be suffer'd for a general good, sir.
I'll take my leave of your majesty. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately;
Be speedy too. Here comes Valerio;
If his afflictions have allay'd his spirit,
My work has end. Come hither, lord Valerio;
How do you now?

Val. Your majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tie up men's honest wills and actions

Fred. You clearly see now, brave Valerio,
What 'tis to be the rival to a prince,
To interpose against a raging lion;
I know you've suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it;
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you, (yield up your Evanthe)
Take off my sentence also,

Val. I fall thus low, sir.
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.

Fred. Do this then,
For without this 'twill be impossible:
Part with her for a while.

Val. You've parted us;
What should I do with that I cannot use, sir?

Fred. 'Tis well consider'd: Let me have the
lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference——

Val. Will she come, d'you think, sir?

Fred. She must be wrought, (I know she is
too modest)

And gently wrought, and cunningly.

Val. 'Tis fit, sir.

Fred. And secretly it must be done.

Val. As thought.

Fred. I'll warrant you her honour shall be
fair still;

No soil nor stain shall appear on that, Valerio.

You see a thousand that bear sorer faces,

And shew off us inimitable modesties;

You would be sworn too that they were pure
matrons,

And most chaste maids; and yet, taugment
their fortunes,

And get them noble friends——

Val. They are content, sir,

In private to bestow their beauties on 'em.

Fred. They are so, and they're wise; they
know no want for't,

Nor no eyes sees they want their honesties.

Val. It might be carried thus?

Fred. It shall be, sir.

Val. I'll see you do it first! [*aside.*]—With
this caution,

Why, sure, I think it might be done.

Fred. Yes, easily.

Val. For what time would your Grace de-
sire her busby? [*still*

Fred. A month or two. It shall be carried

As if she kept with you, and were a stranger,

Rather a later, of the grace I offer;

And then I will return her, with such ho-
nour—— [*honour!*

Val. 'Tis very like; I dote much on your
Fred. And load her with such favour too,
Valerio——

Val. She never shall claw off: I humbly
thank you!

Fred. I'll make ye both the happiest, and
the richest,

And the mightiest too——

Val. But who shall work her, sir?

For, on my conscience, she is very honest,

And will be hard to cut as a rough diamond.

Fred. Why, you must work her; any thing
from your tongue,

Set off with golden and persuasive language,
Urging your dangers too——

Val. But all this time

Have you the conscience, sir, to leave me no-
thing,

Nothing to play withal?

Fred. There be a thousand;

Take where thou wilt.

Val. May I make bold with your Queen?

She's useless to your Grace, as it appears, sir,
And but a loyal wife, that may be lost too;

I have a mind to her, and thou 'tis equal.

Fred. How, sir?

Fal. 'Tis so, sir. Thou must glorious impudence,
Have I not wrongs enough to suffer under,
But thou must pick me out to make a monster?
A hated wonder to the world? D'you start
At my entrenching on your private liberty,
And would you force a highway thro' mine honour,

And make me pave it too? But that thy Queen
Is of that excellence in honesty,
And guarded with divinity about her,
No loose thought can come near, nor flame
I would so right myself—— [unhallow'd,

Fred. Why, take her to you;
I am not vex'd at this; thou shalt enjoy her:
I'll be thy friend, if that may win thy courtesy.

Fal. I will not be your bawd, tho' for your royalty.

Was I brought up and nourish'd in the court,
With thy most royal brother, and thyself,
Upon thy father's charge, thy happy father's,
And suck'd the sweetness of all human arts,
Learn'd arms and honour, to become a rascal?
Was this the expectation of my youth,
My growth of honour? Do you speak this truly,

Or do you try me, sir? for I believe not,
At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impos-
sible,

There should be such a devil in a king's shape,
Such a malignant fiend!

Fred. I thank you, sir!
Tomorrow is your last day, and look to it——
Get from my sight, away!

Fal. You are——Oh, my heart's too high
And full to think upon you! [Exit.

Enter Evadne and Camandra.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified Cas-
That I should be a whore? [Evadne,

Cas. Why a whore, madam?
If every woman that upon necessity
Did a good turn (for there's the main point,
mark it) [madam?

Were term'd a whore, who would be honest,
Your lord's life, and your own, are now in
hazard; [nothing,

Two precious lives may be redoubl'd with
Little or nothing; say, an hour's ord'ly sport,
Or such a toy; the end to 'tis not wantonness;
That we call lust, that maidens lose their
fame for,

But a compell'd necessity of honour,
Fair as the day, and clear as Innocence;
Upon my life and conscience, a direct way——

Evan. To be a rascal——
Cas. 'Tis a kind of rape too;

That keeps you clear; for where your will's
compell'd, [still,
Tho' you yield up your body, you are safe

Evan. Thou'rt grown a learned bawd; I
ever look'd

Thy great sufficiency would break out.

Cas. You may,
You that are young and fair, scorn us old
creatures; [lady,

But you must know my years ere you be wise,
And my experience too. Say the king lov'd
Say it were nothing else? [you?

Evan. Ay, marry, wench,
Now thou cou'st to me.

Cas. Do you think princes' favours
Are such slight things, to fling away when
you please?

There be young ladies,
Both fair and honourable, that would leap to
And leap about too. [reach 'em,

Evan. Such are light enough;
I am no vaulter, wench. But canst thou tell
me, [no?

Tho' he be a king, whether he be sound or
I would not give my youth up to infection.

Cas. As sound as honour ought to be, I think,
lady.

Go to! he wise; I do not bid you try him;
But, if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your lord's life hanging on the hazard of it——
If you be so wilful proud——

Evan. Thou speak'st to th' point still;
But, when I've done with him, what am I then,
gentlewoman?

Cas. What are you? why, the same you're
now, a woman,

A virtuous woman, and a noble woman;
Touching at what is noble, you become so.
Had Lucrece e'er been thought of, but for
Tarquin?

She was before a simple unknown woman;
When she was ravish'd, she was a revered
saint.

And do you think she yielded not a little,
And had a kind of will to have been re-ra-
vish'd?

Believe it, yes. There are a thousand stories
Of wondrous loyal women, that have slipp'd,
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
That kept them cool still to the world. I
think [your hands

You're blest, that have such an occasion in
To beget a chronicle, a faithful one.

Evan. It must needs be much honour!
Cas. As you may make it, infinite, and
safe too; [live

And when 'tis done, your lord and you may
So quietly, and peacefully together,
And be wint you please!

Evan. But suppose this, wench,
The king should so delight me with his com-
pany, [him?
I should forget my lord, and no more look out

* —the end to it is wantonness] For want of a negative particle here, the old procurers
is made to contradict all she was contending for; the place ought to run so:

—the end to it is not wantonness.

Mr. Seward likewise made the same observation. *Symson.*

Cas. That's the main hazard; for I tell you truly, [sure, I've heard Report speak he's an infinite pleasure Almost above belief. There be some ladies, And modest to the world too, wondrous modest,

That have had the blessedness to try his body, That I have heard proclaim him a new Hercules. So strongly able? [eulcs.

Cas. There will be the danger, You being but a young and tender lady, Altho' your mind be good, yet your weak body, At first encounter too, to meet with one Of his unconquer'd strength—

Evan. Peace, thou rude bawd, Thou studied old corruptness³³! tie thy tongue up, [councils? Your hir'd base tongue! Is this your timely Dost thou seek to make me dote on wicked-

ness, Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?

To be a whore, because he has sufficiency To make a hundred? Oh, thou impudence! Have I reliev'd thy age to mine own ruin? And worn thee in my bosom, to betray me? Can years and impotence win nothing on thee That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?

And where thy blood wants hent to sin thyself, Force thy decrepid will to make me wicked?

Cas. I did but tell you—

Evan. What the diabolus't woman, The cunning'st and the skilful'st bawd, comes short of!

If thou hadst liv'd ten ages to be damn'd in, And exercis'd this art the devil taught thee, Thou couldst not have express'd it more ex-

Cas. I did not bid you sin. [rectly!

Evan. Thou wooedst me to it; Thou, that art fit for prayer and the grave, Thy body earth already, and corruption, Thou taught'st the way. Go, follow your line function: [matrons,

There are houses of delight, that want good Such grave instructors; get thee thither, man— And read variety of sins to wantons; [ster, And when they rear with pains, learn to make plaisters.

Cas. This we've for our good wills.

Evan. If e'er I see thee more, Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me, By this fair light, I'll spoil thy bawdry! I'll leave thee neither eyes nor nose to grace thee!

When thou want'st brood, and common pity towards thee,

Enter Frederick.

And art a-starving in a ditch, think of me: Then die, and let the woud'ring howls lament thee!

Be gone; I charge thee leave me!

Cas. You'll repent this. [*Exit.*

Fred. She's angry, and t' other crying too; my suit is cold; [this! I'll make your heart ache, stubborn wench, for Turn not so angry from me; I will speak to you. [lady?

Are you grown proud with your delight, good So pamper'd with your sport, you scorn to know me?

Evan. I scorn you not; I would you scorn'd not me, sir,

And forc'd me to be weary of my duty! I know your Grace; 'would I had never seen you!

Fred. Because I love you, 'cause I dote upon you, Because I am a man that seek to please you.

Evan. I've man enough already to content me,

As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,

As all the world can yield.

Fred. That's but your modesty:

You have no man—nay, never look upon me;

I know it, lady—no man to content you;

No man that can, or at the least, that dare,

Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.

Evan. Be nobler, sir, infirm'd.

Fred. I'll tell thee, wench,

The poor condition of this poorer fellow, And make thee blush for shame at thine own error:

He never tender'd yet a husband's duty To thy warm longing bed.

Evan. How should he know that? [*Aside.*

Fred. I'm sure, he did not, for I charg'd him no,

Upon his life I charg'd him, but to try him.

Could any brave or noble spirit stop here?

Was life to be preferr'd before affection?

Lawful and long'd-for too?

Evan. Did you command him?

Fred. I did, in policy, to try his spirit.

Evan. And could he be so dead-cold to observe it? [me?

Brought I in beauty, nor no love along with

Fred. Why, that is it that makes me scorn to name him. [fur't;

I should have lov'd him, if he had ventur'd Nay, doted on his bravery.

Evan. Only charg'd?

And with that spell sit down? Dare men fight bravely, [tion,

For poor slight things, for drink, or ostentation,

And there endanger both their lives and fortunes,

And for their lawful loves fly off with fear?

Fred. 'Tis true; [thee,

And, with a cunning base fear too to abuse

Made thee believe, poor innocent Evanthe,

Wretched young girl, it was his impotency:

Was it not so? deny it.

Evan. Oh, my anger!

At my years, to be cozen'd with a young man!

³³ —old corruptness.] This in Martial's words is, *non vitiosa sed vitium.* Symson.

Fred. A strong man too; certain he lov'd you dearly!

Evan. To have my shame and love mingled together, [me!]
And both slung on me like a weight to sink
I would have died a thousand times!

Fred. So would any,
Any that had the spirit of a man:
I would have been kill'd in your arms.

Evan. I would h' had been, [ble:
And buried in mine arms! that had been no—
And what a monument would I have made
him! [peace,

Upon this breast he should have slept in
Honour and everlasting Love his mourners;
And I still weeping, 'till old Time had turn'd
me,

And pitying powers above, into pure crystal.

Fred. Hadst thou lov'd me, and had my
way been stuck [stars,
With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with
I would have ventur'd.

Evan. Sure there is some trick in't:
Valerio ne'er was coward. [Aside.

Fred. Worse than this too,
Tamer, and seasoning of a baser nature,
He set your woman on you to betray you,
Your bawdy woman, or your sun-solicitor;
(I pray but think what this man may deserve
now)

I know he did, and did it to please me too.

Evan. Good sir, aillet me not too fast! I
feel

I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And sensible I am of my abuses.

Sir, you have lov'd me—

Fred. And I love thee still,
Pity thy wrongs, and date upon thy person.

Evan. To set my woman on me! 'twas thou
base, sir.

Fred. Abominable vile.

Evan. But I shall fit him.

Fred. All reason and all law allows it to
you; [him

And you're a fool, a tame fool, if you spare

Evan. You may speak now, and happily
prevail too;

And I beseech your Grace be angry with me.

Fred. I am at heart.—(She staggers in her
fury,

And will fall off, I hope; I'll ply her still.)—
Thou abost'd innocence, I suffer with thee!

If I should give him life, he'd still betray thee;
That fool that fears to die for such a beauty,

Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.
I don't say I he-would have been bawd him-
self too.

Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay, then I smell
the malice;

It tastes too hot of practis'd wickedness:

There can be no such man, I'm sure no gen-
tleman. [pleasure?

Shall my anger make me whore, and not my
My sudden inconsiderate rage abuse me?
Come home again, my frighted faith, my
virtue,

Home to my heart again! [Aside.]—He ba-
nawd too? [the.

Fred. I will not say he offer'd, fair *Evan*—

Evan. Nor do not dare! 'I will be an im-
pudence,

And not un honour, for a prince to lie.

Fy, sir, a person of your rank to trifle!

I know you do lie.

Fred. How?

Evan. Lie shamefully;
And I could wish myself a man but one day,
To tell you openly, you lie too basely!

Fred. Take heed, wild fool!

Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame devil!

Thou art Pandora's box, in a king's figure!

Th' hast almost whor'd my weak belief al-
ready,

And like an engineer blown up mine honour:

But I shall countermine, and catch your mis-
chief;

This little fort you seek I shall man nobly,
And strongly too, with chaste obedience

To my dear lord, with virtuous thoughts that
scorn you.

Victorious Thamyris never won more honour
In cutting off the royal head of Cyrus,

Than I shall do in conqu'ring thee. Farewell!

And, if thou canst be wise, learn to be good
too; [eyes do.

'I will give thee milder lights than both thine
My poor lord and myself are bound to suf-
fer; [tence,

And when I see him faint under your sen-
I'll tell you more; it may be, then I'll yield
too.

Fred. Fool unexampled, shall my anger
follow thee? [Exit.

Enter Rugio and friar Marco, amazed.

Rug. Curse on our lightst, our fond cre-
dulities! [us,

A thousand curses on the slave that cheated
The damned slave!

Mar. We have e'en sham'd our service,
Brought our best care and loyalties to no-
thing; [tent—

'Tis the most fearful poison, the most po-
tential give him patience! Oh, it works most

And tears him—Lord! [strongly,

Rug. That we should be so stupid
To trust the arrant'st villain that e'er flatter'd,

The bloodiest too! to believe a few soft
words from him,

And give way to his prepar'd tears!

† I don't say, &c.] From Evanthe's answer, it seems probable the Poet wrote, 'I dare
say.' &c.

* *Curst on our sights.*] Every body sees this is not sense; to make it so, I would read
'Curst on our light or (sight) our fond,' &c. *Light*, i. e. our easiness in believing. *Sympson*.

Alph. [within.] Oh, oh, oh!
Rug. Hark, friar Marco!
 Hark, the poor prince! That we should be
 such blockheads,
 As to be taken with his drinking first,
 And never think what anticholeres are made for!
 Two wooden sculls we have, and we deserve
 To be hang'd for't:
 For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
 As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily.
 Which way to turn or what to—
Mar. Let us pray!
 Heav'n's hand is strong.
Rug. The poison's strong, you'd say.

Enter Alphonso, carried on a couch by two friars.

'Would any thing—He comes; let's give him comfort.

Alph. Give me more air, air, more air!
 blow, blow!

Open, thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me!
 Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
 And rivers run thro' my afflicted spirit!
 I am all fire, fire, fire! The raging Dog-star
 Reigns in my blood! Oh, which way shall I
 turn me?

Etna, and all his flames burn in my head.
 Fling me into the ocean, or I perish!
 Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,
 The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into
 'em, [pleasures!

And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling
 Or shoot me up into the higher region,
 Where treasures of delicious snow are now
 And languets of sweet hail! [rish'd,

Rug. Hold him fast, friar;
 Oh, how he burns!

Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me?
 Upon the altar lay my willing body, [cense;
 And pile your wood up, fling your holy in-
 And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
 Consuming flame. Stund off me, or you're
 ashes!

Both. Most miserable wretches!
Alph. Bring hither Charity, [cold,
 And let me hug her, friar: They say she's
 Infinite cold! devotion cannot warm her.
 Draw me a river of false lovers' tears
 Clean thro' my breast; they're dull, cold,
 and forgetful,
 And will give ease. Let virgins sigh upon me,
 Forsaken souls; their sighs are precious;
 Let them all sigh. Oh, hell, hell, hell! oh,
 horror!

Mar. To bed, good sir.
Alph. My bed will burn about me!
 Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
 I am enclosed! Let me fly, let me fly, give
 room! [limb's,

Twist the cold bears, far from the raging
 Lies my safe way. Oh, for a cake of ice now
 To clap unto my heart to comfort me!
 Decrepid Winter, hang upon my shoulders
 And let me wear thy frozen icicles

Like jewels round about my head, to cool me!
 My cyrs burn out, and sink into their sockets,
 And my infected brain like brimstouc bails!
 I live in hell, and several furies vex me!
 Oh, carry me where no sun ever shew'd yet
 A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
 Never to be dissolv'd! where nought inhabits
 But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and
 winds [shivers

That cut the stubborn rocks and make them
 Set me there, friends!

Rug. Hold fast; he must to bed, friar.
 What scalding sweats he has!

Mar. He'll scald in hell for't,
 That was the cause.

Alph. Drink, drink, a world of drink!
 Fill all the cups, and all the antique vessels,
 And borrow pots; let me have drink enough!
 Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
 Th' experienced drunkards, let me have them
 all, [idiots!
 And let them drink their worst, I'll make them
 I'll lie upon my back, and swallow vessels,

²⁷ ——— the sighs are precious.] So all the copies. *Symphon.*

²⁸ Betwixt the cold bear and the raging lion.] The learned reader need not be told that the bear and lion here, by a beautiful *synecdoche*, stand for the *frigid* and the *torrid zones*; and betwixt the two, means the *temperate zone*: But does safety dwell here to a man wrapt in flames? No; the *frigid zone* only, which might quench their violence, can bring him safety, and all his other wishes hurry him

'To night and cold, to nipping frosts and winds,

'That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver.'

The absurdity therefore of the old reading was no sooner observed than a probability occurred of the manner how it came into the text. I believe the Authors' manuscript had accidentally omitted the *s* in *bears*, and run thus:

'Twixt the cold bear, far from the raging lion,

'Lies my safe way.'

A playhouse *prompter*, or common *corrector* of the press, thinking this not English, without entering into the spirit of the Author, would naturally correct it into the old text:

'Betwixt the cold bear and the raging lion.'

And that I have therefore only restored the original is further probable from hence: The allusion to Phaeton is evidently carried on in this line, and *Orid* makes *Phœbus* advise him particularly to avoid the *serpent*, i. e. the constellation that lies betwixt the two bears. The reverse of this therefore would naturally occur on this occasion. *Steward.*

Have rivers made of cooling wine run thro'
me, [prince's,
Not stny for this man's health, or this great
But take an ocean, and begin to all! Oh, oh!

Mar. He cools a little; now away with him,
And to his worm bed prescantly.

Alph. No drink?

No wind? no cooling air?

Rug. You shall have any thing.

His hot fit lessens; Heav'n put in a hand now,
And save his life! There's drink, sir, in your
And all cool things. [chamber,

Alph. Away, away; let's fly to 'em!
[Exit.

Enter Valerio and Evanthe.

Evan. To say you were impotent! I'm
asham'd on't! [too,

To make yourself no man? to a fresh maid
A longing maid! upon her wedding-night
To give her such a dar? [also,

Val. I prithee pardon me!

Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been
excusable; [hands,

Or, like a gentleman, under the surgeon's
And so not able, there had been some colour;
But wretchedly to take a weakness to you,
A fearful weakness, to abuse your body,
And let a lie work like a spell upon you,
A lie to save your life—

Val. Will you give me leave, sweet?

Evan. You've taken too much leave, and
too base leave too, [rit?

To wrong your love! Hast thou a noise spi-
And canst thou look up to the people's loves,
That call thee worthy, and not blush, Va-
lerio? [thos,

Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd
And no shame touch thee?

Val. Shame attend the sinful!

I know my innocence.

Evan. Ne'er think to face it, that's a dou-
ble weakness,

And shews thee fals'er still! The king himself,
Tho' he be wicked, and our enemy, [ries,
But juster than thou art, in pity of my inju-
r'd me the truth.

Val. What did he tell, Evanthe?

Evan. That, but to gain thy life a fort-
night longer, [duties,

Thy lov'd poor life, thou gav'st up all my
Val. I swear 'tis false! my life and death
are equal; [fortune.

I've weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em both one
But kings are men, and live as men, and die
too, [falshoods!

Have the affections men have, and their
Indeed, they have more power to make 'em
good. [wench,

The king's to blame; it was to save thy life,

Thy innocent life, that I forsook thy bed,
For if I'd touch'd thee thou hadst died: he
swore it. [nobly,

Evan. And was not I as warrhy to die
To make a story for the time that follows,

As he that married me? What weakness, sir,
Or disability, do you see in me,

Either in mind or body, to distrust me
Of such an opportunity? D'you think I mar-
ried you

Only for pleasure, or content in lost?

To fall you in my arms, and kiss you hourly?
Was this my end? I might have been a

Queen, sir, [delicutes:
If that had caught me, and have know'd all
There's few that would have shunn'd so fair

an offer.

Oh, thou unfaithful fearful man, th' hast
kill'd me!

In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd
me, [more!

Robb'd me of that thy love can never give
To be unable to save me? Oh, misery!

Had I been my Valerio, thou Evanthe,

I would have lain with thee under a gullows,
Tho' the hangman had been my Hymen, and

the foris, [mes:
With iron whips and forks, ready to torture
I would have hugg'd thee too, tho' hell had

gap'd at me.

Sav'd my life? that expected to die bravely,
That would have wuo'd it too? 'Would I had

married

An eunuch, that had truly no ability,
Than such a fearful liar! Thou hast done me

A scurvy courtesy, that has undone me.

Val. I'll do no more; since you're so nobly
fashion'd, [you;

Made up so strongly, I'll take my share with
Nay, dear, I'll learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too, tenderly;
My anger's gone. Good my lord, pardon me;

And if I have offend'd, be more angry:
It was a woman's flash, a sudden valour,
That could not lie conceal'd.

Val. I honour you;
By all the rites of holy marriage,

And plessures of chaste love, I wonder at you!
You appear the vision of a Heav'n unto me,

Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,
And all the motions of your mind celestial!

Man is a lump of earth; the best man's
spiritless,

To such a woman; all our lives and actions
But counterfeits in arras to this virtue.

Chide me again; you have so brace an anger,
And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,

That I could suffer like a child to hear you,
Nay, make myself guilty of some faults to
honour you.

20 ——— would I had married

An eunuch, that had truly no ability,

Thou such a ———] This went off rather before 'than such,' &c. has a fine effect, and
the hurry of her passion fully justifies such a wilful omission in the Poet. *Symon.*

Evon. I'll chide no more; you've robb'd me of my courage,
And with a cunning patience check'd my impudence.

Once more, forgiveness! [*She kneels.*]

Fal. Will this serve, Evanthie? [*Kisses her.*]
And this, my love? Heav'n's mercy be upon
But did he tell no more? [*us!*]

Evon. Only this trifle;
You set my woman on me, to betray me:
Tis true, she did her best; a bad old woman!
It stir'd me, sir.

Fal. I cannot blame thee, jewel.

Evon. And methought, when your name
was sounded that way—

Fal. He that will spare no fame, will spare
no name, sweet.

Tho', as I am a man, I'm full of weakness,
And may slip happily into some ignorance,
Yet at my years to be a hawd, and cozen
Mine own hopes with my doctrine—

Evon. I believe not,
Nor never shall.—Our time is out tomorrow.

Fal. Let's be to-night then full of fruit-
fulness; [*py!*]

Now we are both of one mind, let's be hap-
py I am no more a wanting man, Evanthie,
Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that im-
potence,

And my cold lie shall vanish with thy kisses.
You hours of night, be long as when Alcmena
Lay by the lusty side of Jupiter;

Keep back the day, and hide his golden bennis
Where the chaste watchful morning may not
find 'em:

Old doting Tython, hold Aurora fast,
And tho' she blush the day-break from her
cheeks, [*firm,*

Conceal her still: Thou, heavy wain, stand
And stop the quicker revolutions; [*piness,*
Or, if the day must come to spoil our hap-
Thou envious sun, peep not upon our plea-
sure;

Thou that all lovers curse, be far off from us!

Enter Costruccio, with a guard.

Evon. Then let's to bed; and this night,
in all joys
And chaste delights—

Cost. Stay! I must part ye both: [*you,*
It is the king's command, who bids me tell
Tomorrow is your last hour.

Fal. I obey, sir:
In Heav'n we shall meet, captain, where
king Frederick

Dare not appear to part us.

Cost. Mistake me not;
Tho' I am rough in doing of my office,
You shall find, sir, you have a friend to ho-
nour you.

Fal. I thank you, sir.

Evon. Pray, captain, tell the king,
They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall
sing. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter friar Marco and Rugio.

Rug. HAVE you writ to the captain of the
castle?

Mar. Yes, and charg'd him,
Upon his soul's health, that he be not cruel;
Told him Valerin's worth among the people,
And how it must be punish'd in posterity,
Tho' he 'scape now.

Rug. But will not he, friar Marco,
Betray this to the king?

Mar. Tho' he be stubborn,
And of a rugged nature, yet he's honest,
And honours much Valerio.

Rug. How does Alphonso?
For now, unthinks, my heart is light again,
And pale fear fled.

Mar. He is as well as I am;
The rogue, against his will, has sav'd his life:
A desperate poison has re-cur'd the prince.

Rug. To me 'tis most miraculous.

Mar. To me too,
Till I consider why it should do so;
And now I've found it a most excellent phy-
sick;

It wrought upon the dull cold misty parts,
That clogg'd his soul, (which was another
poison,

A desperate too) and found such matter there,
And such abundance also to resist it,
And wear away the dangerous heat it
brought with't,

The pure blood and the spirits scap'd un-
tainted.

Rug. 'Twas Heav'n's high hand, none of
Sorhuo's pity.

Mar. Most certain 'twas; had the malicious
villain

Enter Costruccio.

Giv'n him a cooling poison, he had paid him.

Rug. The captain of the castle!

Mar. Oh, you're welcome.

How does your prisoner?

Cost. He must go for dead;
But when I do a deed of so much villainy,
I'll have my skin pull'd o'er mine ears, my
lord!

Tho' I'm the king's, I'm none of his abuses.
How does your royal charge? That I might
see once!

Enter Alphonso and friars.

Mar. I pray see now; you are a trusty gentleman.

Alph. Good fathers, I thank Heav'n, I feel no sickness—

Cast. He speaks again! [spirit.]

Alph. Nothing that bars the free use of my Metlinks the air is sweet to me, and company A thing I covet now. *Castruccio?*

Cast. Sir.

He speaks and knows! For Heav'n's sake, break my pate, lord!

That I may be sure I sleep not!

Alph. Thou wert honest, Ever among the rank of good men counted. I have been absent, long out of the world, A dream I've liv'd. How does it look, Ca- What wonders are abroad? [struccio?]

Cast. I fling off duty [ness]

To your dead brother, (for he's dead in good- And to the living hope of brave Alphonso, The noble heir of Nature and of Honour, I fasten my allegiance.

Mar. Softly, captain; [secret.]

We dare not trust the air with this bless'd Good sir, be close again; Heav'n has restor'd you,

And by miraculous means, to your fair health, And made the instrument your enemies' malice,

Which does prognosticate your noble fortune; Let not our careless joy lose you again, sir, Help to deliver you to a further danger.

I pray you pass in, and rest a while forgotten; For if your brother come to know you're well again,

And ready to inherit, as your right, [life, Hence we've strength enough to assure your What will become of you? and what shall we Deserve, in all opinions that are honest, For our loss of judgment, care, and loyalty?

Rug. Dear sir, pass in. Heav'n has begun the work,

And bless'd us all; let our endeavours follow, To preserve this blessing to our timely uses, And bring it to the noble end we aim at:

Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out An hour to shew you safely to your subjects, A secure hour!

Alph. I'm counselld: Ye are faithful.

Cast. Which hour shall not be long, as we shall handle it.

Once more, the tender of my duty!

Alph. Thank ye.

Cast. Keep you the monastery.

Rug. Strong enough, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tomy and Podramo.

Pod. Who are all these that crowd about the court, Fool?

These strange new fates?

Tomy. They are suitors, coxcomb, Dainty fine suitors to the widow-lady.

Th' hadst best make one of 'em; thou'lt be hang'd as handsomely [follow'd,

At the Month's end, and with as much joy (An 'twere tomorrow) as many mourning

hows for thee, [wishes,

And holy nuns whose vestal fire ne'er va- In sackcloth smocks, as if thou wert heir

apparent To all the impious suburbs and the sink-holes.

Pod. Out, you base rogue!

Tomy. Why dost abuse thyself?

Thou art to blame; I take thee for a gen- tleman. [her?

But why does not thy lord and master marry *Pod.* Why, she's his sister.

Tomy. 'Tis the better, Fool; [blood,

He may make bld with his own flesh and For o' my conscience there's none else will

trust him; Then he may pleasure the king at a dead

pinch too, [art,

Without a Mephistophilus⁴⁰, such as thou And engross the royal disease like a true sub-

Pod. Thou wilt be whipp'd. [ject.

Tomy. I'm sure thou wilt be hang'd; I've lost a ducat else, which I'd be loath to

venture Without certainty. They appear⁴¹. [*Suitors pass by.*

Pod. Why, these are rascals.

Tomy. They were meant to be so;

Does thy master deserve better kindred?

Pod. There's an old lawyer,

Trium'd up like a gally-fust⁴²; what would he do with her?

Tomy. As usurers do with their gold; he would look on her, [report,

And read her over once a-day, like a hard Fedd his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching;

For any thing else, she may appeal to a par- liament; [piece.

Sub panna's and protest⁴³ have spoil'd his cod- There's a physician too, older than he,

And Gallen Gallinæus, but he has lost his He would be nibbling too. [spurs:

Pod. I mark'd the man,

If he be a man.

⁴⁰ *Mephistophilus.*] A familiar spirit attending upon Dr. Faustus. *Sympton.*

⁴¹ *They appear.*] Mr. Sympton supposes, we cannot tell why, that these words were "a stage-direction, and not the original text."

⁴² *Gally-fust.*] i. e. like a vessel dressed out and decorated. The city-berge, which was used upon the lord-mayor's day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster, used to be called the *gally-fust*.

See also note 38 in Philaster. *R.*

⁴³ *Sub panna's and post knees have spoil'd.*] Amended by Mr. Sympton.

Tony. It has much ado to be so;
Searchcloths and sirrups glew him close to-
gether, [tients,
He'd fall a-pieces else: Mending of she-pa-
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own person, (there's the honest care
un't)

Has mollified the man: If he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at Cupid's
bonfire,

He'll bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
You may snatch him up by parcels, like a
sea-wreck. [sir,

Will your worship go, and look upon the rest,
And hear what they can say for themselves?

Pod. I'll follow thee. [Exeunt.

*Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, and Co-
struccio.*

Cam. You tell us wonders!

Cast. But I tell you truths;
They are both well.

Men. Why are not we in arms then?

And all the island given to know?—

Cast. Discreetly
And privately it must be done: 'twill miss
else, [zens

And prove our ruins. Most o' th' noble citi-
Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it.
Prepare your hearts and friends, let theirs be
right too,

And keep about the king, t'avoid suspicion.
When you shall hear the castle-bell, take
courage,

And stand like men. Away! the king is
coming. [Exeunt lords.

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fred. Now, captain! What have you done
with your prisoner?

Cast. He's dead, sir, and his body flung
into the sea,

To feed the fishes; 'twas your will, I take it;
I did it from a strong commission,
And stood not to capitulate.

Fred. 'Tis well done, [anger
And I shall love you for your faith. What
Or sorrow did he utter at his end?

Cast. 'Faith, little, sir, that I gave any ear
to: [sion

He would have spoke, but I had no com-
To argue with him, so I flung him off [up,
His lady would have seen; but I lock'd her
For fear her woman's tears should hinder us.

Fred. 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my
Sorano,

We bear not from the monastery: I believe
They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.

Cast. Did you name the monastery?

Fred. Yes, I did, captain.

Cast. I saw the friar this morning, and lord
Rugio,

Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands;
And all the holy men hung down their heads.

Sor. 'Tis done, I'll warrant you.

Cast. I ask'd the reason.

Fred. What answer hadst thou?

Cast. This in few words, sir: [ceas'd.
Your brother's dead; this murning he de-
I was your servant, and I wept not, sir;
I knew 'twas for your good.

Fred. It shall be for thine too,
Captain; indeed it shall. Oh, my Sorano,
Now we shall live!

Sor. Ay, now there's none to trouble you.

Fred. Captain, bring out the woman; and
give way

To any suitor that shall come to marry her,
Of what degree so'er.

Cast. It shall be done, sir. [Exit Cast.

Fred. Oh, let me have a lusty banquet
after it;

*Enter Evanthé, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo,
and Tony.*

I will be high and merry!

Sor. There be some lords [sir;
That I could counsel you to fling from court,
They pry into our actions. They are such

The foolish people call their country's ho-
nours,

(Honest brave things) and stile them with
such titles,

As if they were the patterns of the kingdom;
Which makes them proud, and prone to look
into us,

And talk at random of our actions.

They should be lovers, sir, of your commands,
And followers of your will, bridles and curbs
To the hard-headed commons that malign us;

They come here to do honour to my sister,
To laugh at your severity, and fright us:

If they had power, what would these men do!

Do you hear, sir, how privily they whisper?

Fred. I shall silence 'em,
And to their shame, within this week, Sorano;

In the mean time, have patience.

Sor. How they leer*,
And look upon me as I were a monster!

And talk and jeer! How I shall pull your
plumes, lords, [days]

How I shall humble you within these two
Your great names, nor your country, cannot
save ye.

Fred. Let in the suitors.—Yet submit, I'll
pardon you.

* *And all the island given to know.*] As the scene is throughout at Naples, this expression,
if not a corruption, is a flagrant oversight. *Symson.*

* ——— *How they leer!*

And look upon me as I were a monster,
And talk and jeer.] We have no doubt but *jeer*, in the first place, is corrupt, and have
therefore substituted *leer*: *Leer* and *look*; *talk* and *jeer*.

You're half undone already; do not wind
My anger to that height, it may consume you,

*Enter Evanthe, Lawyer, Physician, Captain,
and Cutpurse.*

And utterly destroy thee, fair Evanthe!
Yet I have mercy.

Evan. Use it to your hawds;
To me use cruelty, it best becomes you,
And shews more kingly! I cunteno your
mercy!

It is a coz'ning and a hawdy mercy.
Can any thing be hop'd for to relieve me?
Or is it fit I thank you for a pity,
When you have kill'd my lord?

Fred. Who will have her?

Evan. My tears are gone,
My tears of love unto my dear Valerio,
But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger;
Oh, were it but so powerful to consume you!
My tongue with curses I have arm'd against
you,

(With maiden curses, that Heaven crowns
with horrors) [tyranny.

My heart set round with hate against thy
Oh! 'would my hands could hold the fire of
Heav'n, [with,

Wrapt in the thunder that the gods revenge
That like stern justice I might fling it on thee!
Thou art a king of monsters, not of men,
And shortly thou wilt turn this land to devils!

Fred. I'll make you one first, and a wretch-
ed devil.

Come, who will have her?

Law. I, an'tlike your majesty. I am a
lawyer,
I can make her a jointure of any man's land
in Naples. [it.

And she shall keep it too; I have a trick for
Tony. Canst thou make her a jointure of
thine honesty,

Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgment?

Those are non-suited and hung o'er the bar.

Phy. An't please your majesty to give me
leave,

I dare accept her; and tho' old I seem, lady,
Like *Evan*, by my art I can renew
youth and ability.

Tony. In a powdering-tub [on;
Stew thyself tender again, like a cock-chuck-
The broth may be good, but the flesh is not
fit for dogs, sure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain
thine honour:

I'm a poor captain, as poor people call me,
Very poor people; for my soldiers, they
Are quarter'd in the outside of the city,
Men of nobility to make good a highway;
We have but two grand enemies that oppose
The dun Goot, and the gullows. [us,

Tony. I believe you;

And both these you will bind her for a jointure.
Now, Signor Firk!

Cutpurse. Madam, take me, and be wise;
I'm rich and nimble, and those are rare in
one man;

Every man's pocket is my treasury,
And no man wears a suit but fits me neatly.
Cloaths you shall have, and wear the purest
linen:

I have a tribute out of every shop, lady. [too,
Meat you shall eat, (I have my cat'ers out
The best and lustiest) and drink good wine,
good lady, [you caper.
Good quick'ning wine, wine that will make
And at the worst—

Tony. It is but cap'ring short, sir.

You seldom stay foragues or for surfeits;
A shaking fit of a whip sometimes o'ertakes
ye. [ings;

Marry, you die most commonly of chok-
(Obstructions of the halter are your ends ever;
'Pray leave your hurn and your knifefor her
to live on.

Evan. Poor wretched people, why d' you
wrong yourselves?

Tho' I fear'd death, I should fear you ten
times more;

You're every one a new death, and an odious!
The earth will purify corrupted bodies;
You'll make us worse, and stink eternally.
Go home, go home, and get good nurses for
Dream not of wives. [you;

Fred. You shall have one of 'em,

If they dare venture for you.

Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diseases that must creep into
The next grave they find open: Are these fit
husbands [now,

For her you've lov'd, sir? Tho' you hate us
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleness (in that you have done other-
wise, [tress)

And nam'd Evanthe once as your poor mis-
Might offer worthier choice.

Fred. Speak, when dare take her

For one Month, and then die?

Phy. Die, sir?

Fred. Ay, die, sir!

That's the condition.

Phy. One Month is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,
To go still on, unless I were sure she'd kill
And kill me delicately before my day. [me,
Make it up a year; for by that time I must die,
My body will hold out no longer.

Fred. No, sir;

It must be but a Month.

Law. Then farewell, madam *;
This is like to be a great year of dissension
Among good people, and I dare not lose it;
There will be money got.

* *Law.* Then farewell, madam.] This farewell line is most probably the Physician's. The three that follow I would give to the Lawyer, as they are mighty well adapted to a sly quirking practitioner, who would rather empty the pockets of his clients of their money, for one

Capt. Bless your good ladyship!
There's nothing in the grave but bones and
ashes; [wenches,
In taverns there's good wine, and excellent
And surgeons while we live.

Cutpurse. Adieu, sweet lady! [inan,
Lay me, when I am dead, near a rich alder-
I cannot pick his purse: No, I'll no dying;
Tho' I steal linnen, I'll not steal my shroud yet.

All. Send you a happy match! [*Exeunt.*

Tony. And you all halsters!
You've deserv'd 'em richly. These do all
villainies, [dot:

And mischiefs of all sorts, yet those they fear
To finish where a fair wench is at the stake!

Evan. Come, your sentence! let me die!

You see, sir,
None of your valiant men dare venture on me;
A Month's a dangerous thing. — Will you
then be willing [too,
To die at the time prefix'd? That I must know
And know it by your doubt.

Fred. What is it I did, wench?

Evan. On that condition, if I had it cer-
tain, [me.

I'd be your any thing, and you should enjoy
However in my nature I abhor you,

Yet, as I live, I'd be obedient to you:
But when your time came, how I should re-
joice! [you!

How then I should bestir myself to thank
To see your throat cut, how my heart would
leap, sir! [you,

I'd die with you; but first I would so torture
And cow you in your end, so despise you,
For a weak and wretched coward, you must
end sure!

Still make you fear, and shrike, despis'd, still
laugh at you——

Fred. Away with her! let her die instantly!

Enter Valerio, disguised.

Cam. Stay; there's another, and a gentle-
man; [ness

His habit shows no less. May-be, his busi-
ness is for this lady's love.

Fred. Say why you come, sir,
And what you are.

Val. I am descended nobly,
A prince by birth, and by my trade a soldier,
A prince's fellow; Abydos brought me forth;
My parents, duke Agenor and fair Fela;
My business hither, to renew my love
With a young noble spirit, call'd Valerio:

one whole year longer, than fill a grave for his pleasure, in a twelfth part of the time.
Symptom.

There is no doubt the three last lines belong to the Lawyer; but no authority, nor in-
deed foundation, to assign the first hemistich to the Physician. It might be spoken by either;
but, on attending to the whole context, the Poet (we think) intended the words for the
Lawyer. The Physician first declares off; then all the three other suitors severally take
leave of her:

Law. ' Farewell, madam!

Capt. ' Bless your good ladyship!

Cutpurse. ' Adieu, sweet lady!

¶ *A Month's a dangerous thing.*

Enter Valerio disguised.

Fred. Away with her,

Let her die instantly.

Evan. Will you then be willing, &c.] There certainly are some speeches wanting between
Frederick's order in the fourth line, and Evanthe's question in the fifth; the reader cannot
but perceive a want of connexion here, and as such I have marked an hiatus, which I fear
we shall never be able to fill up. *Symptom.*

We much doubt whether 'there are some speeches wanting' here, but believe that 'Fre-
derick's order,' which occurs again very soon, should not be inserted in this place. It is
plain from the whole tenor of the scene, that he has given Evanthe the alternative of the
sentence of death and marriage, or submission to his will and pardon. The suitors having
all refused to accept her, like Valerio, as *a Wife for a Month*, she calls on Frederick to pro-
nounce sentence of death on her. He then, as may be gathered from her answer, proposes
himself to her; and if (as is not improbable) the Poet meant this proposal should be sup-
posed to be made in a whisper, no speech is wanting. She then asks him, if he will accept
her on the terms allotted to other suitors; and continuing her scorn, provokes him to con-
demn her, and cry out,

' Away with her! let her die instantly!'

The entrance of Valerio immediately on those words, confirms the above conjecture. He
certainly enters just as Evanthe is condemned, but certainly not till three speeches later
than he has hitherto been introduced; which makes it still more probable that the line
should not have place till that moment. In the first instance, it destroys the connexion of
the dialogue, which is restored by the omission; and in the second, it adds peculiar grace
and force to the scene, by making the entrance of Valerio arrest the execution of sentence
of death upon Evanthe.

VOL. II.

2 I

Our first acquaintance was at sea, in fight
Against a Turkish man of war, a stout one,
Where lion-like I saw him shew his valour,
And, as he had been made of complete virtue,
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in
him—

Evan. Thou'rt a brave gentleman, and
bravely speak'st him!

Val. The vessel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whistling winds becalm'd to
view him,

I saw the child of honour, for he was young,
Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pa-
gans, [con^d]

[His tow'ring sword flew like an eager fal-
con, and round about his reach invade the Turks,
He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries;
The silver crescents on the tops they carried
Shrunk in their heads to see his rage so bloody,
And from his fury suffer'd sad eclipses;
The game of death was never play'd more
nobly; [chiefs,

The meagre thief grew wanton in his mis-
And his shrunk hollow eyes smil'd on his rains.

Evan. Heav'n keep this gentleman from
being a suitor,

For I shall ne'er deny him, he's so noble!

Val. But what can last long? Strength and
spirit wasted, [man,

And fresh supplies flew on upon this gentle-
Breathless and weary with oppression,
And almost kill'd with killing. 'Twas my
chance

[In a tall ship I had] to view the fight;
I set into him, entertain'd the Turk,

And for an hour gave him so hot a breakfast,
He clapp'd all linen up he had to save him,

And like a lover's thought he fled our fury:
There first I saw the man I lov'd, Valerio;

There was acquainted, there my soul grew
to him, [ship,

And his to me; we were the twins of friend-

Evan. Fortune protect this man, or I shall
ruin him!

Val. Inside this voyage to behold my friend,
To warm my love anew at his affection;

But since I landed, I have heard his fate:
My father's had not been to me more cruel.

I have lamented too, and yet I keep

The treasure of a few tens, for you, lady;

For, by description, you were his Eranthe.

Evan. Can he weep that's a stranger to
my story, [you!

And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank
If noble spirits after their departure

Can know, and wish, certain his soul gives
thanks too. [tail, sir,

There are your tears again; and when yours
'Pray you call to me, I've some store to lend

Your name? [you.

Val. Urbino.

Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendships,

My tongue shall study both^d.

Fred. Do you come hither

Only to tell this story, prince Urbino? [lady.

Val. My business now is, sir, to woo this

Evan. Blessing defend you! do you know
the danger? [playfellow;

Val. Yes, and I fear it not; danger's my
Since I was man, 't has been my best com-
panion. [her,

I know your doom; 'tis for a Month you give
And then his life you take that marries her.

Fred. 'Tis true; nor can your being born

a prince,

If you accept the offer, free you from it.

Val. I not desire it; I have cast the worst,
And ev'n that worst to me is many blessings,

I lov'd my friend, not measur'd out by time,
Nor hir'd by circumstance of place and ho-
nour; [him,

But for his wealthy self and worth I lov'd
His mind and noble mold he ever mov'd in;

And woo'd his friend, 'cause she was worthy
of him,

The only relic that he left behind, sir,
To give his ashes honour. Lady, take me,

And in me keep Valerio's love alive still.
When I am gone, take those that shall suc-
ceed me: [husband,

Heav'n must want light, before you want a
To raise up heirs of love and noble memory,

To your unfortunate—

Evan. Am I still lited?

Hast thou no end, oh, Fate, of my affliction?
Was I ordain'd to be a common murderess?

And of the best men too? Good sir—

Val. Peace, sweet! look on my hand. [Apert;

Evan. I do accept the gentleman.—
I faint with joy! [Aside.

^d Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,

His tow'ring sword flew like an eager falcon,

And round about his reach invade the Turks

He had intrench'd himself.] The construction of the verb in the second line is manifestly wrong, and an addition to the fourth is as manifestly wanting. I read the whole so:

^d Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,

^d His tow'ring sword fly like an eager falcon,

^d And round about his reach invade the Turks,

^d Till he had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries.' *Symptom.*

It is more in the style of our Authors, to preserve the connexion by putting the second line in a parenthesis. Mr. Symptom's reading is prosaick.

^d My tongue shall study both.] i. e. shall talk of both. *Symptom.*

Fred. I stop it! none shall have her!
Convey this stranger hence.

Val. I am no stranger!—Hark to the bell
that rings!

Hark, hark, proud *Fredrick*, that was king
of mischief! [sentence?]

Hark, thou abhorr'd man! dost thou hear thy
Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruin?

Fred. What bell is this?

Cam. The castle-bell. Stand sure, sir,
And move not; if you do, you perish.

Men. It rings your kuel!—*Alphonso!*
king *Alphonso!*

All. *Alphonso!* king *Alphonso!*

Fred. I'm betray'd!

Lock fast the palace.

Cam. We have all the keys, sir, [cenco.
And no door here shall shut without our li-

Cle. D' yoo shake now, lord *Sorano*? oo
new trick?

Nor speedy poison to prevent this business?
No bawdy meditation now to fly to?

Fred. Treason, treason, treason!

Cam. Yes, we hear you, [sir;
And we have found the traitor in your shape,
We'll keep him fast too.

Enter Alphonso, Rugio, Marco, Castruccio,
and Queen, with guard.

Fred. Recover'd! Then I'm gone;

The sun of all my pomp is set and vanish'd.

Alph. Have you not forgot this face of

mine, king *Frederick*? [brought

Brother, I'm come to see you, and have

A hanquet, to be merry with your Grace:

I pray sit down, I do beseech your majesty,

And eat, eat freely, sir. Why do you start?

Have you no stomach to the meat I bring you?

Dare you not taste? have ye no antidotes?

You need not fear; *Sorano's* a good apo-

thecary. [for him,

Methinks you look not well; some fresh wine

Some of the same he sent me by *Sorano*;

I thank you for't, it sav'd my life, I'm bound

to you; [lordship

But how 'twill work on you—I hope your

Will pledge him too; methinks you look but

scurvily,

And would be put into a better colour;

But I've a cordied tond for your good lordship.

Sor. 'Would I had any thing that would

dispatch me,

So it were down, and I out of this fear once!

Fred. Sir, thus low, as my duty now com-

pels me,

I do confess my unbounded sins, my errors,

And feel within my soul the smarts already.

Hide not the noble nature of a brother,

The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;

Let me a while lament my misery,
And cast the load off of my wantonness,
Before I find your fury, (then strike home;
I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice)
And then how willingly, oh, Death, I'll meet
thee!

Alph. Rise, madam*; those sweet tears
are potent speakers:

And, brother, live; but in the monastery
Where I liv'd, with the self-same silence too;

I'll teach you to be good against your will,
brother!

Your tongue has done much harm; that must
be dumb now:

The daily pilgrimage to my father's tomb
(Tears, sighs, and groans, you shall wear out
your days with, [brother;

And true ones too) you shall perform, dear
Your diet shall be slender to enforce these;

Too light a penance, sir!

Fred. I do confess it.

Alph. *Sorano*, you shall—
Sor. How he studies for it!

Hanging's the least part of my penance cer-
tain. [Evanthe kneels.

Alph. What lady's that that kneels?
Cat. The chaste *Famithe*.

Alph. Sweet, your petition?
Evan. 'Tis for this bad nun, sir,

Abominable had, but yet my brother.

Alph. The bad nun shall attend as bad a
master, [nastery:

And both shall be confin'd within the mo-
nastic rank flesh shall be pull'd with daily
fasting; [surfeit else)

But once a-week he shall smell meat, (he'll
And his inmost mind compell'd to prayer;

On the bare boards he shall lie, (to remember
The wantonness he did commit in beds)

And drink fair water; that will we'er en-
flame him: [me,

He sav'd my life, tho' he purpos'd to destroy
I or which I'll save his, tho' I make it mise-
rable.

Madam, at court I shall desire your company;
You're wise and virtuous; when you please
to visit [licensee.

My brother *Frederick*, you shall have our
My dear best friend *Valerio!*

Val. Save *Alphonso!*

Owner. Long live *Alphonso*, king of us,
and *Naples!* [on?

Alph. Is this the lady that the wonder goes
Honour'd sweet maid! Here, take her, my
Valerio!

The king now gives her, she's thine own with-
out fear. [good,

Brother, have you so much provision that is
Not season'd by *Sorano* and his cooks,

* *Rise, madam.*] A speech of the Queen might have past here; but here, as in many other instances, our Author most probably supplied the place of words by dumb-show, the nature of which the next speaker commonly explains: A circumstance to which the reader of these dramas should always attend.

That we may venture on with honest safety,
We and our friends?

Fred. All that I have is yours, sir.

Alph. Come then; let's in, and end this
nuptial;

Then to our coronation with all speed!

My virtuous maid, this day I'll be your bride-
man,

And see you bedded to your own desires too.
Beswew me, lords, who is not merry hates me!
Only Sorano shall not bear my cup.
Come, now forget o'd pains and injuries,
As I must do, and drown all in fair health;
That kingdom's blessed, where the king begins
His true love first, for there all loves are
twins. [Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

We have your favours, gentlemen, and you
Have our endeavours (dear friends, grudge
not now). [well
There's none of you, but when you please can
Many a lame horse, and many a fair tale tell;

Can put off many a maid unto a friend,
That was not so since th' action at Mile-end;
Ours is a virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted flesh, we hope our friends will
prove.

THE LOVERS' PROGRESS: A TRAGEDY.

This Play is by Gardiner, in the Commendatory Verses, ascribed to Fletcher mine. It appears to have been one of those pieces which were left unfinished by him, and completed by another writer. From the difference in the language and measure of the fifth act from the other parts of this performance, we imagine that Fletcher had no concern in the conclusion of it. As Shirley is said to have sometimes assisted our Author, possibly his unfinished pieces fell into that writer's hands, and therefore we may impute the alterations to him. The *Lovers' Progress* was first printed in the folio of 1647; and has not been acted for many years past.

¹ *The Lovers' Progress.*] *Progress*, in this title, signifies *Pilgrimage*.

PROLOGUE.

A STORY, and a known one, long since writ.
(Truth must take place) and by an able wit!
(Foul-mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give so much to Fletcher's memory;) ¹
If so, some may object, why then do you
Present an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profest writer be
(Not tax'd of theft before) a plagiarist?
To this he answers in his just defence,
And to maintain to all our innocence,
Thus much; tho' he hath travell'd the same
way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay

For a new poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us, nor you:
He rows, and deeply, that he did not spare
The utmost of his strengths, and his best care
In the reviving it; and tho' his pow'rs
Could not, as he desir'd, in three short hours
Contract the subject, and much less express
The changes, and the various passages
That will be look'd for, you may hear this day
Some scenes that will confirm it is a play,
He being ambitious that it should be known
What's good was Fletcher's², and what ill his
own.

² *He being ambitious that it should be known*

What's good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.] This passage is a striking contradiction to an assertion of the Bookseller, in his preface to the edition of 1647, which the reader will see in the introductory note upon *The Coxcomb*, and rather I refer him for what I have said upon that occasion. *Sympton.*

This passage is *not*, in our opinion, any contradiction at all to the Bookseller's assertion. See our remark at the beginning of *The Coxcomb*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING of France.
CLEANDER, Husband to Calista.
LIDIAN, Brother to Calista, in love with
Olinda.
CLARANGE, Rival to Lidian.
DORILAUS, Father to Lidian and Calista, a
merry old Man.
LISANDER, Friend to Cleander, and Lover
to Calista.
ALCIDON, Friend to Lidian.
BERONTE, Brother to Cleander.
LEMUKE, a noble Courtier.
LEON a Villain, Lover of Clarinda.

MALFORT, a foolish Steward of Cleander.
LANCELOT, Servant to Lisander.
Friar.
Host's Ghost.
Chamberlain.
Servants.
CALISTA, a virtuous Lady, Wife to Cleander.
OLINDA, a noble Maid, and rich Heir, Mistress
to Lidian and Clarange.
CLARINDA, a lustful Wench, Calista's Wait-
ing-woman.

SCENE, France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Leon and Malfort.

Malfort. AND as I told you, sir—

Leon. I understand you;

Clarinda's still perverse.

Malf. She's worse; obdurate,
Flinty, relentless; my love-puasion's juer'd at,
My presents scorn'd!

Leon. 'Tis strange, a waiting-woman,
In her condition, apt to yield, should hold out,
A man of your place, reverend beard and
Besieging her. [shape,

Malf. You might add too, my wealth,
Which she contemns; five hundred crowns
per annum

(For which I've ventur'd hard, my conscience
knows it)

Not thought upon, tho' offer'd for a jointure;
This chain³, which my lord's peasants wor-
ship, flouted; [at,

My solemn hum's and lin's, the servants quake
No rheturick with her; ev'ry hour she hangs
out

Some new flag of defiance to torment me:

Last Lent my lady call'd me her Poor-John,

But now I'm grown a walking skeleton;

You may see thro' and thro' me.

Leon. Indeed you are

Much fall'n away.

Malf. I am a kind of nothing, [clister,
As she hath made me! Love's a terrible
And if some cordial of her favours help not,
I shall, like an Italian, die backward,
And breath my last the wrong way.

Leon. As I live,
You have my pity; but this is cold comfort,
And in a friend lip-physick; and, now I think
on't,

I should do more, and will, so you deny not
Yourself the means of comfort.

Malf. I'll be hang'd first:

One dram of't; I beseech you!

Leon. You're not jealous

Of any man's access to her?

Malf. I would not

Receive the dor; but as a bosom friend

You shall direct me; still provided, that
I understand who is the man, and what
His purpose that pleads for me.

Leon. By all means.

First, for the undertaker, I am he:

The means that I will practise, thus—

Malf. Pray you forward!

Leon. You know your lady, chaste Calista,
loves her.

Malf. Too well; that makes her proud.

Leon. Nay, give me leave.

This beauteous lady (I may stile her so,

Being the paragon of France for feature)

Is not alone contented in herself

To seem and be good, but desires to make

All such as have dependance on her like her:

For this, Clarinda's liberty's restrain'd, [me;

And, tho' her kinsman, the gate's shut against

Now if you please to make yourself the door

For my conveyance to her, tho' you run

The hazard of a cluck for't, 'tis no matter.

Malf. It being for mine own ends?

Leon. I'll give it o'er,

If that you make the least doubt otherwise.

Studying upon't? good morrow!

Malf. Pray you stay, sir!

You are my friend; yet, as the proverb says,

'When love puts in, friendship is gone:'

Suppose

You should yourself affect her?

Leon. Do you think

I'll commit incest! for it is no less, [sir.

She being my cousin-german. Fare you well,

Malf. I had forgot that; for this once, for-
give me.

Only, to ease the throbbing of my heart,

(For I do feel strange pangs) instruct me what

You will say for me.

Leon. First, I'll tell her that

She hath so far besotted you, that you have

Almost forgot to cust account.

Malf. Mere truth, sir. [ard,

Leon. That, of a wise and provident stew-

You're turn'd stark ass.

Malf. Urge that point home; I am so.

Leon. That you adore the ground she

And kiss her foot-steps. [treads upon,

³ This chain.] Mr. Steevens observes, that stewards anciently wore a chain, as a mark of superiority over other servants; in proof of which he cites the following authorities:

'Dost thou think I shall become the steward's chain? Will not these slender haunches
'shew well in a chain?' *Martial Maid.*

Pia. 'Is your chain right?

Bob. 'It is both right and just, sir;

'For though I am a steward, I did get it

'With no man's wrong.' *Ibid.*

Nash, in his piece entitled *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1559, taxes Gabriel Harvey
with having stolen a nobleman's steward's chain, at his lord's installing at Windsor.

So in Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, 1608:

'Gag that gaping rascal, though he be my grandsire's chief gentleman in the chain of
gold.' See Notes on *Twelfth Night*. R.

Malf. As I do when I find
Their print i' th' snow.

Leon. A loving foul; I know it, [related
By your bloodless frosty lips. Then, having
How much you suffer for her, and how well
You do deserve it—

Malf. How! to suffer?

Leon. No, sir;
To have your love return'd—

Malf. That's good; I thank you.

Leon. I will deliver her an inventory
Of your good parts; as this, your precious
nose, [reaching
Dropping affection; your high forehead,
Almost to th' crown of your head; your slender
waist, [ing
And a back not like a thresher's, but a bend-
And court-like back, and so forth, for your
body.

But when I touch your mind, (for that must
take her, [it,
Since your outside promises little) I'll enlarge
Tho' ne'er so narrow; as, your arts to thrive,
Your composition with the cook and butler
For the coney-skins and chippings; and half
a share

With all the under-officers o' th' house,
In strangers' bounties; that she shall have all,
And you as 'twere her bailiff.

Malf. As I will be.

Leon. As you shall, so I'll promise.—
Then your qualities;

As playing on a cittern, or a Jew's trumpet—
Malf. A little too on the viol.

Leon. Fear you nothing.
Then singing her asleep with curious catches
Of your own making; for, as I have heard,
You are poetical.

Malf. Something giv'n that way; [reason
Yet my works seldom thrive; and the main
The poets urge fur't is, because I am not
As poor as they are.

Leon. Very likely. Fetch her,
While I am in the vein.

Malf. 'Tis an apt time,
My lady being at her prayers.

Leon. Let her pray on.
Nay, go; and if, upon my intercession,
She do you not some favour, I'll disclaim her.
I'll ruminate on't the while.

Malf. A hundred crowns
Is your reward.

Leon. Without 'em—Nay, no trifling.
[Exit Malf.
That this dull clod of ignorance should know
How to get money, yet want eyes to see
How grossly he's abus'd, and wrought upon!

When he should make his will, the rogue's
turn'd rampart, [wretch
As he had renew'd his youth. A handsome
Love one a spital where would run away from?
Well, master steward, I will plead for you
In such a method, as it shall appear
You are fit to be a property.

Enter Malfort and Clarinda.

Malf. Youder he walks
That knows my worth and value, tho' you
scorn it.

Clari. If my lady know not this—

Malf. I'll answer it. [mn
If you were a nun, I hope your cousin-ger-
Might talk with you thro' a grate; but you
are none, [uff
And therefore may come closer: Ne'er hang
As I live, you shall bill; you may salute as
strangers,

Custom allows it. Now, now, come upon her
With all your oratory, tickle her to the quick,
As a young advocate should, and leave us
virtue

Of mine unmention'd. I'll stand sentinel;
Nay, keep the door myself. [Exit.

Clari. How have you work'd
This piece of motley to your ends?

Leon. Of that
At leisure, mistress. [Kissing.

Clari. Lower; you're too loud;
Tho' the fool be deaf, some of the house
may hear you. [man,

Leon. Suppose they should. I am a gentle-
And held your kinsman; under that, I hope,
I may be free.

Clari. I grant it, but with caution;
But be not seen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit distance; or not seen at all,
It were the better: You know my lady's
humour;

She is all honour, and compos'd of goodness,
As she pretends; and you having no business,
How jealous may she grow!

Leon. I will be rul'd;
But you have promis'd, and I must enjoy you.

Clari. We shall find time for that; you
are too hasty:

Make yourself fit, and I shall make occasion;
Deliberation makes best in that business,
And contents every way.

Leon. But you must feed
This foolish steward with some shadow of
A future favour, that we may preserve him
To be our instrument.

Clari. Hang him!
Leon. For my sake, sweet!

* *Malf.* As I will be.

Leon. As you shall, so I'll promise.] To restore lost puns has been an office, that critics
have been laugh'd at, rather than praised for: but the original, be it bad or good, ought to
be restored; and therefore we should not drop a conundrum here intended. *Leon* should
answer,

* As you shall, so I'll promise.*

i. e. I'll promise you shall be made an ass of.

Scward.

I undertook to speak for him; any bauble,
Or slight employment in the way of service,
Will feed him fat.

Clari. Leave him to me.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. She comes!

My lady!

Clari. I will satisfy her.

Malf. How far?

Have you prevail'd?

Leon. Observe.

Clari. Monsieur Malfort,

I must be brief; my cousin hath spoke much
In your behalf, and, to give you some proof
I entertain you as my servant, you
Shall have the grace—

Leon. Upon your knee receive it. [me—

Clari. And take it as a special favour from
To tie my shoe.

Malf. I am o'erjoy'd.

Leon. Good reason.

Clari. You may come higher in time.

Enter Calista.

Leon. No more; the lady!

Malf. She frowns.

Clari. I thank you for this visit, cousin;
But without leave hereafter from my lady,
I dare not change discourse with you.

Malf. 'Pray you take

Your morning's draught.

Leon. I thank you: Happiness attend
Your honour!

[*Exeunt Leon and Malfort.*]

Cal. Who gave warrant to
This private party?

Clari. My innocence; I hope
My conference with a kinsman cannot call
Your anger on me.

Cal. Kinsman! Let me have
No more of this, as you desire you may
Continue mine!

Clari. Why, madam, under pardon,

Suppose him otherwise; yet, coming in
A lawful way, it is excusable.

Cal. How's this?

Clari. I grant you're made of pureness,
And that your tenderness of honour holds
The sovereignty o'er your passions: Yet you
have

A noble husband, with allow'd embraces
To quench lascivious fires, should such flame
in you,

As I must ne'er believe. Were I the wife
Of one that could but truly brave Cleander,
Ev'n in his least perfections, (excuse
My o'er-bold inference) I should desire
To meet no other object.

Cal. You grow saucy!

Do I look further?

Clari. No, dear madam; and
It is my wonder, or astonishment rather,
You could deny the service of Lisander;
A man without a rival, one the king
And kingdom gazes on with admiration,
For all the excellences a mother could
Wish in her only son.

Cal. Did not mine honour
And obligation to Cleander force me
To be deaf to his complaints?

Clari. 'Tis true; but yet [sence
Your rigour to command him from your pre-
Argu'd but small compassion; the groves
Witness his grievous sufferings; your fair
name

Upon the rind of every gentle poplar*,
And amorous myrtle, (trees to Venus sacred,)
With adoration cur'd, and kneel'd unto.
This you, unseen of him, both saw and heard
Without compassion; and what received he
For his true sorrows, but the heavy knowledge
That 'twas your peremptory will and pleasure,
How-e'er my lord liv'd in him, he should quit
Your sight and house for ever?

Cal. I confess

I gave him a strong potion to work [him;
Upon his hot blood, and I hope 'twill cure

* ——— but my brave Cleander,
Ev'n in his least perfections,] i. e. but faintly imitate his virtues. The old Zany was a
mimick or buffoon.

* Upon the rind of ev'ry gentle poplar,
And amorous myrtle, (trees to Venus sacred.)] Our poet has either committed an over-
sight, in making the *poplar* and the *myrtle* both sacred to Venus, or if he had any authority
for so doing, I don't know it at present: 'Tis true, as the *poplar* delights in moisture, and
grows upon the banks of rivers, and has leaves with dark and white sides, it may be a pretty
symbol of the unlimited command of that powerful goddess, throughout the three allotments
of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. But, notwithstanding this, I am inclin'd to think that
the reading and pointing was originally thus:

————— of ev'ry gentle poplar,

* And amorous myrtle tree, to Venus sacred.

By changing the number, and altering the comma, we add the epithet 'sacred' solely to
the myrtle, and take away the confusion, which before subsisted, of appropriating two trees
to one deity, when in reality the case was very far otherwise, as any one knows who is
the least versed in the Classics. *Symposium.*

We believe the old reading genuine, and that it ought to be followed. We do not indeed,
recall that there is any authority for making the poplar, as well as the myrtle, sacred to
Venus; but think the Poet here meant it.

Yet I could wish the cause had concern'd
others,

I might have met his sorrows with more pity;
At least, have lent some counsel to his miseries.
Tho' now, for honour sake, I must forget him,
And never know the name more of Lisander;
Yet in my justice I am bound to grant him,
Laying his love aside, most truly noble:
But mention him no more. This instant hour
My brother Lidian, new return'd from travel,
And his brave friend Clarangè, long since
For fair and rich Olinda, are to hear [rivals
Her absolute determination, whom
She pleases to elect. See all things ready
To entertain 'em; and, on my displeasure,
No more words of Lisander!

Clari. She endures
To hear him nam'd by no tongue but her own:
How'er she carries it, I know she loves him.

[*Exit.*
Cal. Hard nature, hard condition of poor
women, [most!

That, where we are most su'd to, we must fly
The trees grow up, and mix together freely,
The oak not envious of the suling cedar,
The lusty vine not jealous of the ivy [up,
Because she clips the elm; the flowers shoot
And wantonly kiss one another hourly,
This blossom glorying in the other's beauty,
And yet they smell as sweet, and look as
lovely:

But we are tied to grow alone. Oh, honour,
Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our free-
doms!

He that invented thee had many curses.
How is my soul divided! Oh, Cleander,
My best-deserving husband! Oh, Lisander,
The truest lover that e'er sacrific'd
To Cupid against Hymen! Oh, mine honour,
A tyrant, yet to be obey'd! and 'tis
But justice we should thy strict laws endure,
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure.

[*Exit.*

Enter Cleander, Lidian, and Clarangè.

Cle. How insupportable the difference
Of dear friends is, the sorrow that I feel
For my Lisander's absence? (one that stamps
A reverend print on friendship) does assure
You're rivals for a lady, a fair lady; [me.
And, in the acquisition of her favours,
Hazard the cutting of that gordian knot
From your firstchildhood to this present hour,
By all the ties of love and unity fasten'd.
I am blest in a wife (Heav'n make me thank-
ful for no more, ~~sons~~ pride I speak it; [fol!]
Yet if I were a freeman, and could purchase
At any rate the certainty to enjoy
Lisander's conversation while I liv'd,
(Pardon me, my Calista, and the sex!)
I never would seek change.

Lid. My lord and brother, [worth
I dare not blame your choice, Lisander's
Being a mistress to be ever courted;
Nor shall our equal suit to fair Olinda

Weaken, but add strength to our true affec-
With zeal so long continued. [tion,

Clara. When we know
Whom she prefers, as she can chuse but one,
By our so-long-tried friendship we have vow'd
The other shall desist.

Cle. 'Tis yet your purpose;
But how this resolution will hold
In him that is refus'd, is not adoze
Doubtful, but dang'rous.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. The rich heir is come, sir.

Cle. Madam Olinda?

Malf. Yes, sir; and makes choice,
After some little conference with my lady,
Of this room to give answer to her suitors.

Cle. Already both look pale, between your
hopes

To win the prize, and your despair to lose
What you contend for.

Lid. No, sir; I am arm'd.

Clara. I confident of my interest.

Cle. I'll believe you
When you've endur'd the test.

Enter Calista, Olinda, and Clarinda.

Malf. Is not your garter [higher
Untied? You promis'd that I should grow
In doing you service.

Clari. Fallo'! or you lose me! [*Exit Malf.*

Cle. Nay, take your place; no Paris now
sits judge.

On the contending goddesses: You are
The deity that must make curs'd, or happy,
One of your languishing servants.

Olinda. I thus look

With equal eyes on both; either deserves
A fairer fortune than they can in reason
Hope for from me: From Lidian I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleasures
that [virtues,

The sweetness of his manners, youth, and
Can give assurance of: But turning this way
To brave Clarangè, in his face appears
A kind of majesty which should command,
Not sue for favour. If the fairest lady
Of France, set forth with nature's best en-
dowments,

Nay, should I add a princess of the blood,
Did now lay claim to either for a husband,
So vehement my affection is to both,
My envy at her happiness would kill me.

Cle. The strangest love I ever heard!

Cal. You can

Enjoy but one.

Clari. The more, I say, the merrier.

Olinda. Witness these tears I have both, as
I know

You burn with equal flames, and so affect me:
Abundance makes me poor; such is the hard
Condition of my fortune. Be your own judges;
If I should favour both, 'twill tant my
honour,

And that before my life I must prefer;

If one I lean to, th' other is disvalued :

You're fiery both, and love will make you warmer.

Clari. The warmer still the fitter. You're a fool, lady.

Olin. To what may love, and the devil jealousy, spur you, [trou;
Is too apparent; my name's call'd in ques-
Your sword's fly out, your angers range at large:
Then what a murder of my modesty follows!

Clari. Take heed of that by any means.
Oh, innocent,

That will deny a blessing when 'tis offer'd!
'Would I were murder'd so, I'd thank my

Cle. What pause you on? [modesty.

Olin. It is at length resolv'd.

Clara. We're on the rack; uncertain ex-
The greatest torture! [pectation

Lid. Command what you please,

And you shall see how willingly we'll execute.

Olin. Then hear what, for your satisfaction,

And to preserve your friendship, I resolve
Against myself; and 'tis not to be alter'd: [it,
You're both brave gentlemen, I'll still profess
Both noble servants, for whose gentle offers
The undeserving and the poor Olinde [ously;
Is ever bound; you love both, fair and virtu-
'Would I could be so happy to content both!
Which since I cannot, take this resolute an-
Go from us both contentedly, and he [swer:
That lost makes his return, and comes to
visit, [well!

Comes to my bed. You know my will; [three-
My heart's too big to utter more. Come.

Cal. I'll wait on you to your coach, [friend!

[*Exeunt Olin. Cal. and Clari.*

Cle. You both look blank;

I cannot blame you.

Lid. We have our dispatches.

Clara. I'll home.

Lid. And I'll abroad again: Farewell!

Clara. Farewell to ye!

[*Exeunt Clara. and Lid.*

Cle. Their blunt departure troubles me:

I fear,

A sudden and a dangerous division
Of their long love will follow. Have you took
Your leave of fair Olinde?

Enter Calista.

Cal. She is gone, sir.

Cle. Had you brought news Lisander were
return'd too,

I were most happy.

Cal. Still upon Lisander? [health;

Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his
And heav'n knows I love him.

Cal. I find it so; [you.

For me you have forgot, and what I'm to
Cle. Oh, think not so. If you had lost a
sister [you;

You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve
A little you would wander from the fondness

You ow'd your husband: I have lost a friend,

A noble friend; all that was excellent
In man, or mankind, was contain'd within
That loss, my wife— [him.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. Madam, your noble father—

A fee for my good news!

Cal. Why, what of him, sir?

Malf. Is lighted at the door, and longs to
see you.

Cal. Attend him hither.

Cle. Oh, my dear Lisander! [listn.
But I'll be merry. Let's meet him, my Cal.

Cal. I hope Lisander's love will now be
huried:

My father will bring joy enough for one
To put him out of a memory. [mornth,

Enter Dorilus; his arm in a scarf.

Dor. How do you, son?

Bless my fair child! I'm come to visit you,
To see what house you keep; they say you're
bountiful;

I like the noise well, and I come to try it.
Ne'er a great belly yet? How have you
trifled! [un't

If I had done so, son, I should have heard
On both sides, by saint Demus!

Cle. You're nobly welcome, sir;

We've time enough for that.

Dor. See how she blushes;

'Tis a good sign, you'd meed your fault.
How dost thou,

My good Calista?

Cal. Well, now I see you, sir; [you.

I hope you bring a trustfulness along with
Dor. Good luck, I ne'er miss; I was ever
good at it:

Your mother groan'd for't, wench; so did
some other,

But I durst never tell.

Cal. How does your arm, sir?

Cle. Have you been let blood of late?

Dor. Against my will, sir.

Cal. A fall, dear father?

Dor. No; a gun, dear daughter; [tock,
Two or three guns; I've one here in my but-

'Twould trouble a surgeon's teeth to pull it
Cal. Oh, me! oh, me! [out.

Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,

'Tis time for me to trudge: Art such a coward,
At the mere name of hurt to change thy co-
lour?

I have been shot that men might see clean
thro' me,

And yet I fainted not. Besides myself,
Here are an hospital of hurt men for you.

Enter Servants, wounded in several places.

Cle. What should this wonder be?

Cal. I'm amaz'd at it.

Dor. What think ye of these? they're
every one hurt soundly,

Hurt to the proof; they're thro' and thro',
I assure ye;

And that's good game: they scorn your pulling scratches.

Cal. Who did this, sir?

Dor. Leave crying, and I'll tell you: And get your plaisters, and your warm stoops ready? [over]

Have you ne'er a shepherd that can tar us 'Twill prove a business else, we are so many. Coming to see you, I was set upon, I and my men, as we were singing frolicky; Not dreaming of an ambush of base rogues, Set on i'th' forest, I've forgot the name—

Cle. 'Twixt this and Fontainebleau? in the wild forest? [forest]

Dor. The same, the same, in that accursed Set on by villains, that make boot of all men; The peers of France are pillage there: They shot at us,

Hurt us, unhors'd us; came to th' sword, there plied us,

Oppress'd us with fresh multitudes, fresh shot still;

Rogues that would hing themselves for a fresh doublet,

And for a scarlet cassock kill their fathers!

Cle. Lighted you among these?

Dor. Among these murderers Our poor bloods were eugag'd; yet we struck bravely, [shon us]

And more than once or twice we made them And shrink their rugged heads; but we were hurt all.

Cle. How came you off? for I ev'n long to hear that.

Dor. After our prayers made to Heav'n to help us,

Or to be merciful unto our souls, [wipe] So near we were—Alas, poor wench; wipe, See, Heav'n sends remedy.

Cal. I'm glad 'tis come, sir;

My heart was ev'n o'-bleeding in my body.

Dor. A curl'd-hair gentleman stopp'd in, a stranger;

As he rode by, belike he heard our bickering, Saw our distresses, drew his sword, and prov'd He came to execute, and not to argue.

Lord, what a lightning methought flew about him,

When he once toss'd his blade! In face Adonis^a, [brows]

While Peace inhabited between his eye: But when his noble anger stirr'd his mettle,

And blew his fiery parts into a flame, [smies] Like Pallas, when she sits between two ar-

Viewing with horrid brows their sad events, Such then he look'd, and as her shield had arm'd him.

Cal. This man, sir, were a friend to give an age for.

This gentleman I must love nat'rally; [sir] Nothing can keep me off. I pray you go on;

Dor. I will, for now you please me. This brave youth,

This bud of Mars, (for yet he is no riper) When once he had drawn blood, and flesh'd his sword,

Fitted his manly mettle to his spirit; How he besturr'd him! what a lance he made;

And thro' their fiery bullets thrust securely, The harden'd villains wund'ring at his confidence!

Lame as I was, I follow'd, and admir'd too; And stirr'd; and laid about me with new spirit;

My men too with new hearts thrust into action; And down the rogues went.

Cle. I am struck with wonder! [flecter]

Dor. Remember but the story of stroog

^a And your warm stoups ready.] *Stoups* (for so it should be spelt) here signifies *liquids* to bathe their wounds: *A stoup of wine* is mentioned by Shakespeare in *Othello*, and we believe in *Twelfth-Night*. The like expression occurs in other old authors; and in this very play, act iii. where *Dorlaus* says,

“ And forty *stoups* of wine, drunk at thy funeral.”

^b ——— in face *Adonis*,

While *Peace*, &c.] These lines, though spoken by a comic personage, are almost worthy to cope with the famous passage in Shakespeare's *Henry V*, which breathes the very spirit of *Tyrtaeus*:

“ In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man

“ As modest stillness and humility:

“ But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

“ Then imitate the action of the tyger;

“ Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

“ Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd rage:

“ Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

“ Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,

“ Like the brass cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,

“ As fearfully as doth a gall'd rock

“ O'er-hang and jutty his confounded base,

“ Swoll'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

“ Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;

“ Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit

“ To his full height!”

When like to lightning he broke thro' his vanguard*,

How the Greeks frighted ran away by troops,
And trod down troops to save their lives; so
this man

Dispers'd these slaves: Had they been more
and mightier,

He had conn'd off the greater and more wonder.

Cle. Where is the man, good sir, that we
may honour him? [him.

Cal. That we may fall in superstition to [him.

Dor. I know not that; from me he late
departed,

But not without that pious care to see safe
Me, and my weak men lodg'd, and dress'd.

I urg'd him [him:

First hither, that I might more freely thank
He told me he had business, crav'd my pardon,
Business of much import.

Cle. Know you his name?

Dor. That he denied me too; a vow had
barr'd him. [less.

Cal. In that he was not noble to be name-

Dor. Daughter, you must remember him
when I am dead,

And in a noble sort requite his piety!

*Twas his desire to dedicate this service
To your fair thoughts.

Cal. He knows me then?

Dor. I nam'd you, [knowledge.

And nam'd you mine: I think that's all his

Cle. No name? no being?

Cal. Now I'm mad to know him!

Saving mine honour, any thing I had now,
But to enjoy his sight, but his bare picture—
Make me his saint? I must needs honour him.

Serv. I know his name.

Cal. There's thy reward for't; speak it.

[Gives a purse.

Serv. His man told me; but he desir'd
my silence.

Cal. Oh, Jasper, speak! 'tis thy good
master's cause too:

We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.

Serv. Lisander? yes, I'm sure it was Li-

Cal. Lisander? 'twas Lisander. [sander.

Cle. 'Tis Lisander. [question

Oh, my base thoughts, my wicked! to make
This act cou'd be another man's! it is Li-

A handsome-timber'd man? [sander.

Serv. Yes.

Cle. My Lisander!

Was this friend's absence to be mourn'd?

Cal. I grant it;

I'll mourn his going now, and mourn it se-
riously. [company.

When you weep for him, sir, I'll hear you
That so much honour, so much honesty,

Should be in one man, to do things thus
bravely! [service?

Make me his saint? to me give this brave
What may I do to recompense his goodness?

I cannot tell.

Cle. Unnie, sir, I know you're sickly;

So are your men.

Dor. I must confess I'm weak,

And fitter for a bed than long discourses:

You shall hear tomorrow.—Tomorrow—

Provide surgeons¹⁰.

Cle. Lisander!

Cal. What new fire is this? Lisander!

[Exit.

* *When like to lightning he broke through his vanguard.* Mr. Seward says, 'to break from his vanguard is the true image;' but as *from* would hurt the measure, the corruption, says he, 'is probably in the relative *his*, which should be *the* or *their*, i. e. the Grecian vanguard.' We think it means his *own* vanguard, and that *THROUGH his vanguard* conveys the same image as *FROM it*, with more warmth of expression.

¹⁰ *Clea.* You shall hear tomorrow, tomorrow provide surgeons.

Dor. *Lisander*—] So all former editions; but we think *the speakers* and *the punctuation* wrong. The first line, we apprehend, should come from the old man, Dorlaus; and the pointing be as we have placed it in the text, which expresses his faintness: He is proceeding to speak, but is forced to desist, and to call for assistance. The exclamation, 'Li-sander!' should then come from Cleander.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Lisander and Lancelot.

Lis. PRITHEE, good Lancelot, remem-
ber that [fore
Thy master's life is in thy trust; and there-
Be very careful.

Lan. I will lose mine own,
Rather than hazard yours.

Lis. Take what disguise
You in your own discretion shall think fittest.
To keep yourself unknown.

Lan. I warrant you;

'Tis not the first time I have gone invisible:

I am as fine a fairy in a business

Concerning night-work—

Lis. Leave your vanities. [spare

With this purse (which deliver'd, you may

Your oratory) convey this letter to Calista's woman.

Lan. 'Tis a handsome girl; Mistress Clarinda.

Lis. I have made her mine. You know your work.

Lan. And if I sweat not in it, At my return discard me.

Lis. Oh, Calista!

The fairest, cruellest—

Enter Clarange.

Clara. So early stirring?

A good day to you!

Lis. I was viewing, sir, The site of your house, and th' handsomeness about it:

Believe me it stands healthfully and sweetly.

Clara. The house and master of it really Are ever at your service.

Lis. I return it:

Now, if you please, go forward in your story Of your dear friend and mistress.

Clara. I will tell it,

And tell it short, because 'tis breakfast time, And (love's) tedious thing to a quick stomach: You eat not yesternight.

Lis. I shall cadure, sir. [you]
Clara. Myself and (as I then deliver'd to A gentleman of noble hope, one Lidian, Both brought up from our infancy together, One company, one friendship¹¹, and one exercise

Ever affecting, one bed holding us, One grief and one joy parted still between us, More than companions, twins in all our actions, [still:

We grew up till we were men, held one heart Time call'd us on to arms, we were one soldier,

Alike we sought our dangers and our honours, Gloried alike one in another's nobleness: When arms had made us fit, we were one lover,

We lov'd one woman, lov'd without division, And woo'd a long time with one fair affection; And she, as it appears, loves us alike too.

At length, considering what our lure must grow to,

And covet in the end, this one was parted; Rivals and honours make men stand at distance.

We then woo'd with advantage, but were friends still,

Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love; We could not both enjoy the lady's favour, Without some scandal to her reputation; We put it to her choice; this was her sentence,

'To part both from her, and the last returning

'Should be her lord;' we obey'd; and now you know it: [with't)

And, for my part, (so truly I am touch'd I will go far enough, and be the last too, Or ne'er return.

Lis. A sentence of much cruelty, [on me. But mild, compar'd with what's pronounc'd Our loving youth is horn to many miseries. What is that Lidian, pray you?

Clara. Calista's brother, If ever you have heard of that fair lady.

Lis. I've seen her, sir.

Clara. Then you have seen a wonder.

Lis. I do confess. Of what years is this Lidian?

Clara. About my years; there is not much between us.

Lis. I long to know him.

Clara. 'Tis a virtuous longing;

As many hopes hang on his noble head, As blossoms on a bough in May, and sweet ones.

Lis. You're a fair story of your friend.

Clara. Of truth, sir.

Now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There's a gentleman [business. At door would speak with you on private *Clara.* With me?

Serv. He says so, and brings haste about *Clara.* Wait on him in. [Exit Servant.

Lis. I will retire the while, to the next room. [Exit.

Clara. We shall not long disturb you.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Save you, sir!

Clara. The like to you, fair sir! 'Pray you come near. [mut:]

Alc. 'Pray you instruct me, for I know you With monsieur Clarange I would speak.

Clara. I'm he, sir;

You are nobly welcome. I wait your business. *Alc.* This will inform you.

[Gives him a letter, which he reads. *Clara.* Will you please to sit down? [him He shall command me, sir; I'll wait upon Within this hour.

Alc. You are a noble gentleman. [of us, Will't please you bring a friend? we are two And pity either, sir, should be unfurnish'd.

Clara. I have none now; and the time's set so short,

'Twill not be possible.

Alc. Do me the honour:

I know you are so full of brave acquaintance,

¹¹ One company, one friendship, &c.] In this description of the friendship of Clarange and Lidian, our Author seems to have intended an imitation of the excellent account of female friendship in Shakespeare's Midsummer-Night's Dream; to which this, however, cannot be entitled to a comparison. A much better, on the same subject, will be seen in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen, act i, scene 5. R.

And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner;

I would be loath to stand still, sir. Besides, You know the custom and the vantage of it, If you come in alone.

Clara. And I must meet it. [equal:

Ale. Send; we'll defer an hour, let us be Games won and lost on equal terms shew fairest. [ther,

Clara. 'Tis to no purpose to send any whil- Unless men be at home by revelation.

So please you breathe a while, when I have done with him [man.

You may be exercis'd too: I'll trouble no

Enter Lisander.

Lis. They're very loud. Now, what's the

Clara. I must leave you, [news? Leave you a while; two hours hence I'll re- turn, friend.

Lis. Why, what's the matter?

Clara. A little business.

Lis. An't be but a little, you may take me with you.

Clara. I will be a trouble to you.

Lis. No, indeed;

To do you service I account a pleasure.

Clara. I must alone.

Lis. Why?

Clara. 'Tis necessity.

Before you pass the walks, and back again, I will be with you.

Lis. It's not unmannerly

To press you, I would go.

Clara. I'll tell you true, sir;

This gentleman and I, upon appointment;

Are going to visit a lady.

Lis. I'm no Capuchin;

Why should not I go?

Ale. Take the gentleman;

Come, he may see the gentlewoman too, And be most welcome; I do beseech you take him. [woman,

Lis. By any means; I love to see a gentle- A pretty wench too.

Clara. Well, sir, we will meet you,

And at the place. My service to the lady.

Ale. I kiss your hand. [Exit.

Clara. 'Prithee read o'er her letter.

Lis. [reading.] 'Monsieur, [tence

'I know you have consider'd the dark sen- 'Olinda gave us; and that, however she dis- guis'd it,

'It pointed more at our swords' edges than

'Our bodies' banishments: The last must enjoy her! [ing;

'If we retire, our youths are lost in wander-

'In emulation we shall grow old men

'And feeble, (which is the scorn of love, and rust of honour,)

'And so return more fit to wed our sepulchres, 'Than the saint we aim at; let us therefore make

'Our journey short and our hearts ready, and, 'With our swords in our hands, put it to fortune [ing.

'Which shall be worthy to receive that bless-

'I'll stay you on the mountain, our old hunt- ing-place. [mo:

'This gentleman alone runs the hazard with

'And so I kiss your hand.

'Your servant, Lidian.'

Is this your wench? You'll find her a sharp mistress. [Lidian

What have I thrust myself into? Is this that You told me of?

Clara. The same.

Lis. My lady's brother!

No cause to heave my sword against but his? To save the father yesterday, and this morn-

ing [teous;

To help to kill the son? This is most cour- The only way to make the daughter dote on me! [off?

Clara. Why do you muse? would you go?

Lis. No, no;

I must on now.—This will be kindly taken;

No life to sacrifice, but part of hers?—

Do you fight straight?

Clara. Yes, presently.

Lis. Tomorrow, then,

The baleful tidings of this day will break out, And this night's sun will set in blood. I'm troubled!

If I am kill'd, I'm happy.

Clara. Will you go, friend?

Lis. I'm ready, sir. Fortune, th' hast made me monstrous! [Exit.

Enter Malfort and Clarinda.

Malf. Your cousin, and my true friend, lusty Leon,

Shall know how you use me.

Clarid. Be more temperate,

Or I will never use, nor know you more

I th' way of a servant: All the house takes notice

Of your ridiculous foppery; I've no sooner Perfor'd my duties in my lady's chamber,

And she scarce down the stairs, but you ap- pear

Like my evil spirit to me.

Malf. Can the fish live

Out of the water, or the salamander

Out of the fire? or I live warm, but in

The frying-pan of your favour?

Clari. Pray you forget

Your curious comparisons, borrow'd from The pond and kitchen, and remember what My lady's pleasure is for th' entertainment Of her noble father.

¹⁰ I know you have consider'd, &c.] This letter has hitherto been printed as prose; but we think it was intended for metre, and is as smooth verse as many other passages of our Authors.

Malf. I would learn the art
Of memory in your table-book.

Clari. Very good, sir!

No more but up and ride? I apprehend
Your meaning; soft fire makes sweet malt,
sir: I'll

Answer you in a proverb.

Malf. But one kiss from
Thy honey lip!

Clari. You fight too high; my hand is
A fair ascent from my foot. His slav'ring
kisses

Spoil me more gloves—Enough for once;
(you'll surfeit

With too much grace.

Malf. Have you no employment for me?

Clari. Yes, yes; go send for Leon, and
convey him

Into the private arbour; from his mouth

I hear your praises with more faith.

Malf. I'm gone.

Yet one thing ere I go; there's at the door
The rarest fortune-teller—he hath told me
The strangest things! he knows you are my
mistress,

And under seal deliver'd how many children
I shall beget on you; 'pray you give him hear-
He'll make it good to you. [ing,

Clari. A cunning man
Of your own making! howso'er, I'll hear him
At your entreaty.

Malf. Now I perceive you love me. [her
At my entreaty!—Come in, friend: Remem-

*Enter Lancelot like a fortune-teller, with a
purse, and two letters in it.*

To speak as I directed.—He knows his lesson,
And the right way to please her: This it is
To have a head-piece! [Exit.

Clari. 'Tis said you can tell
Fortunes to come.

Lon. Yes, mistress, and what's past;

Un-glove your hand. By this straight line, I
You have lain crooked. [see

Clari. How! lain crooked?

Lon. Yes;

And in that posture play'd at the old game,
(Nobody hears me, and I'll be no blab)
And at it lost your maidenhead.

Clari. A shrewd fellow!

'Tis troth, but not to be confess'd.—In this
Your palmistry deceives you. Something
else, sir. [and

Lon. You're a great woman with your lady,
Acquainted with her counsels.

Clari. Still more strange!

Lon. There is a noble knight, Lisander,
loves her,

Whom she regards not; and the destinies,
With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd
That by your means alone he must enjoy her.
Your hand again! Yes, yes, you have already
Promis'd him your assistance, and, what's
more,

Tasted his bounty; for which, from the sky
There are two hundred crowns dropp'd in a
purse;

Look back, you'll find it true. Nay, open it;
'Tis good gold, I assure you.

Clari. How! two letters?

The first indors'd to me? this to my lady.—
Subscrib'd Lisander?

Lon. And the fortune-teller
His servant Lancelot.

Clari. How had I lost my eyes, [loss
That I could not know thee! Not a word o'th'
Of my virginity!

Lon. Nor who I am.

Clari. I'll use all speedy means for your
dispatch [it

With a welcome answer; but till you receive
Continue thus disguis'd. Monsieur Malfort
(You know the way to humour him) shall
provide

¹⁰ *Clari.* How, two letters?

The first indors'd to me? this to my lady?

Subscrib'd Lisander.

Probably the Author wrote thus:

Two letters?

The first indors'd to me?—Subscrib'd Lisander.

—This to my lady?

[I have made a dash after 'The first indors'd to me,' to give
time for the opening or reading of her own letter; otherwise how could she know it was
from Lisander, before she had either broke the seal or perused its contents? And it seems
as odd as can be, for Lisander to set his name on the outside of Calista's billet, since the
subscribing it at the bottom was all that was requisite. *Symphon.*

The old reading is right, and as it stands, ending 'subscrib'd Lisander,' more naturally
introduces Lancelot's answer; 'And the fortune-teller his servant Lancelot.' Clarinda
certainly could not 'know the letter was from Lisander, before she had either broke the
'seal, or perused its contents;' nor was it necessary, to establish the old reading, for 'Lis-
'der to set his name on the outside of Calista's billet.' Clarinda receives two letters, and
after looking at the direction of each, her own first, cries,

'The first indors'd to me? this to my lady.'

She then breaks open that address'd to herself, and finds it, as she declares aloud,

'Subscrib'd Lisander.'

All this is very natural, and requires nothing more than a necessary attention to the theatri-
cal action of the performer, to be easily understood.

A lodging for you, and good entertainment;
Nay, since we trade both one way, thou shalt
Some feeling with me; take that. [have

Lis. Bountiful wench,

Muyst thou o'er want employment?

Clara. Nor such pay, boy! [Exeunt.

Enter *Lidian* and *Alician* at one door, *Lisander* and *Clara* at another.

Lid. You're welcome.

Alic. Let us do our office first, [ground
And then make choice of a new place of
To try our fortunes.

Lis. Ali's fair here.

Alic. And here:

Their swords are equal.

Lis. If there be any odds

In mine, we will exchange.

Alic. We'll talk of that

When we are further off. Farewell!

Lis. Farewell, friend!

[Exeunt *Lis.* and *Alic.*

Lid. Come, let us not be idle!

Clara. I will find you

Employment, fear not.

Lid. You know, sir, the cause
That brings us hither.

Clara. There needs no more discoursing;
No time nor place for repetition now.

Lid. Let our swords argue; and I wish,
Clara,

The proud *Olinda* saw us.

Clara. 'Would she did!

Whatever estimation she holds of me,
She should behold me like a man fight for her.

Lid. 'Tis nobly said. Set on. Love and
my fortune! [They fight.

Clara. The same for me! Come home,
hence *Lidian*!

'Twas manly thrust: This token to the lady!
You have it, sir; deliver it. Take breath;
I see you bleed npace; you shall have fair
play.

Enter *Lisander*.

Lis. You must lie there a while; I cannot
help you ¹⁴.

Lid. Nay, then my fortune's gone; I know
I must die:

Yet dearly will I sell my love. Come on both,
And use your fortunes; I expect no favour!

Weak as I am, my confidence shall meet you!
Clara. Yield up your cause, and live.

Lid. What, dost thou hold me

A recreant, that prefers life before credit?
'Tho' I bleed hard, my honour finds no issue;
That's constant to my heart.

Clara. Have at your life then!

Lis. Hold, or I'll turn, and bend my sword
against you; [gentleman,

My cause, *Clara*, too. View this brave
That yet may live to kill you; he stands no-

And has as great a promise of the day [Idly,
As you can tie unto yourself; as ready ¹⁵;

His sword as sharp; View him with that
remembrance

That you deliver'd him to me, *Clara*,
And with those eyes; that clearness will be-
come you;

View him, as you reported him; survey him;
Fix on your friendship, sir. I know you're
noble,

And step not inward to your old affection,
Examine but that soul grew to your bosom,
And try thou if your sword will bite; it can-
not, [Ed.

The edge will turn again, asham'd and blunt-
Lidian, you are the pattern of fair friendship,

Exampl'd for your love, and imitated;
The temple of true hearts, stor'd with affec-
tions,

For sweetness of your spirit made a saint;
Can you decline this nobleness to nger?

To mortal nger? 'gaust the man you live
most? [ture?

Have you the name of virtuous, not the na-
Lid. I will sit down.

Clara. And I'll sit by you, *Lidian*.

Lis. And I'll go on. Can *Heav'n* be pleas'd
with these things? [gether,

To see two hearts that have been twin'd to-
married in friendship, to the world two won-
ders ¹⁶, [health,

Of one growth, of one nourishment, one
Thus naturally divorce'd for one weak woman?

Can *Love* be pleas'd? *Love* is a gentle spirit;
The wind that blows the April flowers not
softer;

¹⁴ You must lie there, &c.] These words are addressed to *Alician* without, whom *Lisander* has overcome.

¹⁵ He's ready.] From the context, there is reason to suppose we should read, 'as ready:'

'He stands nobly,

'And has as great a promise of the day

'As you can tie unto yourself; as ready;

'His sword as sharp;

Besides, 'he's ready' is very flat, and in this place scarce sense.

¹⁶ ——— that have been twin'd together,

Married in friendship to the world, to wonder.] The Editors of 1750 propose reading,

'——— that have been twin'd together,

'Married in friendship, to the world a wonder.'

'Have been twin'd' is clearly the true reading; the whole, we apprehend, should run thus:

'To see two hearts, that have been twin'd together,

'Married in friendship, to the world two wonders,' &c.

She's drawn with doves to shew her peace-fulness;

Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants. Would you serve *Love*? do it with humble-ness, [murmurs;

Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft Upon her altars offer your obedience, And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:

That fire you kindle to her deity, Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs*, And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence; [tious:

You would her now; you are too supersti- No sacrifice of blood or death she longs for.

Lid. Came he from Heav'n?

Clara. He tells us truth, good Lidian.

Lis. That part of noble love which is most sweet,

And gives eternal being to fair beauty, Honour, ye hack a-pieces with your swords; And that ye fight to crown ye kill, fair credit!

Clara. Thus we embrace; no more fight, but all friendship! [fits,

And where *Love* pleases to bestow his bene- Let us not argue.

Lid. Nay, brave sir, come in too, You may love also, and may hope; if you do, And not rewarded for't, there is no justice. Farewell, friend! here let's part upon our pilgrimage:

It must be so, Cupid draws on our sorrows, And where the lot lights—

Clara. I shall count it happiness.

Farewell, dear friend!

Lis. First, let's relieve the gentleman off, That lies hurt in your cause, and bring him And take some care for your hurts; then I'll part too,

A third unfortunate, and willing wanderer. [Exeunt.

Enter Olinda and Calista.

Olin. My fears foresaw 'twould come to

Cal. I would [this.

Your sentence had been milder.

Olin. 'Tis past help now.

Cal. I share in your despair, and yet my hopes [means

Have not quite left me, since all possible Are practis'd to prevent the mischief follow- ing [way;

Their mortal meeting: My lord's coasted one My father, tho' his hurts forbid his travel, Hath took another; my brother-in-law Be- ronte,

A third; and ev'ry minute we must look for The certain knowledge, which we must en- dure

With that calm patience Heav'n shall please to lend us.

Enter Dorilaus and Cleander, severally.

Dor. Dead both?

Cle. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.

Olin. I hear my passing-bell.

Cal. I'm in a fever.

Cle. They say, their seconds too; but what they are [tain.

Is not known yet; some worthy fellows cer- *Dor.* Where had you knowledge?

Cle. Of the country people;

'Tis spoken every where,

Dor. I heard it too¹⁷;

And 'tis so common, I do half believe it.

You've lost a brother, wench; be lov'd you well, [service;

And might have liv'd t' have done his country But he is gone. Thou fell'st untimely, Lidian,

But by a valiant band, that's some small comfort,

And took'st him with thee too; thou lov'd'st brave company. [vant,

Weeping will do no good: You lost a ser- He might have liv'd t' have been your master,

But you fear'd that. [lady;

Olin. Good sir, be tender to me; [it¹²;

The news is bad enough, you need not press I lov'd him well, I lov'd 'em both.

Dor. It seems so. How many more have you to love so, lady?

They were both fools to fight for such a fiddle¹⁸!

Certain there was a dearth of noble anger, When a slight woman was thought worth a quarrel.

Olin. 'Pray you think nobler.

Dor. I'll tell thee what I think; the plague, war, famine,

Nay, put in dice and drunkenness, (and those You'll grant are pretty helps) kill not so many

(I mean so many noble) as your loves do, Rather your lewdness. I crave your mercy, women!

Be not offended, if I anger ye: [merry,

I'm sure ye've touch'd me deep. I came to be And with my children; but to see one ruin'd

Enter Beronte and Alcidon; Clarinda fol- lowing.

By this fell accident—Are they all dead? If they be, speak.

* When it blows with sighs.] This is the reading of the first folio, which Symposon follows. Our lection is from the second folio.

¹⁷ I heard it so too.] So is clearly an interpolation, and gained place here from its occurring in the next line.

¹⁸ ——— you need not press it.] i. e. make it worse. Symposon.

¹⁹ They were both fools to fight for such a fiddle.] Considering the whimsical terms that Olinda had imposed on her two lovers, it is not improbable that the Authors wrote,

'They were both fools to fight for such a riddle.'

Cle. What news?

Der. What dead? Ye pose me;

I understand you not.

Cle. My brother Lidian,
Clarange, and their seconds.

Ber. Here is one of 'em;
And sure this gentleman's alive.

Ale. I hope so;

So is your son, sir; so is brave Clarange:
They fought indeed, and they were hurt suf-
ficiently; [mour;

We were all hurt; that bred the general ru-
But friends again all, and like friends we
parted.

Cle. Heard you of Lisander?

Ber. Yes, and miss'd him narrowly;
He was one o' th' combatants, fought with
this gentleman,

Second against your brother; by his wisdom
(For certainly good fortune follows him)
All was made peace. I'll tell you the rest at
For we are hungry. [dinner,

Ale. I, before I eat, [dam,
Must pay a vow I'm sworn to. My life, ma-
Was at Lisander's mercy, I live by it;
And, for the noble favour, he desir'd me
To kiss your fair hand for him, offering
This second service as a sacrifice
At the altar of your virtues.

Dor. Come, joy on all sides!

Heav'n not suffer honest men to perish.

Cle. Be proud of such a friend.

Dor. Forgive me, madam;

It was a grief might have concern'd you near
too. [der?

Cle. No work of excellence but still Lisan-
Go thy ways, worthy!

Olin. We'll be merry too.

Were I to speak again, I would be wiser.
[Exeunt.

Manent Calista and Florinda.

Cal. Too much of this rare cordial makes
me sick;

However, I obey you.

Clari. Now or never

Is an apt time to move her. Madam!

Cal. Who's that?

Clari. Your servant: I would speak with
your ladyship.

Cal. Why dost thou look about?

Clari. I've private business

That none must hear but you. Lisander—
Cal. Where?

Clari. Nay, he's not here, but would en-
treat this favour; [given,

Some of your balsam from your own hand

For he's much hurt, and that he thinks would
cure him.

Cal. He shall have all my pray'rs too.

Clari. But conceive me,

It must be from yourself immediately:
Pity so brave a gentleman should perish!
He's superstitious, and he holds your hand
Of infinite power. I would not urge this,
madam,

But only in a man's extremes, to help him.

Cal. Let him come,

Good wench! 'tis that I wish; I'm happy in't:
My husband his true friend, my noble father,
The fair Olin'd, all desire to see him;
He shall have many hands.

Clari. That he desires not, [ries;
Nor eyes, but yours, to look upon his mis-
For then he thinks 'twould be no perfect
cure, madam:

He would come private.

Cal. How can that be here? [him,
I shall do wrong unto all those that honour
Besides my credit.

Clari. Dure you not trust a hurt man?
Not strain a courtesy to save a gentleman?
To save his life, that has sav'd all your family?
A man that comes, like a poor mortified pil-
grim,

Only to beg a blessing, and depart again?

He would but see you; that he thinks would
cure him:

But since you find fit reasons to the contrary,
And that it cannot stand with your clear ho-
nour,

(Tho' you best know how well he has de-
serv'd of you) [it,

I'll send him word back (tho' I grieve to do
Grieve at my soul, for certainly 'twill kill him)
What your will is.

Cal. Stay! I will think upon't.

Where is he, wench?

Clari. If you desire to see him,
Let not that trouble you, he shall be with you,
And in that time that no man shall suspect
you:

Your honour, madam, is in your own free
keeping;

Your care in me, in him all honesty;

If you desire him not, let him pass by you,

And all this business reckon but a dream!

Cal. Go in, and counsel me; I would fain
see him,

And willingly comfort him.

Clari. 'Tis in your power; [ly.

And, if you dare trust me, you shall do't safe-
Read that, [giving a letter.] and let that tell
you how he honours you. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

*Enter Clarinda and Leon.**Leon.* THIS happy night— [*Kisses her.*]*Clari.* Preserve this eagerness
Till we meet nearer; there is something done
Will give us opportunity.*Leon.* Witty girl! the plot?*Clari.* You shall hear that at leisure.
The whole house reels with joy at the report
Of Lidina's safety, and that joy encreas'd
From their affection to the brave Lisander,
In being made the happy instrument to com-
The bloody difference. [*pound*]*Leon.* They'll hear shortly that
Will turn their mirth to mourning: He was
then [*since,*The principal means to save two lives; but,
There are two fall'n, and by his single hand,
For which his life must answer, if the king,
Whose arm is long, can reach him.*Clari.* We have nowNo spare time to hear stories: Take this key;
'Twill make your passage to the banqueting-
in the garden free. [*house*]*Leon.* You will not fail to come?*Clari.* For mine own sake, ne'er doubt it.
Now for Lisander! [*Exit Leon.*]*Enter Dorilans, Cleander, and servants
with lights.**Dor.* To bed, to bed! 'tis very late.*Cle.* To bed all!*I've* drunk a health too much.*Dor.* You'll sleep the better;*My* usual physic that way.*Cle.* Where's your mistress?*Clari.* She is above, but very ill and aguish;
The late fright of her brother has much trou-
bled her:

She would entreat to lie alone.

Cle. Her pleasure.*Dor.* Commend my love to her, and my
prayer's for her health:
I'll see her ere I go.[*Exeunt omnes præter Clari.*]*Clari.* All good rest to ye!Now to my watch for Lisander! when he's
furnish'd,For mine own friend! Since I stand centinel,
I love to laugh i' th' evenings too; and may,
The privilege of my place will warrant it.[*Exit.*]*Enter Lisander and Lancelot.**Lis.* You've done well hitherto. Where
are we now?

in I see it simpler hither.] We suspect this to be a corruption, and that we should read
glimmer. *Simpler*, we apprehend, never occurs in this sense; and Lancelot, though a ser-
vant, is not made a speaker of barbarisms.

Lan. Not far from the house, I hear by
th' owls; there are
Many of your Welch falconers about it.
Here were a night to chuse to run away with
Another man's wife, and do the feat!*Lis.* Peace, knave; [*hear us.*]
The house is here before us, and some many
The candles are all out.*Lan.* But one i' th' parlour; [*way.*]
I see it glimmer hither¹⁰. 'Pray come this*Lis.* Step to the garden-door, and feel an't
be open.*Lan.* I'm going; luck deliver me from the
saw-pits,Or I am buried quick! I hear a dog; [*ried;*]
No, 'tis a cricket. Ha! here's a cuckoo! bu-
Take heed of his horns, sir. Here's the door;
'tis open.*Clari.* [*at the door.*] Who's there?*Lis.* A friend.*Clari.* Sir! Lisander!*Lis.* I.*Clari.* You're welcome; follow me, and
make no noise.*Lis.* Go to your horse, and keep your watch
with care, sirrah,
And be sure you sleep not.[*Exeunt Lis. and Clari.*]*Lan.* Send me out the dairy-maid, [*ing.*]
To play at trump with me, and keep me wak-
My fellow horse and I now must discourse
Like two learn'd almanack-makers, of the
stars, [*drunkards,*And tell what a plentiful year 'twill prove of
If I'd but a pottle of sack, like a sharp
prickle,To knock my nose against when I am holding,
I should sing like a nightingale; but I must
Keep watch without it. I am apt to dance;
Good Fortune, guide me from the fairies'
circles! [*Exit.*]*Enter Clarinda (with a taper) and Lisander.
Calista sitting behind a curtain.**Clari.* Come near!I'll leave you now; draw but that curtain,
And have your wish.—Now, Leon, I'm for
thee: [*hours;*We that are servants must make use of such'n
And be glad of such'd occasions. [*Exit.*]*Lis.* She's asleep;Fierce Love hath clos'd his lights, (I may look
on her)Within her eyes he's lock'd the Graces up;
I may behold and live. How sweet she
breathes!

The orient morning breaking out in odours

Is not so full of perfumes as her breath is;
She is the abstract of all excellence,
And scorns a parallel.

Cal. Who's there?

Lis. Your servant,

Your most obedient slave, adored lady,
That comes but to behold those eyes again,
And pay some vows I have to sacred beauty,
And so pass by: I'm blind as ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
'Till I receive from their bright influence
Light to direct me. For devotion's sake,
(You are the saint I tread these holy steps to,
And holy saints are all relenting sweetness)
Be not enrag'd, nor be not angry with me;
The greatest attribute of Heav'n is mercy,
And 'tis the crown of Justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

Cal. Why do you kneel? I know you come
to mock me, [me,
To upbraid me with the benefits you've given
Which are too many, and too mighty, sir,
For my return; and I confess 'tis justice,
That for my cruelty you should despise me;
And I expect, however you are calm now,
(A foil you strive to set your cause upon)
It will break out: Calista is unworthy,
Coy, proud, disdainful, (I acknowledge all)
Colder of comfort than the frozen north is,
And more a stranger to Lisander's worth,
His youth and faith, than it becomes her
gratitude;

I blush to grant it: Yet take this alms,
(A sovereign medicine to allay displeasure,
May-be, an argument to bring me off too)
She's married, and she's chaste; how sweet
that sounds!

How it perfumes all air 'tis spoken in!

Oh, dear Lisander, would you break this
union? [hand,

Lis. No; I adore it: Let me kiss your
And seal the fair faith of a gentleman on it!

Cal. You're truly valiant: Would it not
afflict you

To have the horrid name of coward touch you?
Such is the whore to me.

Lis. I oblige thank you:

And may I be the same when I dishonour you!
This I may do again. [Kissing her hand.

Cal. You may, and worthily; [ty,
Such comforts maids may grant with modesty
And neither make them poor, nor wrong
their bounty.*

Noble Lisander, how fond now am I of you!
I heard you were hurt.

Lis. You dare not heal me, lady? [es!
I am hurt here. How sweetly now she blush-
Excellent objects kill our sight; she blinds
me: [her.

The roses in the pride of May shew pale to
Oh, tyrant Custom, and, oh, coward Honour!

How ye compel me to put on mine own
chains!

May I not kiss you now in superstition?
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to:
Let me err that way! [Kisses her,

Cal. You shall err for once;
I have a kind of noble pity on you.
Among your manly sufferings, make this most,
To err no further in desire; for then, sir,
You add unto the gratitude I owe you;
And after death, your dear friend's soul shall
bless you.

Lis. I'm wondrous honest.

Cal. I dare try. [Kiss.

Lis. I've tasted

A blessedness too great for dull mortality:
Once more, and let me die!

Cal. I dare not murder:
How will maids curse me, if I kill with kisses,
And young men fly th' embraces of fair vir-
gins! [rately.

Come, pray sit down; but let's talk tempe-
Lis. Is my dear friend a-bed?

Cal. Yes, and asleep,
Secure asleep: 'Tis midnight too, Lisander;
Speak out so loud.

Lis. You see I am a statue;
I could not stand else as I'd catch ice,
Or took into my blood a drowsy poison,
And Nature's noblest, brightest flame burn
in me.

Midnight? and I stand quietly to behold so?
The alarm rung, and I sleep like a coward?
I'm worn away; my faith, my dull obedience,
Like crutches, carry my decayed body
Down to the grave; I have no youth within
Yet happily you love too? [me.

Cal. Love with honour.

Lis. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a spe-
cious title

We should not prize too high.

Cal. Dearer than life.

Lis. The value of it is as time has made it,
And time and custom have too far insulted:
We are no gods, to be always tied to strict-
ness;

'Tis a presumption to shew too like 'em:
March but an hour or two under Love's en-
signs!

We have examples of great memories——

Cal. But foul ones too, that greatness
cannot cover!

That wife that by example sins, sins double,
And pulls the curtain open to her shame too.
Meteluka, to enjoy you thus——

Lis. 'Tis no joy, lady:

A luring bride, if she stop here, would cry;
The bridegroom too, and with just cause,
curse Hymen.

But yield a little, be one hour a woman,
(I do not speak this to compel you, lady)

* Make her poor, nor wrong her bounty.] As her has nothing to refer to but maids in the
line above, we must certainly change the number, and write,

'——— make them poor, nor wrong their bounty.'

Symon.

And give your will but motion, let it stir,
But in the taste of that weak fears call evil;
Try it to understand it, (we'll do nothing)
You'll never come to know pure good else.

Cal. Fy, sir!

[error]

Lis. I've found a way; let's slip into this
As innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both, let us embrace;
The sin is none of ours then, but our fan-
cies.—

[mour?]

What have I said? what blasphemy to ho-
Oh, my base thoughts! 'Pray you take this,
and shoot r.e.

My villain thoughts! [Offering her a pistol.

Cal. I weep your miseries, [Noise within.
And would to Heav'n—What noise?

Lis. It comes on louder. — [honour,
Kill me, and save yourself; save your fair
And lay the fault on me; let my life perish,
My base lascivious life! Shoot quickly, lady!

Cal. Not for the world. Retire behind the
hangings, [Lisander!

And there stand close.—My husband! close,

Enter Cleander, with a taper.

Cle. Dearest, are you well?

Cal. Oh, my sad heart!

My head, my head!

Cle. Alas, poor soul! what do you
Out of your bed? you take cold, my Calista.
How do you?

Cal. Not so well, sir, to lie by you:
My brother's fright—

Cle. I had a frightful dream too,
A very frightful dream, my best Calista:
Methought there came a dragon to your
chamber,

A furious dragon, wife; I yet shake at it.
Are all things well?

Lis. [from behind the hangings.] Shall I
shoot him?

Cal. No.—All well, sir.

'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which always watches.

Cle. And methought he came
As if he had risen thus out of his den,
As I do from these hangings—

Lis. Dead?

Cal. Hold, good sir!

Cle. And forc'd you in his arms thus.

Cal. 'Twas but fancy [me.
That troubled you; here's nothing to disturb
Good sir, to rest again; and I'm now drowsy,
And will to bed. Make no noise, dear hus-
band, [body
But let me sleep; before you can call any
I am a-bed.

Cle. This, and sweet rest dwell with you!

[Exit.

Cal. Come out again; and, as you love,
Lisander, [bled:

Make haste away! You see his mind is trou-
D' you know the door you came in at?

Lis. Well, sweet lady.

Cal. And can you hit it readily?

Lis. I warrant you.

[ness,

And must I go? must here end all my happi-
Here in a dream, as if it had no substance?

Cal. For this time, friend, or here begin
our ruins;

We are both miserable.

Lis. This is some comfort

In my afflictions, they're so full already,
They can find no increase.

Cal. Dear, speak no more!

Lis. You must be silent then.

Cal. Farewell, Lisander,

Thou joy of man, farewell!

Lis. Farewell, bright lady,

Honour of woman-kind, a heav'nly blessing!

Cal. Be ever honest!

Lis. I will be a dog else!

[brav,

The virtues of your mind I'll make my li-
In which I'll study the celestial beauty:

Your constancy, my armur that I'll fight in:

And on my sword your chastity shall sit,

Terror to rebel blood.

Cal. Once more, farewell! [Noise within.

Oh, that my modesty could hold you still, sir!
He comes again.

Lis. Heav'n keep my hand from murder,
Murder of him I love!

Cal. Away, dear friend, [sander!

Down to the garden-stairs; that way, Li-
We are betray'd else.

Lis. Honour guard the innocent! [Exit.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. Still up? I fear'd your health.

Cal. He has miss'd him happily.—
I'm going now; I've done my meditations,
My heart's almost at peace.

Cle. To my warm bed then!

Cal. I will; 'pray you lead.

[A pistol shot within.

Cle. A pistol shot i'th' house? [derer!
At these hours? Sure some thief, some mur-
Rise, ho! rise all! I am betray'd.

Cal. Oh, Fortune!

Oh, giddy thing! It has met some opposition,
And kill'd! I am confounded, lost for ever!

Enter Dorilais.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?

Cle. Thieves, my noble father,
Villains and rogues.

Dor. Indeed, I heard a pistol:
Let's search about.

Enter Malfort, Clarinda, and servants.

Malf. To bed again; they're gone, sir,
(I will not bid you thank my valour for't)
Gone at the garden door; there were a dozen,
And bravely arm'd; I saw 'em.

Clari. I am glad,

Glad at the heart.

Serv. One shot at me, and miss'd me.

Malf. No, 'twas at me; the bullet flew
close by me,

Close by my ear: Another had a huge sword,

Flourish'd it thus, but at the point I met him;
 Bot the rogue taking me to be your lordship,
 (As sure your name is terrible, and we
 Not much unlike i'th' dark) roar'd out aloud,
 'It is the kill-cow*' Dorilans!' and away
 They ran as they had flown.—Now you must
 love me,

Or fear me for my courage, wench.

[Aside to Clara.

Clara. Oh, rogue!

Oh, lying rogue! Lisander stumbled, madam,
 At the stairs' head, and in the fall the shot
 went off;

Was gone before they rose.

Cal. I thank Heav'n for't!

Clara. I was frighted too; it spoil'd my
 game with Leon.

Cle. You must sit up; an they'd come to
 your chamber

What pranks would they have play'd? How
 came the door open?

Malf. I heard 'em when they forc'd it;
 up I rose,

Took Durindana** in my hand, and like
 Orlando issu'd forth.

Clara. I know you're valiant.

Cle. To bed again, [rising
 And be you henceforth provident! At sun-
 We must part for a while.

Dor. When you're a-bed, [sinking,
 Take leave of her; there 'twill be worth the
 Here 'tis but a cold ceremony. Ere long
 We'll find Lisander, or we have ill fortune.

Cle. Lock all the doors fast.

Malf. Tho' they all stood open,
 My name writ on the door, they dare not
 enter! [Exeunt.

Enter Clarange, and Friar with a letter.

Clara. Turn'd hermit?

Friar. Yes, and a devout one too;
 I heard him preach.

Clara. That lessens my belief;
 For tho' I grant my Lidiau a scholar,
 As far as fits a gentleman, h'ath studied
 Humnity, and in that he's a master,
 Civility of manners, courtship, arms,
 Bot never aim'd at, as I could perceive,
 The deep points of divinity.

Friar. That confirms his
 Devotion to be real, no way tainted
 With ostentation or hypocrisy,
 The cankers of religion; his sermon
 So full of gravity, and with such sweetness
 Deliver'd, that it drew the admiration
 Of all the hearers on him; his own letters
 To you, which witness he will leave the
 world,
 And these to far Olinda, his late mistress,
 In which he hath, with all the moving lan-
 guage

That ever express'd rhetoric, solicited
 The lady to forget him, and make you
 Bissed in her embraces, may remove
 All scrupulous doubts.

Clara. It strikes a sadness in me!
 I know not what to think of't.

Friar. Ere he enter'd
 His solitary cell, he penn'd a ditty,
 His long and last farewell to love and women;
 So feelingly, that I confess, however
 It stands not with my order to be taken
 With such poetical raptures, I was mov'd,
 And strangely, with it.

Clara. Have you the copy?

Friar. Yes, sir:
 My Novice too can sing it, if you please
 To give him hearing.

Clara. And it will come timely,
 For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
 Against which I have heard, with reason;
 music

To be the speediest cure; pray you apply it:

A SONG BY THE NOVICE.

Adieu, fond love! farewell, you wanton
 I'm free again; [pow'rs!
 Thou doll disease of blood and idle hours,
 Bewitching pain,
 Fly to the fools that sigh away their time!
 My nobler love, to Heaven climb,
 And there behold beauty still young,
 That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death de-
 stroy;

Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
 And hamour'd by eternity and joy!
 There lives my love; thither my hopes
 aspire;
 Fond love declines, this heav'nly love grows
 higher.

Friar. How do you approve it?

Clara. To its due desert;
 It is a heav'nly hymn, no ditty, father;
 It passeth thro' my ears unto my soul,
 And works divinely on it. Give me leave
 A little to consider:—Shall I be
 Out-done in all things? nor good of myself;
 Nor by example? shall my loose hopes still;
 The viands of a fond affection, feed me
 As I were a sensual beast? spiritual food
 Refus'd by my sick palate? 'tis resolv'd.
 How far off, father, doth this new-made
 hermit

Make his abode?

Friar. Some two days' journey, son.

Clara. Having fereul'd my fair intentions
 to you,

I hope your piety will not deny me
 Your aids to further 'em.

Friar. That were against
 A good man's charity.

Clara. My first request is,

* Kill-cow.] An allusion to the story of Guy Earl of Warwick.

** Durindana.] The name of Orlando's sword. The heroes, in the old romances, gave
 names to their swords.

You would some time, for reasons I will
show you,

Defer delivery of Lidian's letters
To fair Olinda.

Friar. Well, sir.

Clara. For what follows,
You shall direct me. Something I will do,
A new-born zeal and friendship prompts me
to. [Exeunt.

*Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, Chamberlain; a
table, tapers, and chairs.*

Cle. We have suppd well, friend: Let
our beds be ready;
We must be stirring early.

Cham. They are made, sir.

Dor. I cannot sleep yet. Where's the
jovial host

You told me of? It has been my custom ever
To part with mine host.

Cle. He's a good fellow, [with.
And such a one I know you love to laugh
in call your master up.

Cham. He cannot come, sir.

Dor. Is he a-bed with his wife?

Cham. Nu, certainly.

Dor. Or with some other guests?

Cham. Neither, an't like you.

Cle. Why then he shall come, by your
leave, my friend;

I'll fetch him up myself.

Cham. Indeed you'll fail, sir.

Dor. Is he i'th' house?

Cham. Nu, but he is hard by, sir;

He's fast i'th' grave; he has been dead these
three weeks.

Dor. Then o' my conscience he will come
but lamely,

And discourse worse.

Cle. Farewell, mine honest host then,
Mine honest merry host! Will you to bed yet?

Dor. No, not this hour; I prithee sit and
chat by me.

Cle. Give us a quart of wine then; we'll
be merry.

Dor. A match, my son. 'Pray let your
wine be living,

Or lay it by your master.

Cham. It shall be quick, sir. [Exit.

Dor. Has not mine host a wife?

Cle. A good old woman. [some;

Dor. Another coffin! that is not so hard-
Your hostesses in inns should be blith things,
Pretty and young, to draw in passengers;
She'll never fill her beds well, if she be not
beauteous,

Enter Chamberlain with wine.

Cle. And courteous too.

Dor. Ay, ay; and a good fellow,
That will mistake sometimes a gentleman
For her good man. Well done: Here's to
Lisander!

Cle. My full love meets it. Make fire in
our lodgings;

We'll trouble thee no further. To your son!
[Exit Chamberlain.

Dor. Put in Clarence too; off with't. I
thank you.

This wine drinks merrier still. Oh, for mine
host now!

Were he alive again, and well dispos'd,
I would so claw his pate!

Cle. You're a hard drinker.

Dor. I love to make mine host drunk; he'll
lie then

The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,
His quarrels, and his guests; and they're the
best bowls too,
Take 'em in that tune.

Cle. You know all.

Dor. I did, son;

But time and arms have worn me out.

Cle. 'Tis late, sir;

I hear none stirring. [A lute is struck.

Dor. Hark! what's that? a lute?

'Tis at the door, I think.

Cle. The doors are shut fast.

Dor. 'Tis morning; sure, the fiddlers are
gut up

To fright men's sleeps. Have we ne'er a piss-
pot ready?

Cle. Now I remember, I've heard mine
host that's dead

Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,
A brave still mean.

Dor. I'd give a brace of French crowns

To see him rise and fiddle.

Cle. Hark! a song!

A SONG.

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold!
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest;
I could wish you woecks too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have his sup:

Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
And I shall smile, tho' under ground.

Cle. Now, as I live, it is his voice!

Dor. He sings well; the devil has a pleas-
ant pipe.

Cle. The fellow lied sure.

Enter Host.

He is not dead; he's here. How pale he
Dor. Is this he? [looks!

Cle. Yes.

Host. You're welcome, noble gentlemen!
My brave old guest, most welcome!

Cle. Lying knaves,
To tell us you were dead. Come, sit down
by us.

We thank you for your song.

Host. 'Would it had been better!

Dor. Spenk, are you dead?

Host. Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen;
I have been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then here's to you,
To comfort your cold body!

Cle. What d'you mean?
Stand further off.

Dor. I will stand nearer to him.

Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us com-
pany, [host,

And we not bid him welcome? Come, mine
Mine honest host, here's to you!

Host. Spirits, sir, drink not.

Cle. Why do you appear?

Host. To wait upon ye, gentlemen;
(I have been my duty living, now my farewell)
I fear ye are not us'd accordingly.

Dor. I could wish you warmer company,
mine host,
Howe'er we're us'd.

Host. Next, to entreat a courtesy;
And then I go to peace.

Cle. Is't in our power? [buried

Host. Yes, and 'tis this; to see my body
In holy ground, for ow I lie unhallow'd,
By the clerk's fault; let oiy new grave be
made [me,

Amongst good fellows, that have died before
And merry hosts of my kind.

Cle. It shall be done.

Dor. And furty stoops of wine drank at
thy funeral.

Cle. Do you know our travel?

Host. Yes, to seek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.

Cle. Alas! [dent

Host. Seek 'em no further, but be confi-
They shall return in peace.

Dor. There's comfort yet.

Cle. 'Pray you one word more: Is't in your
pow'r, mine host, [death,
(Answer me softly) some hours before my
To give me warning?

Host. I can't tell you, truly;

But if I can, so much alive I lov'd you,
I will appear agin. Adieu! [Exit.

Dor. Adieu, sir.

Cle. I'm troubled; these strange appar-
itions are

For the most part fatal.

Dor. This, if told, will not

Find credit. The light breaks apace; let's
lie down,

And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine Host's desire, and so return.
I do believe him.

Cle. So do I. To rest, sir! [Exeunt.

Enter Calista and Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda!

Clari. Madam.

Cal. Is the house well order'd?

The doors look'd-to, now in your master's
absence? [vaunts?

Your care and diligence amongst the ser-

Clari. I'm stirring, madam.

Cal. So thou art, Clarinda,
More than thou ought'st, I'm sure. Why
dost thou blush?

Clari. I do not blush.

Cal. Why dost thou hang thy head, wench?

Clari. Madam, you are deceiv'd, I look
upright;

I understand you not.—She has spied Leon:
[Aside.

Shame of his want of caution!

Cal. Look on me.

What! blush again?

Clari. 'Tis more than I know, madam;

I have no cause that I find yet.

Cal. Examine then.

Clari. Your ladyship is set, I think, to
shame me.

Cal. Do not deserve 't. Who lay with you
last night?

What bedfellow had you? None of the maids
came near you.

Clari. Madam, they did. [then,

Cal. 'Twas one in your cousin's chamber
And wore a sword; and sure I keep no Anne-
rons. [guilty]

Wench, do not lie; 'twill but proclaim thee
Lies hide our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater.
Come, tell the truth.

Clari. You are the strangest lady
To have these doubts of me! how have I
liv'd, madam,

And which of all my careful services
Deserves these shames?

Cal. Leave facing, 'twill not serve you:
This impudence becomes thee worse than
lying. [of't;

I thought you had liv'd well, and I was proud
But you are pleas'd to abuse my thoughts.

Who was't? [less.

Honest repentance yet will make the fault
Clari. Do you compel me? do you stand

so strict too?

Nay, then have at you! I shall rub that sore,
madam,

Since you provoke me, will but vex your
Let me alone! [ladyship]

Cal. I will know.

Clari. For your own peace, [further:
The peace of your own conscience, ask no
Walk in, and let me alone.

Cal. No; I'll know all.

Clari. Why then, I'll tell you: 'Twas a
man I lay with,

(Never admire; 'tis easy to be done, madam,
And usual too) a proper man I lay with,
(Why should you vex at that?) young as Li-
sander,

And able too! I grudge not at your pleasure,

Why should you stir at mine? I steal none from you.

Cal. And dost thou glory in this sin?

Clari. I'm glad on't;

To glory in't is for a mighty lady,

That may command.

Cal. Why dost thou name Lisander?

Clari. Does it anger you? does it a little gail you? [lady?

I know it does. Why would you urge me,

Why would you be so curious to compel me?

I nam'd Lisander as my precedent,

The rule I err'd by: You love him, I know it;

I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is so:

And, by my care and diligence, you enjoy'd him.

Shall I for keeping conceal'd have no comfort?

Will you have all your-elf? engrave all pleasure? [now, madam?

Are you so hard-hearted? Why do you blush

Cal. My anger blushes, not my shame, base woman!

Clari. I'll make your shame blush, since you put me to't:

Who lay with you to'other night?

Cal. With me, you monster!

Clari. Whose sweet embraces circled you? not your husband's. [madam!

I wonder you dare touch me in this point,

Sit her against you in whose hand your life lies!

More than your life, your honour! What smug Amazon [a petticoat.

Was that I brought you? that maid had ne'er

Cal. She'll half persuade me anon I am a beast too;

And I mistrust myself, tho' I am honest,

For giving her the helm.—Thou know'st, Clarinda,

Es'n in thy conscience, I was ever virtuous;

As far from lust in meeting with Lisander;

As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;

In all the conversation I had with him,

As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heaven.

Didst not thou persuade me too?

Clari. Yes, I had ransom for't; [on't.

And now you are perswaded, I'll make use

Cal. If I had sinn'd thus, and my youth entic'd me,

The nobleness and benignity of his person,

Beside the mighty benefits I'm bound to,

Is this sufficient warrant for thy weakness?

If I had been a whore, and crav'd thy counsel [ness,

In the conveyance of my fault, and faithful

Thy secrecy and truth in hiding of it,

Is it thy justice to repay me thus?

To be the master sinner to compel me,

And build thy lust's security on mine honour?

Clari. They that love this sin love their security:

Prevention, madam, is the nail I knock'd at,

And I have hit it home, and so I'll build it,

And you must pardon me, and be silent too, And suffer what you see, and suffer patiently; I shall do worse else.

Cal. Then must not touch my credit;

Truth will not suffer me to be abus'd thus.

Clari. Do not you stick to Truth, she's seldom be ar'd, madam;

A poor weak tongue she has, and that is hoarse too [her:

With pleading at the bars; none understand

Or if you had her, what can she say for you?

Must she not swear he came at midnight to you, [zen'd

The door left open, and your husband co- With a feign'd sickness?

Cal. But, by my swor, I was honest!

Thou know'st I was honest.

Clari. That's all one what I know;

What I will testify is that shall vex you!

Trust not a guilty race with likelihoods,

And on apparent proof; take heed of that, madam:

If you were innocent, as it may be you are, [I do not know; I leave it to your conscience)

It were the weakest and the poorest part of you,

Men being so willing to believe the worst,

So open-ey'd in this age to all infamy,

To put your fame in this weak bark to th' venture. [honour,

Cal. What do I suffer! Oh, my precious

Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee!

Yet, rather than be thus outbrav'd, and by

My drudge, my footstool, one that so'd to be

Perish both life, and honour! Devil, thus (so,

I dare thy worst, defy thee, spit at thee!

And in my virtuous rage, thus trample on thee!

Awe me, thy mistress, whore, to be thy bawd?

Out of my house! proclaim all that thou know'st,

Or malice can invent; fetch jealousy

From hell, and like a fury breathe it in

The bosom of my lord; and to thy utmost

Blas't my fair fame! yet thou shalt feel, with horror

To thy sens'd conscience, my truth is built

On such a firm base, that if e'er it can

Be forc'd, or undermin'd by thy base scandals,

Heav'n keeps no guard on innocence! [Exit.

Clari. I'm lost,

In my own hopes forsaken; and must fall

(The greatest torment to a guilty woman)

Without revenge. 'Till I can fashion it,

I must submit, at least appear as if

I did repent, and would offend no further.

Monsieur Beronte, my lord's brother, is

Oblig'd unto me for a private favour;

'Tis he must mediate for me: But when time

And opportunity bid me strike, my weak

Shall pour itself on her nice chastity

Like a torrent; deeds, not words, shall speak me! [Exit.

⁵² My wreak.] i. e. revenge.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Alcidon and Beronte, severally.

Alc. YOU'RE opportunely met.

Ber. Your countenance
Expresses haste mix'd with some fear.

Alc. You'll share
With me in both, as soon as you are made
Acquainted with the cause: If you love virtue²⁴,

In danger not secure—I have no time
For circumstance: I instruct me if Lisander
Be in your brother's house²⁵.

Ber. Upon my knowledge
He is not there.

Alc. I'm glad on't.

Ber. Why, good sir?
Without offence I speak it, there's no place
In which he is more honour'd, or more safe,
Than with his friend Cleander.

Alc. In your votes²⁶
I grant it true; but as it now stands with him,
I can give reason to make satisfaction
For what I speak: You cannot but remember
The ancient difference between Lisander
And Cloridon, a man in grace not court.

Ber. I do; and the foul plot of Cloridon's
kinsmen

Upon Lisander's life, for a fall given
To Cloridon 'fore the king, as they encount-
At a solemn tilting. [ter'd]

Alc. It is now reveng'd.
In brief, a challenge was brought to Lisander
By one Chrysanthus; and, as far as valour
Would give him leave, declin'd by bold Li-
sander:

But peace refus'd, and braves on braves
Heap'd on him, [rel]
Alone he met the opposites, ending the quar-
With both their lives.

Ber. I'm truly sorry for't. [death,

Alc. The king, incensed for his favourite's
Hath set a price upon Lisander's head,
As a reward to any man that brings it,
Alive or dead: To gain this, every where

²⁴ ——— if you love virtue

[In danger not secure.] Thus all the copies; but whether right or wrong, the reader must judge: To me the place appears manifestly corrupt, and I am inclined to think it ought to run so,

‘——— if you love Virtue,

‘In danger ought to succour it.

‘——— if you love Virtue

‘In danger not secure ———’]

Sympton.

This is plainly a broken sentence, and we think signifies, ‘If you are a friend to Virtue, don't lull yourself into a false idea of its security, when it is in danger.’ The old reading is far better than the proposed alteration.

²⁵ Be in your father's house.] The whole scene proves that we should read, as the Editors of 1750 propose, ‘brother's house.’

²⁶ ——— In your votes

I grant it true.] If this reading be genuine, votes must here signify wishes, or opinions.

He is pursu'd and laid for; and, the friend-
ship

Between him and your noble brother knows,
His horse in reason cannot pass unsearch'd;
And that's the principal cause that drew me
hither,

To hasten his remove, if he had chosen
This castle for his sanctuary.

Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you most welcome. This night 'pray you
take

A lodging with us; and, at my entreaty,
Conceal this from my brother: He is grown
Fareeding sad of late; and the hard fortune
Of one he values at so high a rate,
Will much encrease his melancholy.

Alc. I am tutor'd.

'Pray you lend the way.

Ber. To serve you, I will shew it.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Cleander, with a book.

Cle. Nothing more certain than to die;
but when,

Is most uncertain: If so, every hour
We should prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I must submit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And cheerfully I welcome it: I have
Dispos'd of my estate, confess'd my sins,
And have remission from my ghostly father,
Being at peace too here. The apparition
Proceeded not from fancy; Dorilaus
Saw it, and heard it with me; it made answer
To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Denied to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end. I feel no symptom
Of sickness; yet, I know not how, a dullness
Invadeth me all over. Ha?

Enter Host.

Host. I come, sir,
To keep my promise; and, as far as spirits
Are sensible of sorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,

Ere many hours pass, you must resolve
To fill a grave.

Cle. And feast the worms?

Host. E'en so, sir.

Cle. I hear it like a man.

Host. It well becomes you;
There's no evading it.

Cle. Can you discover
By whose means I must die?

Host. That is denied me:

But my prediction is too sure: Prepare
To make your peace with Heaven; so fare-
well, sir! [*Exit.*]

Cle. I see no enemy near; and yet I
tremble

Like a pale coward! My sad doom pronounc'd
By this aerial voice, as in a glass
Shews me my death in its most dreadful
shape.

What rampire can my human frailty raise
Against the assault of Fate? I do begin
To fear myself; my inward strengths forsake
me;

I must call out for help. Within there! haste,
And break in to my rescue!

*Enter Dorilaus, Calista, Olinda, Beronte,
Alcidon, Servants, and Clarinda, at several
doors.*

Dor. Rescue? where?

Shew me your danger.

Cal. I will interpose

My loyal breast between you and all hazard.

Ber. Your brother's sword secures you.

Alc. A true friend

Will die in your defence.

Cle. I thank 'ye! to all my thanks!

Each compass'd thus with friends, how can I
fear? [*ed.*]

And yet I do! I'm wounded, mortally wound-
Nay, it is within; I am hurt in my mind.

One word——

Dor. A thousand. [*you.*]

Cle. I shall not live to speak so many to
Dor. Why? what forbids you?

Cle. But e'en now the spirit

Of my dead Host appear'd, and told me, that
This night I should be with him. Did you
not meet it?

It went out at that door.

Dor. A vain chumera

Of your imagination! Can you think
Mine Host would not as well have spoke to
me now,

As he did in the inn? These waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange
Distraction in your family. See the tears
Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's sadness,

Your brother's and your friend's grief, ser-
vants' sorrow. [*live*]

Good son, bear up; you've many years to
A comfort to us all. Let's in to supper.
Ghosts never walk 'till after midnight, if
I may believe my grandmother. We will wash
These thoughts away with wine, spite of hob-
goblins. [*madam,*]

Cle. You reprehend me justly. Gentle
And all the rest, forgive me; I'll endeavour
To be merry with you.

Dor. That's well said.

Ber. I have

Procur'd your pardon. [*To Clarinda.*]

Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my service; but take special care
You fall no further.

Clari. Never, madam.—Sir,
When you shall find fit time to call me to it,
[*Apart.*]

I will make good what I have said.

Ber. Till when,

Upon your life be silent!

Dor. We will have

A health unto Lisander.

Cle. His name, sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his sight would
cure me.

However, let's to supper.

Olin. 'Would Clarange

And Lidjan were here too! as they should be,
If wishes could prevail.

Cal. They're fruitless, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leon.

Leon. If that report speak truth, Clarinda
is [*den*]

Discharg'd her lady's service, and what bur-
I then have drawn upon me is apparent.

The crop she reap'd from her attendance was
Her best revenue, and my principal means
Clarinda's bounty, tho' I labour'd hard for't,
A younger brother's fortune. Must I now
Have sour sauce, after sweet meats? and be
driven

To levy half-a-crown a week, besides
Clouts, sope, and candles^a, for my heir ap-
parent,

If she prove, as she swears she is, with-child?
Such as live this way, find, like me, tho'
wenching [*of't,*]

Hath a fair face, there's a dragon in the tail
That stings to th' quick. I must sculk here,
until

I am resolv'd: How my heart pants, between
My hopes and fears! She's come. Are we
i'th' port?

If not, let's sink together.

^a *Clouts, sope, and candles.*] In *The Chances*, p. 114 of this volume, Don John says,

'——— But to raise a dairy

' For other men's adulteries, consume myself in candles,

' And scow'ring works ——

The Editors of 1750 alter *candles* to *cudles*; we have rejected their variation, in which we
think ourselves justified by what Leon here says, which proves *candles* right.

Enter Clarinda.

Clari. Things go better [ly,
Than you deserve; you carry things so open-
I must bear ev'ry way. I am once more
In my lady's grace.

Leon. And I in yours?

Clari. It may be;
But I have sworn unto my lady never
To sin again.

Leon. To be surpris'd. The sin
Is in itself excusable; to be taken
Is a crime, as the poet writes.

Clari. You know my weakness, [got
And that makes you so confident.—You've
A fair sword: Was it not Lisander's?

Leon. Yes, wench;
And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been the death of two. With this
Lisander

Slew Claridon and Chrysaethus: I took it up,
Broken i' th' handle, but that is reform'd;
And now, in my possession, the late master
Dares never come to challenge it. This sword,
And all the weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy service: Shall we bill?
I'm very game some.

Clari. I must first dispose of
The fool Malfort; he hath smok'd you, and
Is not,

But by some new device, to be kept from me;
I have it he: e shall fit him. You know where
You must expect me; with all possible silence
Get thither.

Leon. You will follow?

Clari. Will I live?

She that is forfeited to lust must die,
That honour being un-fed. Be gone; here
comes

My champion, in armour. [Exit Leon.

Enter Malfort, in armour.

Malf. What adventure
I'm bound upon I know not, but it is [thus.
My mistress' pleasure that I should appear
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But, as I am, I'm sure my shadow frights me:
The clashing of my armour, in my ears
Sounds like a passing-bell: and my buckler
puts me [pick-me

In mind of a bier; this my broadsword, a
To dig my grave. Oh, love! abominable love!
What ministers issue from thy dismal den
Clarinda's placket, which I must encounter,
Or never hope to enter.

Clari. Here's a knight-errant!—
Monsieur Malfort.

Malf. Stand, stand, or I'll fall for you.

Clari. Know you not my voice?

Malf. Yes, 'twas at that I trembled.
But, were my false friend Leon here—

Clari. 'Tis he.

Malf. Where? where?

Clari. He is not gone yet.

Malf. 'Tis well for him;
I am so full of wrath.

Clari. Or fear.—This Leon, [ly,
How'er my kinsman, hath abus'd you gross-
And this night vows to take me hence per-
force,

And marry me to another: 'Twas for this,
Presuming on your love, I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more safety
You might defend me.

Malf. And I'll do it bravely.

Clari. You must stand here to beat him
off, and suffer
No human thing to pass you, tho' it appear
In my lord's shape or lady's: Be not cozen'd
With a disguise.

Malf. I have been fool'd already,
But now I'm wise.

Clari. You must swear not to stir hence.

Malf. Upon these lips.

Clari. Nor move until I call you.

Malf. I'll grow here rather.

Clari. This night's task well ended,
I'm yours tomorrow. Keep sure guard. [Exit.

Malf. Adieu!

My honeycomb, how sweet thou art, did not
A nest of hornets keep it! what impossibilities
Love makes me undertake! I know myself
A natural coward, and, should Leon come,
Tho' this were cannon proof, I should deliver
The wench before he us'd her. I hear some
footing!

'Tis he: Where shall I hide myself? that is
My best defence.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. I cannot sleep; strange visions
Make this poor life I fear'd of late to lose,
A toy that I grow weary of.

Malf. 'Tis Leon.

Cle. What's that?

Malf. If you are come, sir, for Clarinda,
I'm glad I have her for you; I resign
My interest: You'll find her in her chamber;
I did stay up to tell you so.

Cle. Clarinda?

And Leon? there is something more in this
Than I can stay to ask. [Exit.

Malf. What a cold pickle,
And that none of the sweetest, do I find
My poor self in!

Cle. [within] Yield, villain!

*Enter Clarinda and Leon running, Cleander
following.*

Clari. 'Tis my lord!
Shift for yourself.

Leon. His life shall first make answer
For this intrusion! [Kills Cleander.

Malf. I am going away!
I'm gone hence! [Falls in a swoon.

Cle. Heav'n take mercy on
My soul! too true-presaging Host! [Dies

Clari. He's dead,
And this wretch little better. Do you stare
Upon your handy-work?

Leon. I am amaz'd.

Clari. Get o'er the garden-wall; fly for your life, [why:]
But leave your sword behind; enquire not
I'll fashion something out of it, tho' I perish,
Shall make way for revenge.

Leon. These are the fruits
Of lust, *Clari*nda!

Clari. Hence, repenting milk-sop!
[Exit Leon.]
Now 'tis too late. *Lisander's* sword? Ay,
that,

[Puts the sword in Malfort's hand.]
That is the base I'll build on. So; I'll raise
The house. Help! murder! a most horrid
murder!

Monsieur Beronte! noble *Dorilaus!*
All buried in sleep? Ah me! a murder!
A most unheard-of murder!

Enter Dorilaus, as from bed.

Dor. More lights, knives!
Beronte! *Aleidon!* more lights!

Enter Beronte, Aleidon, and Servants with lights.

Clari. By this
I see too much.

Dor. My son *Cleander* bathing
In his own gore. The devil to tell truth
Felt shape of an host!

Ber. My brother?

Malf. I have been
Felt' other world, in hell I think, these devils
With fire-brands in their paws sent to torment me [pose]
(Tho' I ne'er did the deed) for my Jew'd pur-
To be a whoremaster.

Dor. Who's that?

Ale. 'Tis one
In armour. A bloody sword in's hand.

Dor. Sans question,
The murderer.

Malf. Who? I? you do me wrong;
I never had the heart to kill a chicken;

Nor do I know this sword.

Ale. I do, too well.

Ber. I've seen *Lisander* wear it.

Clari. This confirms

What yester-night I whisper'd; Let it work;
The circumstance may make it good.

Malf. My lord?

And I his murderer?

Ber. Drag the villain hence! [him.]
The rack shall force a free confession from

Malf. I am struck dumb; you need not stop
my mouth.

Ber. Away with him! [*Malf.* carried off.]

Enter Calista and Olinda.

Cal. Where is my lord?

Dor. All that [ject,
Remains of him lies there. Look on this ob-
And then turn marble.

Cal. I am so already,

Made fit to be his monument: But wherefore

Do you, that have both life and motion left
you,

Stand sad spectators of his death, and not
Bring forth his murderer?

Ber. That lies in you:

You must, and shall produce him.

Dor. She, *Beronte?*

Ber. None else.

Dor. Thou liest! I'll prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart.

Ale. Forbear! there is

Too much blood shed already.

Ber. Let not choler

Stifle your judgment! Many an honest father
Hath got a wicked daughter. If I prove not,
With evident proofs, her hand was in the
blood!

Of my dear brother, (too good a husband
for her)

Give your revenge the reins, and spur it for-
Dor. In any circumstance but shew her

guilty,
I'll strike the first stroke at her.

Ber. Let me ask

A question calmly: Do you know this sword?
Have you not seen *Lisander* often wear it?

Dor. The same with which he rescued me.

Cal. I do:

What inference from this to make me guilty?

Ber. Was he not with you in the house
to-night?

Cal. No, in my soul!

Ber. Nor ever heretofore [ness,
In private with you, when you feign'd a sick-
To keep your husband absent?

Cal. Never, sir,

To a dishonest end

Ber. Was not this woman

Your instrument? Her silence does confess it.
Here lies *Cleander* dead, and here the sword
Of false *Lisander*, too long cover'd with
A mask of seeming truth.

Dor. And is this all

The proof you can alledge? *Lisander* guilty,
Or my poor daughter an adulteress?

Suppose that she had clann'd discourse with
Tu whom she ow'd much more? [one

Cal. Thon hast thy ends,

Wicked *Clari*nda! [*She falls.*

Clari. Help! the lady sinks;

Malice hath kill'd her.

Dor. I would have her live, [time
Since I dare swear she's innocent. 'Tis no

Or place to argue now; this cause must be
Decided by the judge; and, tho' a father,
I will deliver her into the hands

Of justice: If she prove true goid when tried,
She's mine; if not, with curses I'll disclaim
her.

Take up your part of sorrow; mine shall be
Ready to answer with her life the fact

That she is charg'd with.

Ber. Sir, I look upon you

As on a father.

Dor. With the eyes of sorrow,

I see you as a brother [†]. Let your witnesses
Be ready.

Ber. 'Tis my cure.

Alc. I am for Lidian:

This accident, no doubt, will draw him from
His hermit's life.

Clari. Things yet go right; persist, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lisander and Lancelot.

Lis. Are the horses dead?

Lan. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You must resolve to kill your two a-day,
And that's a large proportion.

Lis. Will you please,

At any price, and speedily, to get fresh
ones?

You know my danger, and the penalty
That follows it, should I be apprehended:
Your duty in obeying my commands
Will in a better language speak your service,
Than your unnecessary and untimely care
Of my expence.

Lan. I'm gone, sir.

[*Erit.*]

Lis. In this thick-
I will expect you.—Here yet I have leisure
To call myself unto a strict account
For my pass'd life, how vainly spent! I would
I stood no further guilty! but I have
A heavier reckoning to make! This hand,
Of late as white as innocence, and unspotted,
Now wears a purple colour, died in gore;
My soul of the same tincture! Purblind
passion, [despair,
With flatt'ring hopes, would keep me from
Pleading I was provok'd to't; but my reason,
Breaking such thin and weak defences, tells
me,

I've done a double murder; and for what?
Was it in service of the king? his edicts
Command the contrary: Or for my country?
Her genius, like a mourning mother, answers,
In Cloridon and Chrysanthus she hath lost
Two hopeful sons, that might have done their
parts [thou?

To guard her from invasion. For what cause
To keep th' opinion of my valour upright
I' th' popular breath; a sandy ground to
build on!

Bought with the king's displeasure, as the
branch [forts,

Of Heav'n's decrees, the loss of my true com-
In parents, kinsmen, friends; as the fruitous
Of all that I was born to, and that sits
Like to a hill of lead here. In my exile,
(Never to be repent'd, if I escape so)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter Lidian, like a hermit.

Divine Calista; from her sight and converse
For ever banish'd!

Lid. I should know this voice,
His naming too my sister, whom Lisander
Honour'd, but in a foolish way, assures me
That it can be no other: I stand bound
To comfort any man I find distress'd;
But to aid him that sav'd my life, religion
And thankfulness command! and it may be
High Providence for this good end hath
brought him

Into my solitary walk.—Lisander!

Noble Lisander!

Lis. Whatso'er thou art,
That honourable attribute thou giv'st me,
I can pretend no right to. Come not near me;
I am infectious; the sanctity
Of thy profession (for thou appear'st
A reverend hermit) if thou fly not from me,
As from the plague or leprosy, can't keep
From being polluted. [thou

Lid. With good counsel, sir,
And holy prayers to boot, I may cure you,
Tho' both ways so infected. You look wildly,
(Peace to your conscience!) sir, and stare
upon me,

As if you never saw me: Hath my habit
Alter'd my face so much, that yet you know
not

Your servant Lidian?

Lis. I am amaz'd!

So young, and so religious?

Lid. I purpose

[world
(Heav'n make me thankful for't) to leave the
I've made some trial of my strengths in this
My solitary life; and yet I find not
A faintness to go on.

Lis. Above belief!

Do you inhabit here?

Lid. Mine own free choice, sir:

I live here poorly, but contentedly,
Because I find enough to see in my fortunes;
I needed too much: These wild fields are my
gardens,

The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their sweet streams to quench
afflictions;

The hollow rocks their beds, which, tho'
they're hard,

(The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
Yet they are quiet; and the weary slumbers
The eyes catch there, softer than beds of
down, friend;

The birds my hell to call me to devotion;
My book the story of my wand'ring life,

[†] *I see you as a brother.*] i.e. as a partaker in sorrow, if the place is right: Otherwise, to make an antithesis, it ought to be,

'I see you as a son;'

Beronte having before led the way by saying,

'I look upon you as a father.' *Symson.*

Admirable explanation!—Mr. Symson must have forgot that Beronte was the brother
of Cleander; and it is not clear that he remembered Dorilaus was Calista's father.

In which I find more hours due to repentance
Than time hath told me yet.

Lis. Answer me truly.

Lid. I will do that without a conjuration.

Lis. I' th' depth of meditation, do you not
Sometimes think of Olinda?

Lid. I endeavour

To raise her from my memory, as I wish
You would do the whole sex;—for know, *Lis-*
sander, [der,

The greatest curse brave man can labour un-
Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.
Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to
'em: [mistress,

As you're a scholar, knowledge make your
The hidden ²⁸ beauties of the Heav'os your
study;

There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,
And for your eye inimitable objects;
As you're a profess'd soldier, court your
honour; [tress!

Tho' she be stern, she's honest, a brave mis-
The greater danger you oppose to win her,
She shews the sweeter, and rewards the uo-
bler;

Woman's best loves to hers mere shadows be,
For after death she weds your memory.
These are my contemplations.

Lis. Heavenly ones;

And in a young man more remarkable.

But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in
This blessed track? Here's in the heart no
falshood

To a vow'd friend, no quarrels seconded
With challenges, which, answer'd in defence
Of the word *reputation*, murder follows.
A man may here repent his sins, and tho'
His hand like mine be stain'd in blood, it may
be [off;

With penitence and true contrition wash'd
You've prov'd it, *Lidian*?

Lid. And you'll find it true,
If you persevere.

Lis. Here then ends my flight,
And here the fury of the king shall find me
Prepar'd for Heav'n, if I am mark'd to die
For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Friar, and Clarange in a friar's habit.

Friar. Keep yourself
Conceal'd; I am iustructed.

Clara. How the sight
Of my dear friend confirms me!

Lis. What are these?

Lid. Two reverend friars; one I know.

Friar. To you
This journey is devoted.

Lid. Welcome, father! [grounded,

Friar. I know your resolution so well
And your adieu unto the world so constant,
That tho' I am the unwilling messenger
Of a strange accident to try your temper,

It cannot shake you. You had once a friend,
A noble friend, *Clarange*.

Lid. And have still,

I hope, good father.

Friar. Your false hopes deceive you;
He's dead.

Lis. *Clarange* dead?

Friar. I buried him. [love,
Some said he died of melancholy, some of
And of that fondness perish'd.

Lid. Oh, *Clarange*!

Clara. Hast thou so much brave nature,
noble *Lidian*,

So tenderly to love thy rival's memory?

The bold *Lisander* weeps too.

Friar. I expected

That you would bear this better.

Lid. I'm a man, sir,

And, my great loss weigh'd duly——

Friar. His last words were,

After confession, 'Live long, dear *Lidian*,

'Possess'd of all thy wishes!' And of me
He did desire, hatling my hand with tears,

That with my best care I should seek and
find you, [you,

And from his dying mouth prevail so with
That you a while should leave your hermit's
strictness,

And on his monument pay a tear or two,

To witness how you lov'd him.

Lid. Oh, my heart! [not

To witness how I lov'd him? 'Would he had
Led me unto his grave, but sacrific'd

His sorrows upon mine. He was my friend,
My noble friend; I will bewail his ashes.

His fortunes and poor mine were born to-
gether, [him,

And I will weep 'em both: I will kneel by
And on his hallow'd earth do my last duties

I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him;
Woodbines shall grow upon his honour'd grave,

And, as they prosper, clasp to shew our
friendship,

And, when they wither, I'll die too.

Clara. Who would not

Desire to die, to be bewail'd thus nobly?

Friar. There is a legacy he hath bequeath'd
you;

But of what value I must not discover,

Until those rites and pious ceremonies
Are duly tender'd.

Lid. I'm too full of sorrow

To be inquisitive.

Lis. To think of his,

I do forget mine own woes.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Graze thy fill, now

Th' hast done thy business. Ha! who have
we here?

Lisander? *Lidian*? and two rev'rend friars?
What a strange scene of sorrow is express'd

²⁸ The hidden beauties.] *Hidden*, i. e. unobserved before. *Symphon.*

In different postures, in their looks and station!

A common painter cying these, to help
His dull invention, might draw to the life
The living sons of Priam, as they stood
On the pale walls of Troy, when Hector fell
Under Achilles' spear. I come too late;
My horse, tho' good and strong, mov'd like
a tortoise:

Ill news bad wings, and hath got here before me.

All Pythagoreans? not a word?

Lid. Oh, Alcidon!

Deep rivers with soft murmurs glide along,
The shallow roar. Clarangè!

Lia. Cloridon!

Chrysanthus! Spare my grief, and apprehend
What I should speak.

Alc. Their fates I have long since

For your sake mourn'd: Clarangè's death
(for so [not.

Your silence doth confirm) till now I heard
Are these the bounds that are prescrib'd unto
The swelling seas of sorrow?

Lia. The bounds, Alcidon? [ters,
Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters—
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their tribute to this ocean,
Make it swell higher? I'm a murderer,
Banish'd, proscrib'd: Is there aught else that
Be added to it? [can

Lid. I have lost a friend,
Priz'd dearer than my being, and he dead,
My miseries¹ at the height condemn the worst
Of Fortune's malice.

Alc. How our human weakness, [us
Grown desperate from small disasters, makes
Imagine them a period to our sorrows,
When the first syllable of greater woes
Is not yet written!

Lid. How?

Lia. Speak it at large: [tious
Since grief must break my heart, I am unbi-
It should be exquisite.

Alc. It must be told;

Yet, ere you hear it, with all care put on
The surest armour, an ill'd in the shop

Of passive Fortitude. The good Cleander,
Your friend, is murder'd.

Lia. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not do; I live yet. Act not
The torturer's part; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once dispatch
me.

Alc. Your sword, dyed in his heart-blood,
was found near him;

Your private conference at midnight urg'd
With fair Calista; which by her, whose pure
truth

Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,
She by enrag'd Beronte is accus'd
Of murder and adultery, and you
(However I dare swear it false) concluded
Her principal agent.

Lid. Wave upon wave rolls o'er me!

My sister! my dear sister!

Clara. Hold, great heart!

Friar. Tear open his doublet.

Lia. Is this wound too narrow

For my life to get out at? Bring me to
A cannon bank'd, and some pitying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breast
Unto his thund'ring mouth, that in the instant
I may be piece-pearl torn, and blown so far
As not one joint of my dismember'd limbs
May ever be, by search of man, found out.
Cleander! Yet why name I him? However
His fall deserv'd an earthquake, if compar'd
With what true honour in Calista suffers,
Is of no moment. My good angel, keep me
From blasphemy, and strike me dumb, be-
fore,

I th' agony of my spirit, I do accuse
The pow'rs above, for their unjust permission
Of virtue, innocent virtue, to be brauded
With the least vicious mark!

Clara. I never saw

A man so far transported.

Alc. Give it way;

'Tis now no time to stop it.

Enter Lancelot.

Ion. Sir, I've bought
Fresh horses; and, as you respect your life,

¹ All Pythagoreans? not a word?] Alluding to the five years' silence enjoined by Pythagoras to his disciples, before they were admitted to his conversation, or, as some say, even to the sight of him. R.

The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, on the entrance of Tracwit to Morose: 'Fishes? Pythagoreans?' alluding to their muteness and taciturnity.

² ——— The bounds, Alcidon?

Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters, Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po, Paying at once their tribute to this ocean.] Mr. Seward wishes to read *floods* for *winds*; which Mr. Symonds does not agree to, but puts the two last lines in a parenthesis. We think the passage requires no assistance, and that the simple sense is, 'neither *winds* nor *waters* can add to this sea of calamity.'

³ My misery's at the height condemn, &c.] So first folio. Second reads, *miseries*. Octavo 1750,

— and he dead,

⁴ My misery at th' height, condemn the worst, &c.

Speedily hack 'em; the archers of the king's guard

Are every where in quest of you.

Lis. My life? [*Strikes Lancelot.*]

Perish all such with thee that wish it linger!

Let it but clear Calista's innocence,

And Nestor's age to mine was youth. I'll fly

To meet the rage of my incensed king,

And wish his favourite's ghost appear'd in

Runes,

To urge him to revenge. Let all the tortures

That tyranny e'er found out circle me,

Provided Justice set Calista free!

Alc. I'll follow him.

[*Exeunt Lis. Alc. and Len.*]

Lis. I'm rooted here.

Erior. Remember [dangers,

Your dear friend's last request, your sister's

With th' aids that you may lend her.

Lis. 'Pray you support me;

My legs deny their office.

Clara. I grow still

Further engag'd onto his matchless virtues;

And I am dead indeed, until I pay

The debt I owe him in a noble way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Dorilaus and Servant.

Dor. THOU hast him safe? [him;

Serv. As fast as locks can make

He must break thru' three doors, and cut the

throats

Of ten tall fellows, if that he escape us.

Besides, as far as I can apprehend,

He hath no such intention²², for his looks

Are full of penitence.

Dor. Trust not a knave's looks;

They're like a whore's oaths. How does my

poor daughter

Brook her restraint?

Serv. With such a resolution

As well becomes your lordship's child.

[*Knock within.*]

Dor. Who's that?

Enter Lemure.

Serv. Monsieur Lemure.

Dor. This is a special favour,

And may stand an example in the court

For courtesy: It is the client's duty

To wait upon his patron; you prevent me,

That am your humble suitor.

Len. My near place

About the king, tho' it swell others, cannot

Make me forget your worth and age, which

may [sorry

Challenge much more respect: And I am

That my endeavours for you have not met

with

The good success I wish'd; I mov'd the king

With my best advantage, both of time and

I th' favour of your daughter. [place,

Dor. How d' you find

His majesty affected?

Len. Not to be

Sway'd from the rigour of the law; yet so far

The rarity o' th' cause hath won upon him,

That he resolves to have in his own person

The hearing o' t; her trial will be noble,

And to my utmost strength, where I may

serve her,

My aids shall not be wanting.

Dor. I'm your servant.

Len. One word more: If you love Li-

sander's life,

Advise him, as he tenders it, to keep

Out of the way; if he be apprehended,

This city cannot ransom him. So, good mor-

row! [*Erit.*]

Dor. All happiness attend you! Go thy

ways; [sake,

Thou hast a clear and noble soul. For thy

I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares

mutter [moves,

The court is not the sphere where Virtue

Humility and Nobleness waiting on her.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Two gentlemen (but what they are

I know not,

Their faces are so muffled) press to see you,

And will not be denied.

Dor. Whate'er they are,

I am too old to fear.

Serv. They need no usher;

They make their own way.

Enter Lisander and Alcides:

Dor. Take you yours.—Lisander!

[*Erit. Servant.*]

My joy to see you, and my sorrow for

The danger you are in, contend so here,

(Tho' different passions, nay, oppos'd in na-

I know not which to entertain. [ture)

Lis. Your hate [to e

Should win the victory from both: With jus-

You may look on me as a homicide,

A man whose life is forfeited to th' law;

But if, howe'er I stand accus'd, in thought

I sinn'd against Cleander's life, or live

Guilty of the dishonour of your daughter,

May all the miseries that can fall on man

Here, or hereafter, circle me!

²² No such invention.] Mr. Seward concurred with me in the present alteration. *Sympton.*
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Dor. To me
This protestation's useless; I embrace you,
As the preserver of my life, the man
To whom my son owes his; with life, his
honour:

And howsoever your affection
To my unhappy daughter, tho' it were
(For I have sifed her) in a noble way,
Hath printed some taint on her fame, and
brought

Her life in question; yet I would not purchase
The wish'd recovery of her reputation,
With strong assurance of her innocence
Before the king her judge, with certain loss
Of my Lisander, for whose life ²³, if found,
There's no redemption: My excess of love
(Tho' to enjoy you one short day would
lengthen

My life a dozen years) boldly commands me,
Upon my knees, which yet were never bent
But to the king and Heaven, to entreat you
To fly hence with all possible speed, and leave
Calista to her fortune.

Lis. Oh, bless'd saints!
Forsake her in affliction? Can you
Be so unnatural to your own blood,
To one so well deserving, as to value
My safety before hers? Shall innocence
In her be branded, and my guilt escape
Unpunish'd? Does she suffer so much for me,
For me unworthy, and shall I decline
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
The course of justice, to draw out a life?
A life? I stile it false, a living death,
Which being uncompl'd laid down, will
clear her,
And write her name anew in the fair legend
Of the best women. Seek not to dissuade
I will not, like a careless poet, spoil [me!
The last act of my play, 'till now applauded,
By giving the world just cause to say I fear'd
Death, more than loss of honour.

Dor. But suppose
Heav'n hath design'd some other saving means
For her deliverance?

Lis. Other means? That is
A mischief above all I have groan'd under:
Shall any other pay my debt, while I
Write myself bankrupt? or Calista owe
The least beholdingness for that which she,
On all the bonds of gratitude I've sent'd to,
May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
Avert it, mercy! I'll go to my grave
Without the curses of my creditors;
I'll vindicate her fair name, and so cancel
My obligation to her: To the king,
To whom I stand accountable for the loss

Of two of his lov'd subjects' lives, I'll offer
Mine own in satisfaction; to Heav'n
I'll pay my true repentance; to the times
Present, and future, I'll be register'd
A memorable precedent to admonish
Others, however valiant, not to trust
To their abilities to dare and do;
And much less for the airy words of honour,
And false-stamp'd reputation, to shake off
The chains of their religion and allegiance,
The principal means appointed to prefer
Societies and kingdoms ²⁴. [Exit.

Dor. Let's not leave him;
His mind's much troubled.
Alc. Were your daughter free,
(Since from her dangers his distraction rises)
His cause is not so desperate for the slaughter
Of Cluridan and Chrysantides, but it may
Find passage to the mercy of the king, [him
The motives urg'd in his defence, that forc'd
Tu act that bloody scene.

Dor. Heav'n can send aids,
When they are least expected. Let us walk:
The hour of trial draws near.

Alc. May it end well! [Exeunt.

Enter Olinda and Lidian.

Olin. That for my love you should turn
hermit, Lidian,
As much amazes me as your report
Cluridan's death.

Lid. He is so, and all comforts [huried;
My youth can hope for, mudam, with him
Nor had I ever left my cell, but that
He did enjoin me at his death to shed
Some tears of friendship on his monument;
And those last rites perform'd, he did be-
queath you,

As the best legacy a friend could give.
Or I indeed could wish, to my embraces.

Olin. 'Tis still more strange; is there no
foul play in it?

I must confess I am not sorry, sir,
For your fair fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
The most untimely death of such a gentleman;
He was my worthy servant.

Lid. And for this
Acknowledgement, if I could prize you at
A higher rate, I should; he was my friend,
My dearest friend.

Olin. But how should I be assur'd, sir,
(For slow belief is the best friend at truth)
Of this gentleman's death? If I should credit
And afterward it full out contrary, [it,
How am I sham'd! how is your virtue tainted!

Lid. There is a friar that came along with
His business, to deliver you a letter [me,

²³ For whole life, if found.] *Whose* is the right reading, the other a manifest error of the press. *Symson.*

Both folios read WHOSE!!!

²⁴ ——— appointed to prefer

Societies, &c.] The Editors of 1750 think it probable we should read *preserve* instead of *prefer*. We do not conceive any variation necessary, *prefer* meaning *PROMOTE* the interest and welfare of societies and kingdoms.

From dead Clarangè: You shall hear his testimony.

Father! my reverend father! Look upon him; Such holy men are authors of no fables.

Enter Clarange and Friar.

Olin. They should not be; their lives and their opinions, Like brightest purest flames, should still burn upwards.

To me, sir? [*Clarange delivers a letter.*]

Clara. If you are the fair Olinda.

Friar. I do not like these cross points.

Clara. Give me leave;

I'm nearest to myself: What I have plotted Shall be pursu'd; you must not over-rule me.

Olin. D'you put the first hand to your own undoing?

Play to betray your game? Mark but this letter!

'Lady, I'm come to claim your noble promise: [*Reads*]

'If you be mistress of your word, you're mine;

'I'm last return'd. Your riddle is dissolv'd is,

'And I attend your faith. Your humble servant, Clarange.'

Is this the friar that saw him dead?

Lid. 'Tis he;

Clarangè, on my life! I am defeated!

Such reverend habits juggle? my true sorrow For a false friend, not worth a tear, derided?

Friar. You have abus'd my trust.

Olin. It is not well,

Nor like a gentleman.

Clara. All stratagems

In love, and that the sharpest war, are lawful. By your example, I did change my habit,

Caught you in your own toil, and triumph in it;

And what by policy's got, I will maintain With valour! No Lisander shall come in Again to fetch you off.

Lid. His honour'd name,

Pronounc'd by such a treacherous tongue, is tainted.

Maintain thy tresson with thy sword? With what

Contempt I hear it! in a wilderness

I durst encounter it, and would, but that

In my retired hours, (not counterfeited

As thy religious shape was) I have learn'd,

When justice may determine, such a cause,

And of such weight, as this fair lady is,

Must not be put to Fortune. I appeal

Unto the king; and he whose wisdom knows

To do his subjects right in their estates,

As graciously with judgment will determine

In points of honour.

Olin. I'll steer the same course with you.

Clara. I'll stand the trial.

Friar. What have you done? or what intend you?

Clara. Ask not; I'll come off with honour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Beronite, Clarinda, Mulfort; a bar set forth, Officers.

Ber. Be constant in your proofs: Should you shrink back now, Your life must answer it; nor am I safe, My honour being engag'd to make that good Which you affirm

Clari. I'm confident, so dearly I honour'd my dead lord, that no respect, Or of my lady's bounties, (which were great ones,

I must confess) nor of her former life, (her) (For while that she was chaste, indeed I lov'd Shall hinder me from lending my assistance Unto your just revenge—name own I mean,— [*Aside.*]

If Leon keep far off enough, all's secure: Lisander shall not come in; modest blushes Part'd with me long since, and impudence, Arm'd with my hate unto her innocence, Shall be the weapon I will fight with now.

Ber. The rack

Being presented to you, you'll roar out What you conceal yet.

Mulf. Conceal? I know nothing

But that I shall be hang'd, and that I look for: It is my destiny; I ever had

A hanging look; and a wise woman told me, Tho' I had not the heart to do a deed

Worthy the halter, in my youth or age, I should take a turn with a wry mouth; and now [*ballad*]

'Tis come about. I have penn'd mine own Before my condemnation, in fear

Some runner should prevent me.—Here's my lady: [*hence,*]

'Would I were in Heaven, or a thousand miles That I might not blush to look on her!

Enter Dorilaus, Colista, and Olinda.

Dor. You

Behold this preparation, and the enemies

Who are to fight against your life; yet if

You bring no witness here, that may convince you [*hold up*]

Of breach of faith to your lord's bed, and

Unspotted hands before the king, this trial

You are to undergo will but reheue,

And not conserve, your honour.

Col. How confirm'd

I am here, whatsoever fate falls on me,

You shall have ample testimony. 'Till the death

Of my dear lord (to whose sad memory

I pay a mourning widow's tears) I liv'd

Too happy in my holiday time of glory,

²² Your riddle is dissolv'd.] This confirms, we apprehend, the conjecture offered in p. 257. But should not we read here,

'—— your riddle is RESolv'd.'

And courted with felicity²⁶; that drew on me,
With other helps of nature, as of fortune,
The envy, not the love, of most that knew
me;

This made me to presume too much, perhaps
Too proud; but I am humbled: And if now
I do make it appparent, I can bear
Adversity with such a constant patience
As will set off my innocence, I hope, sir,
In your declining age, when I should live
A comfort to you, you shall have no cause,
Howe'er I stand accus'd, to hold your honour
Shipwreck'd in such a daughter.

Olin. Oh, best friend!

My honour's at the stake too; for——

Dor. Be silent;

The king!

Enter King, Lemure, and Attendants.

Lem. Sir, if you please to look upon
The prisoner, and the many services
Her father hath done for you——

King. We must look on [holding,
The cause, and not the persons. Yet be-
With no impartial eye, th' excelling beauties
Of this fair lady, (which we did believe
Upon report, but till now never saw 'em)
It moves a strange kind of compassion in me.
Let us survey you nearer! She's a look
To be with care perus'd; and 'tis my wonder,
If such misshapen guests as Lust and Murder,
At any price, should ever find a lodging
In such a beauteous inn! Mistake us not;
Tho' we admire the outward structure, if
The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.
I were no man, if I could look on beauty
Distress'd, without some pity; but no king,
If any superficial gloss of feature [tice,
Could work me to decline the course of jus-
But to the cause, Cleander's death! what
proofs

Can you produce against her?

Ber. Royal sir, [build
Touching that point, my brother's death, we
On suppositions——

King. Suppositions? how?

Is such a lady, sir, to be condemn'd
On suppositions?

Ber. They're well-grounded, sir;
And if we make it evident she's guilty [tery,
Of the first crime we charge her with, Adul-
That being the parent, it may find belief
That murder was the issue.

King. We allow

It may be so; but that it may be, must not
Infer a necessary consequence
To cast away a lady's life. What witnesses
To make this good?

Ber. The principal, this woman,

For many years her servant; she hath taken
Her oath in court. Come forward!

King. By my crown,
A lying face!

Clari. I swore, sir, for the King;
And if you are the party, as I do
Believe you are, (for you have a good face,
Howe'er mine appears) swearing for you, sir,
I ought to have my oath pass.

King. Impudent too?

Well, what have you sworn?

Clari. That this lady was
A goodly tempting lady, as she is: [vant,
How thanks your majesty? And I her ser-
Her officer, as one would say, and trusted
With her closest chamber-service; that Li-
sander

Was a fine-timber'd gentleman, and active;
That he could do fine gambols
To make a lady merry; that this pair,
A very loving couple, mutually
Affected one another: So much for them, sir!
That I, a simple waiting-woman, having
taken

My bodily oath, the first night of admittance
Into her ladyship's service, on her slippers,
(That was the book) to serve her will in all
things,

And to know no religion but her pleasure,
(Tis not yet out of fashion with some ladies)
That I, as the premises shew, being com-
manded

To do my function, in conveyance of
Lisander to her chamber, (my lord absent,
On a pretended sickness) did the feat,
(It cannot be denied) and at dead midnight
Left 'em together: What they did, some here
Can easily imagine. I have said, sir.

Dor. The devil's oratrix!

King. Then you confess
You were her bawd?

Clari. That's coarse; her agent, sir.

King. So, goody Agent! And you think
there is

No punishment due for your agentship?

Clari. Let her suffer first,
Being my better, for adultery,
And I'll endure the mulct impos'd on bawds,
Call it by the worst name.

Cal. Live I to hear this?

King. Take her aside. Your answer to
this, lady.

Cal. Heav'n grant me patience! To be
thus confronted

(Oh, pardon, royal sir, a woman's passion!)
By one (and thus the worst of my misfortunes)
That was my slave, but never to such ends,
sir,

Would give a statue motion into fury.

²⁶ Courtied with felicity.] The whole sense of the passage calls manifestly for a change of,

'Courtied with felicity.'

Into 'Sported with felicity.' *Symptom.*

'Courtied with felicity' is here used (rather licentiously) for 'courtied by felicity,' gives
very good sense, and calls for no change.

Let my past life, my actions, nay intentions,
Be by my grand accuser justly censor'd,
(For her I scorn to answer) and if they
Yield any probability of truth
In that she urges, then I will confess
A guilty cause. The people's voice, which is
The voice of truth, my husband's tenderness
In his affection to me, (that, no dotage,
But a reward of humbleness) the friendship
Echo'd thro' France between him and Li-
sander, [sence,
All make against her. For him in his ab-
(Whatever imputation it draw on me) [me,
I must take leave to speak: 'Tis true, he lov'd
But not in such a wanton way: his reason
Master'd his passions: I grant I had
At midnight conf'rence with him; but if he
Ever receiv'd a further favour from me
Than what a sister might give to a brother,
May I sink quick! And thus much, (did he
know

The shame I suffer for him, with the loss
Of his life for appearing) on my soul,
He would maintain.

Enter Lisander and Alcidon.

Lis. And will, thou clear example
Of women's perverseness!

King. Tho' we hold her such,
Thou hast express'd thyself a desperate fool,
To thrust thy head into the lion's jaws,
The justice of thy king.

Lis. I came prepar'd for't,
And offer up a guilty life to clear [to;
Her innocence: The oath she took, I swear
And for Cleander's death, to purge myself
From any colour malice can paint on me,
Or that she had a hand in't, I can prove
That fatal night when he in his own house fell,
And many days before, I was distant from it
A long day's journey.

Clari. I am caught. [*Anide.*

Her. If so,
How came your sword into this steward's
Stand forth. [*hands?*

Malf. I have heard nothing that you spake:
I know I must die; and what kind of death
Pray you resolve me; I shall go away else
In a qualm; I'm very faint.

Enter Leon, Servants, and Guard.

King. Carry him off;
His fear will kill him. [*Malf. carried off.*

Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My daughter's reputation being wounded
I th' general opinion, to have it
Cor'd by a public trial; I had else
Forborne your majesty's trouble. I'll bring
forth

Cleander's murderer; in a wood I heard him,
As I rode sadly by, unto himself, [none,
With some compunction, tho' this devil had
Lament what he had done, cursing her lust
That drew him to that bloody fact.

Leon. To lessen

The foulness of it, (for which I know justly
I am to suffer) and with my last breath
To free these innocents, I do confess all,
This wicked woman only guilty with me.

Clari. Is't come to this? Thou puling rogue! [laws
die thou

With prayers in thy mouth; I'll curse the
By which I suffer! All I grieve for is,
That I die unreveng'd.

Leon. But one word more, sir,
And I have done: I was by accident where
Lisander met with Cloridon and Chrysanthus,
Was an ear-witness when he sought for peace,
Nay, hegg'd it upon colder terms than can
Almost find credit, his past deeds consider'd;
But they, deaf to his reasons, scornfully
Assaulted him; but such was his good fortune,
That both fell under it. Upon my death
I take it uncompell'd, that they were guilty
Of their own violent ends; and he, against
His will, the instrument.

Alc. This I will swear too;
For I was not far off.

Dor. They have allerdg'd
As much to winke your sleeping mercy, sir,
As all the advocates of France can plead
In his defence.

King. The criminal judge shall sentence
These to their merits. With mine own hand,
lady,

I take you from the bar, and do myself
Pronounce you innocent.

[*Leon and Clarinda taken away guarded.*

All. Long live the King!

King. And, to confirm you stand high in
our favour,

And as some recompence for what you have
With too much rigour in your trial suffer'd,
Ask what you please, becoming me to grant,
And be possess'd of't.

Col. Sir, I dare not doubt
Your royal promise; in a king it is
A strong assurance; that emboldens me
Upon my humble knees to make my boon
Lisander's pardon!

Dor. My good genius
Did prompt her to it.

Leon. At your feet thus prostrate,
I second her petition.

Alc. Never king
Pour'd forth his mercy on a worthier subject.
Her. To witness my repentance, for the
wrong

In my unjust suspicion I did both,
I join in the same suit.

Lis. The life you give,
Still ready to lay down for your service,
Shall be against your enemies employ'd,
Not hazarded in brawls.

All. Mercy, dread sir! [*reasons*

King. So many pressing me, and with such
Moving compassion, I hope it will oot
Be censor'd levity in me, tho' I borrow
In this from justice, to relieve my mercy;
I grant his pardon at your intercession,

But still on this condition : You, Lisander,
In expiation of your guilt, shall build {thes ;
A monument for my Claridon and Chrysan-
And never henceforth draw a sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The Flower-de-Luce ; and, after one year's
sorrow {fate,
For your dear friend Cleander's wretched
Marry Calista.

Enter Lidian.

Lid. On your sacred hand,
I vow to do it seriously.

Lid. Great sir, stay !
Leave not your seat of justice, 'till you have
Giv'n sentence in a cause as much important
As this you have determin'd.

King. Lidian ?

Enter Clarence and Friar.

Lid. He, sir,
Your humblest subject. I accuse Clarence
Of falshood in true friendship at the height ;
We both were suitors to this lady, both
Enjoin'd one penance—

Clara. Trouble not the King
With an unnecessary repetition,
Of what the court's familiar with already.

King. Clarence !

Dor. With a shaven crown ?

Olin. Most strange !

Clara. Look on thy rival—your late ser-
vant, madam,

But now devoted to a better mistress,
The Church, whose orders I have took upon
me :

I here deliver up my interest in her²⁷,
And what was got with cunning (as you
thought)

I simply thus surrender. Heretofore,
You did out-strip me in the race of friendship ;
I am your equal now.

Dor. A suit soon ended !

Clara. And joining thus your hands, (I
know both willing)

I may do in the church my friar's office
In marrying you.

Lid. The victory is yours, sir.

King. It is a glorious one, and well sets off
Our scene of mercy. To the dead we tender
Our sorrow ; to the living, ample wishes
Of future happiness. 'Tis a King's duty
To prove himself a father to his subjects ;
And I shall hold it, if this will succeed,
A meritorious and praise-worthy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

²⁷ *Interest to her.* Former editions.

EPILOGUE.

STILL doubtful, and perplex'd too, whether
Hath done Fletcher right in this history, [he
The Poet sits within ; since he must know it,
He, with respect, desires that you would
shew it

By some accustom'd sign ; if from our action,
Or his endeavours, you meet satisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends ; we hope the
best,
To make that certainty in you duth rest.

THE PILGRIM:

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this play to Fletcher alone. In the year 1700, Sir John Vanbrugh altered it, at the desire of Mr. Dryden, for whose benefit it was then represented at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. Mr. Dryden added to it a Prologue, Epilogue, Dialogue, and Masque, which were the last productions of his Muse. The Play, with Vanbrugh's alterations, hath been performed at Covent-Garden Theatre within a very few years past. It was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre also, while under Mr. Garrick's management. The Pilgrim was originally printed in the folio of 1647.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

GOVERNOR of Segovia.
VERDUGO, a Captain under him.
ALPHONSO, an old angry Gentleman.
CURIO, } two Gentlemen, Friends to Al-
SEBERTO, } phonso.
PEDRO, The PILGRIM, a noble Gentleman,
Servant to Alinda.
AN OLD PILGRIM. [Outlaws.
RODRIGO, Rival to Pedro, Captain of the
LOPEZ, } two Outlaws under Rodrigo.
JAQUES }
A GENTLEMAN of the Country.

MASTER and KEEPERS of the mad Folks.
A SCHOLAR,
A PARSON, } Madmen.
AN ENGLISHMAN,
JENKIN, a Welshman, }
Courtiers, Porter, three Gentlemen, and
four Peasants.
ALINDA, Daughter to Alphonso.
JULETTA, Alinda's Maid, a witty Lass.
FOOL.
LADIES.

SCENE, Spain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Sebarto.
CURIO. SIGNOR Alphonso, ye're too rugged to her,
Believe't, too full of harshness.
ALPH. Yes, it seems so!
SEB. A father of so sweet a chi'd, so happy,
(Fy, sir!) so excellent in all endowments,
In blessedness of beauty, such a mirror.
ALPH. She is a foul; away!
SEB. Can you be angry?
Can any wind blow rough, upon a blossom
So fair as I tender? Can a father's nature,
A noble father's too—
ALPH. All this is but prating:
Let her be rul'd; let her observe my humour;
With my eyes let her see; with my ears listen:
I am her father; I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her—
CURIO. No doubt, you may compel her;
But what a mischievous unhappy fortune

May wait upon this will of yours! as commonly
Such forcings ever end in hates and ruins—
ALPH. Is't not a man I wish her to? a strong
man?
What can she have? what would she have? a
A young man? and an able man? a rich man?
A handsome man? a valiant man? d'you
mark me?
None of your piec'd companions, your pin'd
That fly to fitters¹, with ev'ry flaw of weather;
None of your hump bravadoes: What can she
ask more?
Is't not a mettled man, fit for a woman?
A strong-chin'd man? I'll not be foul'd, nor
flurtd!
SEB. I grant you, Roderigo is all these,
And a brave gentleman: Must it therefore
follow
Upon necessity she must dote upon him?
Will you allow no liberty in chusing?
CURIO. Alas! she's tender yet.
ALPH. Enough, enough, enough, sir;

¹ Fitters.] See note ²⁵ on The Custom of the Country.

She's malleable, she'll endure the hammer:
And why not that strong workman that strikes
deepest? [vantage,

Let me know that: She's fifteen, with the
And if she be not ready now for nunnage—

Seb. You know he is a banish'd man, on
outlaw, [bloody
And how he lives; his nature rough, and
By customary rapines: Now, her sweet humour,

That is as easy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roses;
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and
gentle;

How would you have these meet?

Alph. A-led, a-led, sir:

Let her be the fairest rose, and the sweetest,
Yet I know this fair rose must have her
prickles.

I grant you, Roderigo is an outlaw;
An easy composition calls him in again.
He is a valiant man, and he's a rich man,
And loves the fool; a little rough by custom;
She'll like him ten times better. She'll dote
upon him, [him:

(If e'er they come to grappling) run mad for
But there's another in the wind, some cast-
rel,

That hovers over her, and dares her daily*.
Some flickering slave!

Curio. I dare not think so poorly.

Alph. Something there is, and must be;
but I shall scent it,

And hunt it narrowly.

Seb. I never saw her yet

Make offer at the least glance of affection,
But still so modest, wise—

Alph. They're wise to gull us.

There was a fellow, old Fernando's son,
(I must confess handsome, but my enemy,
And the whole family I hate) young Pedro;
That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make such
offers

As if she'd shoot her eyes like meteors at him:
But that cause stands remov'd.

Curio. You need not doubt him,

For long since (as 'twas thought, on a griev'd
conscience)

He left his father, and his friends; more pity!
For truth reports he was a noble gentleman.

Alph. Let him be what he will, he was a
And there I'll leave him. [beggar!

Seb. The more the court must onwer.

But certainly I think, tho' she ought favour
him, [mon]

And love his goodness, (as he was on honest
She never with loose eyes stuck on his person.

Alph. She is so full of conscience too, and
clarity,

And outward holiness, she will undo me;

Relieves more beggars than an hospital;
And all poor rogues, that can but say their
prayers,
And turn their pipes to lamentations,

Enter Alinda and Julietta.

She thinks she's bound to dance to.—Good-
morrow to you!

And that's as you deserve too! You know my
And study to observe it; do it cheerfully,
And readily, and home!

Alin. I shall obey you;

But, noble sir— [teries,
Alph. Come, come, away with your flat-
And your fine phrases—

Curio. Pray you be gentle to her.

Alph. I know 'em, and know your fents!

If you will find me

Noble and loving, seek me in your duty;

You know I'm too indulgent!

Seb. Alas, poor lady!

Alph. To your devotions! I take no good
thing from you.

Come, gentlemen, leave pitying and moan-
ing of her, [whams:

And praising of her virtues, and her whim-
It makes her proud, and sturdy. [Erit.

Seb. *Curio.* Good hours wait on you!

[Ereunt.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen: I want such
comforts. [clty

I would thank you too, father, but your cru-
elty almost made me senseless of my duty;
Yet still I must know—would I had known
nothing!

What poor attend my charity to-day, wench?

Jul. Of all sorts, madam; your open-
handed bounty

Makes 'em flock every hour: Some worth
your pity,

But others that have made a trade of begging.

Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I must
give it:

It takes away the holy use of charity
To examine wants.

Jul. I would you would be merry!

A cheerful-giving hand, as I think, madam,
Requires a heart as cheerful.

Alin. Alas, Julietto,

What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unless we fool our own afflictions,

And make them shew ridiculous?

Jul. Sure, madam, [married,
You could not seein thus serious, if you were
Thus sad, and full of thoughts.

Alin. Married? to whom, wench?

Thou think'st if there be a young handsome
fellow, [then.

As those are plentiful, our cares are queuch'd

Jul. Madam, I think a lusty handsome
fellow,

* And dares her daily.] i. e. makes her afraid.

Symptom.

This is a strange way of acquiring a preference.—A castrel is a mean kind of hawk, and
dare, in terms of hawking, signifies to allure.

If he be kind and loving, and a right one,
Is ev'n as good a pill to purge this melancholy,
As ever Galen gave; I'm sure more natural,
And merrier for the heart, than wine and
safron:

Madam, a wanton youth is such a cataplasm—
Alia. Wh' has been thy tutor, wench?

Jul. Ev'n my own thoughts, lady;
For tho' I be barr'd the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the
mark, madam:

'Faith, marry, and be merry.

Alia. Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a tetterish girl? [ful]
(It may be proud, and to that vice expence—
Who can assure himself I shall live honest?)

Jul. Let ev'ry man take his fortune.

Alia. And, o' my conscience,
If once I grow to breeding, a whole kingdom
Will not contain my stock.

Jul. The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a mother of new nations.

Alia. Why, I should bury a hundred
husbands.

Jul. 'Tis no matter, [you.
As long as you leave sufficient men to stock

Alia. Is this thy mirth? are these the joys
of marriage? [ments?

Away, light-headed fool! are these content-
If I could find a man—

Jul. You may, a thousand.

Alia. Mere men I know I may: And there
a woman

Has liberty (at least she'll venture for it)
To be a monster, and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whose example,
As from a compass, we may steer our for-
tunes,

Our actions, and our age, and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our relics,
Such thoughts are few, and far to seek; to find
one [Woman,

That can but rightly manage the wild beast
And sweetly govern her?—But no more of
this, wench;

'Tis not for thy discourse: Let's in, and see
What poor afflicted wait our charity.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*Enter a Porter, four Beggars, Pedro, and
Old Pilgrim.*

Por. Stand off, and keep your ranks!
'Twenty foot further; [erious.
There louse yourselves with reason and d.s.
The sun shines warm; the further still the
better: [gerous.

Your beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dan-
1 *Beg.* Heav'n bless our mistress!

Por. Does the crack go that way?
'Twill be o' th' other side anon.

2 *Beg.* Pray you, friend—

Por. Your friend? and why your friend?

Why, Goodman Turncoat, [me;

What dost thou see within me, or without
Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell
me, [like?

That I should be thy friend? What do I look

Any of thy acquaintance hung in gibbets?

Hast thou any friends, kindred, or alliance,

Or any higher ambition than an alms-basket?

2 *Beg.* I would be your worship's friend.

Por. So you shall, sirrah,

When I quarter the same louse with you.

3 *Beg.* 'Tis twelve o'clock.

Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when th' hast

done scratching,

For that provokes thy stomach to ring noon.

Oh, the infinite sens of porridge thou hast

swallow'd!

And yet thou look'st as if they had been but

clisters:

Thou feed'st abundance, thou hadst need of

sustenance.

Alms do you call it to relieve these rascals?

Nothing but a ugeu'al rot of sheep can satisfy

'em!

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Alph. Did not I tell you, how she would

undo me?

What marts of rogues and beggars!

Seb. It is charity:

Methinks you are bound to love her for—

Alph. Yes, I warrant you!

If men could sail to Heav'n in porridge-pots,

With masts of beef and mutton, what a

voyage should I make!

What are all these?

1 *Beg.* Poor people, an't like your wor-
ship!

2 *Beg.* Wretched poor people!

3 *Beg.* Very hungry people!

Alph. And very lousy.

4 *Beg.* Yes, forsooth, so, so.

Por. I'll undertake five hundred head

about 'em,

And that's no needy grasier.

Alph. What are you?

Old Pil. Strangers that come to wonder

at your charity,

Yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.

Curio. Use them with favour, sir; their

shows are reverend.

It seems ye're holy pilgrims?

Old Pil. You guess right, sir;

And bound far off, to offer our devotions.

Alph. What make ye this way? We keep

no relics here,

Nor holy shrines.

Old Pil. The holiest we e'er heard of;

You keep a living monument of goodness,

A daughter of that pious excellence,

* And sweetly govern with her.] We have, contrary to the authority of all the copies, omitted the word *with*, as materially injuring the sense of this passage.

The very shines of saints sink ⁴ at her virtues,
And sweat ⁵ they cannot hold pace with her
pities, [eyes,

We come to see this lady; not with proplane
Nor wanton bloods, to dote upon her beau-
ties, [ings.

But, thro' our tedious ways, to beg her bless-
ings.

Alph. This is a new way of begging, and
a neat one, [too:

And this cries money for reward; good store
These commendations beg not with bag, and
bottle. [men,

Well, well, the sainting of this woman, gentle-
I know what it must come to; these women-
saints [he-saint

Are plaguy heavy saints, they out-weigh a
Threë thousand thick; I know, I feel.

Seb. You're more afraid than hurt, sir.

Alph. Have you your commendations
ready too?

He bows and nods.

Curio. A handsome well-built person.¹

Alph. What country-crauer are you?—No-
thing but motion?

A puppet-pilgrim?

Old Pil. He's a stranger, sir;

This four days I have travell'd in his company,
But little of his business, or his language,

As yet I've understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome;

Only the sun has been too saucy with him.

Alph. Would you have mancey, sir, or
meat? what kind of blessing

Does your devotion look for?—Still more
ducking! [only?

Be there any saints that understand by signs

More motion yet?—This is the prettiest Pil-
grim,

The pink of Pilgrims! I'll be for you, sir:

Do you discourse with signs? You're heartily
welcome,

A poor *rusticum*!—Very good gold, sir;

But holy men affect a better treasure: [less,
I kept it for your goodness; but, neverthe-

Since it can prove but burdensome to your
holiness,

And you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'll put this up again.

Curio. You're too unrevcrent;

You talk too broad⁶.

Alph. Must I give way, and wealth too,
To every toy, that carries a grave seeming?
Must my good angels wait on him?—If the
proud hilding? [duty,

Would yield but to my will, and know her
I know what I would suffer.

Seb. Good sir, be patient! [you,

The wrongs you do these men may light on
Too heavy too; and then you'll wish you'd
said less:

A cunning and sweet usage becomes strangers.

Alph. We shall have half the kingdom
strangers shortly,

An this fond prodigality he suffer'd; [rah.
But I must be an ass! See 'em reliev'd, sir.

If I were young again, I would sooner get
be-n-whelp'd,

And safer too, than any of these she-saints!
But I will hrenk her.

Curio. Such a face, for certain! [cozen'd.
Seb. Methinks I've seen it too; but we are

But fair befall thee, Pilgrim! thou look'st
lovely. [Erit.

Por. Will ye troop ap, ye porridge regi-
ment?

Captain Poor's-quarter, will ye move?

Enter Alinda and Juleta.

Alin. You dull knave,

Are not these wretches served yet?

Beggars. 'Bless my mistress! [miseries?

Alin. Do you make sport, sir, with their
You drowsy rogue!

Por. They are too high fed, madam;
Their stomachs are asleep yet.

Alin. Serve 'em plentifully, [sirrah!
Or I'll serve you out next; e'en out of doors,

And serve 'em quickly too.

Beggars. Heav'n bless the lady!

Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.
Jul. I would I knew it! [ton.

If it be for any man's sake, I'll cry 'Amen'
Well, madam, you've e'en as pretty a port

of pensioners⁷— [handsomer;

Alin. Vain-glory would seek more, and
But I appeal to Virtue what may end is.

[*Ereunt Beggars.*

What men are these?

Jul. It seems, they're holy Pilgrims. [ance!
'That handsome youth should suffer such a pen-

⁴ *Shrines of saints sink at*—] The Poet probably designed to say *shrink*. *Sympton.*

⁵ *And sweat they cannot &c.*] *Sweat* is undoubtedly the true word, being the proper me-
taphor to *shrines*. *Seward.*

⁶ *Alph. Ye talk too broad.*] These words are, we think, the conclusion of Curio's speech,
and that Alphonsus begins with, *Must I give way, &c.*

⁷ *Hilding.*] i. e. A pitiful mean woman. The word is used in Shakespeare's *Romeo and
Juliet*:

'Out on her, *hilding*!'

(speaking of Juliet) says Capulet.

⁸ *Port of pensioners.*] The sense of the place is plain, though the manner of expression is
difficult. In cases of criticism, of such a nature as this before us, we may oftener say with
certainty, *this or that* is wrong, than what we would substitute in its room is right. So here,
though I think I may justly condemn *port*, yet whether *sort*, or *cohort*, or neither, is the
true lection, must be left to the judgement of the candid and ingenious reader. *Sympton.*

'Would I were e'en the saint they make their
vows to!

How easily I would grant!

Old Pil. Heav'n's grace in-wheel you,
And all good thoughts and prayers dwell a-
bout you!

Abundance be your friend! and holy Charity
Be ever at your hand, to crown you glorious!

Alin. I thank you, sir. Peace guide your
travel too, [bles!

And what you wish for most, end all your trou-
Remember me by this; and in your prayers,
When your strong heart melts, mediate my
poor fortunes. [service!

Old Pil. All my devotions wait upon your
Alin. Are you of this country, sir?

Old Pil. Yes, worthiest lady,
But far off bred; my fortunes further from me.

Alin. Gentle*, I dare believe?
Old Pil. I have liv'd freer. [rions.

Alin. I'm no inquisitor; that were too cu-
Whatever vow or penance pulls you on, sir,
Conscience, or love, or stubborn disobedience,
The saint you kneel to, hear, and ease your
travels!

Old Pil. Yours o'er begin! and thus I
seal my prayers. [Exit.

Alin. How constantly this man looks! how
he sighs!

Some great affliction hatches his devotions.
Right holy sir—How young, and sweet he
suffers!

Jul. 'Would I might suffer with him!
Alin. He turns from us.

Alas, he weeps too! Something presses him
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be com-
forted; [sir,

You come for that, and take it. If't be want,
To me you appear so worthy of relieving,
I am your steward: Speak, and take. He's
dumb still!

Now, as I have a faith, this man so stirs me,
His modesty makes me afraid I have tres-
pass'd.

Jul. 'Would he would stir me too! I like
his shape well.

Alin. May-be he'd speak alone: Go off,
Julietta.

(Afflicted hearts fear their own motions)

Be not far off.

Jul. 'Would I were nearer to him!

A young saug handsome holiness has no fel-
low. [Exit.

Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find
your penance sharp? [you?

Or are the vows you've made too mighty for
Does not the world allure you to look back,
And sorrow for the sweet time you have lost?

You're young, and fair: Be not deluded, sir;
A manly made-up heart condemns these sha-
dows, [tears,

And yours appears no less: Grievs for your
For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash and
rudely,

For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,
Become tears well*; (I dare not task your
goodness)

And then a sorrow shews in his true glory,

* *Gentle.*] i. e. (according to the old acceptation) a gentleman.

** *Grievs for your fears,*

For hours ill spent, for wrongs done rash and rudely,

For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,

Become tears well;—] *Fears* in the last line is undoubtedly corrupt, and *tears* evi-
dently the true word. But *fears* also in the first line looks very suspiciously: *Sins* is the
properest word; and I have often found the late editions make us great changes in words
as from *sins* to *fears*, and the first editor or transcriber might do the same: But as there is a
word often used by our Author, which changing only an *s* to a *t*, gives propriety to the text,
that seems most probable: I conjecture therefore,

'— *Grievs for your fears,*'

i. e. actions, as in The Two Noble Kinsmen,

'— give me words,

'Such as you've shew'd me *fear*.' Seward.

Mr. Seward's conjecture, however ingenious, I cannot entirely agree to; the reasons are
not many, nor difficult to be conceived.

My good friend, by reading *fears*, was not aware of making the Poet guilty of tautology,
seeing *wrongs done rash and rudely*, must be some of these very *fears* he is here contending
for. Besides this, by admitting *fears* into the text we shall still be at a loss for something
easy and natural to precede and introduce *hours*, to which the participle *spent* may be
common, and with which both the substantives may agree: The correction I would offer
has both these last-mentioned qualities, and it is this:

'— *Grief for your years,*

'For hours ill-spent,' &c.

i. e. the grieving for the ill-spending, not only of the larger but lesser portions of your life
past, becomes, &c. *Symposium.*

The last *fears* is very properly changed to *tears*; but 'Grievs for your *fears*' is, we think,
right; and 'Grievs for your *fears* become tears well,' signifies that 'sorrow for fearing that
'he could not endure the severity of the penance he had imposed on himself was (among
his other failings) a proper cause for *tears*.'

When the whole heart is excellently sorry.
I pray you be comforted.

Pedro. I am, dear lady;
And such a comfort you have cast upon me,
That, tho' I struggle with mine own calamities,

Too mighty and too many for my usage;
And tho' like angry waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who should first devour
Yet I would stem their danger!.

Alin. He speaks nobly!

What do you want?

Pedro. All that can make me happy;
I want myself!

Alin. Yourself? Who robbl'd you, Pilgrim?—
Why does he look so constantly upon me?
'I want myself.'—Indeed you holy wanderers
Are said to seek much; but to seek yourselves—

Pedro. 'I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow;'

Have lost myself, and now am not so noble.

Alin. 'I seek myself?' Something I yet remember

That bears that motto. 'Tis not he; he's
And far more tender.—For that self-sake,

Pilgrim,
Be who it will, take this! *[Offers him money.]*

Pedro. Your hand I dare take;
(That be far from me, lady!) thus I kiss it,

And thus I bless it too. Be constant, fair,
still;

Be good, and live to be a great example!
[Exit.]

Alin. One word more, Pilgrim!—It has
amaz'd me strangely!

"Yet I would stem their danger"] Though *danger* is sense here, especially if we read the *danger*, yet *anger* carries on the metaphor so much more poetically, that I have little doubt of its being the true word; and what almost makes it certain is, that the old edition has put the *d* quite distant from the rest of the word *danger*; the setter of the press, taking it first for *danger*, began with a *d*, then, seeing his mistake, put *anger* by itself, but forgot to take away the *d*. *Scaward.*

This is doubtful; and yet the expression of '*angry waves*' seems to countenance the conjecture.

'Be constant, fair, still?' 'Tis the posy here;
And here without, 'Be good.' He wept to see
Juletta! *[me.]*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this key, and fetch me
The marygold-jewel that lies in my little cabinet:

I think 'tis that. What eyes had I, to miss
him! *[Exit Juletta.]*

Oh me, what thoughts! He had no heard then,
and,

As I remember well, he was more ruddy.

If this be he, he has a manly face yet,

A goodly shpe.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Here, madam.

Alin. Let me see it!

'Tis so; too true! It must be he, or nothing:
He spake the words just as they stand engrav'd here;

'I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow.'
Alas, poor man! Didst thou not meet him,

Juletta?

The Pilgrim, wench!

Jul. He went by long ago, madam.

Alin. I forgot to give him something.

Jul. 'Twas ill done, lady;

For, o' my troth, he is the handsom'st man
I saw this many a day: 'Would he'd all my

wealth,

And me to boot! What ails she, to grow sul-
len?

Alin. Come, I forgot; but I will recompense it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Sebarto, Juletta, Porter, and Servants.

Alph. CAN she slip thro' n cat-hole? tell me that!

Resolve me, can she fly i' th' air? is she
A thing invisible? Gone, and none know it?

Seb. You name your servants.

Alph. Some pelting rogue has watch'd her
hour of itching,

And claw'd her, claw'd her; do you mark me?
claw'd her!

Some that I foster up.

Curio. They are all here, sir.

Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they're
arrant rascals,

And, by this hand, I'll hang 'em all!

Seb. Don't calmly:

You will not give 'em time to answer you.

Alph. I'll choke 'em, fannish 'em! What
say you, wagtall? *[her;]*

You know her mind, you were of council with
Tell me, and tell me true.

Curio. Ask with discretion. *[all!]*

Alph. Discretion? hang discretion! hang ye
Let me know where she is.

Jul. Would you know o' me, sir?

Alph. O' thee, sir! ay, o' thee, sir! What artthou, sir?

Jul. Her woman, sir, an't like your worship, sir.

Alph. Her bawd, her fiddle-stick, Her lady-fairy, to oil the doors o' nights, That they may open with discretion, Her gin, her not-cruck!

Jul. 'Tis very well, sir.

Alph. Thou liest! 'tis damnable ill, 'tis most abominable!

Will you confess, thing?

Jul. Say I were guilty, sir,

I would be hang'd before I would confess:

Is this a world to confess in?

Curio. Deal directly.

Jul. Yes, if my matter lie direct before me; But when I'm forc'd and ferreted—

Alph. Tell me the truth,

And, as I live, I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Jul. An you would give me ten, I would not tell you; [of.]

Truth bears a greater price than you're aware of. Deal modestly.

Jul. I do not pluck my cloaths up.

Alph. What say you, sirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?

Por. I saw her last night, an't shall like your worship,

When I serv'd in her livery.

Alph. What's that, sirrah?

Por. Her chamber-pot, an't please you.

Seb. A new livery.

Alph. Where lay she? who lay with her?

Por. In troth, not I, sir: [chamber;

I lay with my fellow Frederick, in the flea—An't like your worship, we are almost worried.

Jul. I left her by herself, in her own closet, And there I thought sh' had slept.

Alph. Why lay you from her? [mistress,

Jul. It was her will I should; she is my And my part is obedience.

Alph. Were all the doors lock'd?

Por. All mine.

Serv. And mine: She could not get out those ways [higher

Unless she leap'd the walls; and those are Thinner than woman's courage dare a-pire at.

Alph. Come, you must know!

Curio. Conceal it not, but deal plain. [me,

Jul. If I did know, and her trust lay upon Not all your angers, nor your flatteries, Should make me speak; but having no more interest

Than I may well deliver to the air,

I'll tell you what I know, and tell it liberally: I think she's gone, because we cannot find her; I think she's weary of your tyranny,

And therefore gone; may-be, she is in love; May-be, in love where you shew no great liking, [conscience,

And therefore gone; may-be, some point of Or vow'd devotion—

Alph. These are nothing, minion!

You that can aim at these, must know the truth too.

Jul. Any more truth than this, if I know, hang me,

Or where to search for't! If I make a lie To gain your love, and envy my best mistress!*, Pin me against a wall, with my heels upwards.

Alph. Out of my doors!

Jul. That's all my poor petition; For if your house were gold, and she not in it, Sir, I should count it but a cage to whistle in.

Alph. Whore! if she be above ground, I will have her. [daughter.

Jul. I'd live in a coal-pit, then, were I your Seb. Certain she does not know, sir.

Alph. Hang her, hang her, She knows too much! Search all the house all corners, And where 'tis possible she may go out!

[*Exeunt Servs.*

If I do find your tricks—

Jul. Reward me for 'em.

Or, if I had such tricks you could discover, So weak, and slightly woven, you might look thro', [parish.

All the young girls should hoot me out o' th' You are my master, but you own no anger Becomes a school-boy that hath lost his apples!

Will you force things into our knowledges?

Alph. Come hither, Julietta; thou didst love me.

Jul. And do still; [you.

You are my lady's father, and I reverence *Alph.* Thou wouldst have pleas'd my hu-

Jul. Any good way. [mouth—

That carried not suspicion in't, or flattery, Or fail of trust.

Alph. Come, come, thou wouldst have—

Jul. Stay, sir!

Alph. And thou hast felt my bounty for't, and shalt do.

Dost thou want cloaths, or money?

Jul. Both.

Alph. Shall have both. [Adamite,

Jul. But not this way; I had rather be nn And bring big leaves into fashion again.

If you were young, sir, Handsome, and fitted to a woman's appetite, And I a giddy-headed girl, that car'd for nothing,

Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,

* To gain your love, and envy my best mistress.] Mr. Seward, thinking *envy* corrupt, would substitute *injure*; and Mr. Simpson would read '*and my best mistress' envy*;' which transposition, he says, 'will make the sense very clear.' We do not think so, and believe the old reading genuine, but that the verb *envy* admitted a different construction formerly to what it bears at present: It seems here to signify, to *blame* or *accuse*.

And think to grope out matters of some moment,
Which now you will put too short for:
For what you have seen hitherto, [vice,
And known by me, has been but honest ser-
Which I dare pin i' th' market-place to an-
swer; [it;
And let the world, the flesh and devil examine
And come you in too, I dare stand your
strictest, [dreams
And so, much good may do you with your
Of courtesy!
Alph. This is most monstrous!

Enter Porter and Servants.

Seb. Sure she does not know, sir;
She durst not be so confident, and guilty.
Alph. How now? what news? what hopes
and steps discover'd? [waiter.
Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th'
Do you stand staring still?
1 Serv. We are no gods, sir, [doing;
To say she's here, or there, and what she's
But we have search'd.
Por. I'm sure she's not i' th' cellar;
For, look you, sir, if she had been i' th' cel-
lar—
Alph. I'm sure thou hast been there.
Por. As I carried the matter, [sir,
For I search'd every piece of wine; yes, sure,
And every little tierce that could but testify;
And I drew hard to bolt her out.

Alph. Away with him! [sing;
Tling him i' th' buy-mow, let him lie a-mellow.
He stinks of muskadel like an English Christ-
Are these your cares? your services? [mas.
2 Serv. Pray you hear, sir; [footing.
We've found where she went out; her very
Alph. Where? where? go on.

Curio. Observe them with more staidness.
2 Serv. Searching the garden, at the little
- postern
That opens to the park, we first discover'd it.
Alph. A little foot?
1 Serv. It must be hers, or mine, sir.
Alph. How far beyond that?
2 Serv. To the park it leads us;
But there the ground being hard, we could
not mark it. [couscomb,
Alph. She always kept that key; I was a
A fool, an ass, to give a girl that liberty!
Saddle my horses, rogues! ye drunken varlets,
Your precious diligence lies in pint-pots.
Your brains in butts! My horses, ye pin-but-
You'll bear me company? [tocks!
Seb. We dare not leave you,
Unless we found a quieter soul within you.
Curio. If we may do the lady any service,
Sweet gentle soul!—

Alph. I say again, my horses!—
Are you so hot? have you your private pil-
grimages?

Must you be Jumping-John? I'll wander with
you,
I'll jump you, and I'll joggle you!—My
horses! [doors.
And keep me this young lirry-poop within
I will discover, dance—

Jul. 'Tis fit you should, sir.
If you knew what.—Well, Love, if thou be'st
with her,
Or what power else that arms her resolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this
madman;

Direct her to her wishes, dwell about her,
That no dishonorable end n'er take her,
Danger, or want; and let me try my fortune!

Alph. You know the place we meet in?
Seb. We shall hit it.

Alph. And, as you're honest gentlemen,
endeavour—
Curio. We'll search the best we can; if she
light in our hands—

Alph. Tie her to th' horse-tail!
Seb. We know how to use her;
But not your way, for all your state.

Alph. Make haste there!—
And get you in, and look to th' horse. If you
stir out, dannel,

Or set o' foot my new motion this way.
When I come home, (which shall be suddenly)
You know my mind—if you do play the in-
cal—

I have my eyes and ears in sundry places;
If you do prance—

Jul. I shall do that that's fit, sir—
And fit to cross your fooleries; I'll fail else.
And so I'll to my chamber. [Exit.

Alph. To your prayers,
And leave your stubborn tricks!—She is not
far yet,

She cannot be; and we dividing suddenly—
Curio. Keep her from thy hands, I bes-
sueh! [Aside.

Alph. Our horses!—
Come, cheerfully. I'll teach her to run gad-
ding! [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Rodrigo and four Outlaws.

1 Outl. Captain, you are not merry.
Rod. We get nothing,
We have no sport; whoring and drinking
spoils us,
We keep no guards.

2 Outl. There come no passengers,
Merchants, nor gentlemen, nor whosoever,
But we have tribute.

Rod. And whilst we spend that idly,
We let those pass that carry the best purchase.
I'll have all search'd and brought in: Rogues
and beggars [ters.

Have got the trick now to become bank-mur-

¹ What hopes and steps discover'd?] Symposon supposes the Author wrote,

² What hopes and steps.

I'll have none 'scape; only my friends, and neighbours,
That may deliver to the king my innocence,
Those I would have regarded; (it is policy)
But otherwise, nor gravities, nor shadows,
Appear they how they will, that may have purses,
For they shall pay.

3 *Outl.* You speak now like a captain;
And if we spare, flay us, and coin our cassocks!
Will you look hblie?

Rod. You hear no preparation
The king intends against us yet?

4 *Outl.* Not a word, sir;
Good man, he's troubled with matter of more
moment; [sir.
Humnings of higher nature vex his brains,
Do out we see his garrisons?

Rod. Who are out now?

4 *Outl.* Good fellows, sir, that, if there
be any purchase stirring,
Will strike it dead; Jaques and Lopez, lads
That know their quarters, as they know
their knapsacks,
And will not off.

Rod. Where is the boy you brought me?
A pretty lad, and of a quick capacity,
And bred up oerly.

1 *Outl.* He's within at meat, sir;¹⁴
The knave is hungry; yet he seasons all
He eats or drinks with many tears and sigh-
ings.

The saddest appetite I ever look'd on!

Rod. The boy is young! 'tis fear, and want
of company
He knows and loves; use him not rough,
nor harshly,

He will be quickly bold. I'll entertain him:
I want a pretty boy to wait upon me, [me.
And, when I'm sad or sleepy, to prate to
Besides, there's something in his face I like
well;

And still the more I look, more like. Let
him want nothing,

And use him gently, all.

2 *Outl.* Here's a small box, sir, [with;
We took about him, which he griev'd to part
May-be, some wealth.

Rod. Alas, some little money
The poor knave earned to defray his lodg-
ings:

I'll give it him again, and add unto it.
'Twere sin to open such a petty purchase.

Enter Lopez and Jaques, with Pedro.

How now? who's this? what have you brought
me, soldiers?

Lopez. We know not well what; a strange
staring fellow¹⁵;

Sullen enough, I am sure.

Rod. Where took ye him?

Jaq. Upon the skirt o'th' wood, viewing
and gaping, [meant

And some time standing still, as if he had
To view the best necessities to our quarters.
Money he has enough; and, when we threat-
-ed him, [threat.

He smil'd and yielded, but not one word ut-
-tered. His habit says he's holy; if his heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis best you free
him.

We'll keep his wallet here; I'm sure 'tis heavy.

Rod. Pilgrim! come hither, sir! Are you
a Pilgrim? [sir?

A piece of pretty holiness! D'you shrink,
A smug young snit! What country were you
born in? [vince?

You have a Spanish face. In a dunish pro-
And had your mother too this excellent vir-
-tue? [woman?

No tongue, d'ye say? sure she was a matchless
What a fine family is this man sprung from!
Certain, he was begotten in a calm,

When all was hush'd; the midwife was dumb
Midnight. [sweet?

Are you send'd up? or do you scorn to no-
You're in my hands, and I have medicines
for you [soldiers!

Can make you speak. Pull off his bonnet,
You have a speaking face.

Lopez. I'm sure a madman: [to.
This Pilgrim cannot want she-saints to pray

Rod. Stand nearer; ha!

Pedro. Come, do your worst! I'm ready.

Rod. Is your tongue found? Go off, and
let us talk with him;

And keep your watches round.

All. We're ready, captain. [Ere, *Outlows.*

Rod. So; now what are you?

Pedro. Am I?

My habit shews me what I am.

Rod. Thy heart,

¹⁴ *He's within at meat, sir, &c.*] This line and the twelve following (ending, *use him gently*), all, are in the folios made one speech, and given to the First Outlaw. The octavo 1711 gives Roderigo the latter part of it (beginning, *I'll entertain him*); as do the Editors of 1750, who, however, think that Roderigo should speak all but the first four lines, as printed in our text, which we have no doubt is the true reading.

¹⁵ *A strange staring fellow.*] Mr. Seward agrees with me in explaining *staring*, i. e. Having a pilgrim's staff in his hands, as is adding further, that if the reader is still dissatisfied with the phrase, he may suppose the poet to have wrote,

————— a strange staring fellow.

And there may be some reason for it from Jaques's speech a little lower, where, speaking of this new captive, he says, they took him,

'Upon the skirt o'th' wood, viewing, and gaping,' &c. *Symson.*

A desp'rate fool¹⁶, and so thy fate shall tell thee.

What devil brought thee hither? for I know thee. [fortune]

Pedro. I know thou dost; and since it is my To fight into thy fingers, I must think too The most malicious of all devils brought me: Yet some men say, thou'rt noble.

Rod. Not to thee;
That were a benefit to mock the giver.
Thy father hates my friends and family,
And thou hast been the heir of all his malice:
Can two such storms meet then, and part with kissing?

Pedro. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And so I'll use it.

Pedro. I cannot hinder you: less can I beg
Submissive at his knees that knows not honour;
That bears the stamp of man, and not his
You may do what you please.

Rod. I will do all.

Pedro. And when you've done all, which is my poor ruin,
(For further your base malice cannot venture)
Dishonour's self will cry you out a coward.
Hudst thou been brave, and noble, and an enemy,

Thou wouldst have sought me whilst I carried arms,

Whilst my good sword was my profession,
And then have cried out, 'Pedro, I defy thee!' Then stuck Alphonsus's quarrel on the point,
The mercenary anger thou wert under
To get his daughter; then thou shouldst have brav'd me, [me]

And, arm'd with all thy family's hate, upon
Done something, worthy feat¹⁷: Now, poor and busily [pensive]

Thou set'st toils to betray me: and, like the
That dare not meet the lion in the face,
Dig'st crafty pit-falls! thou shan't the Spanish honour; [in thee]

Th' hast neither point of man, nor conscience

Rod. Sir, sir, you're brave! you plead now in a sanctuary,

You think your Pilgrim's bulwark can defend
You will not find it so. [you:]

Pedro. I look not for't: [it]

The more unhallow'd soul hast thou to offer

Rod. When you were bravest, sir, and your sword sharpest, [you]

I durst affront you; when the court-sun guided
And every cry was the young hopeful Pedro,

Fernando's sprightly son! then durst I meet you, [fashion]

When you were master of this fame and
And all your glories in the full meridian,

The king's proof-favour buckled on your
Had we then come to competition, [body]

Which I have often sought—

Pedro. And I desir'd too.

Rod. You should have seen this sword, (how'er you slight it)

And felt it too, sharper than sorrow felt it,
In execution quicker than thy scorus;

Thou shouldst have seen all this, and shrunk to see it! [thine]

Then, like a gentleman I would have us'd
And giv'n thee the fair fortune of thy being;

Then with a soldier's arm I had honour'd thee:

But since thou steal'st upon me like a spy,
And thief-like think'st that holy ease shall carry thee

Thro' all my purposes, and so betray me,
Base as the act¹⁸, thy end be, and I forget thee.

Pedro. What poor evasions thou build'st on, to please me! [principles]

The goodness of a man ne'er taught thee
I come a spy? Durst any noble spirit

Put on this halat, to become a traitor?
Er'n in an enemy shew me this antipathy,

Where there is Christian faith, and this not revenc'd.

I come a spy? No, Roderigo, no,
A hater of thy person, a maligner? [me]

So far from that. I brought no malice with
But rather, when I met thee, tears to soften

When I put on this habit, I put off [thee].
All fires, all angers, all those starts of youth

That clapt too rank a bias to my being,

¹⁶ Thy heart

A desperate fool.] This passage surely ought to run so,

'Thou art

'*A desp'rate fool,*' &c.

In this Mr. Seward likewise concurred. *Symson.*

I can by no means think so: the old text is not only sense, but spirited: while the variation is insipid. 'My habit,' says Pedro, 'shows I am a Pilgrim.' 'Thy heart' (i.e. thy tenacity), replies Roderigo, 'shows thou art a desperate fool, and so thy fate,' &c. J. N.

¹⁷ Done something worthy feat.] A common or two here will put all to right, thus,

'Done something, worthy feat.'

But Mr. Seward thinks that something further is requisite; and to make the whole run more naturally, we ought to read thus:

'Have done some worthy feat.' *Symson.*

¹⁸ Base as you act, thy end be.] First folio says, 'you act;' second, 'the act.' *Symson* thinks a variation necessary, which should be either, 'your or this act.' 'The act' is a good reading, and being that of the second folio, should be preferred.

¹⁹ Clapt too rank a bias.] i.e. Strong, great, &c. *Symson.*

And drew me from the right mark all should aim at;

Instead of stubborn steel, I put on prayers;
For rash and hasty heats, a sweet repentance;
Long weary steps, and rows, for my vain-glories.

Oh, Roderigo!

Rod. If thy tongue could save thee,
Prating be thy bail, thou hast a rare benefit!—
Soldiers, come out, and bring a halber with ye.

I'll forgive your holy habit, sir, but I'll hang

Enter Outlaws, Lopez, and Jaques.

1 *Outl.* Wherefore this halber, captain?

Rod. For this traitor.

Gu, put it on him, and then tie him up.

1 *Outl.* D'you want a hand, sir? This is a coarse wearing;

'Twill sit but scurvily upon this collar:

But patience is as good as a French pickadel¹⁰.

Lopez. What's his fault, captain?

Rod. 'Tis my will he perish,

And that's his fault.

Pedro. A captain of good government!

Come, soldiers, come; ye're roughly bred, and bloody;

Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take

In executing impious commands;

Ye have a captain seals your liberal pardons.

Be no more Christians, put religious by,

'Twill make ye cowards; feel no tenderness,

Nur let a thing call'd Conscience trouble ye;

Ahus, 'twill breed delay. Bear no respect

To what I seem; were I a saint indeed,

Why should that stagger ye? ye know not holiness;

To be excellent in evil, is your goodness;

And be so, 'twill become ye. Have no hearts,

For fear ye should repent; that will be dangerous;

For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,

And that pulse beat back to your considerations,

How ye have laid a stiff hand on religion——

Rod. Truss him, I say!

Pedro. And violated faith——

Rod. Here him not prate!

Pedro. Why, what a thing will this be!

What strange confusion then will breed among ye——

Rod. Will none of ye obey?

Pedro. What devils vex ye?

The fears ye live in, and the hourly dangers.

Will be delights to these; those have their ends,

But these out-live all time, and all repent-

And if it creep into your conscience once,
Be sure ye lock that close.

Rod. Why stand ye gazing?

Pedro. Farewell, sleep, peace, all that are human comforts! [happier;

Better ye had been trees, or stones, and
For those die here, and seek no further being,
Nor hopes, nor punishments.

Rod. Rots take ye, rascals!

Jaq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Dispatch the prater.

Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our consciences?

We're had enough already; sins enough

To make our graves ev'n loath us,

Rod. No man love me? [man;

Lopez. Altho' I be a thief, I am no hang-
They're two men's trades, and let another execute.

Lay violent hands on holy things?

Rod. Base cowards! [ye;

Put to your powers, ye rascals, I command
Holy, or unholy, if I say it,
I'll have it done.

1 *Outl.* If I do't, let me starve for't.

2 *Outl.* Or I. [some,

3 *Outl.* Or I. We will obey things hand-

And bad enough, and over-do obedience;

But to be made such instruments of mischief——

Jaq. I've done as many villainies as another,

And with as little reluctance;

Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off.

Put me upon a felt and known perdition?

Rod. Have ye conspir'd, ye slaves?

Pedro. How vilely this shews, [per,
In one that would command another's tem-
And hear no bound in's own.

Rod. Am I thus jaded? [derigo?

Pedro. Is it my life thou long'st for, Ro-
And can no sacrifice appease thy malice,
But my blood spilt? Do it thyself, dispatch it;
And, as thou tak'st the whole revenge unto thee,

Take the whole sin upon thee, and be mighty,

Mighty in evil, as thou art in anger; [sake,

And let not these poor wretches howl for thy
House things that in thine own glass seem

most monstrous,

Wouldst thou abuse their weak sights with,

for amiable?

Is it, thou think'st to fear me with thy terrors,

And into weak condition draw my virtue?

If I were now to learn to die, I'd sue to thee;

Or did I fear death, then I'd make thee

glorious;

But knowing what and how far I can suffer,

¹⁰ *Pickadel.*] Cotgrave, in his Dictionary of the French and English Tongues, 1611, explains the word *piccadilly* as, 'the several divisions or peeces fastened together about the button of the collar of a doublet, &c.' And a late author informs us, that in *Piccadilly*, in the Haymarket, 'There were formerly no houses, and only one shop for Spanish ruffs, which was called the *Piccadilly* or ruff-shop.' See London and its environs described, vol. v. R.

And all my whole life being but death's preface,

My sleep but at next door—

Rod. Are you so valiant?

I'll make you feel, I'll make you know and feel too!

And, rascals, ye shall tremble! Keep him And keep him safe too; if he 'scape your guard—

Pedro. Fear not, I will not.

Rod. As I live, ye die for't!

I will not be thus baffled. *[Exit.*

Jaq. What a devil have ye done, Pilgrim? or what mischief

Have you conspir'd, that he should rage and rave thus?

Have you kill'd his father, or his mother?

Or strangled any of his kindred?

Lopez. Has he no sisters? have you not been bouncing

About their belly-pieces?

Jaq. Why should that be dangerous, Or any way deserve death? is't not natural?

Bar us the Christian liberty of women, And build us up with brick, take away our free-stone.

1 *Outl.* Because thou'rt holier than he, upon my conscience,

He does not envy thee; that's not his quarrel; For, look you, that might be compounded without prayers.

Lopez. Nor that thou seem'st an honest man; for here

We have no trading with such tinsel-stuff; To be an excellent thief is all we aim at.

Wilt thou take a spit and stride, and see if thou canst out-run us? *[obedience;*

Pedro. I scorn to shift his fury; keep your For tho' your government admit no prece-

Keep yourselves careful in't. *[dent,*

Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then. *[me.*

Pedro. I cannot die with fewer faults upon

2 *Outl.* 'Tis ten to one he'll shoot him; for the devil's in him

If he hang him himself.

Lopez. He has too proud a nature;

He will compel some one.

Jaq. I'm confident.

Lopez. And so are all, I think.

Pedro. Be not molested;

If I must die, let it not trouble you; It stirs not me; 'tis the end I was born for.

Only this honest office I desire ye, If there be courtesy in men of your breed,

To see me buried; not to let his fury Expose my body to the open violence

Of beasts and fowls; so far I urge humanity.

Enter Roderigo and Alinda.

Jaq. He shan't deny us that; we'll see you under ground,

And give you a volley of as good cups of sack, For that's our discipline—

Lopez. He comes again,

As high in rage as ever; the boy with him,

1 *Outl.* Will he compel the child?

Lopez. He's bent to do it, And must have somebody.

Rod. If thou lov'st me, do it! *[it!]* Love me, or love me not, I say thou shalt do Stare not, nor stagger, sirrah! if ye deny me—

Do you see this, rogue?

Alin. What would you have me do, sir? Heaven's goodness bless me!

Rod. Do? why, hang a rascal, That would hang me.

Alin. I am a boy, and weak, sir.

Rod. Thou'rt strong enough to tie him to a bough, *[jewel,*

And turn him off. Come, thou shalt be my And I'll allow thee horse, and all thy pleasures,

And twenty gallant things; I'll teach thee arms too;

Make thee mine heir.

Alin. Let me inherit death first!

Rod. Make me not angry, sirrah!

Alin. Which is the man, sir?

I'll pluck up the best heart I can; yet—

Rod. Fear not;

It is my will. That in the Pilgrim's coat there, That devil in the saint's skin,

Alin. Guard me, goodness!

Rod. Dispatch him presently.

Pedro. I wait your worst, sir.

Jaq. Will the boy do it? is the rogue so confident?

So young, so deep in blood?

Lopez. He shakes and trembles.

Pedro. Dost thou seek more coals still to scar thy conscience?

Work sacred innocence to be a devil? *[it.* Do it thyself for shame, thou best become'st

Rod. Sirrah, I scorn my finger should be fil'd with thee;

And yet I'll have it done; this child shall strangle thee: *[thee.*

A crying girl, if she were here, should master *Alin.* How should I save him? how myself from violence? *[Aside.*

Pedro. Leave your tongue-valour, and dispatch your lute, sir;

The patience of my death shall more torment thee, *[backward]*

(Thou painted honour, thou base man made Than all my life has fear'd thee.

Rod. Gag him, sirrah!

Jaq. The boy looks cheerfully now; sure he will do it.

Lopez. He'll maul him else.

Alin. Are you prepar'd to die, sir?

Pedro. Yes, boy, and ready; prithee to thy business.

Alin. Why are you then so angry? so perplex'd, sir?

Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of passion.

Why do you rail?

Lopez. The boy's a pretty priest;

Pedro. I thank you, gentle child; you teach me truly.

Alin. You seem to fear too.

Pedro. Thoo seemest more than I feel, boy.

Alin. You tremble, sore.

Pedro. No, sure, boy; 'tis thy tenderness.

Prishee make haste, and let that golph be satisfied.

Alin. Are you so willing to go to't?

Pedro. Most willing:

I would not borrow from his courtesy

One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.

Alin. And is your reckoning straight, sir?

Pedro. As straight as truth, boy;

I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.

Alin. Then to your prayers; I'll dispatch you presently.—

Now guide my tongue, thou blessedness!

[*Aside.*

Rod. A good boy!

Alin. But hark you, sir, one word; and 'pray you resolve me.

Let me speak privately.

Rod. What wouldst thou have, child?

Alin. Shall this man die?

Rod. Why dost thou make that question?

Alin. 'Pray you be not angry; if he must, I'll do it.

But must he now?

Rod. What else? who dare reprieve him?

Alin. 'Pray you think again; and as your injuries

[*fellow,*

Are great, and full, you suffer from this Do not you purpose so to suit your vengeance?

Rod. I do, and must.

Alin. You cannot, if he die now.

Rod. Cannot? [*find it.*

Alin. No, cannot; he not vex'd; you'll I have consider'd, and I know it certain, You suffer below him; lose all your angers.

Rod. Why, my best boy?

Alin. I love and tender you, I would not tell you else. Is that revenge,

To slight your cause, and saint your enemy? Clap the dove's wings of downy peace unto

him, [*sighing?*

And let him soar to Heaven, whilst you are Is this revenge?

Rod. I'd have him die.

Alin. Prepar'd thus?

The blessing of a father never reach'd it!

His contemplation now scorns you, condemns you,

And all the tortures you can use: Let him die thus,

And these that know and love revenge will laugh at you.

Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,

To make his enemy shake and tremble under him,

Doubt, nay, almost despair, and then confound him.

This man you rock asleep, and all your rages Are requiems to his parting soul, mere anthems.

Rod. Indeed he's strongly built.

Alin. You cannot shake him;

And the more weight you put on his foundation,

[*stronger.*

Now as he stands, you fix him still the If you love him, honour him, would heap upon him

Friendships and benefits beyond example,

I hope him a star in Heaven, and there would stick him,

Now take his life.

Rod. I'd rather take mine own, boy.

Alin. I'll ease him presently.

Rod. Stay, be not hasty.

Alin. Bless my tongue still! [*Aside.*

Lopez. What has the boy done to him?

How dull and still he looks!

Alin. You are a wise man,

And long have buckled with the world's extremities,

A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes;

[*madly,*

And would you work your master-piece thus Take the bare name of honour, that will pity

you⁹¹,

When the world knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?

Rod. The boy has stagger'd me: What wouldst thou have me—

Alin. Have you? d'you not feel, sir? doesn't not stir you?

[*bravely,*

D'you ask a child? I'd have you do most (Because I most affect you) like yourself, sir;

Scorn him, and let him go; seem to condemn him,

And, now you've made him shake, seal him his pardon.

When he appears a subject fit for anger,

And fit for you, his pious armour on,

His hopes no higher than your sword may reach at,

⁹¹ Take the bare name of Honour, that will pity ye,

[When the world knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?] Mr. Seward supposes a transposition here, and would read,

'Take the bare name of Honour? when the world knows

'Ye've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim, they will pity ye.'

Mr. Sympson 'can't allow of so bold a proceeding against the text,' which he thinks 'may be set right with less trouble, so'

'Take the bare name of Honour, it will pity you

'When the world knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.'

We think the text gives the same sense with Seward's transposition; and do not like Sympson's reading.

Then strike, and then you know revenge,
then take it.

I hope I've turn'd his mind. [Aside.

Rod. Let the fool go there.

I scorn to let loose so base an anger

May light on thee! See me no more, but
quit me;

And when we meet again—

Pedro. I'll thank you, captain. [Exit.

Alin. Why, this was like yourself.—But
which way goes he?

Shall we ne'er happy meet? [Aside.

Rod. I'm drowsy, boy; [punny;

Go with me, and discourse: I like thy com-

Oh, child! I love thy tongue. [Exit.

Alin. I shall wait on you. [Exit.

Lopez. The boy has done't; a plaguy wit-
ty rascal!

And I shall love him terribly.

Jag. 'Twas he, most certain; [him,

For, if you mark, how earnest he was with

And how he labour'd him!

Lopez. A cunning villain!

But a good rogue. This boy will make's all
honest.

1 Outl. I scarce believe that; but I like the
boy well.

Come, let's to supper; then upon our watches.

Lopez. This Pilgrim 'scap'd, a joyful one.*

Jag. Let's drink round

To the boy's health, and then about our bu-
siness. [Exeunt.

* *This Pilgrim 'scap'd a joyful one.*] This may be understood as if this Pilgrim was joyful on account of his escape, but it is more in character to make one relate to supper, and then, though joyful, understood ironically, may stand, yet *woful* seems a more humorous word. I read therefore,

'This Pilgrim 'scap'd a woful one.' —Seward.

A comma at the word 'scap'd will, I believe, give us the Author's meaning. The Outlaw says, 'Let's to our watches.' 'Mine,' says Lopez, 'will be a joyful watch, as this Pilgrim has escap'd;' his execution would have made it melancholy. J. N.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, and three
Outlaws.

Rod. NONE of you know her?

Jag. Alas, sir, we ne'er saw her,
Nor e'er heard of her, but from your report.

Rod. No happy eye?

Lopez. I do not think 'tis she, sir;

Merthinks, a woman dares not—

Rod. Thou speak'st poorly;

What dares not woman, when she's provok'd?

Or what seems dangerous to love or fury?

That it is she, this has confirm'd me certain,

These jewels here, a part of which I sent her,

And, tho' unwilling, yet her father wrought

To take and wear. [Enter

Lopez. A wench, and we not know it?

And among us? Where were our understand-
ings?

I could have guess'd unhappily, have had
some feeling

In such a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,
At the discovery of such a jigamob!

A handsome wench too? Sure we've lost our
faculties, [here, sir?

We have no notions*. What should she do

Rod. That's it that troubles me. Oh, that
base rascal!

There lies the misery! How cunningly she
quit him,

And how she urg'd! Had ye been constant to
I ne'er had suffer'd this. [me,

1 Outl. You might have hang'd him;

And 'would he had been hang'd! that's all
we care for't,

So our hands had not done't.

Rod. She's gone again too!

And what care have ye fur that? go he, and
contentin'd me;

Master'd my will and power, and now laughs
at me.

Lopez. The devil that brought her hither,
sir, I think

Has carried her back again invisible, [ture.

For we ne'er knew nor heard of her depar-

Jag. No living thing came this night thro'
our watches;

She went with you.

Rod. Was by me till I slept,

But when I wak'd, and call'd—Oh, my dull
pate here!

If I had open'd this when it was given me,

This roguish box—

Lopez. We could but give it you.

Rod. Pilgrim? a pox o' Pilgrims! there the
game goes, [it.

There's all my fortune fled; I know't, I feel

Enter Alphonso and two Outlaws.

Alph. Bring me unto thy captain! where's
thy captain?

* *We have no notions.*] The *n* and the *m* have taken the same turn here as in Shakespear's
Road,

'We have no notions.' Symphon.

I'm founder'd, melted; some fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the devil has haunted
I th' likeness of a voice.—Give me thy cap-
tain!

Outl. He's here, sir; there he stands.

Alph. How dost thou, captain? [bolt!
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog—
My daughter's run away; I have been haunted
too;

I've lost my horse; I'm hungry, and out of
my wits also.

Rod. Come in; I'll tell you what I know;
strange things!

And take your ease; I'll follow her recovery:
These shall be yours the whilst, and do you
service.

Alph. Let me have drink enough; I'm
almost chok'd too.

Rod. You shall have any thing. What
think you now, soldiers?

Jay. I think a woman, is a woman, that's
any thing.

The next we take, we'll search a little nearer;
We'll not be boy'd again with a pair of
breeches. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Julietta.

Jul. He's gone in here: This is Roderigo's
quarter,

And I'll be with him soon, I'll startle him
A little better than I have done. All this long
night

I've led him out o' th' way, to try his patience,
And made him swear, and curse, and pray,

and swear again,
And cry for nuger; I made him leave his
horse too,

Where he can never find him more; whistled
And then he'd run thro' thick and thin to
reach me;

And down in this ditch, up again, and shake
And swear some certain blessings; then into
that bush

Pop goes his pate, and all his face is crush'd
And I sit laughing: A hundred tricks I've
serv'd him,

And I will double 'em, before I leave him:
I'll teach his anger to dispute with women.

But all this time I cannot meet my mistress,
I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me,
For sure she's much afflicted; till I do,

I'll haunt thy ghost, Alphonso; I'll keep thee
waking.

Yes, I must get a drum: I am villainous
And yet I'll trot about these villages

'Till I have got my will, and then have at you!
I'll make your anger drop out at your elbows,
ere I leave you.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Sebarto and Curio.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the circuit we have
ridden,

We cannot cross her; no way light upon her.

Curio. I don't think she is gone thus far,
or this way;

For certain, if she had, we should have
reach'd her,

Made some discovery, heard some news;
we've seen nothing.

Seb. Nor pass'd by any body that could
promise any thing.

She's certainly disguis'd; her modesty
Durst never venture else.

Curio. Let her take any shape,
And let me see it nice, I can distinguish it.

Seb. So should I think too. Has not her
father found her?

Curio. No, I'll be hang'd then; he has no
(Unless she light in's teeth) to look about him:
He guesses now^a, and chafes, and frets like
tinsel.

Seb. Let him go out, he cannot live with-
out it;

But keep her from him, Heav'n! Where are
we, Curio?

Curio. In a wood, I think; hang me, if I
know else!

And yet I've ridden all these counts at all
And had an aim.

Seb. I would we had a guide

Curio. And if I be not much awry, Se-
Not far off should be Roderigo's quarter;

For in this fastness, if I be not deceiv'd,
He and his Outlaws live.

Seb. This is the place then
We appointed him to meet in.

Enter Alinda.

Curio. Yes, I think so.

Seb. 'Would we could meet some living
thing!—What's that there?

Curio. A boy, I think. Stay; why mayn't
he direct us?

Alin. I'm hungry, and I'm weary, and I
cannot find him.

Keep my wits, Heav'n! I feel 'em wavering.
Oh, God, my head!

Seb. Boy! dost thou hear? thou stripling!

Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me!
now Roderigo!

Will hang him without mercy. Ha!

Curio. Come hither!

A very pretty boy. What place is this, child?
And whither dost thou travel? How he stares!

Some stubborn master has abus'd the boy,
And beaten him: How he complains!

Whether goest thou?

Alin. I go to Segovia, sir, to my sick ma-
I have been taken here by drunken thieves,

^a He guesses now, and chafes and frets like tinsel.] Mr. Synipson proposes reading,

^a He guesses not, but chafes and frets like tinsel.

We are of opinion that guesses is corrupt.

And, (oh, my bones!) I have been beaten,
sir, [tlemen,
Mis-us'd and robb'd; extremely beaten, gen-
Oh, God, my side!

Seb. What beasts would use a boy thus?
Look up, and be of goud cheer.

Alin. Oh, I cannot.
My back, my back, my back!

Curio. What thieves?

Alin. I know not,
But they call the captain Roderigo.

Curio. Look you!
I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Dost thou want any thing?

Alin. Nothing but ease, but ease, sir.

Curio. There's some money,
And get thee to thy mother.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen. [thus.

Seb. This was extremely foul, to vex a child
Come, let's along; we cannot lose our way
now. [Exeunt.

Alin. Tho' ye are honest men, I fear your
fingers,
And glad I am got off. Oh, how I tremble!

Send me but once within his arms, dear For-
tune,
And then come all the world! What shall I
do now?

'Tis almost night again, and where to lodge me
Or get me meat, or any thing, I know not.
These wild woods, and the faucies I have in
Will run me mad. [me,

Enter Julietta.

Jul. Boy! boy!

Alin. More set to take me?

Jul. Dost thou hear, boy? thou pointer!

Alin. 'Tis a boy too,

▲ lucky-boy; I need not fear his fierceness.

Jul. Canst thou beat a drum?

Alin. A drum?

Jul. This thing, a drum here.

Didst thou ne'er see a drum? Canst thou
make this grumble?

Alin. Julietta's face and tongue! Is she
run mad too?

Here may be double craft. [Aside.]—I have
no skill in't

Jul. I'll give thee a ryal bot to go along
with me. [business.

Alin. I care not for thy ryal; I've other
drum to thyself, and dance to't.

Jul. Sirrah, sirrah!

Thou scurvy sirrah! thou spotty-nos'd scab!
dost thou hear me?

If I lay down my drum—

Alin. Here comes more company!
I fear a plot; Hence'n send me fairly from it.
[Exit.

Enter Roderigo and two Outlaws.

Jul. Busta! who's here?

Lopez. Captain, do you need me further?

Rod. No, not a foot. Give me the gown;
the sword now. [me,

Jul. This is the devil thief; and, if he take
Woe be to my gally-gaskins!

Lopez. Certain, sir, [habit.
She'll take her patches off, and change her

Rod. Let her do what she please. No, no,
Alinda,

You cannot cozen me again in a boy's figure,
Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,
But I shall know't.

Jul. A boy? his face in patches?

Rod. Nor shall your tongue again betwixch
mine anger.

If she be found i' th' woods, send me word
presently,

And I'll return; (she cannot be far gone yet)
If she be not, expect me when you see me.

Use all your service to my friend Alphonso,
And have a care to your business. Farewell!

No more! Farewell! [Exeunt.

Jul. I'm heartily glad thou'rt gone yet.
This boy in patches was the boy came by me,

The very same; how hastily it shifted!
What a mope-ey'd ass was I, I could not
know her!

This must be she, this is she, now I remem-
ber her; How loth she was to talk too, how she fear'd
me!

I could now piss nine eyes out for mere
I'll follow her—But who shall vex her father
then?

One flurt at him, and then I'm for the voy-
If I can cross the captain too—Come, father!

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques and First Outlaw.

Jaq. Are they all set?

1 Outl. All, and each quarter quiet.

Jaq. Is the old man asleep?

1 Outl. An hour ago, sir. [sence,

Jaq. We must be very careful in his ab-
And very watchful.

1 Outl. It concerns us nearly.

He will not be long from us.

Jaq. No, he cannot.

1 Outl. A little heat of love, which he
must wander out;

And then again—Hark! [Drum afar off.

Jaq. What?

1 Outl. 'Tis not the wind, sure; [winters.
That's still and calm; no noise nor flux of

Jaq. I hear a drum, I think.

1 Outl. That, that; it beats again now.

Jaq. Now it comes nearer. Sure we are
surpris'd, sir;

Some from the king's command. We're lost,
we're dead all!

1 Outl. Hark, hark! a charge now! my
captain has betray'd us,

And left us to this ruin, run away from us!

[What a mope-ey'd ass, &c.] Former editions.

Enter two Outlaws.

Lopez. Another beats o' that side.

2 *Outl.* Fly, fly, Jacques!

We're taken in a toil, snapt in a pitfall;
Methinks I feel a sword already shave me.

3 *Outl.* A thousand horse and foot, a thousand pioneers,

If we get under ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an axe to cut the woods down.

Lopez. This is the dismal'st night—
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Where is my nag now? [devil]
And what make I here to be hang'd? what
Brought me into this danger? Is there ne'er
a hole, [quickly?]

That I may creep in deep enough, and die
Ne'er an old ditch to chuke in? I shall be
taken

For their commander now, their general,
And have a commanding gillows set up for
me [on me;

As high as a may-pole, and nasty soaps made
Be printed with a pint-pot and a dagger.

They are all kill'd by this time. Can I pray?
Let me see that first—I've too much fear to
be faithful. [daughters,

Where's all my state now? I must go hunt for
Daughters, and damscels of the lake⁶⁶, damn'd
daughters!

A hundred crowns for a good tod of hay,
Or a five hollow tree, that would contain me!
I hear 'em coming; I feel the nouse about me!

Enter Sebeto, Curio, Outlaws, and Jacques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? here are
no soldiers,

Nope from the king to vex you.

1 *Outl.* The drum, the drum, sir!

Curio. I never saw such pigeon-hearted
people!

What drum? what danger? who's that that
shakes behind there?

Mercy upon me, sir, why are you fear'd thus?

Alph. Are we all kill'd? no mercy to be
hup'd fur!

Am I not shot, d' you think?

Seb. You're strangely frightened; [you?
Shot with a fiddle-stick! Who's here to shoot
A drum we saw indeed; o boy was beating it,
And hunting squirrels by moon-light.

Lopez. Nothing else, sir? [stirring.

Curio. Not any thing; no other person
Alph. Oh, that I had that boy! this is that
devil,

That fairy rogue, that haunted me last night!
It has sleeves like dragon's wings.

Seb. A little foot-boy,

Alph. Come, let's go in, and let me get my
cloaths un.

If e'er I stay here more to be thus martyr'd—
Did ye not meet the wench?

Seb. No, sure, we met her not.

Alph. She has been here in boy's apparel,
gentlemen, [woman]
(A gallant thing, and famous for a gentle-
And all her face patch'd over for discovery;
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circum-
stance, [une.

That she hath play'd her master-prize, a rare
I came too short.

Curio. Such a young boy we met, sir,

Alph. In a grey hat?

Curio. The same; his face all patch'd too,
Alph. 'Twas she, o rat run with her! She,
that runk she! [again:

Walk in, I'll tell ye all; and then we'll part
But get some store of wine; this fright sits
here yet. [Exeunt.

Enter Julietta,

Jul. What a fright I've put 'em in; what
a brave hurry!

If this do bolt him⁶⁷, I'll be with him again
With a new port, was never play'd: I'll firk
him; [him.

As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him; I'll claw
Nux will I see if I can cross her footing.

Yet still I'll watch his water, he shall pay
fur't; [worse,

And when he thinks most malice, and mennis
I'll make him know the mare's the better
horse. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Pedro and a Gentleman.

Gent. You are a stranger, sir; and, for
hum unity, [something.

Being come within our walls, I'd shew you
You've seen the castle?

Pedro. Yes, sir; tis a strong one,

And well maintain'd.

Gent. Why are you still thus sod, sir?

How do you like the walks?

Pedro. They're very pleasant;

Your town sounds cool and sweet.

Gent. But that I would not [you
Affect you with more sadness, I could shew
A place worth view.

Pedro. Shows seldom alter me, sir;

'Pray you speak it, and then shew it.

Gent. 'Tis a house here [visited
Where people of all sorts, that have been
With lunacies and fullies, wait their cures:

⁶⁶ *Damscels of the lake.*] This alludes to the Lady of the Lake, a famous character in the old romances; particularly the very popular one called *Morte Arthur*; where many miracles are performed, and much enchantment is conducted, by means of the interposition of the Lady of the Lake. See *Worton on Spenser*, vol. i. p. 20. R.

⁶⁷ *If this do bolt him.*] Probably the negative is wanting,

* *If this don't bolt him.*

Symson.

Their fancies, of a thousand stamps and fashions, [ye,
Like flies in several shapes, buzz round about
And twice as many gestures; some of pity,
That it would make you melt to see their passions:

And some as light again, that would content you.

But I see, sir, your temper is too modest,
Too much inclin'd to contemplation,
To meet with these.

Pedro. You could not please me better;
And I beseech you, sir, do me the honour
To let me wait upon you.

Gent. Since you're willing,

To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct you.

Pedro. I ne'er had such a mind yet to see misery! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry Mad Bess some ment, she roars like thunder; [full,
And tie the parson short, the moon's i' th'
If hys a thousand pigs in's brains. Who looks to the 'prentice?

Keep him from women, he thinks h' has lost his mistress; [und.

And talk of no silk stuffs, 'twill run him horn-

2 *Keep.* The justice keeps such a stir you-der with his charges,

And such a coil with warrants!

1 *Keep.* Take away his statutes;

The devil has possess'd him in the likeness

Of primal laws; keep him from *aqua-vite*,

For if that spirit creep into his quorum,

He will commit us all. How is it with the scholar?

2 *Keep.* For any thing I see, he's in his right wits.

1 *Keep.* Thou art an ass! in's right wits, Goodman coxcomb?

As tho' any man durst be in's right wits, and be here:

It is as much as we dare be, that keep 'em.

Enter English madman.

Engl. Give me some drink!

1 *Keep.* Oh, there's the Englishman.

Engl. Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em!

Down o' your knees, ye rogues, and pledge me roundly!

One, two, three, and four;

We shall all be merry within this hour.

To the great Turk! [ard!

1 *Keep.* Peace, peace, thou heathen drunk-These English are so malt-mad, there's no meddling with 'em;

When they've a fruitful year of barley there, All the whole island's thos.

Engl. A snuff, a snuff, a snuff,
A lewd notorious snuff! give 'him again, boy.

Enter She-Fool.

Fool. God ye good even, gaffer!

2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool loose?

1 *Keep.* If any of the madmen take her, she is pepper'd;

They'll bounce her loins.

Fool. Will you walk into the coal-house?

1 *Keep.* She is as lecherous too as a she-ferret.

2 *Keep.* Who a vengeance looks to her? Go in, Kne,

I'll give thee a fine apple.

Fool. Will you buss me,

And tickle me, and make me laugh?

1 *Keep.* I'll whip you.

Engl. Fool, Fool! come up to me, Fool.

Fool. Are you peeping?

Engl. I'll get thee with five fools.

Fool. Oh, fine, oh, dainty!

Engl. And thou shalt lie-in in a horse-cloth, like a lady.

Fool. And shall I have a coach?

Engl. Drawn with four turkies;

And they shall tread thee too.

Fool. We shall have eggs then!

And shall I sit upon 'em?

Engl. Ay, ay, and they shall be all addle, And make an admirable tansy for the devil, Come, come away; I'm taken with thy lore, And will mightily belabour thee. [Fool,

1 *Keep.* How the Fool lridles! how she twitters at him! [man,

These Englishmen would stagger a wise wo- If we should suffer her to have her will now, We should have all the women in Spain as mad as she here.

2 *Keep.* They would strive who should be most fool. Away with her!

Enter Master, three Gentlemen, Scholar, and Pedro.

Fool. 'Pray ye stay a little! let's hear him sing; h' has a fine breast².

¹ Let's hear him sing; h' has a fine breast.] In Sir John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. iii. p. 466, he cites part of Tusser's 'Five Hundred Points of Husbandry, 1580,' in which the following line occurs:

'The better breast, the lesser rest;'

upon which he makes this observation: 'In singing, the sound is originally produced by the action of the lungs; which are so essential an organ in this respect, that to have a good breast was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make use of the terms *Voce de Petto* and *Voce di Testa*, to signify two kinds of voice, of which the

² first

1 *Keep.* Here comes my master. To the spit, you whore, [business;
And stir no more abroad, but tend your
You shall have no more sops i' th' pan else,
nor no porridge;

Besides, I'll whip your breech.

Fool. I'll go in presently.

1 *Gent.* I'll assure you, sir, the Cardinal's
angry with you
For keeping this young man.

Mastr. I'm heartily sorry. [ye.

If ye allow him sound, 'pray ye take him with

3 *Gent.* This is the place, and now observe
their humours.

2 *Gent.* We can find ootling in him light,
nor tainted;

No startings, nor no rubs, in all his answers;
In all his letters, nothing but discretion,
Learning, and handsome stile.

Mastr. Be not deceiv'd, sir;

Mark but his look.

1 *Gent.* His grief, and his imprisonment,
May stamp that there.

Mastr. 'Pray talk with him again then.

2 *Gent.* That will be needless; we have
tried him long enough, [with't.

And it he had a taint we should have met
Yet to discharge your care—

Pedro. A sober youth!

Pity so heavy a cross should light upon him.

2 *Gent.* You find no sickness?

Schol. None, sir, I thank Heaven,
Nor nothing that diverts my understanding.

1 *Gent.* Do you sleep a' nights?

Schol. As sound, and sweet, as any man.

2 *Gent.* Have you no fearful dreams?

Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to bed with raw and windy stomachs;
Else, I'm all one piece.

1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindness [rent?
You have conceiv'd from any friend, or pa-
Or scorn from what you lov'd?

Schol. No, truly, sir:

I never yet was master of a faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or
kindred;

And what love is, unless it lie in learning,
I think I'm ignorant.

1 *Gent.* This man is perfect;
A civiler discurser I ne'er talk'd with.

Mastr. You'll find it otherwise.

2 *Gent.* I must tell you true, sir, [ness!
I think you keep him here to teach him mad-
Here's his discharge from my lord cardinal.

And come, sir, go with us.

Schol. I'm bound unto ye;

And farewell, master.

Mastr. Farewell, Stephano.

Alas, poor man!

1 *Gent.* Whot flaws and whirls of weather;
Or rather storms, have been aloft these three
days;

How dark, and hot, and full of mutiny!

And still grows louder.

Mastr. It has been stubborn weather.

2 *Gent.* Strange work at sea; I fear me
there's old tumbling.

1 *Gent.* Bless my old uncle's bark! I have
a venture.

2 *Gent.* And I, more than I'd wish to lose:

Schol. Do you fear?

2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks!

Mastr. Nay, mark him better, gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me, how his eyes are
alter'd!

Mastr. Now tell me how you like him;
whether now

He be that perfect man ye credited?

Schol. Does the sea stagger ye?

Mastr. Now ye have hit the nick.

Schol. Do ye fear the billows?

1 *Gent.* What ails him? who has stirr'd him?

Schol. Be not shaken, [ye;

Nor let the singing of the storm shoot thro'

Let it blow on, blow on! let the clouds

wrestle, [nous,

And let the vapours of the earth turn moti-
The sea in hideous mountains rise and tum-
ble,

Upon a dolphin's back I'll make old tremble,
For I am Neptune!

Mastr. Now what think ye of him?

2 *Gent.* Alas, poor man!

Schol. Your bark shall plough thro' all,
And not a surge so saucy to disturb her;

I'll see her sale, my power shall sail before
her!

Down, ye angry waters all;

Ye loud whistling whirlwinds, fall;

Down, ye proud waves; ye storms;

I command ye, be at peace. [cease;

Fright not with your churlish notes,

Nor bruise the keel of bark that floats;

No devouring fish come nigh;

Nor monster in my empery

Once shew his head, or terror bring;

But let the weary sailor sing:

Amphitrite with white arms

Strike my lute, I'll sing thy charms.

Mastr. He must have nausick now: I must
observe him;

His fit will grow too full else. [*Musick, long.*

2 *Gent.* I must pity him.

¹ first is the best. In *Shakespeare's* comedy of *Twelfth Night*, after the Clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says,

By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breant*.

² And in the statutes of *Stoke-College*, in *Suffolk*, founded by *Parker*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, is a provision in these words: "Of which said queristers after their *breants* are changed (i. e. their voices broke) we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helped with exhibitions of forty shillings," &c. *Strype's Life of Parker*, p. 9. R.

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2 Q

Mast. Now he will in himself, most quietly,

And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.

1 Gent. We're sorry, sir, and we have seen a wonder.

From this hour we'll believe; and so we'll leave ye.

Pedro. This was a strange fit.

[*Exeunt two Gent.*]

Mast. Did you mark him, sir?

Pedro. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.

Mast. Many have sworn him right*, and I have thought so;

Yet on a sudden, from some word or other, When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out:

I dare not give him will.

Enter Alinda.

Pedro. Pray Heav'n recover him!

Alin. Must I come in too?

Mast. No, my pretty lad; [supper. Keep in thy chamber, boy; 'shalt have thy

Pedro. I pray you what is he, sir?

Mast. A strange boy, that last night Was found i' th' town, a little craz'd, dis- And so sent hither.

Pedro. How the pretty knave looks, And plays, and peeps upon me!—Sure such eyes

I've seen, and lov'd!—What fair hands!— Certainly——

Mast. Good sir, you'll make him worse.

Pedro. I pray believe not: [smiles!— Alas, why should I hurt him?—How be The very shape, and sweetness of Alinda!— Let me look once again: Were it in such cloaths

As when I saw her last—This must be she!— How tenderly it strokes me!

Mast. 'Pray you be mild, sir!

I must attend elsewhere. [Exit.

Pedro. 'Pray you be secure, sir.

What would ye say!—How my heart beats and trembles!

He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her flesh too!

I know not what to think! Her tears, her true ones,

Pure orient tears!—Hark, do you know me, little one?

Alin. Oh, Pedro, Pedro!

Pedro. Oh, my soul!

3 Gent. What fit's this?

The Pilgrim's off the books too!

Alin. Let me hold thee; [me! And now come all the world, and all that hate

Pedro. Be wise, and not discover'd. Oh,

how I love you!

How do you now?

Alin. I have been miserable; [Pedro. But your most virtuous eyes have cur'd me,

'Pray you think it no immodesty, I kiss you. My head's wild still!

Pedro. Be not so full of passion, Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;

'Twill be ill taken.

Alin. Are you weary of me?

I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,

And weep away for joy.

Enter Master.

Mast. I told you, sir, What you would do! For shame, do not afflict him:

You've drawn his fit upon him fearfully. Either depart, and presently, I'll force you

Who waits within? [else.

Enter two Keepers.

Pedro. Alas, good sir—— [covery. *Mast.* This is the way never to hope re-

Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to th' governor.

Bring in the boy. D' you see how he swells and tears himself? [carry

Is this your cure? Be gone! If the boy mis- Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll no ham-

per you——

3 Gent. You were to blame, too rash.

Pedro. Farewell for ever! [Exit.

* Many have sworn him right.] This is one of the most skilful exhibitions of madness that this play affords.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso, a Gentleman, and Julietta.

Gent. YOU'RE now within a mile o' th' town, sir; if my business [ye.

Would give me leave, I'd turn and wait upon But for such gentlemen as you enquire of,

Certain, I saw none such; but for the boy ye spoke of,

I will not say 'tis he, but such a one, Just of that height——

Alph. In such cloaths?

Gent. I much mistake else——

Was sent in th' other night, a little maddish, And where such people wait their cures.

Alph. I understand you.

Gent. There you may quickly know.

Alph. I thank you, sir.

Jul. So do I too; and if there be such a place, [me.]
I ask no more; but you shall bear more of
She may be there, and you may play the ty-
rant;

I'll see what I can do. I'm almost founder'd
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four first; my cause is me-
And come what can come! [ritorous,

Gent. All you've told me's certain,
Complexion, and all else.

Alph. It may be she then; [now?]
And I'll so fumble her! Is she grown mad
Is her blood set so high? I'll have her madd'd.
I'll have her worm'd!

Jul. Mark but the ead, old master;
If thou be'st not sick o' th' bots within these
five hours, [fire, signior,
And kick't at and roar'st—I'll make ye fart

Enter Alinda, as the Fool.

Gent. Here's one o' th' house, a fool, an
idiot, sir; [to ye,
May-be, she's going home; she'll be a guide
And so I kiss your hand. [Exit.

Alph. I am your servant.

Alin. Oh, now I'm lost, lost, lost! Lord,
—how I tremble!

My father, arm'd in all his hates and angers!
This is more misery than I have 'scap'd yet.

Alph. Fool! Fool!

Alin. He knows me not.—Will you give
me two-pence?

And, gaffer, here's a crow-flower, and a daisy;
I've some pie in my pocket too.

Alph. This is an arrant fool,
An ignorant thing.

Alin. Believe so, and I'm happy. [Aside.

Alph. Dost thou dwell in Segovia, Fool?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven;

And I have a fine little house, made of mir-
malade, [Peter;

And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint
I have a hundred little children, and they sing
psalms with me.

Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should
want understanding.

But why do I stand talking with a coxcomb?
If I do find her, if I light upon her—

I'll say no more. Is this the way to th' town,
Fool?

Alin. You must go o'er the top of that
high steeple, gaffer—

Alph. A plague o' your fool's face!

Jul. No; take her counsel.

Alin. And then you shall come to a river
twenty mile over,

And twenty mile and ten, and then you must
pray, gaffer,

And still you must pray, and pray—

Alph. 'Pray Heav'n deliver me

From such an ass as thou art!

Alin. Amen, sweet gaffer!—

And fling a sop of sugar-cake into it;

And then you must leap in naked—

Jul. 'Would he would believe her!

Alin. And sink seven days together: Can
you sink, gaffer?

Alph. Yes, coxcomb, yes. 'Prithee, fare-
well! a pox on thee! [thce!

A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon
Alin. And then I'll bring you a sup of milk
shall serve you:

I'm going to get apples.

Alph. Go to the devil!

Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?
Thou tell me news? thou be a guide?

Alin. And then, nuncle—

Alph. 'Prithee keep on thy way, good
saunt. I could rail now

These ten hours at mine own improvidence.
Get apples and be choak'd! farewell! [Exit.

Alin. Farewell, nuncle!

Jul. I rejoice in any thing that vexes him,
And I shall love this fool extremely for't.

Could I but see my mistress now, to tell her
How I have truly, honestly wrought for her,

How I have worn myself away to serve her—
Fool, there's a ryal for the sport thou mad'st
me [thce.

In crossing that old fool, that parted from
Alin. (Thou'rt honest sure, but yet thou
must not see me.) [you,

I thank you, little gentleman! Heav'n bless
And I'll pray for you too. 'Pray you keep
this nutmeg; [tain,

'Twas sent me from the lady of the Mount-
A golden lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles! [standing
Alin. 'Tis very good to rob your under-
And so good night; the moon's up.

Jul. Pretty innocent!

Alin. Now, Fortune, if thou dar'st do good,
protect me! [Exit.

Jul. I'll follow him to yond town; he shall
not scape me. [first,

Stay; I must counterfeit a letter by the way
And one that must carry some credit with
it; I am wide else,

And all this to no purpose that I nim at.
A letter must be had and neatly handled;

And then if goodwife Fortune do not fail me,
Have at his skirts! I shall worse anger him
Than ever I have done, and worse torment
him. [him,

It does me good to think how I shall conjure
And crucify his crabbedness: He's my mas-
ter; [hand.

But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left
He would now persecute my harmless mis-
tress;

A fault without forgiveness, as I take it,
And under that bold banner flies my ven-
geance?;

☛ *That bold banner flies my vengeance.* The discontinuity of the metaphor makes this
place greatly obscure, we should probably read,

'——— under that bold banner fights my vengeance.'

Sym; wn.

A meritorious war, and so I'll make it.
I th' name of innocence, what's this the Fool
gave me?

She said 'twas good to rub my understanding.
What strange emendment? bread, or cheese,
or a chestnut?

Ha! 'tis a ring, a pretty ring, a right one:
A ring I know too! the very same ring!
Oh, admirable blockhead! oh, base eyes!
A ring my mistress took from me, and wore
it; [me 10.]

I know it by the posy, 'Prick me, and heal
None could deliver this but she herself too.
Am I twice sand-blind? twice so near the
blessing [it?]

I would arrive at, and block-like ne'er know
I'm vengeance angry! but that shall light on
thee,

And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it.
There are so many cross-ways, there's no
following her²⁰,

And yet I must—not now. I hope she is
right still, [me;]

For all her outward show, for sure she knew
And, in that hope, some few hours I'll forget
her. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, in a pilgrim's habit.

Rod. She's not to be recover'd, which I
vex at; [ments me.]

And he beyond my vengeance, which tur-
Oh, I am fool'd and slighted, made a rascal;
My hopes are flatter'd²¹, as my present for-
tunes! [comb?]

Why should I wander thus, and play the cox-
tire out my peace and pleasure for a girl?

A girl that scorns me too? a thing that hates
me? [breakfast]

Aod, consider'd at the best, is but a short
For a hot appetite. Why should I walk, and
walk thus,

And fret myself, and travel like a carrier,
And peep, and watch? want meat and wine,
to cherish me, [snead,

When thousand women may be had, ten thou-
And thank me too, and I sit still? Well, trim
beauty

And elasticity, and all that seem to ruin me,

Let me not take you, let me not come near you,
For I'll so trim you, I'll so bustle with you—
'Tis not the name of virgin shall redeem you,
(I'll change that property) nor tears, nor
angers;

I bear a hate about me scorns those follies.
To and this villain too (for there's my ruin
And if he 'scape me then²²— [prize])

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that Pedro?

'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh!

Rod. What art thou?

Alin. Ha! now, now, now,

Oh, now, most miserable!

Rod. What a devil art thou?

Alin. No end of my misfortunes, Heaven!

Rod. What antic?

Speak, puppet, speak!

Alin. That habit to betray me?

Ye holy Saints, can ye see this?

Rod. It danceth!

The devil in a fool's coat? is he turn'd inno-
cent? What mops and mowes²⁴ it makes! heigh,
how it frisketh!

Is't not a fairy? or some small hobgoblin?

It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind
to it;

But if it should prove the devil then?

Alin. Come hither.

Rod. I think 'twill ravish me. It is a
handsome thing, [at?]

But horribly sun-burnt. What's that it points
Alin. Dost thou see that star there? that,
just above the sun?

'Prishee go thither, and light me this tobacco;
And stop it with the horns o' th' moon.

Rod. The thing is mad,

Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd.

Go sleep, fool, sleep.

Alin. Thou canst not sleep so sweetly;

For so I can say my prayers, and then slum-
ber.

I am not proud, nor full of wine,
(This little flower will make me fine)

Cruel in heart, (for I shall cry,

If I see a sparrow die);

I am not watchful to do ill,

Nor glorious²⁵ to pursue it still:

²⁰ Prick me, and heal me.] These words, by what mistake I know not, are wanting in the folio of 1679. *Symson.*

²¹ — there's no following her;

And yet I must—not now.] The distraction of Julietta here will be finely expressed if we alter the pointing;

' — there's no following her;—

' And yet I must—not now. I hope, &c. *Symson.*

²² My hopes are flatter'd, as my present fortunes.] But flatter'd with what? If disappointments are flatteries, then the passage is clear. Write without dispute,

' My hopes are flat as are my present fortunes.' *Symson.*

It admits much dispute. The text signifies the same as the emendation, flatter'd being used ironically: 'My hopes and fortunes are equally desperate.'

²³ And if he snip me then.] Amended by Mr. Symson.

²⁴ Mops and mowes.] This explains the passage in The Wild-Goose Chase. Mops we take to be gestures, and mowes, graces.

²⁵ Nor glorious to pursue.] i. e. take no pride, pleasure in, &c. *Symson.*

Nor pitiless to those that weep;
Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Do, do, do, and see if they can.

Rod. It said true;

I feel it sink into me forcibly.

Sure 'tis a kind of sybil, some mad prophet.

I feel my wildness bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you
what's your fortune.

Rod. Here; 'prithce speak.

Alin. Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy! [look finely:
Wash your hands, and pare your nails, and
You shall never kiss the king's daughter else.

Rod. I wash 'em daily.

Alin. But still you foul 'em faster.

Rod. This goes nearer.

Alin. You'll have two wives.

Rod. Two wives?

Alin. Ay, two fine gentlewomen;
(Make much of 'em, for they'll stick close to
And these two, in two days. [you, sir]

Rod. That's a fine riddle.

Alin. To-day you shall wed Sorrow,
And Repentance will come to-morrow.

Rod. Sure she's inspir'd!

Alin. I'll sing you a fine song, sir.

He called down his merry men all,

By one, by two, by three;

William would fain have been the first,
But now the last is he.

Rod. 'Tis the mere chronicle of my mishaps.

Alin. I'll bid you good even; for my boat
stays for me yander,

And I must sup with the moon to-night in the
Mediterranean. [Exit.

Rod. When fools and mad-folks shall be
tutors to me,

And feel my sores, yet I unsensible——

Sure it was set by Providence upon me,

To steer my heart right. I am wondrous
weary; [me—

My thoughts too, which add mine burden to
I have been ill, and, which is worse, pursu'd it,

And still run on: I must think better, noller,
And be mother thing, or not at all. [me!

Still I grow heavier, heavier; Heav'n defend
I'll lie down, and take rest, and goodness

guard me!

Enter four Peasants.

1 Pea. We've escap'd to-day we'll; certain,
if the Outlaws [for't.

Had known we had been stirring, we had paid

2 Pea. Plague on 'em, they have rob'd'd

3 Pea. And me five times; [me thrice.

Beside they made my daughter one of us too,

An arrant drum: Oh, they're the lowdest

rascals!

The captain such a damn'd piece of iniquity —
But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the
They cannot hear. [hest on't.

4 Pea. They'll come to me familiarly,
And eat up all I have; drink up my wine too,
And if there be a servant that contents 'em,
Let her keel hold, they'll give her stowage
enough. [Outlaws:

We have no children now, but thieves and
The very brats in their mothers' bellies have
their qualities,

They'll steal into the world.

1 Pea. 'Would we had some of 'em here!

2 Pea. Ay, o' that condition we could
They're sturdy knaves. [master 'em;

3 Pea. A devil take their sturdiness!

We can neither keep our wives from 'em,
nor our states;

We pay the rent, and they passess the benefit.

1 Pea. What is this hea here? is it drunk
It sleeps, and soundly too. [or sober?

2 Pea. 'Tis an old woman, [stretches.
That keeps sleep hereabouts. It turns and

4 Pea. Does she keep sheep with a sword?

3 Pea. It has a beard too. [derigo!

1 Pea. Peace, peace! It is the devil Ra-
Peace of all hands, and look.

2 Pea. 'Tis he.

3 Pea. Speak softly.

4 Pea. Now we may fit him.

3 Pea. Stay, stay! let's be provident.

1 Pea. Kill him, and wake him then.

4 Pea. Let me come to him; [more—
Ev'n one blow at his pate; if e'er he wake

3 Pea. So, so, so! lay that by.

2 Pea. I must needs kill him;

It smuds with my reputation.

3 Pea. Stand off, I say,

And let us some way make him sure; then
torture him:

To kill him presently, has no pleasure in't;
It's been tormenting of us at least this

Rod. Oh, me! [twelvemonth.

All. He comes, he comes.

4 Pea. Has he no guns about him?

3 Pea. Softly again! No, no; take that
hand easily. [there.

And tie it fast there; that to t'other bough
Fast, fast, and easy, lest he wake!

2 Pea. Have we got you?

This was a benefit we never ain'd at.

3 Pea. Out with your knives, and let us
carve this cock-thief,

Daintily carve him!

1 Pea. I would he had been used thus
Ten years ago! we might have thought we

had children.

3 Pea. Oh, that Sir Nicholas now our
priest were here²⁶,

²⁶ Sir Nicholas now our priest, &c.] Sir was a title given (formerly) to any clergyman under the degree of a doctor. The reader cannot but observe the great impropriety which the next line but one contains, the scene lying not in England but Spain. *Symson.*

We cannot think the impropriety so great: *Honour* is used generally for *sermon*, and *preaching* is in all countries the duty of a priest.

What a sweet homily would he say over him,
For ringing all in, with his wife i'th' bellfry!
He would stand up stiff girt. Now pounce
him lightly;

And, as he roars and rages, let's go deeper.
Come near; you are dim-ey'd; on with your
spectacles.

Rod. Oh, what torments me thus? what
slaves, what villains?

Oh, spare me; do not murder me!

3 *Pea.* We'll but tickle you:

You've tickled us at all points.

4 *Pea.* Where are his emblems?

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As ye're men, and Christians——

2 *Pea.* Yes, we hear you;

And you shall hear of us too.

Rod. Oh! no mercy?

Pedro. What noise is this? what roar?—
I cannot find her, [way?]

She is got free again; but where, or which

Rod. Oh, villains, beasts!

Pedro. Murd'ring a man, ye rascals?

Ye inhuman slaves, off, off, and leave this
cruelty,

Or, as I am a gentleman—Do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye slaves, ye cow-
ards!

Take up that sword, and stand [to Roderigo].

Stay, ye base rascals,

Ye cut-throat rogues——

All. Away, away! [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

Pedro. Ye dog-welps!

Rod. Oh! I am now more wretched far,
than ever. [Roderigo?]

Pedro. A violence to that habit!—Hu!

What makes he here, thus clad? Is it re-
pentance,

Or only a fair shew to guise his mischiefs?

Rod. This benefit has made me shew to
see him;

To know him, blush.

Pedro. You are not much hurt?

Rod. No, sir;

All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience;
That pricks and tortures me.

Pedro. Have you consider'd

The nature of these men, and how they
us'd you? [some?]

Was it fair play? did it appear to you hand-

Rod. I dare not speak; or, if I do, 'tis
nothing

Can bring me off, or justify me.

Pedro. Was it noble

To be o'er-lay'd with odds and violence?

Manly, or brave, in these thus to oppress
you? [rudeless?]

D' you blush at this, in such as are more
That have stoop'd souls, that never knew things
gentle?

And dare you glorify worse in yourself, sir?

You us'd me with much honour, and I thank

you; [me:]

In this, I have requited some. You know

Come, turn not back; you must and you
shall know me.

Had I been over-season'd with base anger,
And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,

Bore no respect to honesty, religion;

No faith, no common tie of man, humanity,

Had I had in me; but giv'n reins and licence

To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,

This day, know, Roderigo, I had set

As small a price upon thy life and fortunes

As thou dost lately on mine innocence;

But I reserve thee to a nobler service.

Rod. I thank you, and I'll study more to

honour you:

You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,
And are the greater master of your goodness.

Thou' it be impossible I should now recover,

And my rude will grow handsome, in an in-
stant, [tal,

Yet, touching but the pureness of your me-
Something shall shew like gold, at least shall

glister; [ged,

That men may hope, altho' the mine be rug-

Stony and hard to work, yet time and labour

Shall find and bring forth that that's rich and

worthy.

Pedro. I'll try that; and to th' purpose.

You told me, sir,

In noble emulation, (so I take it,

I'll put your hatred far off, and forget it)

You had a fair desire to try my valour;

You seem'd to court me to't: You have found

a time,

A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy,

That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries,

And only now for honour's sake defies you!

Now, as you are a man, (I know you're va-
liant)

As you are gentle bred, a soldier fashion'd—

Rod. His virtue startles me!—I dare fight,

Pedro.

Pedro. And as you have a mistress that
you honour,

Mark me! a mistress——

Rod. Ha!

2 *Or only a fair shew to guise his mischiefs?* In this blunder do all the copies agree, yet that general consent cannot incline me to think the passage sound. A *disguise* is not used as a *guise*, but a cover or colour, and so it ought to be here. There are several ways of correcting this place, as *hide*, *guise*, i. e. *disguise*: But I like (as Mr. Seward too directed) *guile* the best, there being great reason to believe that to be the original reading, from what the edition of 1679 exhibits, though corruptly,

——fair shew to *guile* his mischiefs. *Symson.*

To *guile* is sense; but to *guile*, having authority, we have preferred, not only as sense, but as extremely poetical.

Pedro. A handsome mistress:

As you dare hold yourself deserving of her—

Rod. Deserving? what a word was that to fire us?

Pedro. I could compel you now without this circumstance,

But I'll den! free and fairly, like a gentleman:

As you are worthy of the name you carry,

A daring man—

Rod. Oh, that I durst not suffer!

For all I dare do now implies but penance.

Pedro. Now do me noble right.

Rod. I'll satisfy you;

But not by th' sword. 'Pray you hear me, and allow me.

I have been rude; but shall I be a monster, And teach my sword to hurt that that preserv'd me?

Tho' I be rough by nature, shall my name

Inherit that eternal stain of barbarous?

Give me an enemy, a thing that hates you,

That never heard of yet, nor felt, your goodness,

(That is one main antipathy to sweetness)

And set me n! You cannot hold me coward.

If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard²⁸.

The temper of my sword starts at your virtue, [you²⁹:

And will fly off, nay, it will weep to fight

Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,

Hold sacred love and peace with one another.

Pedro. See how it turns³⁰! this is a strange conversinn! [cold

And can you fail your mistress? can you grow In such a case?

Rod. Those heats that they add to us, (Oh, noble Pedro!) let us feel 'em rightly,

And rightly but consider how they move us.

Pedro. Is not their honour ours?

Rod. If they be virtuous; [lustre,

And then the sword adds nothing to their

But rather calls in question what's not doubted:

If they be not, the best swords and best valours

Can never fight 'em up to fame again,

No, not a Christiana war; and that's held pious.

Pedro. How bravely now he's temper'd!

I must fight,

And rather make it honourable, than angry.

I would not task those sins to me committed.

Rod. You cannot, sir; you've cast those by, discarded 'em;

And, in a noble mind, so low and loosely

To look back, and collect such lumps, and into new horrid forms again— [lick 'em

Pedro. Still braver!

Rod. To fight because I dare, were worse and weaker

Than if I had a woman in my cause, sir,

And more princelin'd me fool; yet I must confess

I have been covetous of all occasions,

And this I have taken upon trust for noble, The more shame mine! Devise a way to fight

thus, [issue, That, like the wounded air, no blood may

Nor, where the sword shall cuter, no lost spirit,

And set me on! I would not scar that body, That virtuous, valiant body, nor deface it,

To make the kingdom mine. If one must bleed,

Let me be both the sacrifice and altar,

And you the priest; I have deserv'd to suffer.

Pedro. The noble Roderigo now I call you,

And thus my love shall ever count and hold you. [habit,

Rod. I am your servant, sir; and now this Devotion, not distrust, shall put upon me.

I'll wait upon your fortunes, (that's my way now) [ner,

And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a part-

Pedro. I thank you, sir; I shall be too proud of you.

Oh, I could tell you strange things!

Rod. I guess at 'em; [stranger,

And I could curse myself, I made 'em Yet my mind says, you are not far from happiness.

Pedro. It shall be welcome. Come, let's keep us thus still,

And be as we appear, Heaven's hand may bless us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Alphonso, Master, and Keepers.

Master. Yes, sir, here be such people; but how pleasing

They will appear to you—

Alph. 'Pray let me see 'em;

I come to that end; 'pray let me see 'em all.

²⁸ *If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard.*] The meaning of this line is, 'My errors have arisen from accident.' Mr. Seward, in a very puzzling and uninteresting note, proposes to read,

'If I have err'd shall thy life be in hazard?'

²⁹ *To light ye.*] Mr. Symson observes, that 'we have here either an ellipsis, (the passage meaning to light on you) or a corruption.' If we suppose the latter, he says we may read, on authority of Chaucer, to FIGHT you, i.e. STRIKE; or else, 'to SLIGHT you, i.e. cut, wound, &c. from the *A. S. Slitan, scindere, lacerare.*' We think that to FIGHT you is much more easy and probable than the other words proposed, and more agreeable to the context.

³⁰ *See how it turns!*] These words, which are made a continuation of Roderigo's speech in all former editions, cannot belong to him, but to Pedro:

'See how it turns! this is a strange conversion!'

Must. They will confound you, sir, like bells rung backward; [noises.]

They're nothing but confusion, and mere

Alph. May-be, I love a noise. But, hark ye, sir!

Have you no boys? handsome young boys?

Must. Yes, one, sir;

A very handsome boy.

Alph. Long here?

Must. But two days;

A little craz'd, but much hope of recovery.

Alph. Ay, that boy let me see; may-be, I know him; [of]

That boy, I say.—This is the boy he told me

And it must needs be he!—That boy, I be-

That boy I come to see. [seeth ye, sir!]

Must. And you shall see him,

Or any else; but 'pray be not too violent.

Alph. I know what to do, I warrant you; I am for all fancies;

I can talk to 'em, and dispute—

'I keep. As madly?

For they are very mad, sir.

Alph. Let 'em be horn-mad.

2 Keep. We have few citizens; they have bedlams of their own, sir;

And are mad at their own charges.

Alph. Who lies here?

Must. 'Pray you don't disturb 'em, sir; here lie such youths

Will make you start if they but dance their trenchmores^a.

Fetch out the boy, sirrah.—Hark!

[Exit Keeper.]

Alph. Heigh, boys! [Shake irons within.]

Enter English madman, Scholar, and Parson.

Engl. Bounce! [cnn.]

Clap her o' th' star-board! bounce! top the

Schol. Dead, you dog, dead! D' you quarrel in my kingdom?

Give me my trident!

Engl. Bounce, 'twixt wind and water, London with mackerel! Oh, brave meat!

Schol. My sea-horses! [bladder.]

I'll charge the northern-wind, and break his

Par. I'll sell my bells, before I be out-

brav'd thus.

Alph. What's he? what's he?

Must. A parson, sir, a parson,

That run mad for tithe-goslings.

Alph. Green-sauce cure him! [ye!]

Par. I'll curse ye all! I'll excommunicate

Thou English heretick, give me the tenth pot.

Engl. Sue me; I'll drink up all. Bounce,

I say once more.

Oh, have I split your mizen? Blow, blow, thou West-wind, [roaring:]

Blow till thou rive^b, and make the sea run

I'll hiss it down again with a bottle of ale.

Schol. Triton! why, Triton!

Engl. Triton's drunk with nætheglin.

Schol. Strike, strike the surges, strike!

Engl. Drink, drink; 'tis day-light:

Drink, diddle, diddle, drink, Parson;

proud Parson:

A pig's tail in thy teeth, and I defy thee!

Par. Give me some porridge, or I'll damn

thee, English. [here!]

Alph. How comes this English madman

Must. Alas,

That is no question; they're mad ev'ry

where, sir.—

Their fits are cool now; let 'em rest.

Enter Keepers, and Sho-Fool in boy's cloaths.

Alph. Mad gallants,

Most admirable mad; I love their fancies^c.

^a If they but dance their trenchmores.] *Trenchmore* was a dance, of which (says Sir John Hawkins, *History of Musick*, vol. iv. p. 391.) 'frequent mention is made by our old dramatic writers: Thus, in *The Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, act v. one of the Townsmen says,

'All the windows of the town dance a new trenchmore.'

^b In the *Table-Talk* of Selden, tit. *King of England*, is the following humorous passage:

'The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave

measures, then the corantos and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony; and

at length to *trenchmore*, and the cushion-dance: Then all the company dances, lord and

groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's

time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time, things were pretty well.

But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore* and the cushion-dance

"omnium gatherum, tully polly, hoite come toite." And in the comedy of *The Rehearsal*,

the Earth, Sun and Moon are made to dance the hey, to the tune of *trenchmore*. From

all which it may be inferred, that the *trenchmore* was also a lively movement.' R.

^c Blow till thou rive.] This is a manifest copying from Shakespeare's *Boatswain* in the *Tempest*,

'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough,'

which passage is not so rare as it stands, but ought to be altered thus,

'Blow till thou burst thee, Wind,' &c.

By which reading he (*Boatswain*) addresses the wind as a person, and the sentence acquires a dignity which it had not before. *Symson*.

This same variation of Shakespeare's text is proposed by Mr. Steevens (as his own conjecture) in the edition of Shakespeare published in 1773.

• I love their fancies.] Varied by Mr. Symson:

1 *Krep.* You stinking whore!—Who knew of this? who look'd to him?
 Pox take him, he was sleepy when I left him.
 2 *Krep.* Certain, he made the Fool drunk.
Must. How now? who's this here?
 Where is the boy?
 1 *Krep.* The boy, sir?
Must. Ay, the boy, sir.
 1 *Krep.* Here's all the boys we found.
Must. These are his cloaths;
 But where's the boy?
Fool. The boy is gone a-maying;
 He'll bring me home a cuckow's nest. D'you hear, master?
 I put my cloaths off, and I dizen'd him,
 And pin'd a plumb⁴ in's forehead, and a feather,
 And buss'd him twice, and bid him go seek his fortune: [too,
 He gave me this fine money, and fine wine
 And hid me sop, and gave me these trim cloaths too,
 And put 'em on.
Alph. Is this the boy you'd shew?
Fool. I'll give you two-pence, master.
Alph. Am I fool'd of all sides?
 I oist a Fool i'th' woods, (they said she dwelt here)
 In a long pied coat.
Must. That was the very boy, sir.
Fool. Ay, ny, ay; I gave him leave to play forthwith: [cods.
 He'll come again to-morrow, and bring pes-
 Must. I'll bring your boues!
Alph. Pox o' your fools, and bedlams!
 Plague o' your owls and apes!
Must. 'Pray you, sir, be tamer;
 We cannot help this presently; but we shall know—
 I'll recompense your care too!
Alph. Know me a pudding!
 You juggle, and you fiddle; fust upon you!
 I am abus'd!
Must. 'Pray you, sir—
Enter Welsh madman.
Alph. And I will be abus'd, sir!
 And you shall know I am abus'd!
Welsh. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.
Alph. Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whims,
 Pox o' thy urship!
Welsh. Give me some ceeze and onions,
 give me some wash-brew; [dance.
 I have — in my bellies; give me abun-
 Penderagon was a shentleman, marg you, sir;
 And the organs at Rixum were made by re-
 velations:
 There is a spirit blows, and blows the bellows,
 And then they sing!

Alph. What moon-calf's this? what dream?
Must. 'Pray you, sir, observe him;
 He is a mountaineer, a man of goatland.
Welsh. I will beat thy face as black as a blue clout;
 I will leave no more sheet in thine eyes—
Must. He will not hurt you.
Welsh. Give me a great deal of guns;
 Thou art the devils, [gry!
 I know thee by thy tails. Poor Owen's hun-
 I will pig thy bums full of bullets.
Alph. This is the rarest rascal!
 He speaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth.
 Is this my thing akin to th' English?
Must. The elder brother, sir.
 He run mad because a rat eat up's cheese.
Alph. He had a great deal of reason, sir.
Welsh. *Besar las manos*⁵, is for an old cod-piece, marg you. [letter.
 I will borrow thy urship's whore to send a
Must. Now he grows villainous.
Alph. Methinks he's best now.
Must. Away with him.
Alph. He shall not.
Must. Sir, he must.
Welsh. I will sing, and dance, do any thing!
Alph. Wilt thou declaim in Greek?
Must. Away with the Fool;
 And whip her soundly, sirrah.
Fool. I'll tell no more tales. [Exit.
Alph. Or wilt thou fly i' th' air?
Engl. Do; and I'll catch thee, [thee,
 And, like a wisp of hay, I'll whirl, and whirl
 And puff thee up, and puff thee up!
Schol. I'll save thee,
 And thou shalt fall into the sea, soft, softly.
Welsh. I'll get upon a mountain, and call
 my countrymen.
Must. They all grow wild. Away with him;
 for Heaven sake!
 Sir, you are much to blame.
Alph. No, no, 'tis heave, sir!
 You've cover'd me; I'll make you mad.
Must. In with him,
 And lock him fast.
Alph. I'll see him in his lodging. [Exit.
Must. What means this gentleman?
Enter Julietta.
Jul. He's in; have at him.
 Are you the master, sir?
Must. What would you with him?
Jul. I have a business from the duke of
 Medin:
 Is there not an old gentleman come lately in?
Must. Yes, and a wild one too; but out
 a prisoner.
Jul. Did you observe him well? 'tis like
 he may be.

⁴ *Plumb.*] We take this to be a name of some cup; as we now call that worn by children a pudding.

⁵ *I have — in my bellies.*] We are very sorry to leave an hiatus, but cannot avoid it here.

⁶ *Besit manus.*] So old books. The Editors of 1750 alter it:
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Mast. I have seen younger men of better temper.

Jul. You have hit the cause I come for.

There's a letter;

'Pray you peruse it well.—I shall be with you, And suddenly, I fear not; finely, daintily; I shall so feed your fierce vexation, And raise your worship's storms; I shall so boggle you,

And joggle you, and fiddle you, and firk you, I'll make you curse the hour you vex'd a woman; [wounded!]

I'll make you shinke, when our sex are but 'For the Lord's sake,' we shall have him at: I long to see it,

As much as for my wedding-night; I gape after it. [lanatick;]

Mast. This letter says, the gentleman is I half suspected it.

Jul. 'Tis very true, sir;

And such pranks he has play'd!

Mast. He's some great man, The duke commands me with such care to look to him;

And if he grow too violent to correct him, To use the speediest means for his recovery; And those he must find sharp.

Jul. The better for him.

Mast. How got you him hither?

Jul. With a train I tole'd him: [choly.]

He's in love with a boy, there lies his melan-

Mast. Hither he came to seek one.

Jul. Yes, I sent him;

Now had we dealt by force, we'd never brought him.

Mast. Here was a boy.

Jul. He saw him not?

Mast. He was gone first.

Jul. It is the better. Look you to your charge well; [ed me.]

I'll see him lodg'd, for so the duke commands. He will be very rough.

Mast. We're us'd to that, sir;

And we as rough as he, if he give occasion.

Jul. You will find him gainful*, but be sure you curb him.

And get him if you can fairly to his lodging; I am afraid you will not.

Enter Alphonso.

Mast. We must sweat then.

Alph. What dost thou talk to me of noises?

I'll have more noise, [prizes;]

I'll have all loose, and all shall play their Thy master has let loose the boy I look'd for, Basely convey'd him hence.

Keep. Will you go out, sir? [inc,

Alph. I will not out, I will have all out with I'll have thy master in; he's only mad here! [Shake irons.]

And, rogues, I'll have ye all whipt! Heigh, mad boys, mad boys!

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Mast. 'Tis too apparent.

Jul. I'm glad she's gone, be raves thus.

Mast. Do you hear, sir?

'Pray will you make less stir, and see your chamber?

Call in more help, and make the closet ready.

Keep. I thought he was mad; I'll have use long lish at you.

Alph. My chamber? where? my chamber? why my chamber?

Where's the young lish?

Mast. Nay, 'pray you, sir, be more modest, For your own credit sake; the people see you, And I would use you with the best.

Alph. Best? hang you!

What? dost thou think me mad?

Mast. 'Pray, and be civil;

Heav'n may deliver you.

Alph. Into a rogue's hands? [you,

Mast. You do but draw more misery upon And add to your disease.

Alph. Get from me!

Mast. No, sir, [villy,

You must not be left so; bear yourself civil And 'twill be better for you; swell not, nor chafe not. [rascal.]

Alph. I am a gentleman, and a neighbour.

Mast. A great deal the more pity; I have heard of you.

Jul. Excellent master!

Mast. The duke is very tender too.

Alph. Am I lunatic? am I run mad?

What dost thou talk to me of dukes and de- Why do the people gape so? [vib.]

Mast. Do not anger 'em,

But go in quietly, and slip in softly, They will so tew you else; I am commanded, sir.

Alph. Why, 'prithce, why?

Mast. You're dog-mad, yet perceive it not; Very far mad, and whips will scant recover

Alph. Ha! whips? [you,

Mast. Ay, whips, and sore whips, an you were a lord, sir,

If you be stubborn here.

Alph. Whips? What am I grown?

Jul. Oh, I could burst! Hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends! [indeed.]

How he looks! 'pray Heav'n he be not mad *Alph.* I don't perceive I'm so, but if you think it—

Nor I'll be hang'd if't be so.

Mast. Do you see this, sir?

[Irons brought in.]

Down with that devil in ye!

Alph. Indeed I'm angry; [sore,

But I'll contain myself: Oh, I could burst And tear myself! but these rogues will torment me. [fictions?]

Mad in mine old days? make mine own af-

Mast. What do you matter, sir?

Alph. Nothing, sir, nothing;

I will go in, and quietly, most civilly:

* You will find him gainful.] i. e. wayward, resty, &c. Sympton.

And, good sir, let none of your tormentors
come about me; [gangs.

You have a gentle face, they look like dra-

Mastr. Be civil and be safe. Come, for
these two days,
You must eat nothing neither; 'twill ease
your fits, sir.

Alph. 'Twill starve me, sir; but I must
bear it joyfully.

I may sleep?

Mastr. Yes, a little. Go in with these men.

Alph. Oh, miserable me! [Exit.

Mastr. I'll follow presently.

You see 'tis done, sir.

Jul. Ye have done it handsomely

And I'll inform the duke so. Pray you attend
Let him want nothing, but his will. [him;

Mastr. He shall not;

And if he be rebellious—

Jul. Never spare him:

It's his flesh, and hide enough; he loves a
whipping.

Mastr. My service to his Grace! [Exit.

Jul. I shall commend it. [room

So, thou art fast; I must go get some fresh

To laugh and caper in: Oh, how it tickles

me! [stopt;

Oh, how it tumbles me with joy! Thy mouth's

Now if I can do my mistress good, I'm smited.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Sebeto and Curio.

S.b. NOW, o' my conscience, we have lost
him utterly!

He's not gone home; we heard from thence
this morning,

And since our parting last at Roderigo's,
You know what ground we've travell'd.

Curio. He's asleep sure;

For if he had been awake, we should have
met with him:

Taith, let's turn back, we've but a fruitless
journey;

And to hope further of Alinda's recovery,

(For sure she'll rather perish than return)

Is but to seek a moat i' th' son's eye.

S.b. We'll not sure; [fooling,

Something we'll know, some cause of all this
Make some discovery.

Curio. Which way shall we cast then?

For all the champaign country, and the vil-
And all those sides— [lages,

S.b. We'll cross these woods a while then:

Here, if we fail, we'll gad up to Segovia,

And if we light of no news there, hear no-
thing.

We'll ev'n turn fairly home, and coast the
other side. [danger;

Curio. He may be sick, or fall'n into some
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.

S.b. He's well enough; he has a travell'd
body,

And, tho' he be old, he's tough, end will en-
dure well;

But he's so violent to find her out,
That his anger leads him a thousand wild-

goose chases:

I'll warrant he is well.

Curio. Shall we part company?

S.b. By no means; no; that were a sullen
business,

No pleasure in our journey. Come, let's cross
here first;

And where we find the paths, let them di-
rect us. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Joletta and Alinda.

Jul. Why are you still so fearful of me,
lady?

So doubtful of my faith and honest service?

To bid yourself from me, to fly my company?

Am I not yours? a! yours? By this light,
you shake still!

Do you suspect me false? did I e'er fail you?

D' you think I am corrupted, base, and
treacherous?

Lord, how ye look! Is not my life tied to ye?

And all the power I have, to serve and hu-
mour ye?

Still do you doubt? still am I terrible? [ye,

I will not trouble ye: Good Heav'n preserve
And send ye what ye wish! I will not see ye,

Nor once remember I had such a mistress!

I will not speak of ye, nor name Alinda,

For fear you should suspect I would betray
Goodness and peace conduct ye! [ye:

Alin. 'Prithce pardon me! [come,

I know thou'rt truly faithful; and thou'rt wel-
A welcome partner to my miseries:

Thou know'st I love thee too.

Jul. I've thought so, lady.

Alin. Alas, my fears have so distracted me,

I durst not trust myself.

Jul. Come, pray ye think better,

And cast those by; at least consider, lady,

How to prevent 'em: Pray ye put off this
fond's coat;

Tho' it have kept ye secret for a season,

'Tis known now, and will betray ye. Your
arch enemy

Roderigo is abroad; many are looking for ye.

* A moth i' th' sun.] The variation is Mr. Theobald's.

Alin. I know it, and those many I have
Jul. You cannot still thus. [cozen'd.]

Alin. I've no means to shift it. [night]

Jul. I have, and shift you too. I lay last

At a poor widow's house here in the thicket;

Whither I will conduct ye, and new-shape ye;

Myself too, to attend ye.

Alin. What men's hast thou?

For mine are gone.

Jul. Fear not, enough to serve you;

I came not out so empty.

Alin. 'Prithce tell me, [me]

(For thou hast struck a kind of comfort thro'

When saw'st thou Roderigo?

Jul. Ev'n this morning,

And in these woods: Take heed; h' has got

a new shape. [it]

Alin. The habit of a pilgrim? Yes, I know

And I hope shall prevent it. Was he noose?

Jul. No, madam; and, which made me

wonder mightily, [grim]

He was in company with that handsome Pil-

That sad sweet man.

Alin. That I forgot to give to? [pity'd]

Jul. The same, the very same, that you so

A man as fit to suit his villainies—

Alin. And did they walk together?

Jul. Wondrous civilly.

Alin. Talk, and discourse?

Jul. I think so; for I saw 'em [other.

Make many stands, and then embracc each

Alin. The Pilgrim is betray'd! a Judas

dwells with him,

A Sinon, that will seem a saint to chok' him!

Capst thou but shew me this?

Jul. Lord, how she trembles! [then.

Not thus, for all the world; ye are undone

But let's retire, and after, then we'll walk free;

And then I'll shew ye any thing.

Alin. Come, good wench, [sing,

And speedily, for I have strange faul's work-

As strange fears too; I'll tell thee all my life

then.

Jul. Come quick; I will conduct ye, and

still serve ye: [jerks.

And do not fear; hang fear, it spoils all pro-

This way! I'll be your guide. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, and Citizens.

Gov. Use all your sports, [morrow,

All your solemnities; 'tis the king's day to-

His birth-day, and his marriage; a glad day,

A day we ought to honour, all.

1 *Cit.* We will, sir,

And make Segovia ring with our rejoicings.

Gov. Be sumptuous, but not riotous; be

bounteous,

But not in drunken bacchanals; free to all

strangers,

Easy and sweet in all your entertainments;

For 'tis a royal day, admits no rudeness.

2 *Cit.* Your lordship will do us the honour

Be here yourself, and grace the day? [to

Gov. It is

A main part of my service.

3 *Cit.* I hope your honour

Has taken into your consideration [laws;

The miseries we have suffer'd by these Out-

The losses, hourly fears, the rude abuses,

Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden

with;

Our daughters' and our wives' complaints.

Gov. I'm sorry for't, [it:

And have commission from the king to ease

You shall not be long vex'd.

1 *Cit.* And we not walls, sir, [watches,

And those continually warr'd too with our

We should not have a bit of ment to feed us:

And yet they are our friends, and we must

think so, [em,

And entertain 'em so sometimes, and feast

And send 'em loaden home too; we are lost

else.

2 *Cit.* They'll come to church among us

(as we hope, Christians)

When all their zeal is but to steal the chalices.

At this good time now, if your lordship were

not here,

To awe their violence with your authority,

They'd play such gambols!

Gov. Are they grown so heady?

2 *Cit.* They'd drink up all our wine, piss

out our bonfires, [fairest,

Then, like the drunken Centaurs, have at the

(Nay, have at all; fourscore and ten's a god-

dess) [cellars,

Whilst we, like fools, stand slinking in our

Gov. Are they so fierce upon so little suf-

ferance?

I'll give 'em such a purge, and suddenly—

Verdugo, after this solemnity is over,

Call on me for a charge of men, of good mea,

(To see what house these knaves keep) of

good soldiers, [with 'em,

As sturdy as themselves; that dare dispute

Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fear-

But with a better faith belabour 'em: [less,

I'll know what claim they have to their pos-

'Tis pity of their captain Roderigo, [session.

A well-bred gentleman, and a good soldier,

And one his majesty has some little reason

To thank for sundry services, and fair ones;

That long neglect bred this: I'm sorry for him.

Ferd. The hope of his estate keeps back

his pardon; [key-box,

There's divers wasps that buzz about that ho-

And long to lick themselves full.

Gov. True, Verdugo;

'Would he had but the patience to discern it,

And policy to wipe their lips!

* To wipe their lips.] Mr. Seward proposes to read, 'to wet their lips,' i. e. 'to gain some of them, by letting them taste some of his honey.' But surely wet is a wretched verb applied to honey. Wipe may mean to wound; to give them a wipe, a familiar expression of offence; which the answer implies, by mentioning 'to fetch him in by violence.'

Ferd. To fetch him in, sir,
By violence, he being now no infant,
Will ask some bloody crowns. I know his
people [ter
Are of his own choice, men that will not tot-
Nor blench much at a bullet; I know his
order: [lood;

And tho' he have no multitude, h' has man-
The elder twin to that too, staid experience.
But if he must be forc'd, sir—

Gov. There's no remedy,
Unless he come himself.

Ferd. That will be doubtful.—
Did you ne'er hear yet of the noble Pedro?

Gov. I cannot, by no means; I think he's
dead, sure:

The court bewails much his untimely loss;
The king himself laments him.

Ferd. He was sunk;
And, if he be dead, he died happily:
He buried all he had in the king's service,
And lost himself.

Gov. Well, if he be alive, captain,
(As hope still speaks the best) I know the
king's mind

So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come; to this preparation! when that's done,
The Outlaws' expedition is begun.

Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help
ourselves too. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Roderigo and Pedro.

Rod. How sweet these solitary places are!
How wantonly the wind blows thro' the leaves,
And courts and plays with 'em! Will you sit
down and sleep? [stream
The heat invites you. Hark, how ynn purring
Dauces, and murmurs! the birds sing softly
too: [his fancy

'Pray take some rest, sir.—I would fain wooe
To a peace; it labours high and hastily upon
'Pray you sit, and I'll sit by. [him.

Pedro. I cannot sleep, friend;
I have those watches here admit no slumbers.
Saw you none yet?

Rod. No creature.
Pedro. What strange music!
Was that we heard afar off?

Rod. I can't guess:
'Twas loud, and shrill; sometimes it shew'd
hard by us, [dots.
And by and by the sound fled as the wind
Here's no inhabitants.

Pedro. It much delighted me. [devils;
Rod. They talk of fairies, and such demi-
This is as fine a place to dance their gam-
bols—

Pedro. Methought I heard a voice.
[Musick and birds.

Rod. They can sing admirably;
They never lose their maidenheads.—I would
fool any way, [rocks
To make him merry now.—Methinks ^o you
Shew like enchanted cells, where they inhab-
bit. [Musick afar off. Pot birds.

Pedro. 'Tis he's again. Hark, gentle Ro-
derigo,
Hark, hark! oh, sweet, sweet! how the birds
record too!

Mark how it flies now ev'ry way!—Oh, love!
In such a harmony art thou begotten;
In such soft air, so gentle, lull'd and num-
Oh, my lost mistress! [rishi'd.

Rod. How he weeps! Dear Heav'n,
Give him his heart's content, and me forgive
I must melt too. [too!

Pedro. The birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they emulate one another:
Lie still and hear.—These, when they've done
their labours,

Enter Alinda and Julietta, like old women.
Their pretty airs, fall to their rests, enjoy 'em;
Nothing rocks love asleep, but death.

Rod. Who are these?
Pedro. What?
Rod. Those there, those, those things that
come upon us, [ties.
Those grandam things, those strange antiqui-
Did not I say these woods begot strange
wonders?

Jul. Now you may view 'em.
Alin. Ha!
Jul. The men you long'd for;
Here they are both. Now you may boldly
talk with 'em,
And ne'er be guess'd at; be not afraid, nor
faint not. [der.

They wonder at us; let's maintain that won-
Shake not; but what you purpose, do dis-
cretely;
And from your tongue I'll take my part.

Alin. Ha!
Jul. There, [tress;
Before you, there. Do not turn coward, na-
If you do love, carry your love out hand-
somenely.

Alin. 'Tis he and Roderigo: What a peace
Dwells in their faces! what a friendly calm
Crowns both their souls!

Rod. They shew as if they were mortal.
They come upon us still.

Pedro. Be not afraid, man; [us.
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt
Rod. That thing i' th' button'd cap looks
terribly:

She has guns in her eyes; the devil's engineer!

Pedro. Come, stand; and let's go meet 'em.
Rod. Go you first; [ers—
I have less faith: When I have said my pray-

* Yond rocks yonder.] This is either a palpable error, or gross inadvertence. In either case, it injures both sense and measure; and we have omitted the last word, though it stands in all the copies.

Pedro. There needs no fear —Hail, reveal—
Alin. Good even! [rend dames!]
What do ye seek?

Pedro. We would seek happier fortunes.

Rod. That little devil has main need of a harber!

What a trim heard she has! [Aside.

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em!

Lie not still, nor linger here;

Here inhabits nought but fear;

Be constant, good; in faith be clear;

Fortune will wait ye every where.

Pedro. Whither should we go? for we believe thy reverence,
And next obey.

Alin. Go to Segovia;

And there before the altar pay thy vows,
Thy gifts, and pray'rs; unload thy heaviness;
Tomorrow shed thy tears, and ginn thy suit:
Such honest noble show'rs ne'er wanted fruit.

Jul. Stand you out too? [To *Roderigo*.

Rod. I shall be hang'd, or whipp'd now;
These know and these have pow'r.

Jul. See how he shakes!

A secure conscience never quakes;

Thou hast been ill, be so no more;

A good retreat is a great store.

Thou hast commanded men of might;

Command thyself, and then thou'rt right.

Alin. Command thy will, thy foul desires;

Put out and quench thy unallow'd fire;

Command thy mind, and make that pure;

Thou'rt wise then, valiant, and secure:

A blessing then thou mayst beget.

Jul. A curse else, that shall never set,

Will light upon thee. Say thy prayers;

Thou hast as many sins as hairs.

Thou art a captain, let thy men

Be honest, have good thoughts, and then

Thou mayst command, and lead in cluck;

Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.

Rod. What shall I do? I do confess.

Alin. Retire,

And purge thee perfect in his fire:

His life observe; live in his school,

And then thou shalt put off the fool.

Jul. Pray at Segovia too, and give

Thy oil'rings up; repent, and live!

[*Musick.*

Alin. Away, away! enquire no more:

Do this, ye're rich; else, fools, and poor.

What musick's this? [Aside.

Jul. Retire; 'tis some neat joy, [wonder:

In honour of the king's great day. They

His comes in right to confirm their reverence.

Away, away! let them admire; it makes

For our advantage. How the captain stinks!

[*Exeunt.*

Pedro. This was the musick.

Rod. Yes, yes. How I sweat!

I was ne'er so deserted! Sure these woods are
Only inhabited with rare dreams and wonders.

I would not be a knave again, a villain—

Lord, how I loath it now! for these know all,

And they would find me out. [sir,

Pedro. They're excellent women;

Deep in their knowledge, friend.

Rod. I would not be traitor,

And have these of my jury—How light I am,

And how my heart laughs now methinks

within me!

Now I am catechiz'd, I would ever dwell here,

For here's a kind of court of reformation:

Had I been stubborn, friend—

Pedro. They would have found it.

Rod. And then they would have handled

me a new way;

The devil's dunp had been danc'd then.

Pedro. Let's awny, [handsomely,

And do their great commands, and do 'em

Cyntrite, and true; for I believe, *Roderigo*,

And constantly believe, we shall be happy.

Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat

o' my side,

All I can stagger at is the king's anger;

Which, if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.

Pedro. The king has mercy, friend, as well

as justice.

And when you fall—

Rod. No more; I hope the fairest²¹.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Master, Seboto, and Curio.

Curio. We've told ye what he is, what

time we've sought him, [too,

His nature, and his name; the seeming boy

Ye had here, how, and want; by your own

relation

All circumstances we have clear'd; that the

duke sent him not;

We told ye how impossible (he knows him

That he is and himself, and therefore fit

To be your prisoner, we dare swear against it.

Seb. Take heed, sir; be not madder than

you'd make him!

Tho' he be rash, and sudden (which is all his

wildness),

Take heed ye wrong him not: He is a gen-

tleman, [points:

And so must be restor'd and clear'd in all

The king shall be a judge else.

Curio. 'Twas some trick [counterfeit,

That brought him hither; the boy and letter

Which shall appear, if ye dare now detain

him, [ye,

Master. I dare not, sir, nor will not; I believe

And will restore him up: Had I known sooner

H' had been a neighbour, and the man you

speak him,

(Tho', as I live, he carried a wild seeming)

²⁰ Nor longer here.] The variation proposed by Sympson.

²¹ And when you fall: No more.

Rod. I hope the fairest.] The variation in the text recommended by Sympson.

My service and myself had both attended
How I have us'd him, let him speak. [him.

Seb. Let's in, and visit him; [ues;
Then to the holy temple, there pay our du-
And so we'll take our leaves.

Mast. I'll wait upon ye. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

An altar prepared: Solemn music.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, &c.

Gov. This to devotion sacred be;
This to the king's prosperity;
This to the queen, and cla-ri-ty. [Music.

Verd. These oblations first we bring
To purge ourselves; these to the king;
To love and beauty these: Now sing. [Music.

Ladies. Holy altar, deign to take
These for ourselves; for the king's sake,
And honour's, these; these sacred be
To virtue, love, and modesty,
Our wishes to eternity. [Music.

Enter Pedro and Roderigo.

Pedro. For ourselves first, thus we bend;
Forgive us, Heav'n, and be our friend!

Rod. And happy fortune to us send!

Pedro. To the king, honour, and all joy,
Long, and happy from naney.

Rod. Prosperous be all his days,
Every new hour a new praise!

Pedro. Every minute thus be seen,
Both. And thousand honours crown the
queen. [Music.

Enter Alphonsa, Curio, and Selerta.

Seb. Come to the altar; let us do our duties.

Alph. I have almost forgot a church.

Curio. Kneel reverently.

Alph. For my lost wits (let me see)
First I pray; and secondly,
To be at home again, and free;
And if I travel more, hang me!
For the king, and for the queen,
That they may be wise, and seen
Never in the madman's inn! }
For my daughter I would pray;
But she has made a holiday,
And needs not my devotion now:

Let her take her own course, Heaven,
Whether it be odd, or even, [Music.

And if that please oot, take her you!

Seb. A short and sweet meditation! What
are these here?

Enter Alinda and Julietta, like shepherds.

Alin. Hail to this sacred place!

Jul. They are all here, madam;

No violence dare touch here; be secure!

My hilbo-master too? How got he loose
again?

How lamentably he looks! he has had disci-
I dare not let him know any prauks. [Alinda.

Seb. 'Tis she sure.

Curio. 'Tis certainly.

Pedro. Ha! do I dazzle?

Rod. 'Tis the fair Alinda.

[in?

Gov. What wonder stand these strangers
Rod. Her woman by her!

The same, sir, as I live.

Alph. I had a daughter [too.

With such a face once, such eyes, and nose
Ha, let me see! 'tis wondrous like Alinda.

Their devotion ended, I'll mark 'em, and
nearer.

And she had a filly too that waited on her,
Just with such a favour: Do they keep goats
now?

Alin. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray

A happy honour to this day!

Thus our sacrifice we bring

Ever happy to the king.

Jul. These of purple, damask, green,

Sacred to the virtuous queen,

Here we hang.

Alin. As these are now,

Her glories ever spring, and shew!

These for ourselves, our hopes, and loves,

Full of pinks, and lady-gloves, [tain,

Of heart's-ease to us, which we would

As we labour for, attain:

Hear me, Heav'n, and as I bend,

Full of hope, some comfort send!

Jul. Hear her, hear her! if there be

A spot as sweetness, this is she.

[Music.

Pedro. Now, Roderigo, stand.

Rod. He that divides ye

Divides my life too.

Gov. Pedro! woe! Pedro!

Do not you know your friend?

Pedro. I know, and honour you.

Gov. Lady, this leave I'll crave, (pray
be not angry)

I will not long divide you. How happy, Pedro,
Would all the court be so, might they be-
hold thee,

Might they but see you thus, and thus em-
brace you!

The king will be a joyful man, believe it,

Most joyful, Pedro.

Pedro. I'm his humble servant.—

Nay, good sir, speak your will; I see you
wonder;

One easy word from you—

Alph. I dare say nothing;

My tongue's a new tongue, sir, and knows
his ither: [thing;

Let her do what she please, I dare do no-
I have been damn'd for doing. Will the

king know him,
That fellow there? will he respect and dis-
nour him?

²² Meditation.] Probably the Author wrote meditation.

²³ Heart's-ease] i. e. Penny, or Viola tricolor. — *Symson*.

He has been look'd upon, they say; will he own him?

Gov. Yes, certainly, and grace him, ever honour him, [him.]

Restore him every way; h'has much lamented
Alph. Is't your will too? This is the last time of asking.

Rod. I'm sure, none else shall touch her, none else enjoy her, If this, and this hold.

Alph. You had best begin
The game then; I have no title in her;
'Pray take her, and dispatch her, and commend me to her,

And let me get me home, and hope I'm sober:
Kiss, kiss; it must be thus. Stand up, Alinda;
I am the more child, and more need of blessing—
You had a waiting-woman, one Julietta, [ing.]
A pretty desperate thing, just such another
As this sweet lady; we call'd her Nimble—
I pray is this the party? [chaps:]

Jul. No, indeed, sir,
She is at home: I am a little foot-hay,
That walk o' nights, and fright old gentle-
Make 'em lose hats and cloaks. [meco:]

Alph. And horses too?
Jul. Sometimes I do, sir; teach 'em the way thro' ditches, [noses]

And how to break their worships' shins and
Against old broken stiles and stumps.

Alph. A fine art!
I feel it in my bones yet.

Jul. I'm a drum, sir, [sir:]
A drum at midnight; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan,
D' you take me for Julietta? I'm a page, sir,
That brought a letter from the duke of Medina [other]

To have one signior Alphonsus, (just such an—
As your old worship) woru'd for ruuning
mad, sir:

Alas, you are mistaken.
Alph. Thou'rt the devil,
And so th' hast us'd me.

Jul. I am my thing;
An old woman, that tells fortunes——

Rod. Ha!

Jul. And frights good people,
And sends them to Segovia for their fortunes;
I am strange airs and excellent sweet voices;
I'm any thing, to do her good, believe me.
She now recover'd, and her wishes crown'd,
I am Julietta again; 'Pray, sir, forgive me!

Alph. I dare not
Do otherwise, for fear thou shouldst still follow me:

'Prithce be forgiven, and I prithee forgive me too.

And if any of you will marry her——
Jul. No, I beseech you, sir; my mistress is my husband;

With her I'll dwell still: And when you play
Any more pranks, you know where to have
Pedro. You know him, sir? [me.]

Gov. Know him, and much lament him;
The king's incens'd much, much, sir, I can assure you.

Pedro. Noble Governor,—— [appears,
Gov. But since he is your friend, and now
In honour of this day, and love to you, sir,

I'll try the power I have; to the pinch I'll put it. [again.]

Here's my hand, Roderigo, I'll set you far
Rod. And here's mine, to be true and full of service.

Gov. Your people too shall have their general pardons;

We'll have all peace and love.
Rod. All shall pray for you.

Gov. To my house now, and suit you to your worths;

Off with these weeds, and appear glorious:
Then to the priest that shall attend us here,
And this be staid Love's new and happy year!

Rod. The king's and queen's; two noble honours meet [feet.]

To grace this day, two true loves at their
Alph. Well, well, since wedding will come
after wooing.

Give me some rosemary²⁶, and let's be going.
[Exeunt.]

²⁶ Rosemary.] See note ²² on The Elder Brother.

THE CAPTAIN:

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills and Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher alone; those by Maize, to him and Beaumont. The Prologue speaks of but one author. This Comedy was first printed in the folio of 1647. We do not know of any alteration of it, or that it has been acted for many years.

PROLOGUE.

To please you with this play, we fear, will be
(So does the Author too) a mystery
Somewhat above our art; for all men's eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one
For, to say truth, and not to flatter ye, [size.
This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
Nor History, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect play:
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that
think [drink,
Twelve-pence goes further this way than in

Or damsels, if they mark the matter thro',
May stumble on a foolish toy, or two,
Will make 'em shew their teeth. Pray, for
my sake,
(That likely am your first man) do not take
A distaste before you feel it; for ye may
When this is hiss'd to ashes, have a play,
And here, to out-hiss this: Be patient then.
My honour done, you're welcome, gentle-
men!

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIO, a noble Gentleman, in love with Lelia.
ANGELO, Friend to Julio.
LODOVICO, } two cowardly Gulls.
PISO, }
FREDERICK, Brother to Frank.
JACOMO, an angry Captain, a Woman-hater.
FABRITIO, a merry Soldier, Friend to Jacomo.
FATHER to Lelin, an old poor Gentleman.
HOST.
VINTNER.

DRAWERS.
Servants.
FRANK, passionately in love with Jacomo.
CLORA, Sister to Fabritio, a witty Companion to Frank.
LELIA, a cunning wanton Widow.
WAITING-WOMAN.
Maid-servants.

SCENE, Venice.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Lodovico and Piso.

Lodovico. THE truth is, Piso, so she be a
woman,
And rich and wholesome, let her be of what
Condition and complexion it please,
She shall please me, I'm sure: Those men
are fools
That make their eyes their choosers, not
their needs.

VOL. II.

Piso. Methinks, I would have her honest
too, and handsome. [they are
Lod. Yes, if I could have both; but since
Wishes so near impossibilities,
Let me have that that may be.
Piso. If it were so,
I hope your conscience would not be so nice
To start at such a blessing.
Lod. No, believe me,
I do not think I should.
Piso. But thou wouldst be,

I do not doubt, upon the least suspicion,
Unmercifully jealous.

Lod. No, I should not;

For I believe those and that seek verasions:
A wife, tho' she be honest, is a trouble.

Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,
That drew so many cuckolds to her cause,
These eyes should see another in my saddle
Ere I believe my beast would carry double.

Piso. So should not I, by'r Lady! and I
think

My patience (by your leave) as good as yours.
Report would stir me mainly, I am sure on't.

Lod. Report? you are unwise; report is
nothing;

For if there were a truth in what men talk,
(I mean of this kind) this part of the world
I'm sure would be no more call'd Christen-

Piso. What then? [down.

Lod. Why, Cuckoldom; for we should lose
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new
opinions; [marry

If talk could make me sweat, before I would
I'd tie a surer knot, and hang myself.

I tell thee, there was never woman yet,
(Nor never hope there shall be) tho' a saint,
But she has been a subject to men's tongues,
And in the worst sense: And that desperate
husband, [rumours',

That dares give up his peace, and follow
(Which he shall find too busy, if he seek 'em)

Beside the forcing of himself an ass,
He dies in chains, eating himself with anger.

Piso. Having these antidotes against opi-
nion,

I would marry any one; an arrant whore.

Lod. Thou dost not feel the nature of this
physic;

Which I prescribe not to beget diseases,

But, where they are, to stop them.

Piso. I conceive you: [Lelia?

What think'st thou, thy way, of the widow

Lod. Faith, thou hast found out one, I

must confess, [woman,

Would stagger my best patience: From that
As I would bless myself from plagues and
surfeits, [quicksands,

From men of war at sea, from storms and

From hearing treason and concealing it,

From darning of a madman, or a drunkard,

From heresy, ill wine, and stumbling post-
horse, [night,

So would I pray each morning, and each
(And if I said each hour, I should not lie)

To be deliver'd of all these in one,
The woman thou hast named.

Piso. Thou hast set her in a pretty Litany.

Enter Julio, Angelo, and Father.

Ang. Pray take my counsel.

Jul. When I am myself,

I'll learn you any way; love me tho' thus,

As thou art honest, which I dare not be,
Lest I despise myself. Farewell! [Exit.

Piso. Do you hear, my friend? Sir! are
you not a setter

For the fair widow here, of famous memory?

Father. Ha! am I taken for a bawd? Oh,
God!

To mine own child too? Misery, I thank thee,
That keep'st me from their knowledge.—Sir,
believe me,

I understand you not.

Lod. You love plain-denial:

Are you not parcel bawd? Confess your
function;

It may be, we would use it.

Father. Were she worse,
(As I fear strangely she is ill enough)
I would not hear this tannely.

Piso. Here's a shilling,

To strike good luck withal.

Father. Here's a sword, sir, [basely,
To strike a knave withal: Thou liest, and
Be what thou wilt!

Ang. Why, how now, gentlemen?

Father. You are many: I shall meet you
sir, again,

And make you understand, you've wrong'd
a woman [ner.

Compar'd with whom thy mother was a sin-
Farewell! [Exit.

Piso. He has arrant'd me.

Ang. With a blow?

By'r Lady, 'twas a sound one! Are ye good
At taking knocks? I shall know ye hereafter:
You were to blame to tempt a man so far,
Before you knew him certain. He has not
hurt ye?

Piso. No, I think.

Lod. We were to blame indeed to go so far;
For men may be mistaken: It li' had swing'd
us, [think,

He had serv'd us right. Beshrew my heart, I

We've done the gentlewoman as much wrong
For hang me if I know her, [too;

In my particular.

Piso. Nor I. This 'tis to credit

Men's idle tongues: I warrant they have said

As much by our two mothers.

Lod. Like enough. [more

Ang. I see a beating now and then does
Move and stir up a man's contrition
Than a sharp sermon; here *probatum est*.

Enter Frederick and Servant.

Serv. What shall I tell your sister?

Fred. Tell her this;

Till she be better conversant'd, [ning
And leave her walking by herself, and wait
To her old melancholy lute, I'll keep
As far from her as th' gallows.

[Exit Servant.

Ang. Who's that? Frederick?

* Follow humours.] The variation in the text was made in 1750. The whole conversation
is on the subject of *report*, for which *rumour* is synonymous, and consequently genuine.

Fred. Yes, marry is't. Oh, Angelo, how dost thou?

Ang. Save you, sir! How does my mistress?

Fred. She is in love, I think; but not with you,

I can assure you. Saw you Fabritio?

Ang. Is he come over?

Fred. Yes, a week ago:

Shall we dine?

Ang. I cannot.

Fred. Prithce do.

Ang. Believe me, I have business.

Fred. Have you too, gentlemen?

Pro. No, sir.

Fred. Why then, let's dine together.

Isd. With all my heart.

Fred. Go then. Farewell, good Angelo.

Commend me to your friend.

Ang. I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Frank and Clara.

Clara. Do oot dissemble, Frank; mine eyes are quicker [faith] Than such observers, that do ground their Upon one smile or tear: You are much alter'd,

And are as empty of those excellencies That were companions to you, (I mean mirth, And free dispose of your blood and spirit) As you were born a mourner.

Frank. How, I prithce?

For I perceive no such change in myself.

Clara. Come, come, this is not wise, nor provident,

To halt before a cripple. If you love, Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it: I see the way you run, and know how tedious 'Twill prove without a true companion.

Frank. Sure thou wouldst love me love.

Clara. Yes, marry would I;

I should not please you else.

Frank. And what, fir God's sake?

For I assure myself, I know not yet:

And 'prithce, Clara, since thou'lt have it so

That I must love, and do I know not what,

Let him be held a pretty handsome fellow,

And young; and if he be a little valiant,

'Twill be the better; and a little wise,

And, 'faith, a little honest. [*craft.*]

Clara. Well, I'll sound you yet, for all your

Frank. Heigh-ho! I'll love oo more.

Clara. Than one; and him

You shall love, Frank.

Frank. Which him? Thou art so wise,

People will take thee shortly for a witch.

But, 'prithce tell me, Clara, if I were

So mad as thou wouldst make me, what kind of man

Wouldst thou imagine him?

Clara. 'Faith, some pretty fellow,

With a clean strength, that cracks a cudgel well, [*boles.*]

And dines at n wake, and plays at nine-

Frank. Oh, God! [*him!*]

What pretty commendations thou hast giv'n

'Faith, if I were in love (as, I think God,

I do not think I can) this short epistle

Before my love, would make me burn the

legend. [*gentleman.*]

Clara. You are too wild: I mean, some

Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em

wiser. [*tleman*]

Some gentleman? No, Clara, till some geo-

Keep some hand, and fewer whores, believe

I'll keep no love for him: I do not long [*me,*]

To go a-foot yet, and solicit causes. [*turer?*]

Clara. What think you then of an adven-

I mean some wealthy merchant.

Frank. Let him venture [*not*]

In some decay'd crate of his own? He shall

* *In some decayed crate of his own.*] Thus rightly reads the copy of 1647. The editor of 1679 has corrupted the passage, though at the same time I own he has well explained it; for thus he reads:

* *In some decayed crate or carrack?*

Crate here signifies just what *carrack* does, being the name of a trading vessel then, though I believe at this time it is entirely disused.

Mr. Wurburton I hope will pardon me, if after him I endeavour to correct a passage in *Cymbeline* from this line in our Authors, act iv. scene 2.

Bel. 'Oh, melancholy!

'Who ever yet could—find

'The ooze to shew what coast thy sluggish rare

'Might easiest harbour in.'

This reading our great critic judiciously rejects, and gives the passage thus:

'——— thy sluggish carrack,'

which certainly continues and completes the metaphor; but we may yet come much nearer the traces of the letters, by reading thus:

'——— what coast thy sluggish crate

'Might easiest harbour in.'

Sympon.

Mr. Sympon is wrong in his assertion about the lection of the second folio, for that exhibits

'Some decayed crate, or carrack,' &c.

Common sense and the first folio both natuarize *crate*.—Mr. Steevens adopts Sympon's variation in *Cymbeline*; and adds, 'A *crate*, says the author of *The Revival*, is a small

'trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*.'

Rig me out, that's the short on't. Out upon't!
What young thing of my years would endure
To have her husband in another country,
Within a month after she is married,
Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pinning
At home, under the mercy of his foreman?

No;
Tho' they be wealthy, and indifferent wise,
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

Clara. I see you are hard to please; yet I
will please you. [sister'd

Frank. 'Faith, not so hard neither, if con-
What woman may deserve as she is worthy.
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
'Prithee, let's entertain some other talk;
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.

Clara. Now I believe I shall content you,
What think you of a courtier? [Frank:

Frank. 'Faith, so ill,
That, if I should be full, and speak but truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity. [em!
'Prithee, good wench, let me not rail upon
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do
I have no mercy of these infidels, [it:
Since I am put in mind on't; good, bear with
me. [him out.

Clara. Can no man fit you? I will find
Frank. This summer-fruit, that you call
Courtier,

While you continue cold and frosty to him,
Hangs fast, and may be sound²; but when
you fling

Too full a heat of your affections
Upon his root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten in the handling:
His oaths and affections are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off;
He has as many mistresses as fusts,
And all Apocrypha³; his true belief
Is only in a private surgeon:
And, for my single self, I'd sooner venture
A new conversion of the Indies⁴,
Than to make courtiers able men, or honest.

Clara. I do believe you love no courtier;
And, by my troth, to guess you into love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your will, or my imagination:
And yet I'm sure you're caught, and I will
know him.

There's none left now worthy the thinking of,
Unless it be a soldier; and, I'm sure,
I would ever bless myself from such a fellow.

Frank. Why, 'prithee?

Clara. Out upon 'em, firelocks! [scarlet,
They're nothing in the world but buff and
Tough unlcw pieces, to hack swords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a canon,
As one of those.

Frank. Thou art too malicious;
Upon my faith, methinks they're worthy men.
Clara. Say you so? I'll pull you on a little
further.— [fession

What worth can be in those men, whose pro-
Is nothing in the world but drink and dawn
me?

Out of whose violence they are possess'd
With legions of unwholesome whores and
quarrels?

I am of that opinion, and will die in't,
There is no understanding, nor can be,
In a sous'd soldier.

Frank. Now, 'tis ignorance,
I easily perceive, that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,
If God had made thee man, th' hadst been a
coward.

Clara. If to be valiant, be to be a soldier,
I'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward;
I am sure with less sin.

Frank. This heresy
Must be look'd-to in time; for if it spread,
'Twill grow too pestilent. Were I a scholar,
I would so hamper thee for thy opinion,
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of
credit [liv'd

With all the world, and make thee not be-
Er'n in indifferent things; that I would leave
thee

A reprobate, out of the state of honour.
By all good things, thou hast flung aspersions
So like a foul (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a sort of men, that, let me tell thee,
Thy mother's mother would have been a saint
Had she conceiv'd a soldier! They are people
(I may commend 'em, while I speak but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.
They are the model of those men, whose ho-
nours

We heave our hands at when we hear recited.

Clara. They are,
And I have all I sought for: 'Tis a soldier
You love (hide it no longer); you've betray'd
yourself! [tions,

Come, I have found your way of commend-
And what I said was but to pull it from you.

Frank. 'Twas pretty! Are you grown so
cunning, Clara?

I grant I love a soldier; but what soldier
Will be a new task to you. But all this,
I do imagine, was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.

Clara. I will leave the man,
Ere I forsake you.

Frank. I must to my chamber.
Clara. May not I go along?

² Hangs fast, and may be found.] Corrected in 1750.

³ All Apocrypha.] Mr. Sympton (and he acknowledges the variation!) reads, *apocryphal*. But *apocrypha* conveys the same sense as the adjective, and is rather a more elegant reading.

⁴ ——— I'd sooner venture

A new conversion of the Indies.] Mr. Sympton, thinking that 'to venture a conversion' is not a clear expression, proposes reading *Indians* for *Indies*. The text certainly is best.

Frank. Yes; but, good wench,
Move me no more with these fond questions;
They work like rhubarb with me.

Clara. Well, I will not. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Lelia and her Waiting-Woman.

Lelia. How now? who was that you stay'd
to speak withal?

Woman. The old man, forsooth.

Lelia. What old man?

Woman. The poor old man, [father.
That uses to come hither; he that you call

Lelia. Have you dispatch'd him?

Woman. No; he would fain speak with you.

Lelia. Wilt thou ne'er learn more manners,
than to draw in
Such needy rascals to disquiet me?

Go, answer him, I will not be at leisure.

Woman. He will needs speak with you;
and, good old man!

He weeps so, that, by my troth, I have not
The heart to deny him. 'Pray let him speak

Lelia. Lord! [with you.

How tender-stomach'd you are grown of late!
You are not in love with him, are you? If
you be, [pounds

Strike up the match; you shall have three
And a pair of blankets! Will you go answer
him?

Woman. 'Pray let him speak with you; he'll
not away else.

Lelia. Well, let him in then, if there be
no remedy:

I thank God, I am able to abuse him;

[Exit Woman.
I shall ne'er come clear else of him.

Re-enter Woman, with Father.

Now, sir; what is your business? 'Pray be
short;

For I have other matters, of more moment,
To call me from you. [daughter,

Father. If you but look upon me like a
And keep that love about you that makes
good [ness,

A father's hope, you'll quickly find my busi-
And what I would say to you, and, before

I ask, will be a giver: Say that sleep, [you,
(I mean that love) or be but numb'd within

The nature of my want is such a searcher,
And of so mighty power, that, where he finds

'This dead forgetfulness, it works so strongly,
That if the least heat of a child's affection

Remains unperish'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again! 'Pray do not scorn me,

Nor seem to make yourself a greater business
Than my relieving.

Lelia. If you were not old,
I should laugh at you! What a vengeance
ails you,

To be so childish to imagine me
A founder of old fellows?—Make him drink,
wench;

And if there be any cold meat in the buttery,
Give him some broken bread, and that, and
rid him. [pense

Father. Is this a child's love? or a recom-
Fit for a father's care? Oh, Lelia,

Had I been thus unknd, thou hadst not been;
Or, like me, miserable! But 'tis impossible

Nature should die so utterly within thee,
And lose her promises: Thou art one of
those

She set her stamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as foretelling thee

A general example of her goodness.
Or, say she could lie, yet Religion

(For love to parents is religious) [me;
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon

I am the root that gave thee nourishment,
And made thee spring fair; do not let me pe-

Now I am old and sapless. [rish,

Lelia. As I live,
I like you far worse now you grow thus holy!

I grant you are my father; and I therefore
Bound to consume myself, and be a beggar

Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any such and compassion yet within me.

Father. I gave up all my state, to make
yours thus!

Lelia. Well, as you ought to do; and now
you cry for't.

As children do for babies, back again.
Father. How wouldst thou have me live?

Lelia. I would not have you;
Nor know no reason fathers should desire

To live, and be a trouble, when their chil-
Are able to inherit; let them die; [dieu?

'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they should do so.
Father. Is this your comfort?

Lelia. All that I feel yet.
Father. I will not curse thee!

Lelia. If you do, I care not.
Father. 'Pray you give me leave to weep.

Lelia. Why, 'pry take leave,
If it be for your ease.

Father. Thy mother died
(Sweet peace be with her!) in a happy time.

Lelia. She did, sir, as she ought to do;
'would you [you

Would take the pains to follow! What should
Or any old man do, wearing away

In this world with diseases, and desire
Only to live to make their children scourge-

sticks, [marble
And hoard up mill-money? Methinks, a

* A founder of old fellows?] Mr. Sympson proposes reading *fondler* for *founder*; but the latter word is certainly right, and very good sense, alluding to charitable foundations. See note ⁶⁹ on Wit without Money.

⁷ When children.] I have inserted *their* for the sake both of the measure and the sense, Sympson.

Lies quieter upon an old man's head
Than a cold fit o' th' palsy.

Father. Oh, good God! [man]

To what an impudence, thou wretched wretch!
Hast thou begot thyself again! Well, Justice
Will punish disobedience.

Julia. You mistake, sir; [work]
'Twill punish beggars. Fy for shame! go
Or serve; you're grave enough to be a porter
In some good man of worship's house, and
Sententious answers to the comers-in; [give
(A pretty place!) or be of some good concert,
You had a pleasant touch o' th' cittern once,
If idleness have not bereft you of it:

Be any thing but old and beggarly,
Two sins that ever do out-grow compassion.
If I might see you offer at a course [profit,
That were a likely one, and shew'd some
I would not stick for ten groats, or a noble.

Father. Did I beget this woman?

Julia. Nay, I know not;

And, till I know, I will not thank you for't:
However, he that got me had the pleasure,
And that, methinks, is a reward sufficient.

Father. I am so strangely stricken with
amazement,

I know not where I am, nor what I am.

Julia. You'd best take fresh air some-
where else; 'twill bring you
Out of your trance the sooner.

Father. Is all this

As you mean, *Julia*?

Julia. Yes, believe me, is it;

For yet I cannot think you are so foolish,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heir, or I so old to make
A nurse at these years for you, and attend
While you sup up my state in penny pots
Of malmsiey. When I'm excellent at coddles,
And cullices, and have enough spare gold
To boil away, you shall be welcome to me;
'Till when, I'd have you be us merry, sir,
As you can make yourself with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with those relations,
Of what you have been to me, or you are;
For as I hear them, so I lose them. This,
For aught I know yet, is my resolution.

Father. Well, God be with thee! for I
fear thy end

Will be a strange example. [Exit.]

Julia. Fare you well, sir!

Now would some poor tender-hearted fool
have wept, [children
Relented, and have been undone! Such
(I thank my understanding) I hate truly;
For, by my truth, I had rather see their tears
Than feel their pities! My desires and ends
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?

Woman. Yes; but here's another.

Julia. Not of his tribe, I hope: Bring me
no more, [seest
I would wish you, such as he is. If thou

They look like men of worth, and state, and
carry

Ballast of both sides, like tall gentlemen,
Admit 'em; but no snakes to poison us
With poverty. Wench, you must learn a
wise rule; [ing,

Look not upon the youths of men, and mak-
How they descend in blood, nor let their
tongues, [music]

(Tho' they strike suddenly, and sweet as
Corrupt thy fancy: See, and say them fair too,
But ever keep thyself without their distance,
Unless the love thou swallow'st be a pill
Gilded, to hide the bitterness it brings;
Then fail on without fear, wench; yet so
wisely [mise]

That one encounter eloy him not; nor pro-
His love hath made thee more his, than his
manners; [ever]

Learn this, and thrive; then let thine honour
(For that's the last rule) be so stood upon,
That men may fairly see [fall;

'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compassion, which in-
cludes

A greater tenderness of love and bounty;
This is enough at once; digest it well.
Go, let him in, wench, if he promise profit,
Not else.—Oh, you are welcome, my fair
servant!

Enter Julia.

Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.

Woman. This, by her rule, should be a li-
beral man:

I see, the best of's may learn ev'ry day. [Exit.]

Julia. There's none come with you?

Julia. No.

Julia. You do the wiser; [man]
For some that have been here (I name no
Out of their malice, more than truth, have
done me

Some few ill offices,

Julia. How, sweet?

Julia. Nay, nothing;
Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,
As their unruly youth directed 'em; [wish'd
Which, tho' they bite me not, I would have
Had lit upon some other that deserv'd 'em.

Julia. Tho' she deserve this of the loosest
tongue,

(Which makes my sin the more) I must not
see it; [him]

Such is my misery [aside].—I would I knew
Julia. No, no; let him go; [you]

He is not worth your anger.—I must chide
For being such a stranger to your mistress;
Why would you be so, servant?

Julia. I should chide,

If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being such a stranger to your servant;
I mean, to his desires: When, my dear mistress,
Shall I be made a happy man? [trem,

Julia. Fy, servant!

What do you mean? Unband me; or, by Heaven,

I shall be very angry! This is rudeness.

Julio. 'Twas but a kiss or two, that thus offends you. [warrant for.

Lelia. 'Twas more, I think, than you have *Julio.* I'm sorry I deserv'd no more.

Lelia. You may; [der,

But not this rough way, servant: We are ten- And ought in all to be respected so.

If I had been your horse, or whore, you might Back me with this intemperance! I thought

You had lov'd as worthy men, whose fair af- fections [hence.

Seek pleasures warrant'd, not pull'd by vio- Do so no more.

Julio. I hope you are not angry? [sure,

Lelia. I should be with another man, I'm That durst appear but half thus violent.

Julio. I did not mean to ravish you.

Lelia. You could not.

Julio. You are so willing?

Lelia. How!

Julio. Methinks this shadow,

If you had so much shame as fits a woman, (At least, of your way, mistress) longere this Had been laid off to me that understand you.

Lelia. That understand me? Sir, you un- derstand,

Nor shall, no more of me than Modesty Will, without fear, deliver to a stranger:

You understand I'm honest; else, I tell you, (Tho' you were better far than *Julio*)

You and your understanding are two fools. But, were we saints, thus we are still re- ward'd:

I see that woman had a pretty catch on't, That had made you the master of a kindness, She durst not answer openly. Oh, me!

How easily we women may be cozen'd! I took this *Julio*, as I have a faith,

(This young dissembler, with the sober vi- zard)

For the most modest-temper'd gentleman, The coolest, quietest, and best companion,

For such an one I could have wish'd a wo- man— [science;

Julio. You've wish'd me ill enough o' con- Make me no worse, for shame! I see, the more

I work by way of service to obtain you, You work the more upon me. Tell me truly

(While I am able to believe a woman, For, if you use me thus, that faith will perish)

What is your end? and whither you will pull me?

Tell me; but tell me that I may not start at, And have a cause to curse you.

Lelia. Bless me, goodness! To curse me, did you say, sir? Let it be

For too much loving you then; such a curse Kill me withal, and I shall be a martyr.

You've found a new way to reward my doting,

And, I confess, a fit one for my folly;

For you yourself, if you have good within you, And dare be master of it, know how dearly

This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God, That I had never seen that false man's eyes,

That dares reward me thus with fears³ and curses!

Nor never heard the sweetness of that tongue, That will, when this is known, yet cozen

women!

Curse me, good *Julio*, curse me bitterly; (I do deserve it for my confidence)

And I beseech thee, if thou hast a goodness Of power yet in thee to confirm thy wishes,

Curse me to earth! for what should I do here, Like a decaying flower, still withering

Under his bitter words, whose kindly heat Should give my poor heart life? No, curse

me, *Julio*!

Thou canst not do me such a benefit As that, and well done, that the Heaven's may

hear it.

Julio. Oh, fair tears! were you but as chaste as subtle, [eles.

Like bones of saints, you would work mira- What were these women to a man that knew

not [ceiving?

The thousand, thousand ways of their de- What riches had he found? Oh, he would

think

Himself still dreaming of a blessedness, That, like continual spring, should flourish

ever:

Far if she were as good as she is seeming, Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,

Nature had made another world of sweet- ness.— [said,

Be not so griev'd, sweet mistress; what I You do, or should know, was but passion:

'Pray wipe your eyes, and kiss me. Take these trifles,

And wear them for me, which are only rich When you will put them on. Indeed, I love

you: [you!

Beshrew my sick heart, if I grieve not for *Lelia.* Will you dissemble still? I am a fool,

And you may easily rule me. If you flatter, The sin will be your own,

Julio. You know I do not.

Lelia. And shall I be so childish once again, After my late experience of your spite,

To credit you? You do not know how deep (Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)

This bitterness of yours has struck my heart. *Julio.* I pray, no more.

Lelia. Thus you would do, I warrant, If I were married to you.

Julio. Married to me? Is that your end?

Lelia. Yes; is not that the best end, And, as all hold, the noblest way of love?

Why do you look so strange, sir? Do not you Desire it should be so?

³ Fears.] i. e. actions that shock or terrify me.

Julia. Stay!

Lelia. Answer me.

Julia. Farewell!

[*Exit.*]

Lelia. Ay! are you there? are all these tears
Am I so overtaken by a fool, [lost then?
In my best days and tricks? My wise fellow,
I'll make you smart for't, as I am a woman!
And, if thou be'st not timber, yet I'll warn
And is he gone?

[*thee.*]

Enter Woman.

Woman. Ycs.

Lelia. He's not so lightly struck,
To be recover'd with a base repentance;
I should be sorry then. Fortune, I prithee
Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And, if I lose him, women have no charms!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Jacomo and Fabritio.

Jac. SIGNIOR, what think you of this
sound of wars?

Fab. As only of a sound: They that intend
To do are like deep waters, that run quietly,
Leaving no trace⁹ of what they were behind
'em.

This rumour is too common, and too loud,
To carry truth.

Jac. Shall we ne'er live to see

Men look like men again, upon a march?
This cold dull rusty peace makes as appear
Like empty pictures, only the faint shadows
Of what we should be. 'Would to God my
mother

Had given but half her will to my hectoring,
And made me woman, to sit still and sing,
Or be sick when I list, or any thing
That is too idle for a man to think of!
Would I had been a whore! 't had been a course
Certain, and (of my conscience) of more gain
Than two commands, as I would handle it.
'Faith, I could wish I had been any thing,
(Rather than what I am, a soldier)
A carrier, or a collier, when I knew [trades
What 'twas to wear a sword first! for their
Are, and shall be, a constant way of life,
While men send cheeses up, or wear out bus-

Fab. Thou art a little too impatient, [kins
And mak'st thy anger a far more vexation
Than the not having wars. I am a soldier,
Which is my whole inheritance; yet I,
Thou! I could wish a breach with all the world,
If not dishonourable, I am not so malicious
To curse the fair peace of my mother-country.

⁹ *Leaving no face.*] Mr. Seward substitutes *noise* for *face*; as the latter word does not 'agree,' says he, 'with the former or subsequent metaphors.' Mr. Sympson thinks, 'that neither *face* nor *noise* is at all proper in this place.' We think *trace* a much better word than either of the others, if not the original.

¹⁰ *To yoke your wants like passions.*] Mr. Seward, considering *want* as 'one of our passions,' objects to this reading, and proposes to substitute '*wants and passions*.' Mr. Sympson would read,

'— to cloak your wants like passions.'

'To yoke your wants like passions' may, for aught we see, be the right reading; and the whole passage signifies, that 'Fabritio might indeed pretend to patience, and endeavour to curb his necessities and his appetites, yet he was in reality an enemy to peace.'

But thou want'st money, and the first supply
Will bury these thoughts in thee.

Jac. 'Pox o' pence!

It fills the kingdom full of holidays, [pers,
And only feeds the wants of whores and pi-
And makes the idle drunken rogues get spi-
sters.

'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
And almost cloths too; of which if I'd both
In full abundance, yet against all peace
(That brings up mischiefs thicker than a
shower)

I would speak louder than a lawyer.
By heav'n, it is the surfeit of all youth.
That makes the toughness and the strength
of nations

Melt into women; it is no ease that
Broods thieves and bastards only.

Fab. This is more

(Tho' it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And seasons only of an indiscretion. [rits,
Believe me, Captain, such distemper'd spi-
Once out of motion, tho' they be proof-
If they appear thus violent and fiery, [ant,
Breeds but their own disgraces, and are nearer
Doubt and suspect in princes, than rewards.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you those true spirits ill-affected,
That, whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls
and ribs

To girdle in the kingdom, and now fall'n
Thro' a faint peace into affliction, [hritio,
Speak but their miseries? Come, come, Fa-
You may pretend what patience you please,
And seem to yoke your wants like passions¹⁰;
But, while I know thou art a soldier,
And a deserter, and an other harvest

But what thy sword reaps for thee to come in,
You shall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell
You wish a devil of this musty peace: [you,
To which prayer, as one that's bound in conscience,

And all ¹¹ that love our trade, I cry, Amen!

Fab. 'Prithee no more; we shall live well enough:

There's ways enough besides the wars, to men
That are not logs, and ho still for the hands
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, sir;

Thou'rt young and handsome yet, and well enough

To please a widow; thou canst sing, and tell
These foolish love-tales, and indite a little,
And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the Honourable;
Which may awaken his compassion,
To make you clerk n' th' kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my lady's woman,
After she's crack'd i' th' ring ¹².

Fab. 'Tis very well, sir.

Jac. But what dost thou think shall become of me,

With all my imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I shall ever reach above
A forlorn tapster, or some trothy fellow,
That stinks of stale beer!

Fab. Captain Jacomo, [tues?

Why should you think so hardly of your vir-

Jac. What virtues? By this light, I have
no virtue

But down-right buffeting! What can my face,
[That is no better than a ragged mump now,
Of where I've march'd and travell'd] profit
Unless it be for ladies to abuse, [me?
And say 'twas spoil'd for want of a bonny grace
When I was young, and now 'twill make a
true

Prognostication of what man must be?

Tell me of a fellow that can mend shoes? and
complain, [much?

So tall a soldier should want teeth to hiss on—
And how it was great pity, that it was,
That he that made my body was so busied
He could not stay to make my legs too, but
was driv'n

To clap a pair of cat-sticks to my knees,

For which I am indebted to two school-boys?

This must follow necessary.

Fab. There's no such matter. [pieces

Jac. Then for my morals, and those hidden

That art bestows upon me, they are such,

That when they come to light, I'm sure will
shame me;

For I can neither write, nor read, nor speak,
That any man shall hope to profit by me;
And for my languages, they are so many,
That, put them all together, they will scarce
Serve to beg single beer in. The plain truth is;
I love a soldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk:
This is my virtue, and if this will do,
I'll scramble yet amongst 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way

To be thus pleasant still; but fear not, man,
For tho' the wars fail, we shall screw our-
Into some course of life yet. [selves

Jac. Good Fabritio,

Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This peace will make me something that I
love not; [geon,
For, by my troth, tho' I am plain and dud-
I would not be an ass; and to sell parcels,
I can as soon be hang'd. 'Prithee bestow me,
And speak some little good, tho' I deserve
not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come, we'll consider more. Stay!
this

Should be another windfall of the wars.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd
colours,

That every wind would borrow from the staff:
These are the hopes we have for all our hurts.
They have not cast his tongue too?

Father. They that say [her;
Hence never leaves a wretched man that seeks
I think are either patient fools, or liars;
I'm sure I find it so! for I am master'd
With such a misery and grief together,
That that stay'd anchor men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,
Or breaks, with every strong sea of my sor-
rows.

I could now question Heaven (were it well
To look into their justice) why those faults,
Those heavy sins others provoke 'em with,
Should be rewarded on the heads of us
That hold the least alliance to their vices:
But this would be too curious; for I see
Our suffering, not disputing, is the end
Reven'd to us of all these miseries.

Jac. Twenty such holy bermits in a camp
Would make 'em all Carthusians: I'll be
hang'd!

If he know what a whore is, or a health,
Or have a nature bidden to learn,
Or so much honest nurture to be drunk.
I do not think he has the spleen to swear

¹¹ And all that love, &c.] Seward reads, 'With all,' &c. and says, 'the old text is scarcely grammatical.' The grammar is not more licentious than that of many other passages, and the meaning is obvious.

¹² After she's crack'd i' th' ring.] This phrase occurs in *Hamlet*, act ii. scene 2. 'Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.' And again, as Mr. Steevens observes, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*; 'Light gold, and crack'd with-
in the ring.' R.

A greater oath than sempsters utter socks with¹².

Spur him a question.

Father. They are strangers both [have To me, as I to them, I hope. I would not Me and my shame together known by any: I'll rather lie myself unto another.

Fab. I need not ask you, sir, your country; I hear you speak this tongue: 'Pray what mure are you?

Or have you been? if it be not offensive To urge you so far. Misery in your years Gives every thing a tongue to question it.

Father. Sir, tho' I could be pleas'd to make my ills

Only mine own, for grieving other men, Yet, to so fair and courteous a demander, That promises compassion, at wurst pity¹³, I will relate a little of my story.

I am a gentleman, however this Poor and unhappy; which, believe me, sir, Was not born with me; fur I well have tried Both the extremes of fortune, and have found Both dangerous. My younger years provok'd¹⁴ the

(Feeling in what an ease I slept at home, Which to all stirring spirits is a sickness) To see far countries, and observe their customs:

I did so, and I travell'd till that course Stor'd me with language, and some few slight manners,

Scarce worth my money; when an itch possess'd me

Of making arms my active end of travel.

Fab. But did you so?

Father. I did; and twenty winters

I wore the Christian cause upon my sword, Against his enemies¹⁵. At Buda siege, four,

Full many a cold night have I lodg'd in arms— When all was frozen in me but mine honour; And many a day, when both the sun and cannon

Strove who should most destroy us, have I

Maid'd up in steel, when my tough sinews shrunk,

And this parch'd body ready to consume

As soon to ashes, as the pike I bore,

Want has been to me as another nature;

Which makes me with this patience still profess it.

And if a soldier my, without vainglory, Tell what I have done, believe me, gentlemen,

I could turn over annals of my dangers!

With this poor weakness have I mann'd a breach,

And made it firm with so much blood, that I had to bring me off alive was anger.

Thrice was I made a slave, and thrice redress'd

At price of all I had; the miseries

Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,

Would make ye weep like children; but I'll spare ye.

Jac. Fabricio, we two have been soldiers Above these fourteen years, yet, o' my conscience,

All we have seen, compar'd to his experience, Has been but cudgel-play, or cock-fighting¹⁶!

By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence

The very poverty of this brave fellow;

Which were enough itself, and his, to strengthen

The weakest town against half Christendom.

I was never so assum'd of service

In all my life before, now I consider

What I have done; and yet the rogues would swear

I was a valiant fellow: I do find [thro', The greatest danger I have brought my life

Now I have heard this worthy, was no more Than stealing of a May-pole, or, at wurst,

Fighting at single billet with a bargeman.

Fab. I do believe him, Giacomo.

Jac. Believe him?

I have no faith within me, if I do not.

Father. I see they are soldiers,

And, if we may judge by affections,

¹² UTTER socks.] i. e. sell them. So in Shakespeare's *Romeo*:

'Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law

'Is death to any he that utters them.'

Every sale, which tends to render things common, is metaphorically considered as a kind of publication.

¹³ That promises compassion, at wurst pity.] The Poets seem to use *compassion* in the sense of *relief* adduced to pity; *pity* as simple *commiseration*.

¹⁴ Against his enemies.] Mr. Seward would have us read *its* for *his*, as necessary to the grammar of the passage: I see no reason for this, because it is usual in the Saxon writers, and those who succeeded them; Spenser particularly abounds in it; our Authors too, as the learned reader will observe, have it more than once in their plays, and even Milton himself has approved the practice. *Symson*.

¹⁵ Or cock-fighting.] What *cock-fighting* has to do with gentlemen of the sword, would perhaps puzzle a grand council of war to explain. But *cock-fighting*, as I read, carries on the sense of the authors, and makes it consistent; cudgels being properly to be looked upon as no more than the *tela lusoria* of the ancients. *Symson*.

Cock-fighting is much the best reading, and quite in Giacomo's character.

¹⁶ And his.] The Editors of 1750 object to this reading, conjecture various others, and at last exhibit 'as his.' The line is, to be sure, rather hard; but, as it may be understood, cannot warrantably be altered.

Brave and deserving men. How they are
stirr'd

But with a mere relation of what may be!
Since I have won belief, and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour! I'll make use of thee.

Fab. Sir, 'would I were a man or great
or able,

To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue!

Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave
off prating.

Here, soldier; there's even five months' pay;
be merry,

And get thee handsome cloaths.

Fab. What mean you, Jacomo?

Jac. You are a fool!

The very story's worth a hundred pounds.

Give him more money.

Father. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deserve this blessing;
But if I live to see fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodness,
That shall shew thankfulness, if not desert.

Fab. If you please, sir, till we procure you
place.

To eat with us, or wear such honest garments
As our poor means can reach to, you shall be
A welcome man: To say more, were to feed
you [been,

Only with words. We honour what you've
For we are soldiers, tho' not near the worth
You spake of lately,

Father. I do guess ye so;
And knew, unless ye were a soldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my wants.

Jac. But methinks all this while you are
too temperate:

Do you not tell me sometimes of their dull-
ness, [need?

When you are grip'd, as now you are, with
I do; and let them know those silks they
wear, [eat

The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they
We sow, and reap again, to feed their hunger.

I tell them boldly, they are masters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair
women [Lares,

Lie playing in their arms, whilst we, like
Defend their pleasures. I am angry too,

And often rail at these forgetful great men
That suffer us to sue, for what we ought

To have flung on us, ere we ask.

Father. I have
Too often told my griefs that way, when all

I reap'd was rudeness of behaviour:
In their opinions, men of war that thrive,

Must thank 'em when they rail, and wait to
live.

Fab. Come, sir; I see your wants need
more relieving, [us.

Than looking what they are: 'Pray go with
Father. I thank you, gentlemen! Since
you are pleas'd

To do a benefit, I dare not cross it:
And what my service or endeavours may
Stand you in stead, you shall command, not
Jac. So you shall us. [prav,

I'll to the tailor's with you bodily. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick, Lodovico, and Piso.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a
woman

When I have nothing else to do. [truth
Piso. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of

In blushes, smiles, and commendations;
For, by this light, I've heard her praise you
fellow

In such a pitch, as if sh' had studied
To crowd the worths of all men into him:
And I imagine these are seldom us'd
Without their special ends, and by a maid
Of her desires and youth.

Fred. It may be so.
She's free, as you, or I am, and may have,
By that prerogative, a liberal choice
In the bestowing of her love.

Lod. Bestowing?
If it be so, she has bestow'd herself [him?
Upon a trim youth! Piso, what do you call

Piso. Why, captain Jacomo.

Lod. Oh, captain Jack-boy!

That is the gentleman,

Fred. I think he be

A gentleman at worst.

Lod. So think I too;

'Would he would meet, sir!

Fred. And a tall one too. [think

Lod. Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I
They're sharper than his sword, and dare do
If the beuffle meet him fairly? [soure,

Fred. Very well! [to do

Piso. Now do I wonder what she means
When she has married him.

Lod. Why, well enough; [woman
Trail his pike under him, and be a gentle-

Of the brave Captain's company.

Fred. Do you hear me?

This woman is my sister, gentlemen.

Lod. I'm glad she's nuptial of mine. But,
Frederick,

Thou art not such a fool sure to be angry,
Unless it be with her: We are thy friends,

Fred. I thank ye are. [man.

Lod. Yes, faith! and do but tell thee
How she will utterly overthrow her credit,

If she continue giving of this pot-gun.

Piso. I think she was bewitch'd, or mad,
or h'nd; [che

She would ne'er have taken such a scare-crow
into protection. O my life, he looks

Of a more rusty, swarth complexion
Than an old arming doublet!

Lod. I would scud

"If the beuffle meet him fairly.] First folio. The two following editions say, *buff*.
Beward, *beef*.

His face to th' cutlers then, and have it
sanguin'd; {nose

'Twill look a great deal sweeter. Then his
I would have shorter; and my reason is,
His face will be ill-mounted else.

Piso. For his body,
I will not be my own judge, lest I seem
A railer; but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a trunk-cellar, to send wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't.
His hide (for sure he is a beast) is rauker
Than the Muscovy-leather, and grain'd like it;
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten
Between a stubborn pair of winter boots;
His body goes with straps, he is so churlish.

Lod. He's poor and beggarly, besides all
this,

And of a nature far incapable
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He's so uncivil. You may do a part
Worthy a brother, to persuade your sister
From her undoing: If she prove so foolish
To marry this cast captain, look to find her,
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would blush to know her; selling cheese
and prunes¹⁵,

And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,
Because I lov'd her, what a murch this Cup-
Will set her into. {two

Fred. You are both, believe me, {ing
Two arrant knaves; and, were it not for tak-
So just an execution from his hands
You have belied thus, I would swaddle ye¹⁶,
'Till I could draw off both your skins like
scabbards. {to me

That man that you have wrong'd thus, tho'
He be a stranger, yet I know so worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worst parts,
The very wearing of his cloaths, would make
Two better gentlemen than you dare be;
For there is virtue in his outward things.

Lod. Belike you love him then?

Fred. Yes, marry do I.

Lod. And will he nogry for him?

Fred. If you talk,

Or pull your face into a stitch again¹⁷,
As I live truth, I shall be very nogry!
Do not I know thee (tho' thou hast some land,
To set thee out thus among gentlemen)
To be a prating and vain-glorious ass?
I do not wrong thee now, for I speak truth.

Do not I know th' hast been a cudgel'd
coward, {ter?

That has no cure for shame but cloth of sil-
And think'st the wearing of a gaudy suit
Hides all disgraces? {me,

Lod. I understand you not; you hart not
Your anger flies so wide.

Piso. Signior Frederick,
You much mistake this gentleman.

Fred. No, sir.

Piso. If you would please to be less angry,
I'd tell you how——

Fred. You had better study, sir,
How to excuse yourself, if you be able;
Or I shall tell you once again——

Piso. Not me, sir;

For, I protest, what I have said was only
To make you understand your sister's danger.

Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive
it so. {and hear

Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, stand still
My sister made a May-gannie, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberal jests
Upon his person, whose least anger would
Consume a legion of such wretched people,
That have no more to justify their actions
But their tongues' ends; that dare lie every
way,

As a mill grinds? From this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowship that may hereafter

Make me take knowledge of you, but for
knaves; {excombs,

And take heed, as ye love whole skins and
liu, and to whom, ye prate thus. For this
time,

I care not if I spare ye: Do not shake;
I will not beat ye, tho' ye do deserve it
Richly.

Lod. This is a strange course, Frederick
But sure you do not, or you would not, know
Beats us? {us,

Piso. 'Tis somewhat low, sir, to a gentle-
man.

Fred. I'll speak but few words, but I'll
make 'em truths: {moving,

Get you gone both, and quickly, without mur-
Or looking big; and yet, before you go,
I will have this confess'd, and seriously,
That you two are two rascals.

Lod. How!

Fred. Two rascals.

Come, speak it from your hearts; or by this
light,

¹⁵ *Prunes.*] See note ⁶⁶ on *The Mad Lover*.

¹⁶ *Swaddle ye.*] He means *beat*. So *Hudibras*, b. i. c. i. 23, 24.

¹⁷ Great on the bench, great in the saddle,

¹⁸ That could as well bind o'er as *swaddle*. Symphon.

¹⁹ *A stitch again.*] It is plain by *stitch* here we must understand *smile*; but how it is to be made out, perhaps, may not be so easy to every capacity: I have not altered the text, though I suspect it is corrupted, and as such propose a conjecture which may stand or fall accord-
ing to its worth:

²⁰ Or draw your face into a *smirk* again.

Smirk comes from the A. S. *Smercian*, *subridere*, *arridere*, to smile. Symphon.

Stitch alludes to the face being, in laughter, contracted, or in a manner convulsed.

My sword shall fly among ye! Answer me,
And to the point, directly.

Piso. You shall have [grown
Your will for this time, since we see you're
So far untemperate: Let it be so, sir,
In your opinion.

Fred. Do not mince the matter, [vick,
But speak the words plain. And you, *Lodo*—
That stand so tally³¹ on your reputation,
You shall be he shall speak it.

Lod. This is pretty!

Fred. Let me out stay upon't!

Lod. Well, we are rascals;

Yes, *Piso*, we are rascals.

Fred. Get ye gone now!

[*Exeunt Lod. and Piso.*]

Not a word more! you're rascals!

Enter Iobritio and Jacomo.

Fab. That should be Frederick.

Jac. 'Tis he. Frederick!

Fred. Wha's that?

Jac. A friend, sir.

Fred. It is so, by th' voice.

I've sought you, gentlemen; and, since I've
found you

So near our house, I'll force ye stay a while:
I pray let it be so.

Fab. It is too late; [sister,
We'll come and dine tomorrow with your
And do our services.

Jac. Who were those with you?

Fab. We met two came from hence.

Fred. Two idle fellows, [you,
That you shall beat hereafter; and I'll tell
Some natter time, a cause sufficient for it.

Fab. But, Frederick, tell me truly; do you
She can affect my friend? [think

Fred. No certaiuer³²

Than when I speak of him, or any other,
She entertains it with as much desire
As others do their recreations. [means:

Fab. Let not him have this light by any
He will but think he's mock'd, and so grow
nugry,

Ev'n to a quarrel, he's so much distrustful
Of all that take occasion to commend him,
Wou'd especially; for which he shuns
All conversation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their sex.—
Whence is this musick?

Fred. From any sister's chamber. [live.

Fab. The touch is excellent; let's be atten-

Jac. Hark! are the waits abroad?

Fab. Be softer, 'prithee;

'Tis private musick.

Jac. What a din it makes!

I'd rather hear a Jew's tramp than these lutes;
They cry like school-boys.

Fab. 'Prithee, Jacomo! [whether.

Jac. Well, I will hear, or sleep, I care not

Enter, at the window, Frank and Clara.

THE SONG.

1. Tell me, dearest, what is love?

2. 'Tis a lightning from above;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy they call Desire.

Both. 'Tis a grave,

Gapes to have

Those poor fools that long to prove.

1. Tell me more, are women true?

2. Yes, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,

Since you men first taught to change.

Both. And till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, to love anew.

1. Tell me more yet, can they grieve?

2. Yes, and sicken sore, but live:

And be wise, and delay,

When you men are as wise as they

Both. Then I see,

Faith will be,

Never 'till they both believe.

Frank. Clara! come hither! who are these
below there?

Clara. Where?

Frank. There.

Clara. Ha! I should know their shapes,

Tho' it be darkish. There are both our
brothers:

What should they make thus late here?

Frank. What's the other?

Clara. What t'other?

Frank. He that lies along there.

Clara. Oh, I see him, [greet

As if he had a branch of some great pedi-
Grew out on's belly.

Frank. Yes.

Clara. That should be,

If I have any knowledge in proportion—

Fab. They see us.

Fred. 'Tis no matter.

Fab. What a log's this,

To sleep such musick out?

Fred. No more; let's hear 'em. [leave,

Clara. 'Tis the Captain Jacomo; those are his

Upon my conscience.

Frank. By my faith, and woe ones!

³¹ So tally.] From tall, i. e. brave, &c.

³² No certainer

Than when I speak of him, or any other.] This line may easily be misunderstood for want of attending to the construction, as well as one in Jouson's *Sejanus*:

'Mean time give orders that his books be burnt

'To th' *Ediles*.'

Symphon.

³³ Clara. If I have any knowledge in proportion —] The repetition of this line seems to be a mistake of the press or transcriber; we have therefore omitted it.

Clara. You mean, the boots; I think they're neat by nature¹⁴.

Frank. As thou art knavish. 'Would I saw his face!

Clara. 'Twould scare you in the dark.

Frank. A worse than that [ledge.

Clara. 'Tis true, for I have never seen a worse;

Nor, while I say my prayers heartily, I hope I shall not.

Frank. Well, I am no tell-tale:

But is it not great pity, tell me, *Clara*, That such a brave deserving gentleman

As every one delivers this to be, [on him Should have no more respect and worth sung

By able men? Were I one of these great ones, Such virtue should not sleep thus.

Clara. Were he greater, He would sleep more, I think. I'll waken him.

Frank. Away, you fool!

Clara. Is he not dead already, And they two taking order about his blacks?

Methinks they're very busy. A fine clean corse he is! I'd have him buried

Ev'n as he lies, cross-legg'd, like one o' th' Templers, [ing]

[If his Westphalia gammons will hold cross- And on his breast a buckler, with a pike

in't¹⁵, In which I would have some learned cutler

Compile an epitaph; and at his feet A musquet, with this word¹⁶ upon a label,

[Which from the cock's mouth thus should be deliver'd]

'I have discharg'd the office of a soldier.'

Frank. Well, if thy father were a soldier, Thus thou wouldst use him.

Clara. Such a soldier I would indeed.

Fab. If he hear this, not all [windows, The power of man could keep him from the

Till they were down, and all the doors broke open. [venture

For God's sake, make her cooler; I dare not To bring him else: I know he'll go to buffets

Within five words with her, if she holds this spirit.

Let's waken him, and away; we shall hear worse else. [Clara,

Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee. Let me be hang'd, for this! I know thou dost

Only to anger me, and purge thy wit, [it Which would break out else.

Clara. I have found ye; I'll Be no more cross. Bid 'em good night.

Frank. No, no; They shall not know we've seen 'em. Shut the

window. [Exeunt *Frank* and *Clara*, *Fab.* Will you get up, sir?

Jac. Have you paid the fiddlers? [three!

Fab. You are not left to do it. Fy upon Hast thou forsworn manners?

Jac. Yes; unless they [graces, Would let me eat my meat without long

Or drink without a preface to the pledger¹⁷, Of 'Will it please you?' 'Shall I be so

bold, sir?' 'Let me remember your good bedfellow!'

And he, and kiss my hand unto my mistress As often as an ape does for an apple.

These are mere schisms in soldiers; (where's my friend?)

These are to us as bitter as purgations: We love that general freedom we are bred to;

Hang these faint fooleries! they smell of Do they not, friend? [pence,

Fab. Faith, sir, to me they are As things indifferent; yet I use 'em not,

Or, if I did, they would not prick my conscience.

Fred. Come, shall we go? 'Tis late.

Jac. Yes, any whither: But no more music; it has made me dull.

Fab. Faith, any thing but drinking disturbs thee, *Jacomo*.

We'll ev'n to bed. *Jac.* Content.

Fab. Thou'lt dream of wenches. *Jac.* I never think of any, (I thank God)

But when I'm drunk; and then, 'tis but to chat

A cheap way how they may be all destroy'd, Like vermin. Let's awny; I'm very sleepy.

Fab. Ay, thou art ever so, or angry. Come. [Exeunt.

¹⁴ Neat by nature.] A pun upon NEAT's leather.

¹⁵ Pike in't.] The pike and sword in funerals are laid upon the shield, perhaps therefore the original might be *in't*; unless the term *in't* be used in heraldry. Seward.

¹⁶ In't, we apprehend, means stuck in it; and the whole design makes a ludicrous picture.

¹⁷ Word here means sentence. So Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, more than once. Synon.

¹⁸ ——— to the pledger;

Of't will it please, &c.] Corrected in 1750.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Angelo.

Julio. I WILL but see her once more, Angelo,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myself again.

Ang. I would not have thee tempt lust;
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hastst thou the constancy of all men in thee.

Julio. Having her sins before me, I dare
see her, [deadly,
Were she as catching as the plague, and
And tell her she is fouler than all those,
And far more pestilent, if not repentant;
And, like a strong man, chide her well, and
leave her. [is she?

Ang. 'Tis easily said. Of what complexion
Julio. Make but a curious frame unto
myself, [thought;

As thou wouldst shape an ogel in thy
Such as the poets, when their fancies sweat,
Imagine Juno is, or fair-ey'd Pallas;
And one more excellent than all those figures
Shalt thou find her. She's brown, but of a
sweetness,

(If such a poor word may express her beauty)
Believe me, Angelo, would do more mischief
With a forc'd smile, than twenty thousand
Cypids,

With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon
Ang. Of what age is she? [us.

Julio. As a rose at fairest,
Neither a bud, nor blown; but such a one,
Were there a Hercules to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would chuse out 'mongst a race of
women

To make a mother of^a. She's outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharno it.

And when she speaks, oh, Angelo, then musick
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a soul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beasts

Lay by their rages; and tall trees, that knew
No sound but tempests, to bow down their
branches, [surges
And hear, and wonder; and the sea, whose
Shook their white heads in Heav'n, to be at
midnight

Still and attentive) steals into our souls
So suddenly, and strangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what she
pleases! [self again

Ang. Why look, how far you've thrust your-
Into your old disease! Are you that man,
With such a resolution, that would venture
To take your leave of fully, ood now oelt
Ev'n to repeating her?

Julio. I had foretold me.

Ang. As you will still do.

Julio. No; the strongest man
May have the grudging of an ague on him;
This is no more. Let's go; I'd swim he fit
To be thy friend again, for now I'm no man's!

Ang. Go you! I dare not go, I tell you tru-
Nor were it wise I should. [ly;

Julio. Why?

Ang. I not well,
And, if I can, will keep myself so.

Julio. Ha?

Thou mak'st me smile, tho' I have little cause,
To see how prettily thy fear becomes thee:
Art thou not strong enough to see a woman?

Ang. Yes, twenty thousand; but not such
a one [matter;

As you have made her: I'll not lie for th'
I know I'm frail, and may be cozen'd too,
By such a syren.

Julio. 'Faith, thou shalt go, Angelo!

Ang. 'Faith, but I will not! No; I know
how far, sir,

I'm able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth. I do not long to have
My sleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,
Like a poor wench had lost her market-
money;

And, when I see good meat, sit still and sigh,
And call for small beer, and consume my wit

^a The god would chuse, &c.] In Dryden's *All for Love*, or *The World Well Lost*, act iv.
is a beautiful passage, something similar to this of our Authors:

'I pity Dolabella: but she's dangerous;

'Her eyes have pow'r, beyond Thessalian charms,

'To draw the moon from Heav'n; for eloquence,

'The sea-green syrens taught her voice their flatt'ry;

'And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,

'Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,

'Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth;

'The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;

'And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,

'They bless her wanton eyes: Ev'n I who hate her,

'With a malignant joy behold such beauty;

'And, while I curse, desire it.' R.

In making anagrams, and faithful poesies :
I do not like that itch ; I'm sure I had rather
Have the main pox, and safer.

Julio. Thou shalt go ;

I must needs have thee as a witness with me
Of my repentance. As thou lov'st me, go !

Ang. Well, I will go, since you will have
it so ;

But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curse you continually, and fearfully.

Julio. And if thou seest me fall again,
good Angelo,

Give me thy counsel quickly, lest I perish.

Ang. Pray God, I have enough to save
myself !

For, as I have a soul, I'd rather venture
Upon a savage island than this woman !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Father and Servant.

Father. From whom, sir, comes this boun-
ty ? for I think

You are mistaken.

Serv. No, sir ; 'tis to you,
I'm sure, my mistress sent it.

Father. Who's your mistress,
That I may give her thanks ?

Serv. The virtuous widow.

Father. The virtuous widow, sir ? I know
none such.

'Pray what's her name !

Serv. Lelia.

Father. I knew you err'd ;

'Tis not to me, I warrant you. There, sir ;
Curry't to those she feeds fat with such fa-
I am a stranger to her. [yours ;]

Serv. Good sir, take it,

And, if you will, I'll swear she sent it to you ;
For I am sure mine eye never went off you'
Since you forsook the gentleman you talk'd
Just at her door. [with]

Father. Indeed, I talk'd with two,
Within this half-hour, in the street.

Serv. 'Tis you, sir,

And none but you, I'm sent to. Wiser men
Would have been thankful sooner, and re-
ceiv'd it ;

'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.

Father. Well, sir, I'm catechiz'd. What
more belongs to't ? [come]

Serv. This only, sir ; she would entreat you
This evening to her without fail.

Father. I will.

Serv. You guess where.

Father. Sir, I have a tongue else.

[*Exit Servant.*]

She is downright devil ; or else my wants
And her disobedience have provok'd her
To look into her foul self, and be sorry.
I wonder how she knew me ! I had thought
I'd been the same to all I am to them
That chang'd me thus : God pardon me for
lying !

For I have paid it home : Many a good man,
That had but found the profit of my way,
Would furswear telling true again in haste.

Enter Lodovico and Piso.

Here are my praters : Now, if I did well,
I should belabour 'em ; but I have found
A way to quiet 'em, worth a thousand o'n't.

Lod. If we could get a fellow that would
do it !

Father. What villainy is now in hand ?

Piso. 'Twill be hard to be done, in my
opinion,

Unless we light upon an Englishman
With seven score surfeits in him.

Lod. Are the Englishmen
Such stubborn drinkers ?

Piso. Not a leak at sea [children
Can suck more liquor : You shall have their
Christen'd in mull'd sack, and, at five years
old, [fishman,

Able to knock a Dano down. Take an Eng-
And cry ' St. George ! ' and give him but a
rasher,

And you shall have him upon even terms
Defy a hog'shead. Such a one would do it
Home, hoy, and like a workman.

Lod. At what weapon ?

Piso. Sherry sack : I would have him drink
stark dead,

If it were possible ; at worst, past portage.

Lod. What is the end then ?

* Such stubborn drinkers.] This qualification in our countrymen is taken notice of by Iago
in act ii. scene 3, of *Othello*. R.

* *Lod. At what weapon ?*] I have made a change in the persons of the speakers Lodovic
and Piso, giving to Lodovic what was in the other edition spoke by Piso, and *à contra* ; as
thinking the speeches something out of character. Piso's design seems to be, by the whole
tenor of the conversation, to make Jacomo soundly drunk : His hope of doing this is
built upon one of our countrymen, whom he describes as capable of turning down an
hog'shead with the shining horn of a rasher. But would the poet on this supposition put
' At what weapon ' into the mouth of Piso ; make him ask himself a question, and let Lodovic
give the answer ? No, surely. *Lod.* has certainly been dropt upon us, who should have
interrupted Piso's narrative, both as to the means and end of making the Captain drunk.
What seems to confirm this, is the speech of Lodovic at the close of the scene, where he
bids Piso ' think of the other,' viz. making Jacomo fuddled ; to which Piso answers,

' For the drunkard, Lodovic,

' Let me alone.' *Symptom.*

Piso. Dost thou not perceive it? [him.
If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fuel is that admires him; and if sober
His nature be so rugged, what will't be [it:
When he is hot with wine? Come, let's about
If this be done-but handsomely, I'll pawn
My head sh' bath done with soldiers.

Lod. This may do well. [alive!

Father. Here's a new way to murder men
I'll choke this train.—God save ye, gentlemen!
It is to you—stay!—yes, it is to you.

Lod. What's to me?

Father. You're fortunate: I can't stand to
tell you more now;

Meet me here soon, and you'll be made a
man. [Exit.

Lod. What vision's this?

Piso. I know not.

Lod. Well, I'll meet it;
Think you o' th' other, and let me awhile
Dream of this fellow.

Piso. For the drunkard, Lodovic,
Let me alone.

Lod. Come, let's about it then. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Clara and Frank.

Clara. Ha, ha, ha! 'Pray let me laugh ex-
tremely. [cause?

Frank. Why? 'prithee why? hast thou such

Clara. Yes, 'faith;

My brother will be here straightway, and—

Frank. What?

Clara. The other party. Ha, ha, ha!

Frank. What party?

Wench, thou art not drunk?

Clara. No, 'faith.

Frank. 'Faith, thou hast been among the
bottles, Clara.

Clara. 'Faith, but I have not, Frank. 'Prit-
hee be handsome!

The Captain comes along too, wench.

Frank. Oh, is that it

That tickles ye?

Clara. Yes, and shall tickle you too:

You understand me!

Frank. By my troth, thou'rt grown

A strange lewd wench! I must e'en leave thy
company;

Thou wilt spoil me else.

Clara. Nay, thou art spoil'd to my hand.

I hadst thou been free, as a good wench ought
to be,

When I went first a-birding for thy love,
And roundly said, That is the man must do it,
I had done laughing many an hour ago.

Frank. And what dost thou see in him,
now thou know'st him,

To be thus laugh'd at?

Clara. 'Prithee be not angry,

And I'll speak freely to thee.

Frank. Do; I will not.

Clara. Then, as I hope to have a hand-
some husband, [bel!

This fellow, in mine eye (and, Frank, I'll
To have a shrewd guess at a pretty fellow).
Appears a strange thing.

Frank. Why? how strange, for God's sake?
He is a man, and one that may content

(For any thing I see) a right good woman:

And sure I am not blind.

Clara. There lies the question;

For (but you say he is a man, and I [him
Will credit you) I should as soon have thought
Another of God's creatures: Out upon him!
His body, that can promise nothing
But laziness and long strides.

Frank. These are your eyes!

Where were they, Clara, when you fell in love
With the old footman, for singing of Queen
Dido?

And swore he look'd, in his old velvet trunks,
And his slic'd Spanish jerkin, like Don John?
You had a purlous judgment then, my Clara.

Clara. Who told you that?

Frank. I heard it.

Clara. Come, be friends!

The soldier is a Mars. No more; we're all
Subject to slide away.

Frank. Nay, laugh on still.

Clara. No, 'faith; thou art a good wench,
and 'tis pity [entering,
Thou shouldst not be well quarried at thy
Thou art so high-brown for him. Look, who's
there!

Enter Fabritia and Jacomo.

Jac. 'Prithee, go single: what should I do
Thou know'st I hate these visitations, [there?
As I hate peace or perry.

Fab. Wilt thou never

Make a right man?

Jac. You make a right fool of me,
To lead me up and down to visit women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at. Let me starve
If I know what to say, unless I ask 'em
What their shoes cost!

Fab. Fy upon thee, coward!

Canst thou not sing?

Jac. Thou know'st I can sing nothing

But Plumpton Park.

Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,

When thou art enter'd unce.

Jac. I'd rather enter

A breach: If I miscarry, by this hand,
I'll have you by th' ears for't!

Fab. Save ye, ladies!

Clara. Sweet brother, I dare swear you're
welcome hither;

So is your friend.

Fab. Come, blush not, but salute 'em.

Frank. Good sir, believe your sister; you're
most welcome!

So is this worthy gentleman, whose virtues
I shall be proud to be acquainted with.

Jac. Sh' has found me out already, and
Shall we be going? [has paid me.

Fab. Peace!—Your goodness, lady,
Will ever be afore us. For myself
I will not thank you single, lest I leave
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaint-
Jac. More of me yet? [ancee.]

Frank. 'Would I were able, sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks!

Clara. But, brother, is your friend thus
sad still? Methinks,
'Tis an unseemly nature in a soldier.

Jac. What hath she to do with me, or my
behaviour? [sister!]

Fab. He does but shew so: 'Prithee to him,
Jac. If I don't break thy head, I am no
If I get off once! [Christinn,]

Clara. Sir, we must entreat you
To think yourself more welcome, and be mer-
'Tis pity a fair man, of your proportion, [ry:
Should have a soul of sorrow.

Jac. Very well!—

'Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have
me say?

Clara. Do not you know, sir?

Jac. Not so well as you,
That talk continually.

Frank. You have lit her, sir.

Clara. I thank him, so he has;
Fair fall his sweet face for it!

Jac. Let my face

Alone, I'd wish you, lest I take occasion
To bring a worse in question.

Clara. Meaning mine?

Brother, where was your friend brought up?
H' has sure

Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They lie so dull upon his understanding.

Fab. No more of that; thou'lt anger him
at heart.

Clara. Then let him be more manly; for
he looks [up

Like a great school-boy, that had been blown
Last night at Dust-Point.

Frank. You will never leave,

'Till you be told how rude you are. Fy, Clara!
Sir, will it please you sit?

Clara. And I'll sit by you.

Jac. Woman, be quiet, and be rul'd, I'd
wish you.

Clara. I've done, Sir Captain.

Fab. Art thou not ashamed? [anon;

Jac. You are an ass! I'll tell you more
'Y' bad better have been hang'd than brought
me hither!

Fab. You're grown a sullen fool! Either
be handsome,

Or, hy this light, I will have wenches bait
thee!

Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up! what?

Jac. By this light, I'll brain thee!

Frank. Now, o' my faith, this gentleman
does nothing

But it becomes him rarely. Clorn, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.

Clara. Yes, it shews very sweetly.

Frank. Nay, do not blush, sir; o' my troth,
it does!

I would be ever angry to be thus.

Fabritio. o' my conscience, if I ever
Do fall in love, (as I will not forswear it,

'Till I am something wiser) it must be,
I will not say directly with that face;

But certainly such another as that is, [me²¹.
And thus dispos'd, may chance to hamper

Fab. Dost thou hear this, and stand still?

Jac. You will prate still!

I would you were not women; I would take
A new course with ye.

Clara. Why, Courageous?

Jac. For making me a stone to whet your
tongues on.

Clara. 'Prithee, sweet Captain!

Jac. Go, go spin, go hang!

Clara. Now could I kiss him.

Jac. If you long for kicking,

You'd best come kiss me; do not tho', I'd
wish ye. [ther,

I'll send my footman to thee; he shall leap
An thou want'st horsing. I will leave ye, ladies.

Frank. Beshrew my heart, you are unman-
To offer this unto a gentleman [uerly

Of his deserts, that comes so worthily
To visit me! I cannot take it well. [man?

Jac. I come to visit you, you foolish wo-

Frank. I thought you did, sir, and for that
I thank you;

I would be loth to lose those thanks. I know
This is but some odd way you have, and, faith,

It does become you well, to make us merry:
I have heard often of your pleasant vein.

Fab. What wouldst thou ask more?

Jac. Pray, thou scurvy fellow! [sels!
Thou hast not long to live. Adieu, dear dam-

You filthy women, farewell, and be sober,
And keep your chambers!

Clara. Farewell, o'd don Diego!

Frank. Away, away!—You must not be
so angry,

To part thus roughly from us: Yet to me
This does not shew as if 'twere yours; the

Wars [not
May breed men something plain, I know; but

Thus rude. Give me your hand, good sir:
I know

'Tis white, and——

Jac. If I were not patient, [wives?
What would become of you two prating house-

Clara. For any thing I know, we would in
to supper,

²¹ Dispose my chance.] Thus read the old copies, contrary both to sense and grammar: The slight change in two words which I have made, makes the whole clear and consistent; Frank is praising Jacomo's anger, and says naturally enough, 'that a face thus disposed
'may chance to captivate her affections.' *Seward.*

And there begin a health of lusty claret,
To keep care from our hearts; and it should
be—— [Jacomio.

Fab. I 'faith to whom?—Mark but this,

Clara. Ev'n to the handson'st fellow now

Fab. Do you know such a one? [alive.

Frank. He may be guess'd at,

Without much travel.

Fab. There's another item.

Clara. And he should be a soldier.

Frank. 'Twould be better.

Clara. And yet not you, sweet Captain.

Frank. Why not he?

Jac. Well! I shall live to see your husbands beat you,

And hiss 'em on like bandogs.

Clara. Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Green sicknesses and serving-man light on ye, [ings!

With greasy codpieces, and woollen stock-

The devil (if he dare deal with two women)

Be of your counsels! Farewell, plaisterers! [Exit.

Clara. This fellow will be mad at Midsum-
Without all doubt. [incr,

Fab. I think so too.

Frank. I'm sorry, [him

He's gone in such a rage. But sure this holds

Not every day.

Fab. 'Faith, every other day,

If he come near a woman. [dare

Clara. I wonder how his mother could en-

To have him in her belly, he's so boisterous.

Frank. He's to be made more tractable,

I doubt not.

Clara. Yes, if they taw him, as they do

whit-leather,

Upon an iron, or beat him soft like stock-fish.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Lelia* and her Waiting-Woman, with
a veil.

Lelia. Art sure 'tis he?

Woman. Yes, and mother with him.

Lelia. The more the merrier. Did you

give that money, [you?

And charg'd it be deliver'd where I shew'd

Woman. Yes, and what else you bad me.

Lelia. That brave fellow, [ness;

Tho' he be old, whate'er he be, shews tough-

And such a one I long for, and must have

At any price; these young soft melting gristles

Are only for my safer ends.

Woman. They're here.

Lelia. Give me my veil; and bid the boy

go sing

That song above, I gave him; the sad song.

Now if I miss him, I am curs'd. Go, wench,

And tell 'em I have utterly forsworn

All company of men; yet make a venture

At last to let 'em in: Thou know'st these things;

Do 'em to th' life.

Woman. I warrant you; I'm perfect. [give

Lelia. Some ill woman, for her use, would

A million for this wench, she is so subtle.

Enter, to the door, *Julia* and *Angelo*,

Woman. Good sir, desire it not; I dare
not do it;

For since your last being here, sir, believe me,

Sh' has griv'd herself out of all company,

And, sweet soul, almost out of life too.

Julia. 'Prithee,

Let me but speak one word.

Woman. You will offend, sir;

And yet your name is more familiar with her

Than any thing but sorrow. Good sir, go.

Ang. This little varlet hath her lesson per-

These are the baits they bob with. [seet;

Jul. 'Faith, I will not.

Woman. I shall be chidden cruelly for this;

But you are such a gentleman——

Julia. No more.

Ang. There's a new tire, wench. Peace;

thou'rt well enough.

Julia. What, has she musick?

Woman. Yes; for God's sake, stay;

'Tis all she feeds upon.

Julia. Alas, poor soul!

Ang. Now will I pray devoutly; for there's

need on't.

THE SONG.

Away, delights! I go seek some other dwell-

For I must die; [ing,

Farewell, false love! thy tongue is ever tell-

Lie after lie. [ing

For ever let us rest now from thy smarts;

Alas, for pity go,

And fire their hearts [not so.

That have been hard to thee; mine was

Never again deluding Love shall know me,

For I will die; [me,

And all those griefs that think to over-grow

Shall be no I;

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,

Alas, for pity stay,

And let us die [day.

With thee; men cannot mock us in the

Julia. Mistress! not one word, mistress?

If I grieve you,

I can depart again.

Ang. Let's go then quickly;

For if she get from under this dark cloud,

We shall both sweat, I fear, for't.

Julia. Do but speak,

Tho' you turn from me, and speak bitterly,

And I am gone; for that I think will please you.

²⁰ Mock us in the day.] Varied in 1750. In support of the alteration, Seward produces the following passage in Henry V.

²¹ The dead with Charity inclos'd in clay.

The corruption is very easy; the c and l in the manuscript looking like a d.

Ang. Oh, that all women were thus silent
What fine things were they! [ever,

Julia. You have look'd on me,
When, if there be belief in women's words,
Spoken in tears, you swore you lov'd to do so.

Lelia. Oh me, my heart!

Ang. Now, Julia, play the man,
Or such another 'oh, me!' will undo thee.
'Would I had any thing to keep me busy,
I might not hear her; think but what she is,
Or I doubt mainly, I shall be i'th' mesh too.

Julia. 'Pray, speak again.

Lelia. Where is my woman?

Woman. Here.

Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face she has!
'Would it were veil'd again!

Lelia. Why did you let

This flattering man in to me? Did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldst keep thine own?
Th' hast brought me poison in a shape of

Heav'n,

Whose violence will break the hearts of all,
Of all weak women; as it hath done mine,
That are such fools to love, and look upon

him. [cave

Good sir, he gone; you know not what an
Your absence is.

Ang. By Heav'n, she is a wonder!

I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmish²².

Julia. Tho' I desire to be here more than
Heav'n,

As I am now, yet, if my sight offend you,
So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go. Farewell!

Lelia. I should say something [me.

Ere you depart, and I would have you hear
But why should I speak to a man that hates
me,

And will but laugh at any thing I suffer?

Julia. If this be hate—

Lelia. Away, away, deceiver!

Julia. Now help me, Angelo!

Ang. I'm worse than thou art.

Lelia. Such tears as those might make
another woman

Believe thee honest, Julia; almost me,
That know their ends; for I confess they
stir me.

Ang. What will become of me? I cannot
go now, [eye!

If you would hang me, from her. Oh brave
Steal me away, for God's sake, Julia.

Julia. Alas, poor man! I'm lost again too,
strangely.

Lelia. No, I will sooner trust a crocodile
When he sheds tears, (for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once) or any thing
That's evil to our natures, than a man:
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no availing 'em, if we give way.
I was requesting you to come no more,

And mock me with your service; 'tis not well,
Nor honest, to abuse us so far: You may
love too;

For tho' I must confess, I am unworthy
Of your love every way, yet I would have you
Think I am somewhat too good to make sport

Julia. Will you believe me? [of.

Lelia. For your vows and oaths,

And such deceiving tears as you shed now,
I will, as you do, study to forget 'em.

Julia. Let me be most despis'd of men—

Lelia. No more! [ning

There is no new way left, by which your ears
Shall once more hope to catch me. No, thou
false man,

I will avoid thee, nod, for thy sake, all
That bear thy stamp, as counterfeit in love!

For I am open-ey'd again, and know thee.

Go, make some other woe, as I have done,

That dare believe thee; go, and swear to her

That is a stranger to thy cruelty, [lyings,

And knows not yet what man is, and has

How thou diest daily for her; pour it out

In thy best lamentations; put on sorrow,

As thou canst, to deceive an angel, Julia,

And vow thyself into her heart, that when

I shall leave off to curse thee for thy falsehood,

Still a forsaken woman may be found

To call to Heav'n for vengeance!

Ang. From this hour,

I heartily despise all honest women:

(I care not if the world took knowledge on't)

I see there's nothing in them, but that folly

Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth

(Before the greatest blessing can be thought

If this be one) a whore; that's all I aim at. [of,

Julia. Mistress, the most offending man is

heard [me

Before his sentence: Why will you condemn

Ere I produce the truth to witness with me,

How innocent I am of all your angers?

Lelia. There is no trusting of that tongue;

I know't,

And how far, if it be believ'd, it kills: No

more, sir!

Julia. It never lied to you yet; if it did,

'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lelia. Good sir, no more! Make not my

understanding

(After I've suffer'd thus much evil by you)

So poor to think I have not reach'd the end

Of all your forc'd affections: Yet, because

I once lov'd such a sorrow, too, too dearly,

As that would strive to be, I do forgive you,

Ev'n heartily as I would be forgiven,

For all your wrongs to me (my charity

Yet loves you so far, tho' again I may out):

And wish, when that time²³ comes you will

love truly,

(If you can ever do so) you may find

The worthy fruit of your affections,

True love again, not my unhappy harvest;

²² But I am squeamish.] So first folio. The subsequent editions, *qualmish*.

²³ And wish when that time—] Mr. Seward suspects something left out here, necessary to complete

Which, like a fool, I sow'd in such a heart,
So dry and stony, that a thousand showers,
From these two eyes continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Julio. You have conquer'd me!
I did not think to yield; but make me now
Ev'n what you will, my *Lelia*, so I may
Be but so truly happy to enjoy you.

Lelia. No, no; those fond imaginations
Are dead and buried in me; let 'em rest!

Julio. I'll marry you.

Ang. The devil thou wilt, *Julio*?
How that word waken'd me! Come hither,
friend!

Thou art a fool! Look steadfastly upon her:
Thou' she be all that I know excellent,
As she appears; thine I could fight for her,
And run thro' fire; thine I am stark mad too,
Never to be recover'd; tho' I would
Give all I had i' th' world to lie with her,
Ev'n to my naked soul (I'm so far gone);
Yet, methinks still, we should not dote away
That that is something more than ours, our
honours.

I would not have thee marry her by no means
(Yet I should do so): Is she not a whore?

Julio. She is; but such a one—

Ang. 'Tis true, she's excellent;
And, when I well consider, *Julio*,
I see no reason we should be confin'd
In our affections; when all creatures else
Enjoy still where they like.

Julio. And so will I then.

Lelia. He's fust enough, I hope, now, if I
hold him. [sister him.]

Ang. You must not do so tho', now I con-
sider what 'tis.

Julio. Do not consider, *Angelo*;

For I must do it.

Ang. No; I'll kill thee first: [thce]
I love thee so well, that the worms shall have
Before this woman, friend.

Julio. It was your counsel.

Ang. As I was knave; not as I lov'd thee.

Julio. All this is lost upon me, *Angelo*;

For I must have her.—I will marry you
When you please: 'T'ray look better on me.

Ang. Nay then, no more, friend; fare-
well, *Julio*!

I have so much discretion left me yet

To know, and tell thee, thou art miserable.

Julio. Stay; thou art sorer than she, and
now I find it.

Lelia. Is he so?

Julio. Mistress!

Lelia. No; I'll see thee starv'd first!

[Exit.]

Julio. Friend!

Ang. Fly her as I do, *Julio*; she's a witch.

Julio. Beat me away then; I shall grow
here still else.

Ang. That were the way to have me grow
there with thee.

Farewell, for ever! [Exit.]

Julio. Stay! I am uncharm'd. [be]

Farewell, thou cursed house! from this hour
More hated of me than a leprosy! [Exit.]

Enter Lelia.

Lelia. Both gone? A plague upon 'em both!
Am I deceiv'd again? Oh, I would rail,
And follow 'em, but I fear the spite of people,
'Till I have emptied all my gall.

The next I seize upon shall pay their follies
To the last penny; this will work me worse;
He that comes next, by Heav'n, shall feel
their curse! [Exitant.]

SCENE V.

*Enter Jacomo at one door, and Fabritio at
another.*

Pub. Oh, you're a sweet youth, so uncivilly
To rail and run away!

Jac. Oh! are you there, sir?

I'm glad I've found you! You've not now
your ladies,

To shew your wit before.

Pub. Thou woul't not, woul't 'ou?

Jac. What a sweet youth I am, as you have
made me, [Druck:]

You shall know presently.

Pub. Put up your sword;

I've seen it often; 'tis a fox.

Jac. It is so; [sir]

And you shall feel it too. Will you dispatch,
And leave your mirth out? or I shall take
occasion

To beat you, and disgrace you too.

Pub. Well; since

There is no other way to deal with you,

(Let's see your sword; I'm sure you scorn all
I will fight with you. [olds])

[They measure, and Fabritio gets his sword.]

Jac. How now?

Pub. Nay, stand out;

Or, by this light, I'll make you!

Jac. This is scurry,

And out of fear done.

Pub. No, sir; out of judgment;

complete the sense and grammar, or else this line must be corrupted through the transposi-
tion of some particles; and would read thus:

* I wish when the time comes, that you love truly.

* (If you can ever do so) you may find, &c.

I have not indeed altered the text, though I suspect it strongly to be corrupt, and would
propose reading thus:

* And wishes when th' time comes that you love, &c. Symphon.

We confess ourselves unable to comprehend this note; but do not perceive the least diffi-
culty in the text.

For he that deals with thee (thou'rt grown
so boisterous) [another,
Must have more wits, or more lives than
Or always be in armour, or enchanted,
Or he is miserable.

Jac. Your end of this, sir? [thee,

Fab. My end is only mirth, to laugh at
Which now I'll do in safety: Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. S'heart! then I'm grown ridiculous!

Fab. Thou art;

And wilt be shortly sport for little children,
If thou continuest this rude stubbornness.

Jac. Oh, God, for any thug that had no

Fab. Ha, ha, ha! [edge!

Jac. Fy, what a shame it is,

To have a lubber shew his teeth!

Fab. Ha, ha! [wretched fellow?

Jac. Why dost thou laugh at me, thou
Speak, with a pox! and look you render me
Just such a reason—

Fab. I shall die with laughing! [have

Jac. As no man can find fault with. I shall
Another sword, I shall, you fleeing puppy!

Fab. Does not this testiness shew finely
in thee?

Once more, take heed of children! If they
find thee,

They'll break up school to hear thee company,
(Thou wilt be such a pastime) and hoot at
thee,

And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade²⁵,
and Spit-fire,

And Gaffer Maduan, and Go-hy, Jeronimo²⁶,

And Will with a Whisp, and Come-Aloft,
and Crack-Rope, [piece,

And old Saint Dennis with the dodgeon cud-
And twenty such names.

Jac. No, I think they will not.

Fab. Yes, but they will; and nurses still
their children [mo!]

Only with thee, not 'Here take him, Jaco-
Jac. God's precious, that I were but over
thee [neck.

One steeple height! I'd fall and break thy

Fab. 'This is the reason I laugh at thee, and,
While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one
thing. [tion me!

Jac. I wonder how thou durst thus ques-
Tion me restore my sword.

Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will. Nay, sir, keep out.

Jac. Well, I will be your fool now; speak
your mind, sir.

Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth?

Jac. How! teeth?

Fab. Yes, teeth;

Thou wouldst not be so froward else.

Jac. Teeth?

Fab. Come; 'twill make thee

A little rheumatic, but that's all one;
We'll have a hub, for spoiling of thy doublet,
And a fring'd muckender hang at thy girdle;
I'll be thy nurse, and get a coral for thee,
And a fine ring of bells.

Jac. 'Tis this, this is somewhat [you:
Too much, Fabrizio, to your friend that loves
Methinks, your goodness rather should invent
A way to make my follies less, than breed 'em.
I should have been more moderate to you;
But I see you despise me.

Fab. Now I love you. [not

There, take your sword; continue so. I dare
Stay now to try your patience; soon I'll meet
you; [state,

And, as you love your honours, and your
Redeem yourself well to the gentlewoman.
Farewell, 'till soon! [Exit.

Jac. Well, I shall think of this. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter Host, Pisto, and Boy with a glass of
wine.

Pisto. Nothing i' th' world but a dried
tongue or two.

Host. Taste him, and tell me.

Pisto. He's a valiant wine;

This must be he, mine Host.

Host. This shall be ipse.

Oh, he's a devilish biting wine, a tyrant
Where he buys hold, sir; this is he that scorns
Small beer should quench him, or a foolish
candle [him,

Bring him to bed; no, if he flinch I'll smite
And draw him out to mull amongst old mid-
wives.

Pisto. There is a soldier, I would have thee
Latter²⁷

²⁵ And Spade and Spit-fire.] If one would compare these Authors with themselves, there seems to be reason to suspect this passage as corrupted: To put in *Spade*, which is a name that carries no terror in it to children, between two which are usually made use of for that purpose, seems to me not a little odd: What I conjecture we should read is this:

'And call thee Bloody-bones, *Raw-head*, and Spit-fire.'

So in act iv. scene 3, of this play, Cinra says of Jacomo,

'Here's *Raw-head* come again.'

And in *The Prophetess*, act iv. scene 5:

'Now I look

'Like *Bloody-bones* and *Raw-head* to fright children.' *Symson*.

It is common to this day, among the vulgar, to say, when abused, 'Call me any thing but *spade*.'

²⁶ *Go hy, Jeronimo*.] An expression in the play of Jeronimo, which was the butt of ridicule for almost every author of the times. *R.*

²⁷ *Huzee thee better*.] Amended in 1750.

Above the rest, because he thinks there's no
man

Can give him drink enough.

Host. What kind of man?

Pisa. That thou mayst know him perfectly,
he's one

Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,
As if his belly were ta'en up with straw,
To hunt a match.

Host. Has he no beard to shew him?

Pisa. 'Faith, but a little; yet enough to
note him,

Which grows in parcels, here and there a
remnant:

And that thou mayst not miss him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet scabbard.

Host. That note's enough; he's mine; I'll
fuddle him.

Or lie i' th' suds. You will be here too?

Pisa. Yes.

'Till soon, farewell, and hear up.

Host. If I do not,

Sny I am recreant; I'll get things ready.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Angelo.

Julio. 'TIS strange thou shouldst be thus,
with thy discretion.

Ang. I'm sure I am so.

Julio. I nia well, you see.

Ang. Keep yourself warm then, and go
home and sleep,

And pray to God thou mayst continue so.

'Would I had gone to th' devil of an errand,
When I was made a fool to see her! Leave me;
I am not fit for conversation.

Julio. Why, thou art worse than I was.

Ang. Therefore leave me;

The nature of my sickness is not eas'd
By company or counsel: I am mad;
And, if you follow me with questions,
Shall shew myself so.

Julio. This is more than error.

Ang. 'Pray be content that you have made
And do not wonder at me. [me thus,

Julio. Let me know

But what you mean to do, and I am gone:
I would be loth to leave you thus else.

Ang. Nothing

That needs your fear; that is sufficient.
Farewell, and pray for me.

Julio. I would not leave you.

Ang. You must and shall.

Julio. I will then. 'Would you woman
Had been ten fathom underground, when first
I saw her eyes!

Ang. Yet she had been dangerous;
For to some wealthy rock of precious stone,
Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body
Might have been turn'd; which once found
out by labour,

And brought to use, having her spells within
Might have corrupted states, and ruin'd king-
doms;

Which had been fearful, friend. Go; when I
see thee

Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.

'Pray do not follow me; you'll make me angry.

Julio. Heav'n grant you may be right again!

Ang. Amen! [*Exit* severally.]

SCENE II.

Enter Tavern-Boys, &c.

Boy. Score a gallon of sack, and a pint of
olives, to the Unicorn.

Above within. Why, drawer!

Boy. Anon, anon! [there,

Another Boy. Look into the Nag's-head

2 Boy. Score a quart of claret to the Bar;
And a pound of sausages into the Flower-pot.

Enter First Servant, with wine.

1 Serv. The devil's in their throats. Anon,
anon!

Enter Second Servant.

2 Serv. Mull a pint [de-luce,
Of sack there for the women in the Flower-
And put in ginger enough; they belch like
pot-guns:

And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock;
They will not be drunk till midnight else.

How now!

How does my master?

2 Boy. 'Faith, he lies, drawing on apace.

1 Boy. That's an ill sign.

2 Boy. And fumbles with the pots too.

1 Boy. Then there's no way but one with

2 Boy. All the rest, [him.

Except the Captain, are in *limbo patrum*,

Where they lie sod in sack.

1 Boy. Does he hear up still?

2 Boy. Afore the wind still, with his lights
up bravely:

All he takes in I think he turns to juleps,

²⁸ I wish our Poets had been a little less satirical upon their master Shakespeare: This expression is a plain sneering parody upon the description of Falstaff's death, in Henry V. act ii. scene 3;

'For after I saw him fumble with the sheets,' &c. Sympton.

Or li' has a world of stowage in his belly ;
The rest look all like fire-drakes, and lie
scatter'd

Like rushes round about the room. My mis-
is now the loving'st man, I think, above
ground——

1 Boy. 'Would he were always drunk then !

Within. Drawer !

2 Boy. Anon, anon, sir !

1 Boy. And swears I shall be free to-mor-
row ; and so weeps,
And calls upon my mistress !

2 Boy. Then he's right.

1 Boy. And swears the Captain must lie
this night with her,

(And had me break it to her with discretion)

That he may leave an issue after him,

Able to entertain a Dutch ambassador ;

And tells him feelingly how sweet she is,

And how he stole her from her friends i' th'
country,

And brought her up disguised with the cur-
And was nine nights bereaving her her maid-
euchend.

And the tentigot a drawer. Here they come.

Enter Jacomo, Host, Lodovico, and Piso.

Within. Drawer !

1 Boy. Anon, anon ! Speak to the Tiger,

Host. There's my bells, boys, my silver bells.

Piso. 'Would he were hang'd

As high as I could ring him !

Host. Captain.

Jac. Hu, Boy ?

Lod. Robin sufficient single beer, as cold
As crystal ; quench, Robin, quench.

1 Boy. I'm gone, sir.

Host. Shall we bear up still ? Captain,
how I love thee !

Sweet Captain, let me kiss thee ! By this
I love thee next to malmsy in a morning,
Of all things transitory.

Jac. I love thee too,

As far as I can love a fat man.

Host. Dost thou, Captain ?

Sweetly ? and heartily ?

Jac. With all my heart, boy.

Host. Then, welcome, Denth !—Come,
close mine eyes, sweet Captain ;
Thou shalt have all.

Jac. What shall your wife have then ?

Host. Why, she shall have
(Besides my blessing, and a silver spoon)
Enough to keep her stirring in the world,
Three little children ; one of them was mine,
Upon my conscience ; th' other two are Pa-
gans !

Jac. 'Twere good she had a little foolish
To rub the time away with.

Host. Not a rag*,
Not a denier ; No ; let her spin, a God's name,
And raise her house again.

Jac. Thou shalt not die tho'.

Boy, see your master safe delivered ;

He's ready to lie-in.

Host. Good night !

Jac. Good morrow !

Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid

Lod. A pox of sack !

Host. Marry, God bless my butts ! Sack is
a jewel ;

'Tis comfortable, gentlemen.

Jac. More beer, boy ;

Very sufficient single beer.

Boy. Here, sir.

How is it, gentlemen ?

Jac. But e'en so so.

Host. Go before finely, Robin, and prepare
My wife ; bid her be right and straight ; I
come, boy.

And, sirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em use
Their own discretions, by all means, and
stir not ;

And he that's kill'd shall be as sweetly buried.
Captain, adieu ! adieu, sweet bully Captain !
One kiss before I die, one kiss !

Jac. Farewell, boy !

Host. All my sweet boys, farewell !

Lod. Go sleep ; you're drunk.

Jac. Come, gentlemen ; I'll see you at your
You look not lustily ; a quart more ?

Lod. No, boy.

Piso. Get us a torch.

Boy. 'Tis day, sir.

Jac. That's all one.

Piso. Are not those the stars, thou scurvy

Lod. Is not Charlie-wain there ? tell me
that ! there ?

Jac. Yes ;

I've paid 'em truly. Do not vex him, sirrah.

Piso. Confess it, boy ; or, as I live, I'll
Midnight into thy brains.

Boy. I do confess it.

Piso. Then live ; and draw more small
beer presently.

Jac. Come, boys, let's hug together, and
be loving,

And sing, and do brave things. Cheerily, my
A pox o' being sad ! Now could I fly,

And turn the world about upon my finger.
Come, ye shall love me ; I'm an honest fel-
low ;

Hang care and fortune ! we are friends.

Lod. No, Captain.

Jac. Do not you love me ? I love you two

Piso. No, by no means ; you are a fighting
captain,

And kill up such poor people as we are by th'

* *Th' other two are Pagans.* In the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene 2, Prince Henry, enquiring concerning Doll Tearsheet, says, 'What Pagan may that be?' upon which passage Mr. Steevens remarks, that 'Pagan seems to have been a cant term implying 'irregu-
'larity, either of birth or manners;' and, to prove it, cites these two lines of our Author. R.

* A cant term this for a farthing. *Sympson.*

Lod. As they kill flies with fox-tails, Cap-

Jac. Well, sir? [tain.]

Lod. Methinks now, as I stand, the Cap-

tain shews

To be a very merciful young man.

And 'prithee, *Piso*, let me have thy opinion.

Piso. Then he shall have mercy that mer-

Or all the painters are Apocrypha. [sciful is,

Jac. I'm glad you have your wits yet. Will

ye go?

Piso. You had best say we're drunk.

Jac. Ye are.

Lod. You lie!

Jac. Ye're rascals, drunken rascals!

Piso. 'Tis sufficient.

Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I

beat ye: [days,

You have been tampering anytime these three

Thus to disgrace me.

Piso. That's a lie too.

Jac. Well, sir! [you;

Yet, I thank God, I've turn'd your points on

For which I'll spare ye somewhat, half a beat-

ing.

Piso. I'll make you fart fire, Captain, by

this hand, [you.

An ye provoke—Dn not provoke, I'd wish

Jac. How do you like this? [Beats them.

Lod. Sure I am enchanted.

Piso. Scny till I draw—

Jac. Dispatch then; I am angry.

Piso. And thou shalt see how suddenly I'll

kill thee.

Jac. Thou dnr'st not draw. Ye cold, tame,

mangy cowards, [valiant?

Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make ye

Not wine, nor beating?

Lod. If this way be suffer'd—

Tis very well!

Jac. Go; there's your way; go and sleep!

I've pity on you; you shall have the rest

Tomorrow when we meet.

Piso. Come, *Lodovico*:

He's monstrously drunk now; there's no talk-

ing with him.

Jac. I am so; when I'm sober, I'll do more.

Boy, where's mine host? [Exit Lod. and Piso.

Boy. He's on his bed, asleep, sir. [Exit.

Jac. Let him alone then. Now am I high

proof

For any action; now could I fight bravely,

And charge into a wildfire; or I could love

Any man living now, or any woman,

Or indeed any creature that loves sack.

Extremely, monstrously: I am so loving,

Just at this instant, that I might be brought

(I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk

With a justice of peace, that to my nature

I hate next an ill sword: I will do

Some strange brave thing now; and I have

it here:

Pray God the air keep out! I feel it huzzing.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter *Frederick*, *Frank*, and *Clara*.

Clara. She loves him too much; that's the

plain truth, *Frederick*;

For which, if I might be believ'd, I think her

A strange forgetter of herself: There's *Julio*,

Or twenty more—

Fred. In your eye, I believe you;

But, credit me, the Captain is a man,

Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy—

Clara. So is a resty jade a horse of service,

If he would leave his nature. Give me one,

By your leave, sir, to make a husband of,

Not to be wean'd, when I should marry him:

Methinks, a man is misery enough.

Fred. You are too bitter. I'd not have

him worse;

Yet I shall see you hamper'd one day, lady,

I do not doubt it, for this heresy.

Clara. I'll burn before! Come, 'prithee

leave this sadness,

This walking by thyself to see the devil,

This mumps, this *lacrime*, this love in sip-

It fits thee like a French hood. [pets;

Frank. Does it so?

I'm sure it fits thee to be ever talking, [ly;

And nothing to the purpose: Take up quick

Thy wit will founder of all four else, wench,

If thou hold'st this pace; take up, when I

bid thee.

Clara. Before your brother? fy!

Fred. I can endure it.

Enter *Jucomo*.

Clara. Here's Raw-head come again. Lord,

how he looks!

'Pray God we 'scape with broken pates!

Frank. Were I he,

Thou should'st not want thy wish. He has

Has he not, *Frederick*? [been drinking;

Fred. Yes; but do not find it.

Clara. Peace, and let's hear his wisdom.

Fred. You will mad him.

Jac. I'm somewhat bold, but that's all one.

Clara. A short and pithy saying of a sol-

Frank. As I live, [dier.

Thou art a strange mad wench!

Clara. To make a parson.

Jac. Ladies, I mean to kiss you—

Clara. How he wipes [have it.

His mouth, like a young preacher! We shall

Jac. In order as you lie before me: First,

I will begin with you.

Frank. With me, sir?

Jac. Yes.

Frank. If you will promise me to kiss in

I care not if I venture. [tions,

Jac. I'll kiss according to mine own inven-

As I shall see cause; sweetly I would wish

I love you. [you.

Frank. Do you, sir?

Jac. Yes, indeed do I;

'Would I could tell you how!

Frank. I would you would, sir!

Jac. I would to God I could; but 'tis sufficient, I love you with my heart. [cien,

Frank. Alas, poor heart!

Jac. And I am sorry; but we'll talk of that hereafter, if't please God.

Frank. Even when you will, sir.

Clara. He's dismal drunk; would he were

Jac. You, [muzzled! I take it, are the next.

Frank. Go to him, fool.

Clara. Not I; he'll bite me.

Jac. When, wit? when?

Clara. Good Captain! [mercy,

Jac. Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no But catch as catch may.

Fred. Nay, I'll not defend you.

Clara. Good Captain, do not hurt me! I That e'er I anger'd you. [am sorry

Jac. I'll tew you for't,

By this hand, wit, unless you kiss discreetly. [kisses her.

Clara. No more, sir.

Jac. Yes, a little more, sweet wit; One taste more o' your office. Go thy ways, With thy small kettle-drums; upon my conscience, [o'er,

Thou art the best that e'er man laid his leg

Clara. He smells just like a cellar. Fy upon

Jac. Sweet lady, now to you. [him!

[Going to Frederick.

Clara. For love's sake, kiss him.

Fred. I shall not keep my countenance.

Frank. Try, prithee.

Jac. 'Pray be not coy, sweet woman; for I'll kiss you.

I'm blunt; but you must pardon me.

Clara. Oh, God, my sides!

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?

Why all this noise, sweet ladies?

Clara. Lusty Laurence,

See what a gentlewoman you've saluted:

'Pray God, she prove not quick!

Fred. Where were thine eyes,

To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Who art's? art's mortal?

Fred. I am Frederick. [Frederick,

Jac. Then Frederick is an ass, a scurvy To laugh at me.

Frank. Sweet Captain!

Jac. Away, woman! [woman!

Go stitch, and serve God; I despise thee, And Frederick shall be beaten. 'Shlood, you rogue,

Have you none else to make your puppies of But me?

Fred. I prithee be more patient; There's no hurt done.

Jac. 'Shlood, but there shall be, scab!

Clara. Help, help, for love's sake!

Frank. Who's within there?

Fred. So!

Now you have made a fair hand.

Jac. Why?

Fred. You've kill'd me. [Falls as kill'd.

Clara. Call in some officers, and stay the

Jac. You shall not need. [Capain!

Clara. This is your drunkenness! [rick!

Frank. Oh, me! unhappy brother Frederick! Look but upon me; do not part so from me!

Set him a little higher. He is dead!

Clara. Oh, villain, villain!

Enter Fabritio and Servants.

Fab. How now! what's the matter?

Frank. Oh, sir, my brother! Oh, my dearest brother!

Clara. This drunken trough has kill'd him.

Fab. Kill'd him?

Clara. Yes.

For God sake, hang him quickly! he will do Ev'ry day such a murder else. There's nothing

But a strong gallows that can make him quiet; I find it in his nature too late.

Fab. 'Pray be quiet;

Let me come to him.

Clara. Same go for a surgeon!

Frank. Oh, what a wretched woman has he made me!

Let me alone, good sir!

Fab. To what'n fortune

Hast thou reserv'd thy life!

Jac. Fabritio.

Fab. Never entreat me; for I will not know thee,

Nor utter one word for thee, unless it be To have thee hang'd.—For God sake, be more temperate!

Jac. I have a sword still, and I am a villain!

Clara, &c. Hold, hold, hold!

Jac. Ha!

Clara. Away with him, for Heaven's sake! He is too desperate for our enduring. [not;

Fab. Come, you shall sleep; come, sir, I'll have it so. Here, take him to his lodging;

And see him laid before you part.

Serv. We will, sir. [Exeunt Jac. and Serv.

Fred. Ne'er wonder; I am living yet, and well. [n

I thank you, sister, for your grief; 'pray keep 'till I am fitter for it.

Fab. Do you live, sir?

Fred. Yes; but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown

To such a madness in his wine.

Fab. 'Twas well, sir,

* *Jac.* Ha! Exit.] So, without authority, reads Symphon; but it is impossible the Author should intend Jacomo to depart here, when Fabritio's next speech is partly addressed to her, and partly to the Servants, directing them to 'take him to his lodging;' by which speech, also, we understand that he struggled with them.

You had that good respect unto his temper,
That no worse followed.

Fred. If I had stood him,
Certain one of us must have perish'd. How
now, Frank? [aspea!]

Frank. Beshrew my heart, I tremble like an
Clara. Let him come here no more, for
liague's sake,

Unless he be in chains.

Frank. I would fain see him
After he has slept, Fabritio, but to try
How he will be. Chide him, and bring him
back.

Clara. You'll never leave, 'till you be wor-
ried with him.

Frank. Come, brother; we'll walk in, and
laugh a little,

To get this fever off me.

Clara. Hang him, squib!

Now could I grind him into priming powder.
Frank. 'Pray will you leave your fooling?

Fab. Come, all friends! [men sore,

Frank. Thou art enough to make an age of
Thou art so cross and peevish.

Fab. I will chide him; [fur't.

And, if he be not graceless, make him cry
Clara. I'd go a mile (to see him cry) in
slippers,

He would look so like a whey-cheese.

Frank. 'Would we might see him once

Fab. If you dare [more!

Venture a second trial of his temper,

I make no doubt to bring him.

Clara. No, good Frank,

Let him alone: I see his vein lies only

For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,
That may express him sturdy.

Fab. Now, indeed,

You are too sharp, sweet sister; for unless
It be this sin, which is enough to shrow him,

I mean this sourness, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as understanding else,

As any he that lives.

Frank. I do believe you;

And, good sir, when you see him, if we have
Distasted his opinion any way,

Make pence again.

Fab. I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.

Clara. Take heed! y' had best; h' has
sworn to pay you else. [threaten'd.

Fab. I warrant you; I have been often

Clara. When he comes next, I'll have the
cough, or tooth-ach, [chamber;
Or something that shall make me keep my
I love him so well.

Frank. 'Would you'd keep your tongue!
[Exit.

SCENE IV a.

Enter Angela.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ugly old
woman,

This Lelia; whom I know too, yet am enought;
Her looks are nothing like her: 'Would her

Were all in Paris print upon her face, [faults
Cum privilegio to use 'em still! I would write

An epistle before it, on the inside of her mask,
And dedicate it to the whore of Babylon;

With a preface upon her nose to the gentle
And they should be to be sold [reader:

At the sign of the Whore's Head i' th' Pot-
tage-pot,

In what street you please. But all this helps
not me!

I'm made to be thus catch'd, past any redress,
With a thing I contain too. I've read *Epi-*

stas
Twice over 'gainst the desire of these out-
ward things;

And still her face runs in my mind: I went
To say my prayers, and they were so laid out

o' th' way,
That if I could find any prayers I had,

I am no Christian. This is the door, and the
short is,

I must see her again. [He knocks.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Ang. 'Tis I:

I would speak with your mistress.

Maid. Did she send for you?

Ang. No; what then? I would see her.
'Prithce, by thy leave!

Maid. Not by my leave; for she will not
see you, but doth hate

You and your friend, and doth wish you both
hang'd;

Which, being so proper men, is great pity
That you are not.

Ang. How is this?

"Come, all friends.

Frank. 'Thou art enough to make an age of men so,

'Thou art so cross and peevish.' [This seems, says Mr. Symphon, 'to be as odd a reason

'as well could be given, to confirm the line above.' And he supposes that 'some line or

'lines have been dropt.'—The first copy is much confused in this scene: it never mentions

the departure of Jacomo; but on Fabritio's saying, 'Come, all friends,' it says, *Exeunt*, as

if all were to depart, though Fabritio and the two ladies continue conversing.—The altera-

tion of *so to sore* (which we have made) destroys the absurdity which Symphon complains

of, and which every one must see.

"Scene IV.] The measure of this scene (till the entrance of the Father) is, in all editions

prior to that of 1750, divided extremely bad: Mr. Symphon then made a new division of the

lines, which seems to us far from satisfactory. We have endeavoured to make out a better

Maid. For your sweet self, in particular,
Who she resolves persuaded your friend to
neglect her, [unction,
She deemeth whippcord the most convenient
For your back and shoulders.

Ang. Let me in, I'll satisfy her.

Maid. And if 't shall happen that you are
in doubt

Of these my speeches, insomuch that you
Shall spend more time in arguing at the door,
I am fully persuaded that my mistress in per-
son from above,

Will utter her mind more at large, by way
Of urine upoa your head, that it may sink
The more soundly into your understanding
faculties. [pretty soul,

Ang. This is the strangest thing! Good
Why dost thou use me so? I pray thee
Let me in, Sweet-heart!

Maid. Indeed I cannot, Sweet-heart!

Ang. Thou art a handsome one, and this
Does not become thee. [crossness

Maid. Alas, I cannot help it.

Ang. Especially to me: Thou know'st when
I was here

I said I lik'd thee of all thy mistress' servants.

Maid. So did I you; tho' it be not my for-
To express it at this present; for truly, [tune
If you would cry, I cannot let you in.

Ang. Pox on her! I must go the down-right
way.—Look you, [her.

Here is ten pound for you, let me speak with

Maid. I like your gold well, but it is a
thing, [with you,

By Heav'n, I cannot do! She will not speak
Especially at this time; sh' has affairs.

Ang. This makes her leave her jesting yet.
—But take it,

And let me see her; bring me to a place

Where, undiscord of herself, I may

Feed my desiring eyes but half-an-hour.

Maid. Why, 'faith, I think I can; and I
will stretch [swear,

My wits and body too for gold. If you will
As you are gentle, not to stir or speak,

Whatever you shall see or hear, now or
hereafter—

Give me your gold: I'll p'ant you.

Ang. Why, as I am a gentleman,

I will not.

Maid. Enough. Quick! follow me.

[Exeunt.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why, where's this maid? She has
much care of her business! [whiew!

Nell! I think she be sunk! Why, Nell,

Maid. [within]. What is the matter?

Enter Maid.

Serv. I pray you heartily come away!

Oh, come, come. The gentleman my mis-
tress invited

Is coming down the street, and the banquet
Not yet brought out!

[They bring in the banquet.

Lelia. [within]. Nell, sirrah!

Maid. I come, forsooth.

Serv. Now must I walk:

When there is any fleshly matters in hand,
My mistress sends me of a four hours' errand:
But if I go not about mine own bodily business
As well as she, I am a Turk. [Exit.

Enter Father.

Father. What! all wide open? 'Tis the way
to sin,

Doubtless; but I must on; the gates of hell
Are not more passable than these: How they
Will be to get out, God knows; I must try.
'Tis very strange! If there be any life [self!
Within this house, 'would it would shew it-
What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to
eat,

Or bid me do it? This is something like
The entertainment of adventurous knights
Ent'ring enchanted castles; for the manner,
Tho' there be nothing unusual to be seen,
Amazes me a little. What is meant
By this strange invitation? I will sound
My daughter's meaning ere I speak to her,
If it be possible; for by my voice [Music.
She will discover me. Hark! whence is this?

THE SONG.*

Come hither, you that love, and hear me

Of joys still growing, [sing

Green, fresh and lusty, as the pride of

And ever blowing. [spring,

Come hither, youths that blush, and dare
not know

What is desire,

Aad old men, worse thana you, that cannot

One spark of fire. [blow

And with the power of my enchanting song,

Boys shall be able men, and old men young.

Enter Angelo above.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that

Leave off complaining; [cry;

Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall

never die,

Are here remaining. [long

Come hither, fools, and blush you stay so

From being blest, [wrong,

And mad men worse than you, that suffer

Yet seek no rest.

And in an hour, with my enchanting song,

You shall be ever pleas'd, and young maids

long.

*Enter Lelia and Woman, with night-gown
and slippers.*

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome hither! as this
kiss,

* Where you shall.] Varied by Symphon.

* It is a sufficient compliment to this Song, that Mr. Killigrew has inserted it in his Thomas,
or Merry Wanderer. Symphon.

Give'n with a larger freedom than the use
Of strangers will admit, shall witness to you.—
Put the gown on him.—In this chair sit
down.—

Give him his slippers.—Be not so amaz'd:
Here's to your health! and you shall feel this
wine

Sit lively in me, in the dead of night.—
Give him some wine.—Fall to your banquet,
And let us grow in mirth. Tho' I am set [sir;
Now thus far off you, yet, four glasses hence,
I will sit here, and try, till both our bloods
Shoot up and down to find a passage out;
Thou mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undress one another as we go;
Where both my treasure, body, and my soul,
Are yours to be dispos'd of.

Father. Umh! umh!

[*Makes signs of his white head and beard.*]

Lelia. You are old?

Is that your meaning? Why, you are to me
The greater novelty; all our fresh youth
Are daily offer'd me. Tho' you perform,
As you think, little, yet you satisfy
My appetite; from your experience
I may learn something in the way of lust
I may be better for. But I can teach
These young ones: But this day I did refuse
A pair of them; Julio and Angelo, [fools
And told them they were, as they were, raw
And whelps. [*Ang. makes discontented signs.*]

Maid. 'Pray God he speak out!

[*Maid lays her finger cross her mouth to him.*]

Lelia. Why speak you not,
Sweet sir?

Father. Umh!

[*Stops his ears; shews he is troubled with the
musick.*]

Lelia. Peace there, that musick! Now, sir,
Speak to me.

Father. Umh! [*Points to the Maid.*]

Lelia. Why? would you have her gone?

You need not keep your freedom in for her;
She knows my life, that she might write it;
think

She is a stone: She is a kind of bawdy coun-
sellor, and will not utter secrets.

Father. Umh! [*Points at her again.*]

Lelia. Be gone then,

Since he needs will have it so. 'Tis all one.

[*Exit Maid. Father locks the door.*]
Is all now as you would; Come, meet me
then;

And bring a thousand kisses on thy lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet have
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.

Father. Yes, all is as I would, but thou!

Lelia. By Heaven,
It is my father? [*Starts.*]

Father. And I do beseech thee

Leave these unheard-of lusts, which worse
become thee

Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes
Reflect upon thy soul, and there behold
How loathed black it is; and whereas unw

Thy face is heav'nly fair, but thy mind foul,
Go but into thy closet, and there cry
Till thou hast spoil'd that face, and thou shalt
find

How excellent a change thou wilt have made,
For inward beauty.

Lelia. Tho' I know him now

To be my father, never let me live
If my lust do abate! I'll take upon me
To have known him all this while.

Father. Look! dost thou know me?

Lelia. I knew you, sir, before.

Father. What didst thou do?

Lelia. Knew you: And so unmov'dly have
you borne

All the sad crosses that I laid upon you,
With such a noble temper, which indeed
I purposely cast on you, to discern
Your carriage in enmity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave con-
tempt,

That I have turn'd the reverence of a child
Into the hot affection of a lover: [yours,
Nor can there on the earth be found, but
A spirit fit to meet with mine.

Father. A woman?

Thou art not sure!

Lelia. Look and believe.

Father. Thou art

Something created to succeed the devil,
When he grows weary of his curious course,
And compassing the world. But I believe
thee;

Thou didst but mean to try my patience,
And dost so still: But better be advis'd,
And make thy trial with some other things
That satelier will admit a dalliance:
And if it should be earnest, understand
How curs'd thou art! so far from Heaven,
that thou

Believ'st it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a stranger, but wouldst heap all sins
Unnatural upon this aged head;
And draw thy father to thy bed, and hell!

Lelia. You are deceiv'd, sir; 'tis not a-
gainst nature

For us to lie together: If you have
An arrow of the same tree with your bow,
It's more unnatural to shoot it there
Than in another? 'Tis our general nature
To procreate, as fire's is to consume;
And it will trouble you to find a stick
The fire will turn from. If't be Nature's will
We should not mix, she will discover to us
Some most apparent crossness, as our organs
Will not be fit; which if we do perceive
We'll leave, and think it is her pleasure
That we should deal with others.

Father. The doors are fast;

Thou shalt not say a prayer! 'tis not God's will
Thou shouldst. When this is done, I'll kill
myself,

That never thou may tell me I got thee.

[*Father draws his sword; Angelo discovers
himself.*]

Lelia. I pray you, sir!—Help there!—for God's sake, sir! [your age!]

Ang. Hold, reverend sir! for honour of *Father.* Who's that? [soul]

Ang. For safety of your soul, and of the Of that too wicked woman yet to die!

Father. What art thou? and how can'st thou to that place?

Ang. I am a man so strangely hither come, That I have broke an oath in speaking this; But I believe 'twas better broke than kept, And I desire your patience. Let me in, And I protest I will not hinder you In any act you wish, more than by word. If so I can persuade you, that I will not Use violence, I'll throw my sword down to you.

This house holds none but I, only a maid, Whom I will lock fast in, as I come down.

Father. I do not know thee; but thy tongue doth seem

To be acquainted with the truth as well

That I will let thee in: Throw down thy *Ang.* There 'tis! [sword]

Lelia. How came he there? I am betray'd to shame!

The fear of sudden death struck me all over So violently, that I scarce have breath

To speak yet: But I have it in my head, And out it shall, that, *Father*, may perhaps

O'er-reach you yet. [*Father lets in Angelo.*]

Father. Come, sir; what is't you say?

Lelia. My *Angelo*! By all the joys of love, Thou art as welcome, as these pleasant arms

Twine'd round, and fast about thee, can persuade thee!

Ang. Away! [can'st!]

Lelia. I was in such a fright before thou

Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh, Tho' it fear'd me) has talk'd so wildly here!

Sorrah, he rush'd in at my doors, and swore He was my father, and, I think, believ'd it:

But that he had a sword, and threaten'd me, I' faith he was good sport. Good, thrust him out,

That thou and I may kiss together; wilt thou?

Father. Are you her champion? and with these fair words,

Got in to rescue her from me? [*Offers to run at him.*]

Ang. Hold, sir!

I swear I do not harbour such a thought: I speak it not for that you have two swords,

But for 'tis truth. [*swords*]

Lelia. Two swords, my *Angelo*?

Think this, that thou hast two young brawny arms

And ne'er a sword, and he has two good And ne'er an arm to use 'em: Rush upon him!

I could have beaten him with this weak body, If I had had the spirit of a man.

Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or by Heaven [thrice!]

I'll trample thy last damaging word out of *Father.* Why do you hinder me then?

stand away,

And I will rid her quickly.

Lelia. 'Would I were

Clear of this business! yet I cannot pray.

Ang. Oh, be advis'd! Why, you were better kill her, [place,

If she were good. Convey her from this Where none but you, and such as you appoint,

May visit her; where let her hear of nought But death and damning, (which she hath deserv'd)

Till she be truly, justly sorrowful; And then, lay merry to her, who does know But she may mend?

Father. But whither should I bear her?

Ang. To my house;

'Tis large and private; I will lend it you.

Father. I thank you, sir; and happily it fits With some design I have. But how shall we Convey her—

Lelia. Will they carry me away?

Father. For she will scratch and kick, and scream so loud

That people will be drawn to rescue her.

Ang. Why, none can hear her here, but her own maid,

Who is as fast as she.

Father. But in the street?

Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,

There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em

Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door, And hurry 'em away.

Father. It shall be so.

I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:

There is your sword. Lay hold upon her quickly.

This way with me, thou disobedient child!

Why does thy stubborn heart beat at thy breast?

Let it be still; for I will have it search'd

'Till I have found a well of living tears

Within it, that shall spring out of thine eyes,

And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with sin,

'Till it have wash'd it quite without a stain.

Lelia. Help! help! ah! ah! Murder! I shall be murder'd! [*They drag her.*]

I shall be murder'd!

Father. This helps thee not.

Lelia. Basely murder'd, basely!

Father. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Lodovico and Piso.

Lod. THIS roguish Captain has made fine work with us. [carry him]

Piso. I would the devil in a storm would home to his garrison again. I ache all over, that I am sure of! Certainly my body is of a wild-fire *, for my head rings backward else I have a morris in my brains. [ward.]

Lod. I'll deal no more with soldiers. Well remember'd;

Did not the vision promise to appear about this time again?

Piso. Yes. Here he comes: He's just out's word.

Enter Father.

Father. Oh, they be here together. She's penitent; and, by my troth, I stagger, whether, as now she is, either of these two fools be worthy of her: Yet, because her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd, and marriage now may stay her, one of 'em (And Piso, since I understand him abler) shall be the man; the other bear the charges, and willingly, as I will handle it. I have a ring here, which he shall believe is sent him from a woman I have thought of: But ere I leave it, I'll have one of his in pawn worth two on't; for I will not lose by such a mess of sugar-sops as this is; I am too old.

Lod. It moves again; let's meet it.

Father. Now, if I be not out, we shall have fine sport.

I am glad I've met you, sir, so happily; You do remember me, I'm sure.

Lod. I do, sir. [tence.]

Piso. This is a short prelude to a chaf-

Father. I have a message, sir, that much concerns you. [hear too.]

And for your special good. Nay, you may *Piso.* What should this fellow mean?

Father. There is a lady—

How the poor thing begins to warm already— Come to this town, (as yet a stranger here, sir)

Fair, young, and rich, both in possessions, And all the graces that make up a woman, A widow, and a virtuous one.—It works; He needs no l-rath upon't.

Lod. What of her, sir?

Father. No more but this; she loves you.

Lod. Loves me?

Father. Yes;

And with a strong affection, but a fair one. If you be wise and thankful, you are made: There's the whole matter.

Lod. I am sure I bear this. [hue]

Father. Here is a ring, sir, of no little value. Which, after she had seen you at a window, She had me haste, and give it; when she like a blown rose. [blush'd]

Lod. But 'pray, sir, by your leave— Methinks your years should promise no ill meaning. [coursier*]

Father. I am un-bawd, nor cheater, nor a Of broken-winded women: If you fear me, I'll take my leave, and let my lady use A fellow of more form; an honestier I'm sure she cannot.

Lod. Stay! you have confirm'd me: Yet let me feel; you are in health?

Father. I hope so;

My water's well enough, and my pulse.

Lod. Then

All may be excellent. 'Pray pardon me; For I am like a boy that had found money, Afraid I dream still.

Piso. Sir, what kind of woman, Of what proportion, is your lady?

Lod. Ay? [ture:]

Father. I'll tell you presently her very picture you know a woman in this town that stay; yes; it is so—Lelia? [call—]

Piso. Not by sight.

Father. Nor you, sir?

Lod. Neither.

Father. These are precious rogues,

* *Is of a wildfire* So the old copies. The reading in the text [all for of] is from Mr. Seward's conjecture, who thinks it much more agreeable to the tenor of this speech. *Symon.*

We believe the reading of the old copies right; meaning, 'My body is [MADE] of a wildfire.'

* *Nor a courser.* Though I have changed *coursier* to *courser*, as we commonly pronounce it, yet I fancy we ought to make a further correction still, and for *coursier* read *caser*, i. e. *mergant*, a merchant or dealer in, &c. the word *cose* in Scotch signifying to change or barter. I am indebted to the ingenious and learned Mr. Lye, for this sense of the word. *Vid. Junii Etymologicum Anglicanum ad verbum cosed. Symon.*

Though Mr. Symon thus confidently says, 'I have changed,' yet *coursier* is the reading of the second folio; and is, as the context proves, evidently right; 'a *coursier* of broken-winded women.'—In the same style is his assertion, that, when Angelo (p. 340) is persuading Lelia's Maid to admit him into the house, the other copies make Angelo say, 'This crossness does become thee,' and that 'he has inserted the participle *nut*,' which, however, appears in the second folio.

To rail upon a woman they ne'er saw :

So they would use their kindred. *[Aside.]*

Piso. We have heard tho'

She's very fair and goodly.

Father. Such another,
Just of the same complexion, making, speech,
(But a thought sweeter) is my lady.

Lod. Then

She must be excellent indeed.

Father. Indeed she is,

And you will find it so. You do believe me?

Lod. Yes, marry do I; and I am so alter'd—

Father. Your happiness will alter any man.
Do not delay the time, sir: At a house
Where don Velasco lay, the Spanish signor,
Which now is signor Angelo's, she is.

Lod. I know it.

Father. But before you shew yourself,
Let it be night by all means; willingly
By day she would not have such gallants seen
Repair unto her; 'tis her modesty.

Lod. I'll go and fit myself.

Father. Do; and be sure
You send provision in, in full abundance,
Fit for the marriage; for this night, I know,
She will be yours. Sir, have you ne'er a token
Of worth to send her back again? You must;
She will expect it.

Lod. Yes; 'pray give her this,

[Gives a ring.]

And with it, all I have. I'm made for ever!

[Exit.]

Piso. Well, thou lust fools' luck. Should
I live as long

As an old oak, and say my prayers hourly,
I should not be the better of a penny.
I think the devil be my ghostly father!
Upon my conscience, I am full as handsome;
I'm sure I have more wit, and more perform-
Which is a pretty matter. *[ance.]*

Father. Do you think, sir, *[stout]*
That your friend, signor Piso, will be con-
Unto my lady? you should know him well.

Piso. Who? signor Piso?

Father. Yes, the gentleman.

Piso. Why, you are wide, sir.

Father. Is not his name Piso?

Piso. No; mine is Piso.

Father. How!

Piso. It is indeed, sir;

And his is Lodovic.

Father. Then I'm undone, sir!

For I was sent at first to Piso. What a rascal
Was I, so ignorantly to mistake you!

Piso. Peace;

There is no harm done yet.

Father. Now 'tis too late,
I know my error: At turning of a street,
(For you were then upon the right-hand of
him)

You chang'd your places suddenly; where I
(Like a cross blockhead*) lost my memory.
What shall I do? My lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.

Piso. Never fear it;

I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee. Oh, oh!

Am I at length repented? For the ring,

I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from
him:

It had better keep tame devils than that ring.
Art thou not steward?

Father. No.

Piso. Thou shalt be shortly.

Father. Lord, how he takes it! *[Aside.]*

Piso. I'll go shift me straight.

Art sure it was to Piso?

Father. Oh, too sure, sir.

Piso. I'll mount thee, if I live, for't—Give
me patience,

Heaven, to bear this blessing, I beseech thee!

I am but man! I prithee break my head,

To make me understand I'm sensible. *[sir.]*

Father. Lend me your dagger, and I will,

Piso. No;

I believe now, like a good christian.

Father. Good sir, make haste; I dare not
go without you,

Since I have so mistaken.

Piso. 'Tis no matter: *[ret's—]*

Meet me within this half-hour at St. Marga-
Well, go thy ways, old leg! thou hast the
trick on't. *[Exit.]*

Enter Angelo and Julio.

Ang. How now! the news?

Father. Well, passing well; I have 'em
Both in a leash, and made right for my pur-
pose.

Julio. I'm glad on't. I must leave you.

Ang. Whither, man? *[ton.]*

Julio. If all go right, I may be first enough

Ang. I cry you mercy, sir! I know your
meaning:

Clara's the woman; she's Frank's bedfellow.

Commend me to 'em; and go, Julio.

Bring 'em to supper all, to grace this matter:

They'll serve for witnesses.

Julio. I will. Farewell!

*[Ex. Julio at one door; Ang. and Father
at another.]*

SCENE II.

Enter Clara, Frank, Frederick, and Maid.

Fred. Sister, I brought you Giacomo to th'
door:

He has forgot all that he said last night;

And shame of that makes him more loth to

I left Fabricio persuading him; *[come.]*

But 'tis in vain.

Frank. Alas, my fortune, Clara!

* A cross blockhead.] I have a strong suspicion that *gross* was the original reading; i. e.
What a great, stupid, dull, &c. blockhead was I! *Symson.*

Cross may perhaps be used by the Poets in the sense of *blundering*.

Clara. Now, Frank, see what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when he's drunk.

Frank. If so,
'Faith I would marry him: My friends, I hope,
Would make him drink.

Clara. 'Tis well consider'd, Frank,
He has such pretty humours then. Besides,
Bring a soldier, 'tis better he should love you
When he's drunk, than when he's sober; for
then [on's life.

He will be sure to love you the greatest part
Frank. And were not I a happy woman then?

Clara. That ever was born, Frank, I foith.

Fred. How now! what says he?

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. 'Faith, you may as well 'tice a dog up
With a whip and bell, as him by telling him
Of love and women: He swears they mock

Fred. Look how my sister weeps. [him.

Fab. Why, who can help it?

Fred. Yes, you may safely swear she loves
him. [onthis

Fab. Why, so I did; and may do all the
Arithmetick can make, ere he believe me;
And since he was last drunk, he is more
jealous [him
They would abuse him. If we could persuade
She lov'd, he would embrace it.

Fred. She herself
Shall bate so much of her own modesty,
To swear it to him, with such tears as now
You see rain from her.

Fab. I believe 'twould work;
But would you have her do's i' th' open street?
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.
How shall we get him hither?

Fred. By entreaty.

Fab. 'Tis most impossible. No; if we could
Anger him hither, (as there is no way
But that to bring him) and then hold him fast,
Women and men, whilst she delivers to him
The truth seal'd with her tears, he would be
pliant^a

As a pleas'd child. He walks below for me,
Under the window.

Clara. We'll anger him, I warrant ye:
Let one o' th' maids take a good bowl of wa-
Or say it be a piss-pot, and pour it [ter,
On's head.

Fab. Content! Hang me, if I like not
The cast on't rarely; for no question

'Tis an approv'd receipt to fetch such a fellow.
Take all the wuneco-kind in this house, be-
twixt [them

The age of one and one hundred, and let
Take unto them a pot or a bowl, containing
Seven quorts or upwards, and let them never
leave [full;

'Till the above-nam'd pot or bowl become
Then let one of them stretch out her arm,
and pour it [him;

On his head, and, *probatum est*, it will fetch
For in his anger he will run up, and then
Let us alone.

Clara. Go you and do it. [Exit Maid.

Frank. Good Clara, no.

Clara. Away, I say, and do it. Never fear;
We have enough of that water ready distill'd.

Frank. Why, this will make him mad,
Fabritio;

He'll neither love me drunk, nor sober, now.

Fab. I warrant you. What, is the wench
come up?

Enter Maid above.

Clara. Art thou there, wench?

Maid. Ay.

Fab. Look out then

If thou canst see him.

Maid. Yes, I see him; and by my truth
He stands so fair, I could not hold, were he
My father. His hat's off too, and he's scratch-
His head: [ing

Fab. Oh, wash that hand, I prithee.

Maid. God send thee good luck!

'Tis the second time I have thrown thee out
to-day.

Ha, ha, ho! just on's head.

Frank. Alas!

Fab. What does he now?

Maid. He gathers stones: God's light, he
breaks all the street-windows^b!

^a *He would be plain.* Plain being evidently corrupt, Mr. Seward proposes to read *pliant*; and Mr. Simpson, *plain*, i. e. (upon authority of Spencer) *fond*. We think this very uncouth, and that Seward's conjecture is much more plausible.

^b *The street windows.* This is a passage I cannot at all reconcile with the context; as perhaps not being skilful enough in architecture; for what windows were the *street* ones? High ones, no doubt; because he breaks them with stones. But what were the low ones he is now breaking with his sword? Were not these toward the street too? If they were not, why are they not distinguished? and if they be, then there is a distinction without a difference. I suspect the passage corrupted, and that to make our Poets talk sense, and the whole passage consistent, we ought to read:

————— the *garret* windows.^c

The Captain broke those with stones, the garret being the place from whence the jordan was discharged; but after his ammunition was spent, like a more officer, he charges the lower windows sword in hand, and manfully makes a mighty breach in the innocent and inoffensive ground-roof windows. *Symptom.*

The *street* windows mean simply the windows that look to the *street*; any of which he might throw stones at; but he could reach none but the *lower* ones with his sword, which are therefore necessarily specified.

Jac. [within.] Whores! bawds! your windows, your windows!
Maid. Now he is breaking
All the low windows with his sword: Excellent sport!

Now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at him;
Truly the man takes it patiently: Now he goes

Down the street gravely, looking on each side;
There's not one more dare laugh.

Frank. Does he go on?

Maid. Yes.

Frank. Fabritio, you have undone a maid
[Kneels.]

By treachery; know you some other better,
You would prefer your friend to? If you do not,

Bring him again! I have no other hope [me,
But you, that made me lose hope; if you fail
I ne'er shall see him, but shall languish out
A discontented life, and die contemn'd.

Fab. This vexes me! I pray you be more patient.

If I have any truth, let what will happen,
[Lifts her up.]

I'll bring him presently. Do you all stand
At the street-door, the maids, and all, to watch

When I come back, and have some private
To shuffle me into; for he shall follow
In fury, but I know I can out-run him:
As he comes in, clap all fast hold on him,
And use your own discretions.

Fred. We will do it. [hither,

Fab. But suddenly; for I will bring him
With that unstopp'd speed, that he shall run
over

All that's in's way: And tho' my life be vent-
'Tis no great matter, I will do't.

Frank. I thank you, worthy Fabritio.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide
But am I grown so contemptible, [me;
By being once drunk amongst 'em, that they
begin

To throw piss on my head? for surely it was
piss: Huh, huh! [Seems to smell.]

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Jacomo, how dost thou?

Jac. Well; something troubled
With watrish humours.

Fab. Foh! how thou stink'st!
'Prithee stand further off me. Methinks these
humours

Become thee better than thy dry cholerick hu-
Or thy wine-wet humours. Ha!

Jac. You're pleasant;
But, Fabritio, know I am not in the mood
Of suffering jests.

Fab. If you be not i'th' mood,
I hope you will not be moody. But truly

I cannot blame the gentlewomen; you stood
eves-dropping

Under their window, and would not come up.

Jac. Sir, I suspect now, by your idle talk,
Your hand was in't; which, if I once believe,
Be sure you shall account to me.

Fab. The gentlewomen
And the maids have counted to you already;
The next turn I see is mine.

Jac. Let me die, but this
Is very strange! Good Fabritio, don't
Provoke me so.

Fab. Provoke you? You're grown
The strangest fellow! there's no keeping
company with you.

Fish! take you that,
[Fib. gives him a box o' th' ear. Jac.
draws his sword.]

Jac. Oh, all the devils! Stand, slave!

Fab. Follow me if thou dar'st. [Exit.]

Jac. Stay, coward, stay! [Exit running.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick, Frank, Clara, Servant, and
Maid.

Clara. Be ready; for I see Fabritio run-
And Jacomo behind him. [sing.]

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Where's the place?
Fred. That way, Fabritio. [Exit Fab.]

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Where art thou, treacher? [Fred.
Clara, and Maid, lay hold on Jac.] What's
the matter, sirs?

Why do you hold me? I am basely wrong'd!
Torture and hell be with you! let me go!

[They drag him to a chair, and hold him
down in it.] [hear

Fred. Good Jacomo, be patient; and bat
What I can say: You know I am your friend;
If you yet doubt it, by my soul I am.

Jac. 'Sdeath, stand away! I would my
brenth were poison!

Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown
on you, [hither

And this now done, were but to draw you
For causes weighty, that concern yourself,
Void of all malice; which this maid, my sister,
Shall tell you.

Jac. Puh! a pox upon you all! you will
not hnd me

For ever here; and, till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.

Frank. As you're a gentleman,
Let not this boldness make me be believ'd
To be immodest! If there were a way
More silently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would chuse; but as it is,
Take it in plainness: I do love you more
Than you do your content. If you refuse
To pity me, I'll never cease to weep;
And when mine eyes be out, I will be told
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall;

And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a sigh shall make 'em start and leap,
As if the fire were under.

Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking!

Fred. Mocking? Look how she weeps.

Jac. Does she counterfeit crying too?

Fred. Behold how the tears flow! Or pity
Or never more he call'd a man. [her,

Jac. How's this?

Soft you, soft you, my masters! Is it possible, think you,

She should be in earnest?

Clara. Earnest? Ay, in earnest:

She is a fool to break so many sleeps,
That would have been sound ones,
And venture such a face, and so much life,
For e'er an humorous ass i' th' world.

Frank. Why, Clara,

I have known you cry as much for Julio,
That has not half his worth. All night you
write

And weep, too much, I fear: I do but what
I should.

Clara. If I do write, I'm answer'd, Frank.

Frank. I would I might be so!

Jac. Good Frederick, let me go; [feet.

I would fain try if that thing do not counter-

Fred. Give me your sword then.

Jac. No; but take my word,

As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
Myself, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full consent.

Fred. It is enough.

Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel
your face:

I am an infidel, if she don't weep!

Stay; where's my handkerchief? I'll wipe
The old wet off: The fresh tears come! Pox
on't, I am

A handsome gracious fellow amongst women,
And knew it not. Gentlewoman, how should
I know [dread?

These tears are for me? Is not your mother

Frank. By Heaven, they are for you!

Jac. Slight, I'll have my head curl'd and
powder'd

Tomorrow by break of day. If you love me,
I pray you kiss me; for if I love you,
It shall be such love as I will not

Be ashamed of. If this be a mock, [Kisses.
It is the heartiest and the sweetest mock

That e'er I tasted. Mock me so again!

[Kisses again.

Fred. Fy, Jacomo! why do you let her
So long? [kneel

Jac. It's true; I had forgot it, and should
have done [Lifts her up

This twelvemonth: 'Pray you rise. Frederick,

If I could all this while have been persuaded

She could have lov'd me, dost thou think I had

Not rather kiss her than another should?

And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;

But if you do, hell take me if I do not cut

All your throats sleeping!

Fred. Oh, do not think of such a thing.

Jac. Otherwise; if she be in earnest, the
short is,

I am.

Frank. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it

Possible any woman could have lik'd

This face: it's good for nothing, is it?

Clara. Yes,

It is worth forty shillings to pawn, being lin'd

Almost quite thro' with velvet.

Frank. It is better

Than your Julio's.

Jac. Then thinkest so;

But otherwise, in faith, it is not, Frank.

[Whilst Jacomo is kissing Frank,

Enter Fobritie.

Fob. Hist, Jacomo! How dost thou, boy?

Jac. Why, very well, [ha?

I thank you, sir.

Fob. Dost thou perceive the reason

Of matters and passages yet, sirrah, or no?

Jac. 'Tis wondrous good, sir.

Fob. I've done simply for you:

But now you're beaten to some understanding,

I pray you dally not with the gentlewoman,

But dispatch your matrimony with all con-

venient speed.

Fred. He gives good counsel.

Jac. And I'll follow it. [unkindly;

Fob. And I youth. 'Prishee do not take it

For, trust me, I box'd thee for thy advance-

A foolish desire I had to joggle thee [ment:

Into preferment.

Jac. I apprehend you, sir; [undoing

And if I can study out a course how a basti-

My many ways raise your fortunes in the state,

You shall be sure on't.

¹² Lined.] In act iii. scene 6, of this play, Pisto describes Jacomo as one that wore his forehead in a velvet scabbard; and Clara here says his face is worth forty shillings to pawn upon account of its velvet lining. If *lin'd* be not a *Latinism* here, we must have the *lining* not on the *inside* as usual, but on the *out*. What we may further remark from hence is, the difference of *patches* in the Poet's days and in ours. The heroes of the blade then would have nothing less than velvet, whereas plain silk is thought good enough by those now.

Symposium.

Lined is, we believe, used in the same sense to this day by artisans, &c. The actors, in particular, call marking their features for old characters *lining the face*; though that may, indeed, bear another sense.

¹³ And I you.] The occasion should seem to require us to read, 'As I you.'

Fab. Oh, sir, keep your way.
God send you much joy!

Clora. And me my Julia!

Julio speaks within.

Oh, God, I hear his voice! Now he is true,
Have at a marriage, Frank, as soon as you!
[*Exeunt all but Frederick.*]

Enter Messenger.

Miss. Sir, I would speak with you.

Fred. What is

Your hasty business, friend?

Mess. The duke commands

Your present attendance at court.

Fred. The cause?

Miss. I know not in particular: [suits
But this; many are sent for more, about af-
Foreign, I take it, sir.

Fred. I will be there

Within this hour. Return my humble service.

Mess. I will, sir. [Exit.

Fred. Farewell, friend. What news with
you?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My mistress would desire you, sir,
to follow [church,

With all the haste you can: She is gone to
To marry Captain Incomo; and Julio,
To do as much for the young merry gentle-
Fair mistress Clora. [woman,

Fred. Julia marry Clora?

Thou art deceiv'd, I warrant thee.

Serv. No sure, sir;

I saw their lips as close upon the bargain
As cockles.

Fred. Give 'em joy! I cannot now go;

The duke hath sent for me in haste.

Serv. This note, sir,

When you are free, will bring you wherethey
are. [Exit.

Fred. [reading.] 'You shall find us all at
'signor Angelo's,

'Where I'm, and the worthy Lelia

'Of famous memory, are to be married;

'And we not far behind.' 'Would I had time
To wonder at this last couple in hell'.

Enter Messenger again.

Mess. You are stay'd for, sir.

Fred. I come. 'Pray God the business
Hold me not from this sport! I would not
lose it. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Father, Piao, Angelo, and Lelia.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live
A happy pair! [together

Piao. I do not doubt we shall. There was
never

Poor gentleman had such a sudden fortune!
I could thrust my head betwixt two pales,
and strip me [guests come,
Out of my old skin like a snake. Will the
Thou snidst thou sentest fur to solemnise
The nuptials?

Father. They will; I look'd fur 'em
Ere this.

*Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabritio, Frank, and
Clora.*

Julio. By your leave all.

Father. They are here, sir.

Julio. Especially, fair lady,

I ask your pardon; to whose marriage-bed
I wish all good success! I have here brought
you

³⁵ *Last couple in hell.*] This is alluding to a rustic diversion, called, I think, by another name in our Poets, Shakespear, and the play-wrights of that time, viz. *Barley-break*. Sir John Suckling has a pretty poem wherein he describes this diversion, which, for the sake of my readers, I have here inserted:

'Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
'Three mates to play at Barley-break;
'Love, Fully took; and Reason, Fancy;
'And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
'Love coupled first, and so it fell
'That Love and Folly were in hell.
'They break, and Love would Reason meet,
'But Hate was nimble on her feet;
'Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
'Hies, and they two hug together:
'Yet this new coupling still doth tell
'That Love and Folly were in hell.
'The rest do break again, and Pride
'Hath now got Reason on her side;
'Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
'Untoucht by Love in Folly's band;
'Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
'So Love and Folly were in hell.'

But the reader may find a more exact and minute description of this diversion in Sir P. *Symphony* Sydney's *Arcadia*. *Symphony*.

Such guests as can discern your happiness,
And best do know how to rejoice at it
(For such a fortune they themselves have run):
The worthy *Jacomo*, and his fair bride;
Noble *Fabritio*, (whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars)
And his true friend, this lady, who is but
A piece of me.

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome all!
Are they not, sir? [*Exit Father*.]

Piso. Bring in some wine;
Some of the wine *Lodovic* the fool sent hither.
Whoever thou bid'st welcome, shall find it.

Lelia. An unexpected honour
You have done to our too-hasty wedding.

Jac. 'Faith,
Madam, our weddings were as hasty as yours:
We're glad to run up and down any whither,
To see where we can get meat to our wed-
ding.

Piso. That *Lodovic* hath provided too,
good ass!

Ang. I thought you, *Julio*, would not thus
have stolen

A marriage, without acquainting your friends.
Julio. Why, I did give thee inklings.

Ang. If a marriage
Should be thus slubber'd up in a play,
Ere almost any body had taken notice
You were in love, the spectators would take it
To be but ridiculous.

Julio. This was the first, and I
Will never hide another secret from you.

Enter Father.

Father. Sir, yonder's your friend *Lodovic*:
Hide yourself,
And it will be the best sport——

Piso. Gentlemen,
I pray you take no notice I am here:
Thecoxcomb *Lodovic* is coming in. [*Retires*.]

Enter Lodovic.

Lod. Is that the lady?

Father. That is my lady.

Lod. As I live, she's a fair one!

What make all these here?

Father. Oh, Lord, sir, she's so pester'd——

Fab. Now will the sport be; it runs right
as *Julio*
Told us.

Lod. Fair lady, health to you! Some words
I have, that require an utterance more private
Than this place can afford.

Lelia. I'll call my husband;
All business I hear with his ears now.

Lod. Good madam, no; (but I perceive
your jest)

You have no husband; I'm the very man
That walk'd the streets so comely.

Lelia. Are you so?

Lod. Yes, 'faith; when Cupid first did
prick your heart.

I am not cruel; but the love begun
I th' street I'll satisfy i' th' chamber fully.

Lelia. To ask a madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle question; if you lie,
I do not speak to you; but if you be not,
Walk in the streets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.

Lod. Good madam, stay; do not you know
this ring?

Lelia. Yes, it was mine; I sent it by my
To change, and so he did; it has a blenish,
And this he brought me for it: Did you
change it?

Are you a goldsmith?

Lod. Sure the world is mad!
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from
your lady?

Father. Yes, surely, sir, did I; but your
worship
Must e'en bear with me, for there was a mis-
taking in it;

And so, as I was saying to your worship,
My lady is now married.

Lod. Married? to whom?

Father. To your worship's friend *Piso*.

Lod. 'Sdeath! to *Piso*?

Piso [within]. Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. Yes, sir, I can assure you
She's married to him; I saw't with these grey
eyes.

Lod. Why, what a rogue art thou then?
Thou hast made use

Send in provision too.

Father. Oh, a gentleman
Should not have such foul words in's mouth;
But your worship's provision
Could not have come in at a fitter time.
Will it please you to taste any of your own
wine?

It may be the vintner has cozen'd you.

Lod. Pox, I am mad!

Ang. You have always plots, sir; and see
how they fall out!

Jac. You had a plot upon me: How do
you like this?

Lod. I do not speak to you.

Fab. Because you dare not. [*teeth*]

Lod. But I will have one of that old rogue's
Set in this ring.

Father. Dost not thou know
That I can beat thee?—Dost thou know it
now? [*Discovers himself*.]

Lod. He beat me once indeed.

Father. And if you have [*Piso*!]
Forgot it, I can call a witness. Come furth,
Remember you it?

Piso. 'Faith, I do call to mind
Such a matter.

Father. And if I cannot still do't, [*low*.]
You are young, and will assist your father-in-

Piso. My father-in-law?

Ang. Your father-in-law,

As sure as this is widow *Lelia*.

Piso. How! widow *Lelia*?

Father. 'Faith, 'tis she, son.

Lod. Ha, ha, ha! let my provision go!
I'm glad I have miss'd the woman.

Piso. Have you put
A whore upon me?

Lelia. By Heav'n, you do me wrong!
I have a heart as pure as any woman's;
And I mean to keep it so for ever.

Father. There is
No starting now, son; if you offer it,
I can compel you; her estate is great,
But all made o'er to me, before this match:
Yet if you use her kindly, (as I swear
I think she will deserve) you shall enjoy it
During your life, all, save some slender piece
I will reserve for my own maintenance;
And if God bless you with a child by her,
It shall have all.

Piso. So I may have the means,
I do not much care what the woman is:
Come, my sweetheart! as long as I shall find
Thy kisses sweet, and thy means plentiful,
Let people talk their tongues out.

Lelia. They may talk
Of what is pass'd; but all that is to come
Shall be without occasions.

Julio. Shall we not make
Piso and Lodovic friends?

Jac. Hang 'em, they dare not
Be enemies; or, if they be, the danger
Is not great. Welcome, Frederick!

Enter Frederick.

Fred. First, joy unto you all! And next,
I think we shall have wars.

Jac. Give me some wine!
I'll drink to that.

Fab. I'll pledge.

Frank. But I
Shall lose you then.

Jac. Not a whit, wench;
I'll teach thee presently to be a soldier.

Fred. Fabritio's command, and yours,
Are both restor'd.

Jac. Bring me four glasses then!

Fred. Where are they?

Aug. You shall not drink 'em here. It is
supper time; [stir]
And from my house no creature here shall
These three days; mirth shall flow as well
as wine.

Father. Content. Within, I'll tell you more
at large [you;
How much I am bound to all, but most to
Whose undeserved liberality
Must not escape thus unrequited.

Jac. 'Tis happiness to me, I did so well:
Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give Worth reward, Vice punishment.
[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

If you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free judges) this play utterly,
For your own nobleness yet do not hiss!
But, as you go by, say it was amiss,

And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
Never in cold blood! O' my honesty,
(If I have any) this I'll say for all;
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

THE PROPHETESS:

A TRAGICAL HISTORY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills ascribe this Play solely to Fletcher. It was first printed in the folio of 1617. Mr. Seward, on the authority of Langbaine, says, it was revived by Dryden: But in this particular, we apprehend, they are both mistaken; as Downes, the prompter, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, positively assigns the revival of it, and the alterations and additions made to it, to Betterton. The piece, thus altered, after the manner of an Opera, was represented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed in quarto, 1690. Purcell composed the musick, and Priest the dances: It appears to have been revived at a considerable expence, and has within a few years been performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHARINUS, *Emperor of Rome.*
COSROE, *King of Persia.* [peror.
DIOCLEA, *of a private Soldier elected Co-em-*
MANIMINIAN, *Nephew to Diocles, and Em-*
peror by his Donation.
VOLUTIUS APER, *Murderer of Numinianus,*
the late Emperor.
NIGER, *General of the Roman Forces.*
CAMURIUS, *a Captain, and Creature of Aper.*
GETA, *a Jester, Servant to Diocles, a merry*
Knaave.
Persian Lords.
Senators.
Soldiers.

Guard.
Sutors.
Ambassadors.
Lictors.
Flamen.
Shepherd.
Countrymen.
Attendants.

AURELIA, *Sister to Charinus.*
CASSANA, *Sister to Cosroe, a Captive, wait-*
ing on Aurelia.
DELPHIA, *a Prophetess.* [Diocles
DRUSILLA, *Niece to Delphia, in love with*

SCENE, *Rome.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Niger.

Charinus. YOU buz into my head strange
likelihoods,
And fill me full of doubts: But what proofs,
Niger,
What certainties, that my most noble brother
Came to his end by murder? Tell me that;
Assure me by some circumstance.

Niger. I will, sir; [me!
And as I tell you truth, so the gods prosper
I've often nam'd this Aper.

Chor. True, you have done;
And in mysterious senses I have heard you
Break out o' th' sudden, and abruptly.

Niger. True, sir; [ness,
Fear of your unbelief, and the time's giddy-
Made me I durst not then go further. So
your Grace please,
Out of your wonted goodness, to give credit,
I shall unfold the wonder.

Aur. Do it boldly: [hearings.
You shall have both our hearty loves and
Niger. This Aper then, this too-much-
honour'd villain,

[For he deserves no mention of a good man)
Great sir, give ear—this most ungrateful,
spiteful,

Above the memory of mankind mischievous,
With his own bloody hands—

Char. Take heed!

¹ Out of your wonted goodness to give credit.] Sympton thinks it would be better to read,
—to give ear to't.

Niger. I'm in, sir;
 And, if I make not good my story—
Aur. Forward! [ful.
 I see a truth would break out: Be not fear-
Niger. I say, this Ape, and his damn'd
 ambition, [fartunes:
 Cut off your brother's hopes, his life, and
 The honour'd Numerianus fell by him,
 Fell basely, most untimely, and most treach-
 erously;
 For in his litter, as he bore him company,
 Most privately and cunningly he kill'd him.
 Yet still he fills the faithful soldiers' ears
 With stories of his weakness; of his life;
 That he dare not venture to appear in open,
 And shew his warlike face among the soldiers,
 The tenderness and weakness of his eyes,
 Being not able to endure the sun yet:
 Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmity
 (Because he would dispatch his honour too)
 To arise from wantonness, and love of wo-
 And thus he juggles still. [men;
Aur. Oh, most pernicious, [ther,
 Most bloody, and most base! Alas, dear bro-
 Art thou accus'd, and after death thy memory
 Louden with shames and lies? those pious
 tears [lament,
 Thou daily shower'dst upon my father's no-
 (When in the Persian expedition
 He fell unfortunately by a stroke of thunder)
 Made thy defame and sins? those wept-out
 eyes,
 The fair examples of a noble nature,
 Those holy drops of love, turn'd by depravers
 (Malicious poison'd tongues) to thy abuses?
 We must not suffer this.
Char. It shews a truth now:
 And sure this Ape is not right nor honest,
 He will not now come near me.
Niger. No; he dare not: [science,
 He has an inmate here, that's call'd a Con-
 Bids him keep off.
Char. My brother honour'd him,
 Made him first captain of his guard, his next
 friend;
 Then to my mother (to assure him nearer)
 He made him husband.
Niger. And withal ambitious; [sir,
 For when he trod so nigh, his false feet itch'd,
 To step into the state.
Aur. If you believe, brother,
 Ape a bloody knave, as 'tis apparent, [ble.
 Let's leave disputing, and do something no-
Char. Sister, be rul'd. I am not yet so
 powerful
 To meet him in the field: He has under him
 The flower of all the empire, and the strength,
 The Britain and the German cohorts; 'pray
 you be patient.
Niger. how stands the soldier to him?
Niger. In fear more, sir,
 Than love or honour: He has lost their fair
 affections,
 By his most covetous and greedy griping.
 Are you desirous to do something on him,

That all the world may know you lov'd your
 brother?
And do it safely too, without an army?
Char. Most willingly.
Niger. Then send out a proscription, [it,
 Send suddenly; and to that man that executes
 (I mean that brings his head) add a fair pay-
 ment, [not,
 No common sum: Then you shall see, I fear
 Ev'n from his own camp, from those men
 that follow him,
 Follow and flatter him, we shall find one,
 And, if he miss, one hundred, that will ven-
 ture it. [brother,
Aur. For his reward, (it shall be so, dear
 So far I'll honour him that kills the villain;
 For so far runs my love to my dead brother)
 Let him be what he will, base, old, or crooked,
 He shall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll
 love him.
 I will not be denied.
Char. You shall not, sister: [too.
 But you shall know, my love shall go along
 See a proscription drawn; and for his re-
 compensate,
 My sister, and half partner in the empire;
 And I will keep my word.
Aur. Now you do bravely.
Niger. And, tho' it cost my life, I'll see
 it publish'd.
Char. Away then, for the business.
Niger. I am gone, sir:
 You shall have all dispatch'd to-night.
Char. Be prosperous.
Aur. And let the villain fall.
Niger. Fear nothing, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

Drus. 'Tis true, that Diocles is courteous,
 And of a pleasant nature, sweet and temper-
 ate;
 His cousin Maximinian, proud and bloody.
Delph. Yes, and mistrustful too, my girl:
 Take heed;
 Altho' he seem to love thee, and affect,
 Like the more courtier, curious compliment,
 Yet have a care.
Drus. You know all my affection,
 And all my heart-desires, are set on Diocles:
 But, aunt, how coldly he requites this cour-
 tesy,
 How dull and heavily he looks upon me!
 Altho' I wooe him sometimes beyond mo-
 desty, [not
 Beyond a virgin's care, how still he slights
 And puts me still off with your prophecy,
 And the performance of your late prediction,
 That when he's emp'rour, then he'll marry me!
 Alas, what hope of that?
Delph. Pence, and be patient;
 For tho' he be now a man most miserable,
 Of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,
 Bred low and poor, no eye of favour shining;

And tho' my sure prediction of his rising,
Which can no more fail than the day or
night does,

Nay, let him be asleep, will overtake him,
I have found some rubs and stops, yet (hear
me, niece,

And hear me with a faith) it shall come to
I'll tell thee the occasion. [him.

Drus. Do, good aunt;

For yet I'm ignorant.

Delph. Chiding him one day,

For being too near and sparing for a soldier*,
Too gripping, and too greedy, he made an-
swer,

'When I am Cæsar, then I will be liberal:'

I presently, inspir'd with holy fire,
And my prophetic spirit burning in me,

Gave answer from the gods; and this it was:
*Imperator eris Roma, cum Aprum grandem
interfeceris*;

'Thou shalt be emperor, oh, Diocles,

'When thou hast kill'd a mighty boar.' From
that time, [play'd

As giving credit to my words, he has em-
much of his life in hunting: Many boars,
Hideous and fierce, with his own hands he
has kill'd too,

But yet not lighted on the fatal one, [niece:
Should raise him to the empire. Be not sad,

Ere long he shall. Come; let's go entertain
him: [hunting]

For by this time, I guess, he comes from
And, by my art, I find this very instant

Some great design's a'foot.

Drus. The gods give good, aunt! *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta with a
boar.*

Dio. Lay down the boar,

Geta. With all my heart; I'm weary on't:
I shall turn Jew, if I carry many such burdens.

Do you think, master, to be emperor

With killing swine? You may be an honest
butcher,

Or allied to a scoundrel family of house-wives.
Can you be such an ass, my reverend master,

To think these springs of pork will shoot up
Mari. The fool says true. [Cæsars?]

Dio. Come, leave your fooling, sirrah,

And think of what thou shalt be when I'm
emperor.

Geta. 'Would it would come with think-
ing! for then [nator.

O' my conscience I should be at least a se-
Mari. A sower;

For that's a place more fitted to thy nature,
If there could be such an expectation.

Or, say the devil could perform this wonder,
Can such a rascal as thou art hope for honour?

Such a log-carrying lout?

Geta. Yes; and bear it too,

And bear it swimmingly. I'm not the first
ass, sir, [readly.

Has borne good office, and perform'd it reve-
Dio. Thou being the son of a tiler, canst

thou hope to be a senator?

Geta. Thou being the son of a tanner,
canst thou hope to be an emperor?

Dio. Thou say'st true, Geta; there's a stop
indeed!

But yet the bold and virtuous—

Geta. You're right, master,
Right as a gun! For we, the virtuous,

Tho' we be kennel-rakers, scabs, and scoun-
drels,

We, the discreet and bold—And yet, now I
remember it,

We tilers may deserve to be senators,
(And there we step before you thick-skin'd

trancers) [ones,

For we are born three stories high; no base
None of your groundlings, master.

Dio. I like thee well; [honour.

Thou hast a good mind, as I have, to this

Geta. As good a mind, sir, of a simple
plasterer:

And, when I come to execute my office,
Then you shall see—

Mari. What?

Geta. An officer in fury,
An officer as he ought to be. Do you laugh

at it? [reuce?

Is a senator, in hope, worth no more reve-
By these hands, I'll clap you by th' heels the

first hour of it! [lives!

Mari. O' my conscience, the fellow be-

Dio. Ay, do, do, Geta;

For if I once be emperor—

Geta. Thou wilt [publick)

(For wise men must be had to prop the re-
Not hate you a single ace of a sound senator,

Dio. But what shall we do the whilst?

Geta. Kill swine, and sauce 'em,

And eat 'em when we've breed.

* This whole speech is almost a translation from Vopiscus. *Symson.*

† I could wish this *splendidas pannus*, this Latin piece of patch-work, was not to be found in the oldest edition: It might very well have been spared, and the Author's learning have suffered no detriment. *Symson.*

Never was a more injudicious censure, than this of Mr. Symson upon the above Latin line; it being absolutely necessary, to preserve the pun (for so it must be called) upon the name of Aper, for the prediction to be delivered in that language: Not perhaps Mr. Symson would have had the traitor's name Anglicised, and have called him Volutus Boar.

‡ Thou hast a good mind. Betterton, in his alteration of this play, reads,

Thou hast as good a mind as I have, &c.

Symson follows him, but claims the merit of the variation.

Mari. Why didst thou run away

When the boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?

Geta. No, indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine honour too: [ster;

I took a tree, 'tis true, gave way to th' mon-
Hark what Discretina says: 'Let fury pass;
'From the tooth of a mad beast, and the
tongue of a slanderer',

'Preserve thine honour.'

Dia. He talks like a full senator. [one;
Go, take it up, and carry 't in. 'Tis a huge
We never kill'd so large a swine; so fierce too,
I never met with yet.

Mari. Take heed! it stirs again.

How nimbly the rogue runs up! he climbs
like a squirrel. [sland?

Dia. C'me down, you dunce! Is it not
Geta. I know not.

Dia. His throat is cut, and his bowels out.
Geta. That's all one. [I know,

I'm sure his teeth are in; and, for any thing
He may have pigs of his own nature in's belly.

Dia. Come, take him up, I say, and see
him dress'd; [him,

He's fat, and will be lusty meat; away with
And get some of him ready for our dinner.

Geta. Shall he be roasted whole, [vice;
And serv'd up in a sauce-tub? a portly ser-
I'll run i'th' wheel myself.

Mari. Srrah, leave your prating,

And get some piece of him ready presently;
We're weary both, and hungry.

Geta. I'll about it.

What an inundation of brewis shall I swain
in! [Exit.

Dia. Thou'rt ever dull and melancholy,
Distrustful of my hopes. [cousin,

Mari. Why, can you blame me?

Do men give credit to a juggler?

Dia. Thou know'st she is a Prophetess.

Mari. A small one,

And as small profit to be hap'd for by her.

Dia. Thou art the strangest man! How
does thy hurt?

The boar came near you, sir.

Mari. A scratch, a scratch.

Dia. It aches, and troubles thee, and that
makes thee angry. [uncle,

Mari. Not at the pain, but at the practice,
The butcherly base custom of our lives now:
Had a brave enemy's sword drawn so much
from me,

Or danger met me in the head o' th' army,
I have blush'd thus in my blood had been
mine honour;

But to live base, like swine-herds, and be-
lieve too! [drenns,

To be fool'd out with tales, and old wives'
Drenns when they're drunk!

Dia. Certain, you much mistake her.

Mari. Mistake her? hang her! To be
made her purveyors,

To feed her old claps, to provide her daily,
And bring in feasts, whilst she sits farting
at us,

And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends!

Dia. 'Prithce be wise: Dost thou think,
Maximinian, [ledge—

So great a rev'rence, and so staid a know-
Mari. Sur-rev'rence, you would say! What

truth? what knowledge?

What any thing, but eating, is good in her?

'T would make a foul prophecy, to be fed
continually. [danger,

What do you get? Your labour and your
Whilst she sits basking in her larded fury.

Inspir'd with full deep cups, who cannot pro-
phesy?

A tinker, out of ale, will give predictions;
But who believes?

Dia. She is a holy druid,

A woman noted for that faith, that piety,
Belov'd of Heav'n.

Mari. Heav'n knows, I don't believe it.

Indeed, I must confess, they're excellent
jugglers; [sidence:

Their age upon some fools too flings a cos-
But what grounds have they, what elements

to work on?

Shew me but that! the sieve and sheers; a
learn'd one.

I have no patience to dispute this question,
'Tis so ridiculous! I think the devil does

help 'em;

Or rather, mark me well, abuse 'em, uncle:
For they're not fit to deal with him, these old

women, [ture—

They are as jump and squar'd out to his na-
Dia. Thou hast a perfect mulice.

Mari. So I would have

Against these purblind prophets; for, look
ye, sir, [devil,

Old women will lie monstrously, so will the
(Or else he has had much wrong, upon my

knowledge);

Old women are malicious, so is he;

They're proud, and covetous, revengeful,
lecherous,

All which are excellent attributes o' th' devil:
They would at least seem holy, so would he;

Aod, to veil o'er these villainies, they'd pro-
phesy;

He gives them leave now and then to use
their cunning,

Which is to kill a cow, or blast a harvest,

Make young pigs pipe themselves to death,
elude poultry,

And chafe a dairy-wench into a fever

With pumping for her butter:

⁸ *Thine honour.*] 'To preserve thy honour from the tooth of a mad beast' is scarcely sense.
The deficiency of the verse gives room to suspect that something is dropt. I read:

'——— of a mad beast, and the tongue of

'A slanderer, preserve thee (or thyself) and honour.' *Seward.*

But when he ninks these agents to raise emperors,

When he disposes Fortune as his servant,
And ties her to old wives' tales——

Dio. Go thy ways;
Thou art a learned scholar, against credit.
You hear the prophecy.

Mari. Yes; and I hough at it,
And so will any man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind, as you are blind, and ignorant.

D' you think she knows your fortune?

Dio. I do think it.

Mari. I know she has the name of a rare soothsayer; [holy?]

But do you in your conscience believe her
Inspir'd with such prophetic fire?

Dio. Yes, in my conscience.

Mari. And that you must, upon necessity,
From her words, be a Cæsar?

Dio. If I live——

Mari. There's one stop yet.

Dio. And follow her directions.

Mari. But do not juggle with me.

Dio. In faith, cousin,

So full a truth hangs ever on her prophecies,
That how I should think otherwise——

Mari. Very well, sir; [cessary]
You then believe (for methinks 'tis most new)
She knows her own fate?

Dio. I believe it certain. [try it?]

Mari. Dare you but be so wise to let me
For I stand doubtful,

Dio. How?

Mari. Come nearer to me, [me;
Because her cunning devil shall not prevent
Close, close, and hear.—If she can turn this
destiny,

I'll be of your faith too. [Whisper, Diocles.

Dio. Forward; I fear not; [thing.
For if she knows not this, sure she knows no-

Enter Delphia.

I am so confident——

Mari. 'Faith, so am I too,
That I shall make her devil's sides hom.

Dio. She comes here;

Go take your stand.

Mari. Now holy, or you howl for't! [Retires.

Dio. 'Tis pity this young man should be
so stubborn;

Valiant he is, and to his valour temperate,

Only distrustful of delays in fortune;
I love him dearly well.

Delph. Now, my son Diocles,
Are you not weary of your game to-day?
And are you well?

Dio. Yes, mother, well and lusty;
Only you make me hunt for empty shadows.

Delph. You must have patience: Rome
was not built in one day; [corrects,
And he that hopes, must give his hopes their
You've kill'd a mighty boar.

Dio. But I'm no emperor. [low
Why do you fool me thus, and make me fol-
Your flattering expectation hour by hour?

Rise early, and sleep late? to feed your
appetites, [honour?

Forget my trade, my arms? forsake mine
labour and sweat to arrive at a base memory?

Oppose myself to hazards of all sorts,
Only to win the barbarous name of Butcher?

Delph. Son, you are wise.

Dio. But you are cunning, mother; [you,
And with that cunning?, and the faith I give
You lead me blindly to no end, no honour.
You find you're daily fed, you take no labour,
Your family at ease, they know no market;
And therefore, to maintain this, you speak
darkly,

As darkly still you nourish it; whilst I
(being a credulous and obsequious excomb)

Hunt daily, and sweat hourly; to find out
To clear your mystery, kill boar on boar,
And make your spits and pots bow with my
quantities;

Yet I still poorer, further still——

Delph. Be provident,
And tempt not the gods' dooms; stop not
the glory [then?

They're ready to fix on you; you're a fool
Careful and grateful takers the gods love,
And such as wait their pleasures with full
hopes;

The doubtful and distrustful man Heaven
frowns at.

What I have told you by my inspiration,
I tell you once again, must and shall find you.

Dio. But when? or how?

Delph. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*

Dio. I have kill'd many.

Delph. Not the Boar they point you;
'Nor must I reveal further, till you clear it:
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in mys-
teries,

* Now holy, &c.] I read *hallow ye*.—Maximian did not believe Delphia had any divinity about her, and therefore when designing to shoot at her, should seem to say, *now hallow you*, i. e. render yourself holy, or you hallow for it. As to the old reading, I have no idea of it at all; and what I purpose will read in the verse as two syllables only. *Secord.*

The whole conversation respecting Delphia turns upon the question, Whether she is really holy, or only pretends to be so: Maximian's meaning, therefore, seems to us to be; 'Now [you must be] holy, or you hallow for't;' and then presents an arrow.

Bitterton's alteration gives the line thus:

* Now shew your holiness, or you hallow for't, haldane!

† And with that cunning.] The amendment in the text was made by Bitterton, but is claimed by Simpson.

And so deliver'd; common and slight creatures,
That have their ends as open as their actions,
Easy and open fortunes follow.

Mari. [*coming forward.*] I shall try
How deep your inspiration lies hid in you,
And whether your brave spirit have a buckler
To keep this arrow off; I'll make you smoke
else. [*punctually,*

Dia. Knowing my fortune so precisely,
And that it must fall without contradiction,
Being a stranger, of no tie unto you,
Methinks you should be studied in your own;
In your own destiny, methinks, most perfect:
And every hour, and every minute, murther,
(So great a cure should heav'n have of her
ministers)

Methinks your fortunes both ways should
appear to you,

Both to avoid, and take. Can the stars now,
And all those influences you receive into you,
Or secret inspirations you make show of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour itself upon your life, deliver you?
Can they now say, 'Take heed?'

Delph. Ha? Pray you come hither.

Mari. I would know that: I fear your
devil will cozen you; [*you.*

And, stand as close as you can, I shall be with
Delph. I find a present ill.

Dia. How?

Delph. But I scorn it.

Mari. Do you so? do you so?

Delph. Yes, and laugh at it, Diocles.

Is it not strange, these wild and foolish men
Should dare to oppose the power of destiny?
That power the gods shake at? Look yonder,
son. [*you!*

Mari. Have you spied me? then have at
Delph. Do; shoot boldly!

Hit me, and spare not, if thou canst.

Dia. Shoot, cousin.

Mari. I cannot; mine arm's dead; I have
no feeling!

Or, if I could shoot, so strong is her arm'd
She'd catch the arrow flying. [*virtue,*

Delph. Poor doubtful people!

I pity your weak faiths.

Dia. Your mercy, mother!

And, from this hour, a deity I crown you.

Delph. No more of that.

Mari. Oh, let my prayers prevail too!

Here like a tree I dwell else: Free me, mother,
[*thrice!*

And, greater than great fortune, I'll adore
Delph. Be free again, and have more pure
thoughts in you. [*stantly;*

Dia. Now I believe your words most con-
And when I have that power you've promis'd
to me— [*niece Drusilla,*

Delph. Remember then your vow: My
I mean, to marry her, and then you prosper.

Dia. I shall forget my life else.

Delph. I am a poor weak woman; to me
no worship.

Enter Niger, Geta, and Soldiers.

Geta. And shall he have as you say, that
kills this Aper?

Delph. Now mark, and understand.

Niger. The proscription's up. [*it;*
I' th' market-place 'tis up; there you may read
He shall have half the empire.

Geta. A pretty farm, I faith. [*Aurelia,*
Niger. And th' emperor's sister, bright
Her to his wife.

Geta. You say well, friend: But, hark you;
Who shall do this?

Niger. You, if you dare.

Geta. I think so:

Yet, I could poison him in a pint of perry;
He loves that venge'ance. But when I have
done this,

May I lie with the gentlewoman?

Niger. Lie with her? what else, man?

Geta. Yes, man;

I have known a man married that never lay
with his wife:

Those dancing-days are done,

Niger. These are old soldiers,
And poor, it seems. I'll try their appetites.
'Save ye, brave soldiers!

Mari. Sir, you talk'd of proscriptions?

Niger. 'Tis true; there is one set up from
the emperor,
Against Volutius Aper.

Dia. Aper?

Delph. Now!

Now have you found the Boar?

Dia. I have the meaning;

And, blessed mother—

Niger. He has scorn'd his master,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble brother to him.

Dia. He lives here, sir,
Sickly and weak.

Niger. Did you see him?

Mari. No.

Niger. He's murder'd; [*peror,*
So you shall find it mention'd from the em-
And, honest faithful soldiers, but believe it;
For, by the Gods, you'll find it so; he's mur-
der'd! [*tion.*

The manner how, read in the large proscrip-
Delph. It is most true, son, and he cozens
Aper's a villain false. [*you;*

Dia. I thank you, mother,
And dare believe you. Hark you, sir! the
As you related— [*recompense*

Niger. Is as firm as faith, sir,
Bring him alive or dead.

Mari. You took a fit time,

The general being out o' th' town; for tho'
we love him not,

Yet, had he known this first, you had paid
for't dearly. [*Niger,*

Dia. 'Tis Niger; now I know him; how?
A true sound man; and I believe him con-
stantly. [*hurry*

Your business may be done, make no great
For your own safety.

Niger. No; I'm gone, I thank you. [*Erit.*
Dia. Pray, Maximilian, pray.
Mari. I'll pray and work too. [*offer:*
Dia. I'll to the market-place, and read the
 And, now I've found the Boar —
Delph. Find your own faith too,
 And remember what you have vow'd.

Dia. Oh, mother! —
Delph. Prosper.
Geta. If my master and I do this, there's
 two emperors,
 And what a show will that make! how we
 shall bounce it!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Drusilla and Delphia.

Drus. LEAVE-us, and not vouchsafe a
 parting kiss

To her, that in his hopes of greatness lives,
 And goes along with him in all his dangers?

Delph. I grant 'twas most inhuman.

Drus. Oh, you give it

Too mild a name! 'twas more than barbarous!
 And you a partner in it.

Delph. I, Drusilla?

Drus. Yes; you have blown his swollen
 pride to that vastness,

As he believes the earth is in his fathom;
 This makes him quite forget his humble being;
 And can I hope that he, that only fed
 With the imagin'd food of future empire,
 Disdains ev'n those that gave him means, and
 life,

To nourish such desires, when he's possess'd
 Of his ambitious ends (which must fall on him,
 Or your predictions are false) will ever
 Descend to look on me?

Delph. Were his intents

Perfidious as the seas or winds; his heart
 Compos'd of falsehood; yet the benefit,
 The greatness of the good he has from you,
 (For what I have conferr'd is thine, Drusilla)
 Must make him firm and thankful: But if all
 Remembrance of the debts he stands engag'd
 Find a quick grave in his ingratitude, [*for,*
 My powerful art, that guides him to this
 height,

Shall make him curse the hour he e'er was
 Or sink him to the centre. [*rais'd,*

Drus. I had rather

Your art could force him to return that art
 To me, I bear to him; or give me power
 To moderate my passions: Yet I know not;
 I should repent your grant, tho' you had
 sign'd it

(So well I find he's worthy of all service).

But to believe that my check to him

In his main hopes could yield content to me,
 Were treason to true love, that knows no
 pleasure,

The object that it doats on ill affected!

Delph. Pretty simplicity! I love thee for't,
 And will not sit an idle looker-on,
 And see it euzen'd. Dry thy innocent eyes,
 And cast off jealous fears, (yet promises

Are but lip-comforts) and but fancy aught
 That's possible in nature, or in art,
 That may advance thy comfort, and be bold
 To tell thy soul 'tis thine; therefore speak
 freely.

Drus. You new-create me! To conceal
 from you

My virgin fondness, were to hide my sickness
 From my physician. Oh, dear aunt, I languish
 For want of Diocles' sight: He is the sun
 That keeps my blood in a perpetual spring;
 But, in his absence, cold benumbing winter
 Seizes on all my faculties. Would you bind me
 (That am your slave already) in more fetters,
 And, in the place of service, to adore you?
 Oh, bear me then (but 'tis impossible,
 I fear, to be effected) where I may
 See how my Diocles breaks thro' his dangers,
 And in what heaps his honours flow upon him,
 That I may meet him in the height and pride
 Of all his glories, and there (as your gift)
 Challenge him as mine own.

Delph. Enjoy thy wishes:

This is an easy boon, which, at thy years,
 I could have giv'n to any; but now grown
 Perfect in all the hidden mysteries
 Of that imitable art, which makes us
 Equal ev'n to the gods, and nature's wonders,
 It shall be done as fits my skill and glory:
 To break thro' bolts and locks, a scholar's
 prize

[*army,*
 For thieves and pick-locks! to pass thro' an
 Cover'd with night, or some disguise, the
 practice

Of poor and needy spies! No, my Drusilla,
 From Ceres I will force her winged dragons,
 And in the air hang over the tribunal.

The music of the spheres attending on us.

There, as his good star, thou shalt shine upon
 him,

If he prove true, and as his angel guard him:
 But if he dare be false, I, in a moment,
 Will put that glorious light out, with such
 horror

As if th' eternal night had seiz'd the sun,
 Or all things were return'd to the first chaos,
 And then appear like furies.

Drus. I will do

Whate'er you shall command.

Delph. Rest then assur'd,

I am the mistress of my art, and fear not.

[*Soft music. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Aper, Camurius, Guard, a litter covered.

Aper. Your care of your sick emp'r^ror, fellow-soldiers,

In colours to the life doth shew your love,
And zealous duty: Oh, continue in it!
And tho' I know you long to see and hear him,
Impute it not to pride, or melancholy, [vices
That keeps you from your wishes: such state-
(Too, too familiar with great princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the life
Of good Numerianus. Let your patience
Be the physician to his wounded eyes,
(Wounded with pious sorrow for his father)
Which time and your strong patience will re-
cover,

Provided it prove constant. [*Goes to the litter.*

1 *Guard.* If he counterfeits,
I will hereafter trust a prodigal heir,
When he weeps at his father's funeral.

2 *Guard.* Or a young widow, following a
bed-ridden husband

(After a three-years' groaning) to the fire.

3 *Guard.* Note his humility, and with what
soft murmurs

He does enquire his pleasures.

1 *Guard.* And how soon

He is instructed.

2 *Guard.* How he bows again too.

Aper. All your commands, dread Caesar,
I'll impart

To your most ready soldier, to obey them;
So, take your rest in peace.—It is the pleasure

[*Turning from the litter to the Guards.*
Of mighty Caesar (his thanks still remember'd
For your long patience, which a dutiful,
Fitting his state to give, shall quickly follow)
That you continue a strict guard upon
His sacred person, and what no stranger
Of any other legion to come near him;
You being most trusted by him. I receive
Your answer in your silence. Now, Camurius,
Speak without flattery: Hast thou *Aper* acted
This passion to the life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he saluted Caesar: But I fear
These long-protracted counsels will undo us;
And 'tis beyond my reason, he being dead,
You should conceal yourself, or hope it can
Continue undiscover'd.

Aper. That I've kill'd him, [lives,
Yet feed these ignorant fools with hopes he
Has a main end in't. The Pannonian cohorts
(That are my own, and sure) are not come up;
The German legions waver; and Chariurus,
Brother to this dead dog, (hell's plagues on
Niger!)

Is jealous of the murder, and, I hear,

¹ *Curious.* i. e. cautious. *Synonym.*

² *Geta.* *The watch at noon?* The old books give this speech to Geta, whom we thought the most unlikely person on the stage to make the remark, before we consulted *Batterton's* edition, which we have followed, in giving it to Maximian.

Is marching up against me. 'Tis not safe,
'Till I have power to justify the act, [careful
To shew myself the author: Be therefore
For an hour or two (till I have fully sounded
How the tribunes and centurions stand af-
fected)

That none come near the litter. If I find them
Firm on my part, I dare profess myself;
And then, live *Aper's* equal!

Cam. Does not the body

Begin to putrify?

Aper. That exacts my haste: [it,
When, but ev'n now, I feign'd obedience to
As I had some great business to impart,
The scent had almost chok'd me; be there-
fore curious?

All keep at distance.

[*Exit.*

Cam. I am taught my parts;

Haste you, to perfect yours.

1 *Guard.* I'd rather meet

An enemy i' th' field, than stand thus nodding
Like to a rug-gown'd watchman.

Enter Diocles, Maximian, and Geta.

Maxi. The watch at noon?

This is a new device

Cam. Stand!

Dia. I am arm'd

Against all danger.

Maxi. If I fear to follow,

A coward's name pursue me!

Dia. Now, my fate,

Guide and direct me!

Cam. You are rude and sane,
With your forbidden feet to touch this ground,
Sacred to Caesar only, and to these [you?
That do attend his person! Speak, what are
Dia. What then, nor any of thy faction are,
Nor ever were; soldiers, and honest men.

Cam. So blunt?

Geta. Nay, you shall find he's good at the
sharp too. [murder,

Dia. No instruments of craft, engines of
That serve the emperor only with out'd tongues,
South and applaud his vices, play the laws
To all his appetites; and when you've
wrought

So far upon his weakness, that he's grown
Obdurate to the subject and himself,
And can no further help your wicked ends,
You rid him out o' th' way.

Cam. Treason!

Dia. 'Tis truth,

And I will make it good.

Cam. Lay hands upon 'em;

Or kill them sneakily!

Geta. I am out at that;

I do not like the sport.

Dia. What's he that is

Owner of any virtue worth a Roman,

Or does retain the men'ry of the oath
He made to Caesar, that darts lift his sword
Against the man that (enrless of his life)
Comes to discover such a horrid treason,
As, when you hear't, and understand how long
You've been abus'd, will run you and with
fury?

I am no stranger, but (like you) a soldier,
Train'd up one from my youth: And there
are some [myself]
With whom I've serv'd, and (not to praise
Must needs confess they have seen Diocles,
In the late Britain wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common man.

1 Guard. Diocles?

2 Guard. I know him;

The bravest soldier of the empire.

Com. Stand!

If thou advance an inch, thou'rt dead.

Dia. Die thou, [Kills Comaring.
That durst oppose thyself against a truth
That will break out, tho' mountains cover it!

Geta. I fear this is a sucking pig, no boar,
He kills so easy.

Dia. Hear me, fellow-soldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an act of justice, and no murder,
Cut me in pieces. I'll dispense the cloud
That hath so long obscur'd a bloody act
Ne'er equal'd yet. You all know with what
The good Numerianus ever grac'd [favours
The provost Aper?

Guard. True.

Dia. And that those bounties [learn'd
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had
The elements of honesty and truth)
In loyal duty: But Ambition never [luste
Looks backward on Desert, but with blind
Boldly runs on: But I lose time. You're here
Commanded by this Aper to attend
The emp'ror's person, to admit no stranger
To have access to him, or come near his litter,
Under pretence, forsooth, his eyes are sore,
And his mind troubled: No, my friends,
you're deceiv'd;

The good Numerianus now is past

The sense of wrong or injury.

Guard. How! dead?

Dia. Let your own eyes inform you.

[Opens the litter.

Geta. An emperor's ealinet? [sweeten.
Fough! I have known a charnel-house smell

If emperor's flesh have this savour, what will
When I am rotten? [mine do,

1 Guard. Most unheard-of villainy!

2 Guard. And with all cruelty to be re-
veng'd.

3 Guard. Who is the murderer? Name
him, that we may

Punish it in his family.

Dia. Who but Aper?

The barbarous and most ingrateful Aper?

His desperate poison printed on his breast
This deadly wound. Hate to vow'd enemies
Finds a full satisfaction in death,

And tyrants seek no further: He, a subject,
And bound by all the ties of love and duty,
Ended misu; but does deny his prince

(Whose ghost, furled a passage to his rest,
Mourns by the Stygian shore) his funeral-
rites.

[anger;
Nay, weep not; let your loves speak in your
And, to confirm you gave no suffrage to

The damned plot, lend me your helping hands
To wreak the parriele; and if you find
That there is worth in Diocles to deserve it,
Make him your leader.

Guard. A Diocles, a Diocles!

Dia. We'll force him from his guards.—

And now, my stars,

If you have any good for me in store,
Shew it, when I have slain this fatal Boar!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Delphin and Drusilla, in a throne
drawn by dragons.

Delph. Fix here, and rest awhile your sail-
stretch'd wings, [Heav'n

That have out-strip'd the winds. The eye of
Durst not behold your speed, but hid itself

Behind the grossest clouds; and the pale moon
Pick'd in her silver horns, trembling for fear
That my strong spells should force her from
her sphere:

Such is the power of art.

Drus. Good aunt, where are we?

Delph. Look down, Drusilla, on these lofty
towers, [house

These spacious streets, where every private
Appears a palace to receive a king:

The site, the wealth, the beauty of the place,
Will soon inform thee 'tis imperious Rome,

[Sail-stretch'd wings.] I cannot forbear transcribing a stanza out of our inimitable Spenser,
which whether our poets had in their eye or no here, the reader must judge. B. i. C. xi.
Stan. 10.

' His flaggy wings when forth he did display,

' Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind

' Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way;

' And eke the pens that did his pinions bind,

' Were like main-yards, with flying ensues lin'd;

' With which, when as him list the air to beat,

' And there by force unwanted passage find,

' The clouds before him fled for terror great,

' And all the heavens stood full amazed with his threat,'

Symphon.

Rome, the great mistress of the conquer'd world.

Drus. But, without Diocles, it is to me Like any wilderness we have pass'd o'er: Shall I not see him?

Delph. Yes, and in full glory, And glut thy greedy eyes with looking on His prosperous success. Contain thyself; For tho' all things beneath us are transparent, The sharpest-sighted (were he engly'd) Cannot discover us. Nor will we hang Idle spectators to behold his triumph;

Enter Diocles, Maximian, Geta, Guard, Aper, Senators, Officers, with litter.

But, when occasion shall present itself, Do something to add to it. See, he comes.

Drus. How god-like he appears! With such a grace,

The giants that attempted to scale Heaven, When they lay dead on the Pilegrecan plain, Mars did appear to Jove.

Delph. Forbear.

Dio. Look on this, [deed, And when with horror thou hast view'd thy Thy most accurs'd deed, be thine own judge, And see (thy guilt consider'd) if thou canst Persuade thyself, whom thou stand'st bound to hate,

To hope or plead for mercy.

Aper. I confess

My life's a burden to me.

Dio. Thou art like thy name, A cruel Boar, whose snout hath rooted up The fruitful vineyard of the commonwealth. I long have hunted for thee; and since now Thou'rt in the toils, it is in vain to hope Thou ever shalt break out. Thou dost deserve

The hangman's hook, or to be punished More *majorum*, whipt with rods to death, Or any way that were more terrible: Yet, since my future fate depends upon thee, Thus to fulfil great Delphia's prophecy, *Aper* (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour

[*Kills Aper.* To fall by Diocles' hand!—Shine clear, my stars,

That usher'd me to taste this common air, In my entrance to the world, and give applause To this great work!

Delph. Strike musick from the spheres! [*Musick.*

Drus. Oh, now you honour me!

Dio. Ha! in the air?

All. Miraculous!

Mari. This shews the gods approve The person, and the act. Then if the senate (For in their eyes I read the soldiers' love) Think Diocles worthy to supply the place Of dead Numerianus, as he stands His heir in his revenge, with one consent Salute him emperor.

Sen. Long live Diocles! Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all titles That are peculiar only to the Cæsars, We gladly throw upon him.

Guard. We confirm it, And will defend his honour with our swords Against the world. Raise him to the tribunal.

1 *Sen.* Fetch the imperial robes; and, as a sign

We give him absolute power of life and death, Bind this sword to his side.

2 *Sen.* Omit no ceremony

That may be for his honour. [*Song.*

Mari. Still the gods [tune, Express that they are pleas'd with this elec-

Geta. My master is an emperor, and I feel A senator's itch upon me: 'Would I could hire

These fine invisible fillers to play to me At my instatement.

Dio. I embrace your loves, And hope the honours that you heap upon me Shall be with strength supported: It shall be My study to appear another Atlas, [poet, To stand firm underneath this heav'n or earth And bear it boldly. I desire no titles, But as I shall deserve 'em. I will keep The name I had, being a private man, Only with some small difference; I will add To Diocles but two short syllables¹⁰, And be call'd Dioclesianus.

Geta. That is true! [*Enter,* I'll follow the fashion; and, when I'm a se- I will be no more plain Geta, but be call'd Lord Getianus.

Drus. He ne'er thinks of me, Nor of your favour.

Enter Niger.

Delph. If he dares prove false, These glories shall be to him as a dream, Or an enchanted banquet.

Niger. From Charius, [heard From great Charius, who with joy hath Of your proceedings, and confirms your honours:

He, with his beauteous sister, fair Aurelia, Are come in person, like themselves attended, To gratulate your fortune. [*Low music.*

¹⁰ — but two short syllables,

And be call'd Dioclesianus.] This run all the copies ancient and modern: It was doubtless for want of attention in our Authors, or their editors, that this passage has come down to us so incorrect: For if we must read, two short syllables, what must we do with *Dioclesianus*, which is certainly an addition of three? And if we read *Dioclesian*, which is much more agreeable to the measure, we shall be embarrassed with that unlucky addition of *Geta*, to be call'd *Getianus*. I am, however, upon the whole, for reading *Dioclesian*, because the verse will run better, and because he is called so through the rest of the play. *Synopson.*

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Attendants.

Dio. For thy news,
Be thou in France pro-consul.—Let us meet
The emperor with all honour, and embrace
him. [eclipse]

Drus. Oh, nunt, I fear this princess doth
The opinion of my beauty, tho' I were
Myself to be the judge!

Delph. Rely on me.

Char. 'Tis virtue, and not birth, that makes
us noble:

Great actions speak great minds, and such
should govern; [brother,

And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a
A fellow, and co-partner in the empire,
I do embrace you. May we live so far
From difference, or emulous competition,
That all the world may say, altho' two bodies,
We have one mind!

Aur. When I look on the trunk
Of dear Numerianus, I should wash [ruw
His wounds with tears, and pay a sister's sor-
To his sad fate; but since he lives again
In your most brave revenge, I bow to you,
As to a power that gave him second life,
And will make good my promise. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deserve you,
And that in being your wife, I shall not bring
Disquiet and dishonour to your bed,
(Altho' my youth and fortune should require
Both to be sued and sought to) here I yield
Myself at your devotion.

Dio. Oh, you gods, [pour'd
Teach me how to be thankful! You have
All blessings on me, that ambitious man
Could ever fancy: 'Till this happy minute
I ne'er saw beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a woman! I shall live
To serve and honour you! Upon my knees

I thus receive you; and, so you vouchsafe it,
This day I'm doubly married, to the empire,
And your best self.

Delph. False and perfidious villain!

Drus. Let me fall headlong on him! Oh,
my stars!

This I foresaw and fear'd.

Char. Call forth a Flamen.

This knot shall now be tied.

Delph. But I will loose it,
If art or hell have any strength.

[Thunder and lightning.

Enter a Flamen.

Char. Prodigious!

Mari. How soon the day's o'ercast!

Flamen. The signs are fatal; [too
Juno smiles not upon this match, and shews
She has her thunder.

Dio. Can there be a stop
In my full fortune?

Char. We're too violent,
And I repent the haste: We first should pay
Our latest duty to the dead, and then
Proceed discreetly. Let's take up the body;
And when we've plac'd his ashes in his urn,
We'll try the gods again; for, wise men say,
Marriage and obsequies don't suit one day.

[*Sen. Er.*

Delph. So; 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of
falsehood.

Comfort, Drusilla; for he shall be thine,
Or wish, in vain, he were not¹¹. I will punish
His perjury to the height. Mount up, my
birds!¹²

Some rites I'm to perform to Hecate,
To perfect my designs; which once perform'd,
He shall be made obedient to thy call,
Or in his ruin I will bury all.

[*Ascend in the throne.*

¹¹ Or wish in vain he were not. *I will punish.*] To talk thus was not talking like a Prophetess, or like a person of common sense. 'He shall be yours,' says she to Drusilla, 'or wish in vain, he were not.' Why so? What occasion for Diocles to wish in vain that he was not hers? since 'twas fact that he was not: The alteration I have made, depends only upon the change of a point, and the addition of a single letter, one of which might be easily overlooked, and the other dropped.

Mr. Seward, upon my laying my finger on this passage, agreed it was corrupt, and offered to read now for *NUTS*: The reader is left to his choice, seeing both are at his service,

Symptom.

Symptom reads, 'Or wish in vain he were. Note, I will punish, &c.'

The meaning of the text obviously is, 'He shall be thine, or wish he had no existence; which I will prevent his putting a period to.'

¹² Mount up, my birds.] She means dragons. Thus what has, or is supposed to have, wings, as the dragons here, is by our poets called a *bird*. Shakespear takes much the same kind of liberty in his Antony and Cleopatra, when he calls his asp *worm of Nile*; and Milton, in imitation of his great master, gives the serpent in Paradise Lost the same name, as coming I suppose under the denomination of reptiles. *Symptom.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Maximian.

Mari. **W**HAT powerful star shio'd at this man's nativity,
 And bless'd his homely cradle with full glory?
 What throngs of people press and buz about him,
 And with their humming flatteries sing him
 Sing him aloud, and grow hoarse with adulating him!
 How the fierce-minded soldier steals in to him,
 Adores and courts his honour! at his devotion
 Their lives, their virtues, and their fortunes
 Charinus sues, the emperor entreats him,
 And, as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him;
 The bless'd and bright Aurelia, she slots on
 And, as the god of love, burns incense to him;
 All eyes live on him: Yet I'm still Maximioian,
 Still the same poor and wretched thing, his
 What have I got by this? where lies my glory?
 How am I rais'd and honour'd? I have gone
 To wooe this purblind honour, and have
 As many dangerous expeditions,
 As ooble, and as high; nay, in his destiny,
 Whilst 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
 And done as much, sweat thro' as many perils;
 Only the hangman of Volutius Aper,
 Which I mistook, has made him emperor,
 And me his slave.

Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

Delph. Stand still! he cannot see us,
 Till I please. Mark him well; this discontentment
 I've forc'd into him, for thy cause, Drusilla.
Mari. Can the gods see this,
 See it with justice, and confer their blessings
 On him, that never flung one grain of incense
 Upon their altars? never bow'd his knee yet?
 And I that have march'd foot by foot, struck
 equally,
 And, whilst he was a-glennig, have been
 Courtmannig his base, covetous—

Delph. Now we'll be open,*Mari.* Bless me! and with all reverence—*Delph.* Stand up, son,And wonder not at thy ungrateful uncle:
 I know thy thoughts, and I appear to ease 'em.*Mari.* Oh, mother, did I stand the tenth
 part to youEngag'd and fetter'd, as mine uncle does,
 How would I serve, how would I fall before
 The poorer powers we worship— [you!]

Delph. Pence, and flatter not;
 Necessity and anger draws this from you,
 Of both which I will quit you. For your uncle
 I spoke this honour, and it fell upon him,
 Fell to his full content: He has for me,
 For all my care, forgot me, and his vow too;
 As if a dream had vanish'd, so he has lost me,
 And I him; let him now stand fast! Come
 My care is now on you. [hither;

Mari. Oh, blessed mother!*Delph.* Stand still, and let me work.—So!

—Now, Maximioian,

Go, and appear in court, and eye Aurelia:
 Believe what I have done concerns you highly.
 Stand in her view, make your addresses to her;
 She is the stair of honour. I'll say no more,
 But Fortune is your servant: Go.

Mari. With reverence,

All this as holy truths— [Exit.

Delph. Believe, and prosper. [much credit,

Drus. Yet all this cures not me! But as
 As much belief from Dioclesian—

*Enter Geta, Lictors, and Suitors with
 petitions**Delph.* Be not dejected; I have warn'd you
 often,The proudest thoughts he has I'll humble.—
 Who's this? [officer.Oh, 'tis the fool and knave grown a grave
 here's hot and high preferment.*Geta.* What's your bill?For gravel for the Appian way, and pills?
 Is the way rheumatick?*1 Suit.* 'Tis piles, an't please you. [quiline².

Geta. Remove me those piles to Port Es-
 Fitter the place, my frikend: You shall be paid.

1 Suit. I thank your worship.*Geta.* Thank me when you have it,

² Port Esquiline.] So our great Spenser, from whom this passage seems to have been taken,
 b. ii. c. ix. st. 28.

* But all the liquor, which was foul and waste,
 * Not good nor servicable else for ought,
 * They in another great round vessel plac'd,
 * Till by a conduit-pipe it thence were brought;
 * And all the rest, that noxious was and nought,
 * By secret ways that none might it espy,
 * Was close convey'd, and to the back gate brought,
 * That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
 * It was araided quite, and thrown out privily.

Symphon.

Thank me another way, you are an ass else:
I know my office. You are for the streets, sir;
Lord, how ye throng! That knave has eaten
Whip him, and bring him back. [garlick;

3 *Suit.* I beseech your worship; [sir.
Here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt,
Geta. It stinks like thee; away! Yet let

him tarry; [tions
His bill shall quit his breath. Give your peti-
In seemly sort, and keep your hats off, de-
cently. [cities;

For scouring the water-courses thro' the
A fine periphrasis of a kennel-raker!

Did you scour all, my friend? You had some
business; [take it,

Who shall scour you? You're to be paid, I
When surgeons swear you have perform'd
your office.

4 *Suit.* Your worship's merry.

Geta. We must be sometimes witty,
To nick a knave; 'tis as useful as our gravity.
I'll take no more petitions; I am pester'd!
Give me some rest. [you,

4 *Suit.* I've brought the gold, an't please
About the place you promis'd.

Geta. See him enter'd.

How does your daughter?

4 *Suit.* Better your worship thinks of her.

Geta. This is with the least. But let me
see your daughter; [you.—

'Tis a good forward maid; I'll join her with
I do beseech ye leave me!

Lict. Ye see the edile's busy.

Geta. And look t' your places, or I'll make
ye smoke else!— [yesterday,

Sirrah, I drank a cup of wine at your house
A good smart wine.

Lict. Send him the piece; he likes it.

Geta. And eat the best wild boar at that
same farmer's.

2 *Suit.* I've half left yet; your worship
shall command it.

Geta. A bit will serve. Give me some rest!
Gods help me,

How shall I labour when I am a senator!

Delph. 'Tis a fit place indeed.— Save your
Do you know us, sir? [mastership!

Geta. These women are still troublesome.
There be houses providing for such wretched
women,

And some small rents, to set ye a-spinning.

Drus. Sir, [us,
We are no spinsters; nor, if you look upon
So wretched as you take us.

Delph. Does your mightiness,
That is a great destroyer of your memory,
Yet understand our faces?

Geta. Prithce keep off, woman!

It is not fit I should know every creature.
Altho' I've been familiar with thee heretofore,
I must not know thee now; nay place ne-
glects thee. [brances,

Yet, 'cause I deign a glimpse of your remem-
Give me your suits, and wait me a month
hence.

Delph. Our suits are, sir, to see the emperor;
The emperor Dioclesinn, to speak to him,
And not to wait on you. We've told you all,
sir. [men.

Geta. I laugh at your simplicity, poor wo-
See the emperor? Why, you are deceiv'd; now
The emperor appears but once in seven years,
And then he shines not on such weeds as you
are.—

Forward, and keep your state; and keep
beggars from me.

Drus. Here is a pretty youth.

[*Exeunt Geta, &c.*

Enter Diocles.

Delph. He shall be pretty, [sir,
Or I will want my will. Since you're so high,
I'll raise you higher, or my art shall foil me.
Stand close; he comes.

Dia. How am I cross'd and tortur'd!
My most wish'd happiness, my lovely mistress,
That must make good my hopes, and link my
greatness,

Yet sever'd from mine arms! Tell me, high
Hear'n, [thunder,

How have I sin'd, that you should speak in
In horrid thunder, when my heart was ready
To leap into her breast? the priest was ready?
The joyful virgins, and the young men ready?

When Hymen stood, with all his flames a-
bout him, ~ [sweating?

Blessing the bed? the house with full joy
And Expectation, like the Roman eagle,
Took stand, and call'd all eyes? It was your
honour;

And, ere you give it full, do you destroy it?
Or was there some dire star, some devil, that
did it?

Some sad malignant angel to mine honour?
With you I dare not rage.

Delph. With me thou canst not, [ced;
Tho' it was I. Nay, look not pale and fright-
I'll fright thee more: With me thou canst
not quarrel.

I rais'd the thunder to rebuke thy falsehood,
(Look here) to pier thy falsehood. Now be
angry,

And be as great in evil as in empire.

Dia. Bless me, ye powers!

Delph. Thou hast full need of blessing.
'Twas I that, at thy great inauguration, [thee
Hung in the air unseen; 'twas I that honour'd
With various musicks, and sweet-sounding
airs; [der;

'Twas I inspir'd the soldier's heart with won-
And made him throw himself with love and
duty,

Low at thy feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy honesty,
Thy vow, and faith: That once forgot and
alighted,

Atreia in regard, the marriage ready,
The priest and all the ceremonies present,

'Twas I that thunder'd loud, 'twas I that
threaten'd,

'Twas I that cast a dark face over Heaven,
And smote ye all with terror.

Drus. Yet consider,
As you are noble, as I have descri'd you;
For yet you're free: If neither faith nor
promise, [ber'd,
The deeds of elder times, may be remem-
Let these new-dropping tears, (for I still love
These hands held up to Heaven— [you)

Dio I must not pity you;
'Tis not wise in me.

Delph. How! not wise?

Dio. Nor honourable.

A princess is my love, and dates upon me;
A fair and lovely princess is my mistress:
I am an emperor. Consider, Prophetess,
Now my embraces are for queens and prin-
cesses,

For ladies of high rank, for divine beauties;
To look so low as this cheap common sweet-
ness [nothing.

Would speak me base, my names and glories
I grant, I made a vow; what was I then?

As she is now, of no sort, (hope made me
promise) [strous,

But now I am¹⁵, to keep this vow were man-
A madness, and a low inglorious fondness.

Delph. Take heed, proud man!

Drus. Princes may love with titles,

But I with truth. [tiny;

Delph. Take heed! Here stands thy des-
Thy fate here follows.

Dio. Thou doting sorceress! [worthy
Wouldst have me love this thing, that is not
To kneel unto my saint, to kiss her shadow?
Great princes are her slaves; selected beau-
ties [ter

Bow at her beck; the mighty Persian's daugh-
(Bright as the breaking East, as mid-day glo-
rious)

Waits her commands, and grows proud in
her pleasures. [of,

I'll see her honour'd; some match I shall think
That shall advance ye both; mean time, I'll
favour ye. [Erit.

Delph. Mean time, I'll haunt thee!—Cry
out, wench; be confident, [me)

Ere long, thou shalt more pity him (observe
And pity him in truth, than now thou seek'st
him;

My art and I are yet companions. Come,
girl. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Geta and Lictors.

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, friends,

Of too soft a nature, to be an officer;
I bear too much remorse.

1 *Lict.* 'Tis your own fault, sir;
For, look you, one so newly warm in office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true
justice: [sir,
Hit where it will, the more you whip and hang,
(Thou' without cause; let that declare itself
afterward)

The more you are admir'd.

Geta. I think I shall be. [body,

2 *Lict.* Your worship is a man of a spare
And prone to anger.

Geta. Nay, I will be angry;

And the best is, I need not shew my reason.

2 *Lict.* You need not, sir; your place is
without reason; [portion,
And what you want in growth and full pro-
Make up in rule and rigour.

Geta. A rare counsellor!

Instruct me further. Is it fit, my friends,
The emperor, my master Dioclesian, [nara
Should now remember or the times or man-
That call'd him plain down Diocles?

1 *Lict.* He must not;

It stands not with his royalty.

Geta. I grant ye.

I being then the edile Getianus,
A man of place, and judge, is it held requisite
I should commit to my consideration

Those rascals of remov'd and ragged hours,
That with unrev'rend mouths call'd me slave

Geta?

2 *Lict.* You must forget their names; your
honour bids you. [natures—

Geta. I do forget; but I will hang their
I will ascend my place, which is of justice;
And, Mercy, I forget thee.

Suit. A rare magistrate!

Another Solon sure.

Geta. Bring out the offenders.

1 *Lict.* There are none yet, sir; but no
doubt there will be. [natures—

But if you please touch some things of those

Geta. And am I ready, and mine anger too,
The melancholy of a magistrate upon me,

And no offenders to execute my fury?

Ha! no offenders, knaves?

1 *Lict.* There are knaves indeed, sir;
But we hope shortly to have 'em for your
worship.

Geta. No men to hang or whip? Are ye
good officers,

That provide no fuel for a judge's fury?

In this place something must be done; this
chair, I tell ye,

When I sit down, must savour of severity:

¹⁵ But now I am.] Now I am what? of no sort, &c. to be sure. But this is not what he meant to say, but, as it seems, quite the contrary. And accordingly I have reformed the text.

Mr. Seward offered the same conjecture. *Sympson.*

The meaning, we think, is, 'I was then of no rank, but now I am of high condition.' This is rather inaccurately expressed; but may be fairly deduced from the old text.

Betterton reads, 'But as I am;' *Sympson* and *Seward*, 'But as I'm now.'

Therefore, I warn ye all, bring me lewd people,

Or likely to be lewd (twigs must be cropt [too]);
Let me have evil persons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a magistrate,
And let me work. If I sit empty once more,
And lose my longing, as I am true Edie,
And as I hope to rectify my country,
You are those scabs I'll scratch off from the
commonwealth,

You are those rascals of the state I treat of;
And you shall find and feel —

2 *Lict.* You shall have many,
Many notorious people.

Geta. Let 'em be people,
And take ye notorious to yourselves. Mark
me, my Lictors,

And you the rest of my officials;
If I be angry, (as my place will ask it)
And want fit matter to dispose my authority,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not stay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your offences;
It is sufficient that I find no criminals,
And therefore I must make some; if I cannot,
Suffer myself; for so runs my commission.

Suit. An admirable, zealous, and true justice!

1 *Lict.* I cannot hold! If there be any
Of what degree soever, or what quality,
That would behold the wonderful works of
justice

In a new officer, a man conceal'd yet, [der
Let him repair, and see, and hear, and wun-
At the most wise and gracious Getianus!

Enter Delphia and Drusilla.

Geta. This qualifies a little.—What are
these?

Delph. You shall not mourn still: Times
of recreation,

To allay this sadness, must be sought.—
What's here?

A superstitious flock of senseless people
Worshipping a sign in office?

Geta. Lay hold on her, [Guards seize her.

And hold her fast,
She will slip thro' your fingers like an eel else;

I know her tricks. Hold her, I say, and bind
her;

Or, hang her first, and then I'll tell her
Delph. What have I done?

Geta. Th' hast done enough to undo thee;
Thou hast pressed to the emperor's presence

without my warrant,
I bring his key and image.

Delph. You are an image indeed, [ing,
And of the coarsest stuff, and the worst ink-
That e'er I look'd on yet: I'll make as good
An image of an ass.

Geta. Besides, thou art a woman of a lewd
life.

Delph. I am no whore, sir; nor no com-
Has yet proclaim'd me to the people vicious.

Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd
woman,

Which is as much as all the people swore it.
I know thou art a keeper of tame devils:

And whereas great and grave men of my place
Can by the laws be allow'd but one a-piece,

For their own services and recreations,
Thou, like a traiterous quean, keep'st twenty
Twenty in ordinary!

Delph. Pray you, sir, be pacified:
If that be all, and if you want a servant,

You shall have one of mine shall serve for
nothing,

Faithful, and diligent, and a wise devil too;
Think for what end.

Geta. Let her alone: 'Tis useful;
[Guards release her.

We men of business must use speedy ser-
Let me see your family.

Delph. Think but one, he's ready.
Geta. A devil for intelligence? No, no,

He'll lie beyond all travellers. A state-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own wea-

For execution? He will hang me too. [pon.
I'd have a handsome, pleasant, and a fine

She-devil,
To entertain the ladies that come to me;

A travel'd devil too, that speaks the tongues,
And a neat carving devil.

Enter a She-devil.

Delph. Be not fearful.
Geta. A pretty brown devil, i' faith. May
I not kiss her?

Delph. Yes, and embrace her too; she is
your servant.

Fear not, her lips are cool enough.
Geta. She is marvellous well mounted.

What's her name?
Delph. Lucifera.

Geta. Come hither, Lucifera, and kiss me.
Delph. Let her sit on your knee.

Geta. The choir turns! Hey, boys!
Pleasant, i' faith! and a fine facetious devil.

[Dance.
Delph. She would whisper in your ear, and
tell you wonders.

Geta. Come!—What's her name?
Delph. Lucifera.

Geta. Come, Lucie;
Come, speak thy mind.—I am certain burnt
to ashes!

[Enter ounces prater *Geta.*
I have a kind of glass-house in my codpiece!

Are these the flames of state? I'm roasted
over,

Over, and over-roasted. Is this office?

* *I treat of.* Seward thinks this reading flat, and therefore substitutes, 'I'll tread on.'
We cannot think any change necessary.

Betterton reads, 'You are those rascals of the state I'll punish.'

The pleasure of authority? I'll no more on't;
 'Till I can punish devils too, I'll quit it.
 Some other trade now, and some course less
 dangerous,
 Or certainly I'll tile again for two-pence.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Charinus, Aurelin, Cuzana, Ambassadors, and Attendants.

Aur. Never dispute with me; you cannot
 have her. [him.
 Nor name the greatness of your king; I scorn
 Your knees to me are nothing; should he
 bow too, [him?

It were his duty, and my power to slight
Char. She is her woman, (never sue to me)
 And in her power to render her or keep her;
 And she, my sister, not to be compell'd,
 Nor have her own suetel'd from her.

Amb. We desire not, [of;
 But for what ransom she shall please to think
 Jewels, or towrs, or provinces.

Aur. No ransom; [upon it,
 No, not your king's own head, his crown
 And all the low subjections of his people.

Amb. Fair princes should have tender

Aur. Is she too good [thoughts.
 To wait upon the mighty emperor's sister?
 What princess of that sweetness, or that
 excellence, [monarchs,

Sprung from the proudest and the mightiest
 But may be highly blest to be my servant?

Cuz. 'Tis most true, mighty lady.

Aur. Has my fair usage [time,
 Made you so much despise me and your fair-
 That you grow weary of my entertainments?
 Henceforward, as you are, I will command
 you,

And as you were ordain'd, my prisoner,
 My slave, and one I may dispose of my way;
 No more my fair companion. Tell your king
 so;

And if he had more sisters, I would have 'em,
 And use 'em as I please. You have your
 answer.

Amb. We must take some other way:
 Force must compel it.

[Exit Ambassadors.

Enter Marimian.

Mari. Now, if thou be'st a Prophetess,
 and canst do [vers,
 Things of that wonder that thy tongue deli-
 canst raise me too, I shall be bound to speak
 thee:

I half believe; confirm the other to me,

"My power to slight him." Sympson would read,

"my part to slight him;"
 but the text is much better than the proposed variation, and seems confirmed, and explained,
 by the next speech:

* And in her power to render her or keep her?

And monuments to all succeeding ages,
 Or thee, and of thy piety—Now she eyes
 me. [unto me:

Now work, great power of art! She moves
 How sweet, how fair, and lovely her aspects
 are! [me.

Her eyes, like bright Eoan flames, shoot thro'

Aur. Oh, my fair friend, where have you

Mari. What am I? [been?

What does she take me for? Work still, work
 strongly!

Aur. Where have you fled my loves and
 my embraces?

Mari. I am beyond my wits!

Aur. Can one poor thunder,

Whose causes are as common as his noises,

Make you defer your lawful and free pleas-
 ures?

Strike terror to a soldier's heart, a monarch's?

Thro' all the fires of angry Heav'n, thro'
 tempests

That sing of nothing but destruction,
 Ev'n underneath the bolt of Jove, then ready,

And aiming dreadfully, I would seek you,
 And fly into your arms.

Mari. I shall be mighty,

And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;

For certain, a most handsome man.

Char. Py, sister!

What a forgetful weakness is this in you!

What a light presence! These are words and
 offers

Due only to your husband, Dinclesian;

This free behaviour only his.

Aur. 'Tis strange,

That only empty names compel affections:

This man you see, give him what name or
 title, [her;

Let it be ne'er so poor, ne'er so despised, bro-
 This lovely man—

Mari. Tho' I be hang'd, I'll forward!

For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not

Aur. This rare and sweet young man—

See how he looks, sir.

Mari. I'll juggle hard, dear uncle.

Aur. This thing, I say,

Let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,

This most unequal'd man, this spring of
 beauty,

Deserves the bed of Juno.

Char. You're not mad? [better.

Mari. I hope she be; I'm sure I'm little

Aur. Oh, fair, sweet man!

Char. For shame, refrain this impudence!

Mari. 'Would I had her alone, that I might
 seal this blessing! [true;

Sure, sure she should not beg. If this cou-
 As I hope Heav'n it will, uncle, I'll nick you,

I'll nick you, by this life! Some would fear
killing
In the pursuit now of so rare a venture:

Enter Diocles.

I'm covetous to die for such a beauty.
Mine uncle comes; now if she stand, I'm
happy.

Char. Be right again, for honour's sake!

Dio. Fair mistress— [fellow?

Aur. What man is this? Away! what saucy
Dare any such base groom press to salute me?

Dio. Have you forgot me, fair? or do you
jest with me? [lovely.

I'll tell you what I am. Come, 'pray you look
Nothing but frowns and scorns?

Aur. Who is this fellow? [husband.

Dio. I'll tell you who I am; I am your

Aur. Husband to me?

Dio. To you. I'm Dioclesian.

Mari. More of this sport, and I am made,
old mother!

Effect but this thou hast begun—

Dio. I am he, lady, [Aper;

Rever'd your brother's death, slew cruel
I'm he the soldier courts, the empire hooours,

Your brother loves; an he, my lovely mis-
Will make you empress of the world. [tress,

Mari. Still excellent!

Now I see too, mine uncle may be cozen'd;
An emperor may suffer like another.

Well said, old mother! hold but up this mira-
cle—

Aur. Thou liest! thou art not he; thou a
brave fellow? [women?

Char. Is there no shame, no modesty, in

Aur. Thou one of high and full rank?

Dio. Gods, what nils she?

Aur. Generous and noble? Fy! thou liest
most basely.

Thy face, and all aspect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor Dalmatian slave, a low thing,
Not worth the name of Roman: Stand off
further!

Dio. What may this mean?

Aur. Come hither, my Endymion;

Come, shew thyself, and all eyes be bless'd
in thee!

Dio. Ha! what is this?

Aur. Thou, fair star that I live by,

Look lovely on me, break into full brightness!
Look; here's a face now of another making,

Another mould; here's a divine proportion;
Eyes fit for Phœbus' self, to gild the world

with; [Heaven:

And there's a brow arch'd like the state of
Look how it bends, and with what radiance,

As if the synod of the gods sat under:
Look there, and wonder! Now behold that

fellow,

That admirable thing, cut with an axe out.

Mari. Old woman, tho' I cannot give thee
recompense, [rarious—

Yet, certainly, I'll make thy name as glo-
Dio. Is this is truth?

Char. She's mad, and you must pardon her.

Dio. She hangs upon him; see!

Char. Her fit is strong now.

Be not you passionate.

Dio. She kisses!

Char. Let her;

'Tis but the fondness of her fit.

Dio. I'm fool'd!

And if I suffer this—

Char. Pray you, friend, be pacified;

This will be off anon. She goes in.

[*Exit Aurelia.*

Dio. Sirrah!

Mari. What say you, sir?

Dio. How dare thy lips, thy base lips—

Mari. I am your kinsman, sir, and no such
base one.

I never yet compell'd her; of her courtesy

To kick the princess from me; 'twas no man-
ners:

I never yet compell'd her; of her courtesy
What she bestows, sir, I am thankful for.

Dio. Be gone, villain! [glory,

Mari. I will, and I will go off with that
And magnify my fate. [Exit.

Dio. Good brother, leave me:

I'm to myself a trouble now.

Char. I'm sorry for't.

You'll find it but a woman-fit to try you,

Dio. It may be so; I hope so.

Char. I am ask'd, and what I think
blush at. [Exit.

Dio. What misery hath my great fortune
bred me! [states,

And how far must I suffer? Poor and low
Tho' they know wants and hungers, know not

these, [them,

Know not these killing fates: Little contents
And with that little they live kings, com-
mending [Honour!

And ordering both their ends and loves. Oh,
How greedily men seek thee, and, once pur-
ch'd, [thou!

How many enemies to man's peace bring'st
How many griefs and sorrows, that like sheers,
Like fatal sheers, are sheering off our lives

still!

How many sad eclipses do we shine thro'!

Enter Delphia and Drusilla, veiled.

When I presum'd I was bless'd in this fair
woman—

Delph. Behold him now, and tell me how
thou lik'st him.

Dio. When all my hopes were up, and
Fortune dealt me [march,

Ev' for the greatest and the happiest mo-
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated basely!

By mine own kinsman cross'd! Oh, villain
kinsman!

Curse of my blood! because a little younger,
A little smother-fac'd! Oh, false, false wo-
man,

False and forgetful of thy faith! I'll kill him.
But can I kill her hate too? No. He woos not,

Nor worthy is of death; because she follows him, [cent ?]
Because she courts him, shall I kill an innocent,
Oh, Diocles! 'Would thou hadst never known this,

Nor surfeited upon this sweet ambition,
That now lies bitter at thy heart! Oh, Fortune,
That thou hast none to fool and blow like
But kings, and their contents!

Delph. What think you now, girl?

Drus. Upon my life, I pity his misfortune.
See how he weeps! I cannot hold.

Delph. Away, fool! [him.—
He must weep bloody tears before thou hast
How fare you now, brave Dioclesian?
What! lazy in your loves? Has too much
Dull'd your most mighty faculties? [pleasure
Dio. Art thou there,

More to torment me? Dost thou come to
mock me?

Delph. I do; and I do laugh at all thy sufferings: [wailings.
I that have wrought 'em, come to scorn thy
I told thee once, 'This is thy fate, this woman;

'And as thou usest her, so thou shalt prosper.'
It is not in thy power to turn this destiny,
Nor stop the torrent of those miseries
(If thou neglect'st her still) shall fall upon thee.

Sigh that thou art dishonest, false of faith,
Proud, and dost think no power can cross thy
Thou'lt find a fate above thee. [pleasures;

Drus. Good aunt, speak mildly:

See how he looks and suffers.

Dio. I find and feel, woman,

That I am miserable.

Delph. Thou art most miserable.

Dio. That as I am the most, I am most
But didst thou work this? [miserable.

Delph. Yes, and will pursue it.

Dio. Stay there, and have some pity. Fair
Drusilla, [me]

Let me persuade thy mercy, (thou hast lov'd
Altho' I know my suit will sound unjustly,
To make thy love the means to lose itself,
Have pity on me!

Drus. I will do.

Delph. Peace, niece!

Altho' this softness may become your love,
Your care must scorn it. Let him still con-
temn thee,

And still I'll work; the same affection
He ever shews to thee, be't sweet or bitter,
The same Aurelia shall shew him; no further:
Nor shall the wealth of all his empire free
this.

Dio. I must speak fair.—Lovely young
maid, forgive me, [too't,
Look gently on my sorrows! You that grieve
I see it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.

Drus. Oh, aunt, I'm bless'd!

Dio. Be not both young and cruel;
Again I beg it, thus.

Enter Aurelia.

Drus. Thus, sir, I grant it.
He's mine own now, aunt.

Delph. Not yet, girl; thou'rt cozen'd.

Aur. Oh, my dear lord, how have I wrong'd
your patience! [tions!
How wander'd from the truth of my affec-
How, like a wanton fool, shou'd that I lov'd
most!

But you are full of goodness to forgive, sir,
As I of grief to beg, and shame to take it:
Sure I was not myself! some strange illusion,
Or what you please to pardon——

Dio. All, my dearest; [thee,
All, my delight! and with more pleasure take
Than if there had been no such dream; for,
It was no more. [certain,

Aur. Now you have seal'd forgiveness,
I take my leave; and the gods keep your good-
ness! [Exit.

Delph. You see how kindness prospers!
Be but so kind

To marry her, and see then what new fortunes,
New joys, and pleasures, far beyond this lady,
Beyond her greatness too——

Dio. I'll die a dog first!
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
In spite of all thy spirits, and thy witchcrafts.

Delph. Thou shalt not, fool!

Dio. I will, old dotting devil!
And wert thou any thing but air and spirit,
My sword should tell thee——

Delph. I contemn thy threat'nings;
And thou shalt know I hold a power above
thee.— [fool!

We must remove, Aurelia. Come.—Farewell,
When thou shalt see me next, thou shalt bow
to me.

Dio. Look thou appear no more to cross
my pleasures! [Exit.

* You that grieve too.] The particle *that*, seems to have no right of place here: If we must have a monosyllable to fill up, it seems, as if *there* was a more significant one than the present *that*, and ought to agree with *sorrows* as the antecedent. However, as no great matter depends upon it, I leave it to every one's judgement, which way he will read. *Symptom*.

That stands for *who*;—and the passage means, 'Pity me! pity me, you that grieve! I see
'your grief in your eyes, and meet it with a kiss,'

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

SO full of matter is our history,
 Yet mix'd, I hope, with sweet variety,
 The accidents not vulgar too, but rare.
 And fit to be presented, that there wants
 Room in this narrow stage, and time, to ex-
 In action to the life, our Dioclesian [press,
 In his full lustre: Yet (as the statuary,
 That by the large size of Alcides' foot
 Guess'd at his whole proportion) so we hope
 Your apprehensive judgments will conceive
 Out of the shadow we can only shew,
 How fair the body was; and will be pleas'd,
 Out of your wonted goodness, to behold,
 As in a silent mirror, what we cannot,
 With fit conveniency of time allow'd
 For such present cuts, cloth in vocal sounds.
 Yet with such art the subject is convey'd,
 That every scene and passage shall be clear
 Ev'n to the grossest understander here.

[*Loud musick.*]*Dumb Show.*

*Enter, at one door, Delphia and Ambassadors;
 they whisper together; they take an oath
 upon her hand; she circles them, kneeling,
 with her magic rod; they rise and draw
 their swords. Enter, at the other door,
 Dioclesian, Charinus, Maximinian, Niger,
 Aurelia, Cassana, and Guard; Charinus
 and Niger persuading Aurelia; she offers to
 embrace Maximinian; Diocles draws his
 sword, keeps off Maximinian, turns to Au-
 relia, kneels to her, lays his sword at her
 feet; she scornfully turns away: Delphia
 gives a sign; the Ambassadors and Soldiers
 rush upon them, seize on Aurelia, Cassana,
 Charinus, and Maximinian; Dioclesian and
 others offer to rescue them; Delphia raises
 a mist. Exit Ambassadors and Prisoners
 and the rest discontented.*

The skilful Delphin finding, by sure proof,
 The presence of Aurelia dim'd the beauty
 Of her Drusilla; and, in spite of charms,
 The emperor her brother, great Charinus,
 Still urg'd her to the love of Dioclesian,
 Deals with the Persian Legates, that were
 bound

For the ransom of Cassana, to remove
 Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus,
 Out of the sight of Rome; but takes their
 oaths

(In lieu of her assistance) that they shall not,
 On any terms, when they were in their power,
 Presume to touch their lives: This yielded to,
 They lie in ambush for 'em. Dioclesian,
 Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doted
 As much on Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,

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But that her frown restrain'd him: He pur-
 sues her
 With all humility, but she continues
 Proud and disdainful. The sign given by
 Delphia,

The Persians break thro', and seize upon
 Charinus and his sister, with Maximinian,
 And free Cassana. For their speedy rescue,
 Enraged Dioclesian draws his sword, [weak
 And bids his Guard assist him: Then too
 Had been all opposition and resistance
 The Persians could have made against their
 fury,

If Delphia by her cunning had not rais'd
 A foggy mist, which as a cloud conceal'd them,
 Deceiving their pursuers. Now be pleas'd,
 That your imaginations may help you
 To think them safe in Persia, and Dioclesian
 For this disaster circl'd round with sorrow,
 Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future fur-
 tunes

We will present in action; and are bold,
 In that which follows, that the most shall say,
 'Twas well begun, but the end crown'd the
 play. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Diocles, Niger, Senators, and Guard.

Dio. Talk not of comfort! I have broke
 my faith, [many
 And the gods fight against me: And proud
 However magnified, is but as dust
 Before the raging whirlwind of their justice.
 What is it to be great, ador'd on earth,
 When the immortal powers that are above us
 Turn all our blessings into horrid curses,
 And laugh at our resistance, or prevention,
 Of what they purpose! Oh, the furies that
 I feel within me! whipp'd on, by their angers,
 For my tormentors! Could it else have been
 In nature, that a few poor fugitive Persians,
 Unfringed, and unarm'd too, could have
 robb'd me [glory;

(In Rome, the world's metropolis, and her
 In Rome, where I command, environ'd round
 With such invincible troops that know no fear,
 But want of noble enemies) of those jewels
 I priz'd above my life, and I want power
 To free them, if those gods I have provok'd
 Had not giv'n spirit to the undertakers,
 And in their deed protected 'em?

Niger. Great Caesar,
 Your safety does confirm you are their care;
 And that, how'er their practices reach others,
 You stand above their malice.

1 Sen. Rome in us
 Offers (as means to further your revenge)
 The lives of her best citizens, and all
 They stand possess'd of.

1 Guard. Do but lead us on

B B

With that invincible and undaunted courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd

The minion of Conquest, married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Tho' all the enemies of life conspire
Against our undertakings) the proud Persian
Out of his strongest hold.

2 *Guard*. Be but yourself,
And do not talk, but do.

3 *Guard*. You've hands and swords,
Limbs to make up a well-proportion'd army,
That only want in you an head to lead us.

Dio. The gods reward your goodness! and
believe,

Howe'er (for some great sin) I am mark'd out
The object of their hate, tho' Jove stood
ready

To dart his three-fold thunder on this head,
It could not fright me from a fierce pursuit
Of my revenge. I will redeem my friends,
And, with my friends, my honour; at least,
Like to myself, a soldier. [fall

Niger. Now we hear
Great Dioclesinn speak.

Dio. Draw up our legions:
And let it be your cure, my much-lov'd Niger,
To hasten the remove. And, fellow-soldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious marches.

1 *Guard*. Die he accurs'd!
That thinks of rest or sleep before he sets
His foot on Persian earth!

Niger. We know our glory,
The dignity of Rome, and, what's above
All can be urg'd, the quiet of your mind,
Depends upon our haste.

Dio. Remove to-night;
Five days shall bring me to you.

All Happiness
To Caesar, and glorious victory! [*Exeunt*.

Dio. The cheerfulness of my soldiers gives
assurance

Of good success abroad, if first I make
My peace at home here. There is something
chides me,

And sharply tells me, that my breach of faith
To Delphia and Drusilla is the ground
Of my misfortunes: And I must remember,
While I was lov'd, and in great Delphia's
grace,

She was as my good angel, and bound Fortune
To prosper my designs: I must appease her.
Let others pay their knees, their vows, their
prayers,

To weak imagin'd powers; she's my all,
And thus I do invoke her.—Knowing Delphia,
Thou more than woman! and, tho' thou vouch-
safest

To grace the earth with thy celestial steps,
And taste this grosser air, thy heav'nly spirit
Hath free access to all the secret counsels
Which a full senate of the gods determine
When they consider man; the brass-leaf'd
book

Of fate lies open to thee, where thou read'st,
And fashionest the destinies of men [ture,
At thy wish'd pleasure; look upon thy crea-
And, as thou twice hast pleased to appear
To reprehend my falsehood, now vouchsafe
To see my low submission!

Delphia and Drusilla appear.

Delph. What's thy will? [ing
False, and unthankful, (and in that descri-
All human sorrows) dar'st thou hope from u.e
Relief or comfort?

Dia. Penitence does appease
Th' incensed powers, and sacrifice takes off
Their heavy augers: Thus I tender both;
The minister of great Rome, and, in that, lord
Of all the sun gives heat and being to,
Thou suest for mercy. Be but as thou wert,
The pilot to the bark of my good fortunes,
And once more steer my actions to the port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my faith to this sweet virgin,
Join with those powers that punish perjury
To make me an example, to deter
Others from being false!

Drus. Upon my soul, [pose
You may believe him! Nor did he e'er pur-
To me but nobly; he made trial how
I could endure unkindness; I see truth
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest aunt,
Both credit him, and help him! and, on as-
surance

That what I plead for you cannot deny,
I rouse him thus, and with this willing kiss
I seal his pardon.

Dio. Oh, that I e'er look'd
Beyond this abstract of all woman's goodness!

Delph. I'm thine again; thus I confirm our
league. [fer't

I know thy wishes, and how much thou suf-
ferest in honour for thy friends; thou shalt repair
For to thy fleet I'll give a fair right wind [all,
To pass the Persian Gulf; remove all lets
That may molest thy soldiers in their march
That pass by land; and Destiny is false,
If thou prove not victorious. Yet remember,
When thou art rais'd up to the highest point
Of human happiness, such as move beyond it
Must of necessity descend. Think on't;
And use those blessings that the gods pour on
With moderation! [you

Dio. As their oracle,
I hear you and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.

Delph. You will not repent it. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

*Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, and Soldiers, with
ensigns.*

Niger. How do you like your entrance to
the war?

When the whole body of the army moves,
Shews it not gloriously?

Geta. 'Tis a fine May-game;

But eating and drinking I think are forbid
in't;

(I mean, with leisure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry boys that haste to school; or, as
We carried fish to the city, dare stay no
where,

For fear our ware should stink.

1 *Guard*. That's the necessity
Of our speedy march.

Geta. Sir, I do love my ease,
And tho' I hate all seats of judicature,
I mean i' th' city, for convenience,
I still will be a justice in the war, [tain
And ride upon my foot-cloth. I hope a cap-
(And n gown'd captain too) may be dispens'd
with. [poor,

I tell you, (and don't mock me) when I was
I could endure, like others, cold and hunger;
But since I grew rich, let but my finger ache,
Or feel but the least pain in my great toe,
Unless I have a doctor, mine own doctor,
That may assure me, I am gone.

Niger. Come, fear not;

You shall want nothing.

1 *Guard*. We will make you fight
As you were mad,

Geta. Not too much of fighting, friend;
It is thy trade, that art a common soldier;
Wealthiers, by our place, may share the spoil,
And never sweat for't.

2 *Guard*. You shall kill, for practice,
But your dozen or two a-day.

Geta. Thou talk'st as if
Thou wert lousing thyself; but yet I will
make danger;

If I prove one o' th' worthies, so: However,
I'll leave the fear of the gods before my eyes,
And do no hurt, I warrant you.

Niger. Come, march on,

And humour him for our mirth.

1 *Guard*. 'Tis a fine pen-goose²⁰.

Niger. But one that fools to the emperor,
and, in that,

A wise man, and a soldier.

1 *Guard*. True morality! [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Cosroe*, *Cassana*, *Persians*; and *Char-
riants*, *Maximian*, *Aurelia*, bound; with
Soldiers.

Cosroe. Now, by the Persian gods, most
truly welcome!

Encompass'd thus with tributary kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping hands

To seat her by me; and, thus rais'd, how all,
To do her honour. Oh, my best *Cassana*,
Sister, and partner of my life and empire,
We'll teach thee to forget, with present plea-
sures,

Thy late captivity; and this proud Roman,
That us'd thee as a slave, and did disdain
A princely ransom, shall, if she repine,
Be forc'd by various tortures to adore
What she of late contemn'd.

Car. All greatness ever

Attend *Cosroe*! Tho' *Persia* be stild
The nurse of pomp and pride, we'll leave to
Rome

Her native cruelty. For know, *Aurelia*,
(A Roman princess, and a *Cesar's* sister)
Tho' late (like thee) captiv'd²¹, I can forget
Thy barbarous usage; and tho' thou to me,
When I was in thy power, didst shew thyself
A most insulting tyranness, I to thee
May prove a gentle mistress.

Aur. Oh, my stars!

A mistress? Can I live, and owe that name
To flesh and blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in sovereignty; and I, in death,
Can quit the name of slave: She that scorns
May mock captivity. [life,

Char. Rome will be Rome
When we are nothing; and her power's the
Which you once quak'd at. [same,

Mari. *Dioclesina* lives;
(I hear it, and tremble!) lives, thou king of
Persia,

The master of his fortune, and his honour:
And tho' by devilish arts we were surpris'd,
And made the prey of magick and of theft,
And not won nobly, we shall be redeem'd,
And by a Roman war; and every wrong
We suffer here, with interest be return'd
On the insulting doer!

1 *Pers*. Save these Romans

Are more than men.

2 *Pers*. Their great hearts will not yield;
They cannot bend to any adverse fate,
Such is their confidence.

Cosroe. They then shall break!

Why, you rebellious wretches, dare you still
Contend, when the least breath or nod of mine
Marks you out for the fire²², or to be made
The prey of wolves or vultures? The vain
name

Of Roman legions I slight thus, and scorn;
And for that boasted highbear, *Dioclesian*,
Which you presume on, 'would he were the
master

But of the spirit to meet me in the field!

²⁰ *Pen-goose*.] i. e. a silly creature. *Symposium*.

²¹ *Tho' now, (like thee) captiv'd.*] So first *Isabeau*; the second says, 'tho' late,' which is clearly right. *Symposium* and *Seward* seeing the corruption of the first book, and overlooking the second (though infinitely the best) edition, exhibit this nonsense:

'I though now, like me captiv'd.'

²² *Marks you out for.*] *Seward*, unwarrantably, as we think, varies the text to, 'Marks you or her,' &c.

He soon should find, that our Immortal Squadrons²³

That with full numbers ever are supplied,
(Could it be possible they should decay)
Dare front his boldest troops, and scatter 'em.
As an high-tow'ring falcon on her stretches,
Severs the fearful fowl. And, by the sun,
The moon, the winds, the nourishers of life,
And by this sword, the instrument of death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our mercy,
But yet dare hope your liberty by force,
If Dioclesian dare not attempt
To free you with his sword, all slavery [ed,
That cruelty can find out to make you wretch-
Falls heavy on you!

Mari. If the sun keeps his course,
And the earth can bear his soldiers' march,
I fear not.

Aur. Or liberty, or revenge!

Char. On that I build too. [A trumpet.

Aur. A Roman trumpet?

Mari. 'Tis: Comes it not like
A pardon to a man condemn'd?

Enter Niger.

Cosroe. Admit him.—

The purpose of thy coming?

Niger. My great master, [ken]

The lord of Rome, (in that all power is spo-
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble enemy,
And (in thy bold resistance) worth his con-
Dences thee, Cosroe.— [quest,

Mari. There is fire in this.

Niger. And to encourage thy laborious
powers

To tug for empire, dares thee to the field,
With this assurance; if thy sword can win
him,

Or force his legions with thy barbed horse
But to forsake their ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory shall take stand on thy tent,
But all the provinces and kingdoms held
By the Roman garrisons in this eastern world
Shall be deliver'd up, and he himself
Acknowledge thee his sovereign. In return
Of this large offer, he asks only this,
That 'till the doubtful die of war determine
Who has most power, and should command
the other, [births,

Thou wouldst cutreat thy prisoners like their
And not their present fortune; and to bring
'em

Guarded, into thy tent, with thy best strengths,
Thy ablest men of war, and thou thyself
Sworn to make good the place. And if he fail
(Maugre all opposition can be made)

In his own person to compel his way,
And fetch them safely off, the day is thine,
And he, like these, thy prisoner.

Cosroe. Tho' I receive this

But as a Roman brave, I do embrace it,
And love the sender. Tell him, I will bring
My prisoners to the field, and, without odds,
Against his single force, alone defend 'em;
Or else with equal numbers.—Courage, noble
princes!

And let posterity record, that we
This memorable day restor'd to Persia
That empire of the world great Philip's son
Ravish'd from us, and Greece gave up to
Rome. [fall]

This our strong comfort²⁴, that we cannot
Ingloriously, since we contend for all.

[*Exeunt.* Flourish, alarm.

SCENE V.

Enter Geta, Guard, and Soldiers.

Geta. I'll swear the peace against 'em! I
am hurt:

Run for a surgeon, or I faint!

1 *Guard.* Hear up, man;

'Tis but a scratch.

Geta. Scoring a man o'er the cockcomb
Is but a scratch with you. Pox o' your oc-
cupation, [fore,

Your scurvy scuffling trade! I was told be-
My cure was bad enough; but now I look
Like Bloody-Bone, and Raw-Head, to fright
I am for no use else. [children;

2 *Guard.* Thou shalt fright men.

1 *Guard.* You look so terrible now! But
see your face

I'll th' pummel of my sword.

Geta. I die! I'm gone!

Oh, my sweet physogonomy!

Enter three Persians.

2 *Guard.* They come;

Now fight, or die indeed.

Geta. I will 'scape this way. [have
I cannot hold my sword: What would you
Of a maim'd man?

1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a goad

To prick you forward, ox.

2 *Guard.* Fight like a man,

Or die like a dog.

Geta. Shall I, like Cæsar, fall
Among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu, Brute?*
You shall not have the honour of my death;
I'll fall by the enemy first.

²³ *Immortal squadrons.*] These were a body of Persian soldiers, whose number, Herodotus says, was never more or less than ten thousand. The reason of the name our authors give themselves;

²⁴ That with full numbers ever are supply'd. *Sympton.*

²⁵ This our strong comfort.] This slight alteration restores the verb here, without which the sentence would be harsh and elliptical. *Sympton.*

The alteration is 'tis for this; but the old reading is much, much best, and most elegant.

1 *Guard*. Oh, brave, brave Geta!

[*Persians driven off.*]

He plays the devil now.

Enter Niger.

Niger. Make up for honour!

The Persians shrink; the passage is laid open;
Great Dioclesian, like a second Mars,
(His strong arm govern'd by the fierce Bel-
lona) [foli²⁵]
Performs more than a man: His shield stuck
Of Persian darts, which now are his defence
Against the eucraies' swords, still leads the
way.

Of all the Persian forces, one strong squad-
ron, [Alarms continued.]

In which Cosroe in his own person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrout'd: Break thro'
that,

The day and all is ours. [Retreat.]

All. Victory, victory! [Exeunt. Flourish.]

SCENE VI.

Enter (in triumph, with Roman ensigns)
Guard, Dioclesian, Churiana, Aurelia,
Maximian, Niger, Geta; Cosroe, Cas-
sana, Persians, as prisoners; Delphia and
Drusilla privately.

Dio. I am rewarded in the act; your free-
dom [share]

To me's ten thousand triumphs: You, sir,
In all my glories. And, unkind Aurelia,
From being a captive, still command the
victor.

Nephew, remember by whose gift you're free.
You I afford my pity; baser minds
Insult on the afflicted: You shall know,
Virtue and courage are admir'd and lov'd
In enemies; but more of that hereafter.

Thanks to your valour; to your swords I owe
This wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My first poor bondman! Geta, I am glad
Thou'rt turn'd a fighter.

Geta. 'Twas against my will;

But now I am content with't.

Char. But imagine [these,
What honours can be done to you beyond
Transcending all example; 'tis in you
To will, in us to serve it.

Niger. We will have
His statue of pure gold set in the capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.

Mari. I burst with envy! [me,
And yet these honours, which, conferr'd on
Would make me pace on air, seem not to
move him.

Dio. Suppose this done, or were it possible
I could rise higher still, I am a man;

And all these glories, empires heap'd upon
me, [guards,

Confirm'd by constant friends and faithful
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of death

To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did when I

Liv'd both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp
point

Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep,
As when I was a private man; my passions

Are stranger tyrants on me; nor is greatness
A saving antidote²⁵ to keep me from

A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness

On her uncertain favour? or presume
She is my own, and sure, that yet was never

Constant to any? Should my reason fail me,
(As flattery oft corrupts it) here is an example

To speak, how far her smiles are to be trusted:
The rising sun, this morning, saw this man

The Persian monarch, and those subjects
proud

That had the honour but to kiss his feet;
And yet, ere his diurnal progress ends,

He is the scorn of Fortune. But you'll say,
That she forsook him for his want of courage,

But never leaves the bold: Now, by my hopes
Of peace and quiet here. I never met

A braver enemy! And, to make it good,
Cosroe, Cassana, and the rest, be free,

And ransomless return!

Cosroe. To see this virtue
Is more to me than empire; and to be

O'ercome by you, a glorious victory.

Mari. What a devil means he next!
Dio. I know that glory

Is like Alcides' shirt, if it stay on us
'Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor

can we [case,
Part with it at pleasure; when we would un-
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,

And leaves us living monsters.

Mari. 'Would 'twere come
To my turn to put it on! I'd run the hazard.

Dio. No; I will not be pluck'd out by the
ears

Out of this glorious castle; uncompe'll'd,
I will surrender rather: Let it subdue,

I've touch'd the height of human happiness,
And here I fix *nil ultra*. Hitherto

I've liv'd a servant to ambitious thoughts,
And fading glories; what remains of life,

I dedicate to Virtue; and, to keep
My faith untainted, farewell, pride and pomp!

²⁵ Struck full.] So the former editions.

²⁶ A saving antidote to keep me, &c.] 'A saving antidote, to save or keep me,' &c. seems to be too inaccurate (not to say tautological) an expression, for such correct authors as ours; I with submission would read thus,

'A sovereign antidote,' &c.

Syngeon.

'Saving antidote' very properly defines 'a preservative.'

And circumstance of glorious majesty,
Farewell for ever!—Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long with sore eyes look'd upon
My flourishing fortune; you shall have poss-

ession
Of my felicity: I deliver up
My empire, and this gem I priz'd above it,
And all things else that made me worth your
envy,
Freely unto you.—Gentle sir, your suffrage,
To strengthen this. The soldiers' love I
doubt not:

[yours,
His valour, gentlemen, will deserve your fa-
vour, which let my prayers further. All is yours.—
But I have been too liberal, and given that
I must beg back again.

Mari. What am I fall'n from?

Dio. Nay, start not: It is only the poor
Grange,
The patrimony which my father left me,
I would be tenant to.

Mari. Sir, I am yours:

I will attend you there.

Dio. No; keep the court;
Seek you in Rome for honour: I will labour
To find content elsewhere. Dissuade me not;
By Heaven, I am resolv'd!—And now, *Dru-*
silla,

Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My wife, if thy love since hath felt no change,
I'm ready to perform it.

Dru. I still lov'd

Your person, not your fortunes; in a cottage,
Being yours, I am an empress.

Delph. And I'll make

The change most happy.

Dio. Du me then the honour,
To see my vow perform'd. You but attend
My glories to the urn; where be it ashes,
Welcome my mean estate! and, as a due,
Wish rest to me, I honour unto you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. THE war with glory ended, and
Cosroe,

Acknowledging his fealty to Charinus,
Dismiss'd in peace, returns to Persia:
The rest, arriving safely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with triumphs: Maximinian,
By the grace and intercession of his uncle,
Saluted Cesar: But good Dioclesian,
Wearied of pomp and state, retires himself,
With a small train, to a most private Grange
In Lombardy^a; where the glad country
strives

With rural sports to give him entertainment:
With which delighted, he with ease forgets
All specious trifles, and securely tastes
The certain pleasures of a private life.

But oh, Ambition, that eats into,
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness and
honour,

And, to support her greatness, fashions fears,
Doubts, and pretensions to decline all dan-
gers,

Which, in the place of safety, prove her ruin!
All which he pleas'd to see in Maximinian,
To whom his confer'd sovereignty was like
A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,
That drowns a smaller bark: And he once
fall'n

Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,

Honour, and empire, absolute command;
Yet being ill, long great he cannot stand.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my lord, my love, my
life, my Cesar? [*ness!*]

How ill this dullness doth comport with great-
ness! Does not, with open arms, your fortune court
you?

Rome know you for her master? I myself
Confess you for my husband? love and serve
you? [*curse,*

If you condemn not these, and think them
I know no blessings that ambitious flesh
Could wish to feel beyond 'em.

Maxi. Best Aurelia,

The parent and the nurse to all my glories,
'Tis not that, thus embracing you, I think
There is a heaven beyond it, that begets
These sad retirements; but the fear to lose
What it is hell to part with. Better to have
liv'd

Poor and obscure, than never seal'd the top
Of hilly empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almost as soon
As we have reach'd it!

Aur. These are panic terrors
You fashion to yourself. Is not my brother
(Your equal and co-partner in the empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your friend? the soldier
constant?

^a In Lombardy.] Dalmatin was the real country to which Dioclesian retired: But Lombardy being a finer climate for a farmer, was, I suppose, the reason why our Poets have chose to fix him there. *Symon.*

Hath not your uncle Dioclesian taken
His last farewell o' th' world? What then can
shake you?

Mari. The thought I may be shaken, and
assurance

That what we do possess is not our own,
But has depending on another's favour:
For nothing's more uncertain, my Aurelin,
Than power that stands not on his proper
basis,

But borrows his foundation. I'll make plain
My cause of doubts and fears; for what
should I

Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my most private thoughts? Is not the
empire

My uncle's gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least distaste? Does not Charinus
Cross me in my designs? and what is majesty
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent
soldier

Call my command his donative? and what
can take

More from our honour? No, my wise Aurelin,
If I to you am more than nil the world,
As sure you are to me; as we desire

To be secure, we must be absolute, [rows
And know no equal; when your brother bor-
The little splendor that he has from us,
And we are serv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live safe; but 'till then, we hot walk
With heavy burdens on a sea of glass,
And our own weight will sink us.

Aur. Your mother brought you
Into the world an emperor; you persuade
But what I would have counsell'd. Nearness
of blood,

Respect of piety, and thankfulness,
And all the holy dreams of virtuous fools,
Must vanish into nothing, when Ambition
(The maker of great minds, and nurse of
honour)

Puts in for empire. On then, and forget
Your simple uncle; think he was the master
(In being more an emperor) of a jewel,
Whose worth and use he knew not. For
Charinus,

(No more my brother) if he be a step
To what you purpose, he to me's a stranger,
And so to be remov'd.

Mari. Thou more than woman!
Thou masculine greatness, to whose soaring
spirit

To touch the stars seems but an easy flight,
Oh, how I glory in thee! Those great women
Antiquity is proud of, thou but man'd,
Shall be no more remember'd. But persevere,
And thou shalt shine among those lesser lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, and Guard.

To all posterity, like another Phoebe,
And so ador'd as she is.

Aur. Here's Charinus,
His brow furrow'd with anger.

Mari. Let him storm!
And you shall hear me thunder.

Char. He dispose of
My provinces at his pleasure? and confer
Those honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his creatures?

Niger. Mighty sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your love and favour,
And not to pride or malice.

Char. No, good Niger;
Courtesy shall not fond me; he shall know
I lent a hand to raise him, and defend him,
While he continues good; but the same
strength,

If pride make him usurp upon my right,
Shall strike him to the centre.—You're well
met, sir. [hears

Mari. As you make the encounter. Sir, I
That you repose, and hold yourself much
griev'd,

In that, without your good leave, I bestow'd
The Gallian proconsulship upon
A follower of mine.

Char. 'Tis true; and wonder
You durst attempt it.

Mari. Durst, Charinus?

Char. Durst;
Again I speak it. Think you me so tame,
So leudon and unactive, to sit down
With such dishonour? But, recall your grant,
And speedily; or, by the Roman gods,
Thou trip'st thine own heels up, and hast
no part

In Rome, or in the empire.

Mari. Thou hast none,
But by permission. Alas, poor Charinus,
Thou shadow of an emperor, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy foolish threats! The gods ap-
point him

The absolute disposer of the earth,
That has the sharpest sword: I'm sure, Cha-
rinus, [Aper

Thou wear'st one without edge. When cruel
Had kill'd Numerianus, thy brother,
(As act that would have made a trembling
coward

More daring than Alcides) thy base fear
Made thee wink at it; then rose up my uncle,
For the honour of the empire, and of Rome,
Against the traitor, and, among his guards,
Punish'd the treason. This bold daring act
Got him the soldiers' suffrages to be Cæsar,
And howsoever his too-gentle nature
Allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,
I challenge the succession.

Char. Thou art engend'
When the receiver of a courtesy
Cannot sustain the weight it carries with it,
'Tis but a trial², not a present act.
Thou hast in a few days of thy short reign,

² 'Tis but a trial.] The sense designed is certainly, not at present, or as yet an irrevocable
act

In over-weening pride, rint, and lusts,
Sham'd noble Dioclesina, and his gift;
Nor doubt, when it shall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the empire groans
Under thy tyranny, but he will forsake
His private life, and once again resume
His laid-by majesty; or, at least, make choice
Of such an Atlas as may bear this burden,
Too heavy for thy shoulders. To effect this,
Lend your assistance, gentlemen; and then
doubt not

But that this mushroom, sprung up in a night,
Shall as soon wither. And for you, Aurelin,
If you esteem your honour more than tribute
Paid to your loathsome appetite, as a fury
Fly from his loose embraces. So, farewell!
Ere long you shall hear more. [Exeunt.]

Aur. Are you struck dumb,
That you make no reply?

Mari. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their plots,
And turn them on their own accursed heads.
My uncle? good! I must not know the names
Of piety or pity. Steel my heart,
Desire of empire, and instruct me, that
The prince that over others would bear sway,
Checks at no let that stops him in his way! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter three Shepherds and two Countrymen.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great man will
continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what else? h'as
bought the great farm;

A great man, with a great inheritance,
And all the ground about it, all the woods too,
And stock'd it like an emperor. Now, all our
sports again,

And all our merry gambols, our May-ladies,
Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
Our holiday good ebeer, our happies now,
boys,

Shall make the wanton lasses skip again,
Our sheep-shearings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark you,
We must not call him emperor.

1 *Country.* That's all one; [son;
He's the king of good fellows, that's no tren-
And so I'll call him still, tho' I be hang'd for't.
I grant you h' has giv'n his honour to another
man, [low,

He cannot give his honour; he's a brave fel-
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come
hither, Ludou;

What new songs, and what geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough, I'll tell ye;
He comes aboard anon to view his grounds,
And, with the help of Thirsis, and old Egon;
(If his whorson told be gone) and Amuryllis,
And some few more o' th' wenches, we will
meet him,

And strike him such new springs, and such
free welcomes,

Shall make him score an empire, forget ma-
jesty, [happy,
And make him bless the hour he liv'd here

2 *Country.* And we will second ye, we ho-
nest carters,

We lads o' th' lash, with some blunt enter-
tainment;

Our teams to two-pence, we'll give him some
Or we'll bawl fearfully! [content,

3 *Shep.* He can't expect now [sicks,
His courtly entertainments, and his rare ma-
And ladies to delight him with their voices;
Honest and cheerful toys from honest mean-
ings,

And the best hearts they have. We must be
neat all;

On goes my russet jerkin with blue buttons
1 *Shep.* And my green slops I was married
in; my bonnet, [boys,

With my earnest point with silver tags,
You know where I won it.

1 *Country.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, Alexis.

1 *Shep.* And I shall find some toys that
have been favours,

And newsgyns, and such knacks; for there
be wenches.

act or deed. If the words do not seem to the reader to convey this sense, a slight change
will: He may read

'———not a perfect act,'

But I would not have the text disturbed. *Seward.*

Betterton reads,

'Tis but a trial, not a confirm'd act.'

The word *present*, in the text, bears the same sense as *confirm'd* or *perfect*, in the variations
of Seward and Betterton.

* *Springs* here means *tunes*. So bishop Douglass in his Translation of Virgil, book vi.
page 167:

'Gif Orpheus mycht reduce agane I gess
'From Hell his spouse's ghost, with his sweet stringeis,
'Playand on his harp of 'Trace so pleasand *springs*.'

So Chaucer, in his House of Fame, book iii. line 143, &c.

'There saw I fumes old and young
'Piperis all of the Duchie tong,
'To lerning love dauncis and *springs*,
'Keyis and the straunge thingis.'

Symson.

3 *Shep.* My mantle goes on too I play'd
young Paris in,
And the new garters Amaryllis sent me.

1 *Countr.* Yes, yés; we'll all be handsome,
and wash our faces.

Neighbour, I see a remnant of March dust
That's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray you
be careful,

And mendify your muzzle²⁰.

Enter Geta.

2 *Countr.* I'll to the harbours;
It shall cost me I know what.—Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, neighbours!

A great man in our state. Gods bless your
worship!

2 *Countr.* Encrease your mastership!

Geta. Thanks, my good people. [it,
Stand off, and know your duties!—As I take
You are the labouring people of this village,
And you tmt keep the sheep. Stand further
off yet,

And mingle not with my nuthority;

I am too inighty for your company.

3 *Shep.* We know it, sir; and we desire
your worship

To reckon us amongst your humble servants;
And that our country sports, sir—

Geta. For your sports, sir, [venient,
They may be seen, when I shall think con-
When, out of my discretion, I shall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for liceuce.—Ye look upon
me,

And look upon me seriously, as you knew me:

'Tis true, I've been a rascal, as you are,

A fellow of no mention, nor no mark,

Just such another piece of dirt, so fashion'd;

But time, that purifies all things of merit,

Has set another stamp. Come nearer now,

And be not fearful (I take off my austerity);

And know me for the great and mighty
steward

Under this man of honour; know ye for my
vassals,

And at my pleasure I can dispeople ye, [try:

Can blow you and your cattle out o' th' coun-

But fear me, and have favour. Come, go

along with me, [em.

And I will hear your songs, and perhaps like

3 *Shep.* I hope you will, sir.

Geta. 'Tis not a thing impossible.

Perhaps I'll sing myself, the more to grace ye;

And if I like your women—

3 *Shep.* We'll have the best, sir,
Handsome young girls.

Geta. The handsomer the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your wives too; 'twill be all one
charge to ye;

For I must know your families.

Delph. 'Tis well said, [hatching
'Tis well said, honest friends. I know ye're
Some pleasurable sports for your great land-
lord;

Fill him with joy, and win him a friend to ye,
And make this little Grange seem a large
empire, [favour,

Let out²¹ with home contents: I'll work his
Which daily shall be on ye.

3 *Shep.* 'Then we'll sing daily,
And make him the best sports—

Delph. Instruct 'em, *Geta*,

And be a merry man again.

Geta. Will you lend me a devil,
That we may dance awhile?

Delph. I'll lend thee two;

And bag-pipes that shall blow alone.

Geta. I thank you; [plexion first.
But I'll know your devils of a cooler com-

Come, follow, follow; I'll go sit and see ye.

Delph. Do; and be ready an hour hence;
and hiring 'em;

For in the grove you'll find him. [Exeunt.

Enter Diocles²² and Drusilla.

Di. Cume, *Drusilla*,

The partner of my best contents! I hope now
You dare believe me.

Drus. Yes, and dare say to you,

I think you now most happy.

Di. You say true, sweet;

For, by my soul, I find now by experience,
Content was never courtier.

Drus. I pray you walk on, sir;

The cool shades of the grove invite you.

Di. Oh, my dearest! [ness,

When man has cast off his ambitious great-
And sunk into the sweetness of himself;

Built his foundation upon honest thoughts;

Not great, but good, desires his duly servants;

How quietly he sleeps! How joyfully

He wakes again, and looks up his possessions,

And from his willing labours feeds with plea-
sure!

Here hang no comets in the shapes of crowns

²⁰ *Mendify your muzzle.*] i. e. Clean your mouth, your chaps.

²¹ *Let out.*] Probably we should read, 'Set out.'

²² *Enter Diocles and Drusilla.*] Through the emperor had quitted his imperial dignity, and retired to his farm, it does not appear by any accounts that he ever reduced his name, as our editors have done for him here, to pure plain *Diocles*. I say the editors, not the poets, because in the conclusion of this act the soldiers give him his imperial addition,

'Long live the good and gracious *Diocletian*.' *Sympon.*

These cavils at the stage directions are not only idle, but ridiculous; and, besides this, *Sympon* suffers him, in the Dumb Show (at the beginning of the fourth act) to be called both *Diocles* and *Diocletian*: This probably proceeded from oversight in him; in as it proceeds from our thinking it too insignificant for attention.

To shake our sweet contents; nor here,
Drusilla,
 Cares, like eclipses, darken our endevours:
 We love here without rivals, kiss with inno-
 cence! [dren

Our thoughts as gentle as our lips, our chil-
 The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.

Drus. I'm glad ye make this right use of
 this sweetness,
 This sweet retiredness.

Dio. 'Tis sweet indeed, love,
 And every circumstance about it shews it.
 How liberal is the spring in every place here!
 The artificial court shews but a shadow,
 A painted imitation of this glory. [cellence;
 Snell to this flower; here Nature has her ex-
 Let all the perfumes of the empire pass this,
 The carefullest lady's cheek shew such a co-
 They're gilded and adulterate vanities. [our;
 And here in poverty dwells noble nature.
 What pains we take to cool our wines, to al-
 lay us,

And bury quick the fuming God to quench us!
 [Music below.

Methinks this chrystal well—Ha! what
 strange musick?

'Tis underneath, sure!—How it stirs and
 joys me!

How all the birds set on! the fields redouble
 Their odoriferous sweets! Hark how the
 echoes—

Enter a Spirit from the well.

Drus. See, sir, those flowers [ment.
 From out the well, spring to your entertain-

Enter Delphia.

Dio. Bless me!

Drus. Be not afraid; 'tis some good angel
 That's come to welcome you.

Delph. Go near, and hear, son. [Song.

Dio. Oh, mother, thank you, thank you!
 this was your will.

Delph. You shall not want delights to bless
 your presenee. [nour you.
 Now you are honest, all the stars shall ho-

Enter Shepherds and Dancers.

Stay; here are country shepherds; here's
 some sport too,

And you must grace it, sir; 'twas meant to
 welcome you. [son.

A king shall never feel your joy: Sit down,
A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses; Pan
leading the men, Ceres the maids.

Hold, hold! my messenger appears. Leave
 off, friends,

Leave off a while, and breathe.

Dio. What news? You're pale, mother.

Delph. No; I am careful of thy safety, son.
 Be not affrighted, but sit still; I'm with thee.

Enter Maximian, Aurelia, and Soldiers.

And now, dance out your dance.—D' you
 know that person?

Be not amaz'd, but let him shew his dread-
 fullest. [pleasures,

Mari. How confident he sits amongst his
 And what a cheerful colour shews in's face!

And yet he sees me too, the soldiers with me.

Aur. Be speedy in your work, (you will be
 stopt else)

And then you are an emperor!

Mari. I'll about it.

Dio. My royal cousin, how I joy to see you,
 You and your royal empress!

Mari. You're too kind, sir.

I come not to eat with you, and to surfeit
 In these poor clownish pleasures; but to tell
 I look upon you like my winding-sheet, [you,
 The coffin of my greatness, nay, my grave:
 For whilst you are alive—

Dio. Alive, my cousin?

Mari. I say, alive—I am no emperor;

I'm nothing but mine owna disquiet.

Dio. Stay, sir!

Mari. I cannot stay. The soldiers dote
 upon you. [rity

I would fain spare you; but mine own secu-
 Compels me to forget you are my uncle,

Compels me to forget you made me Cæsar;
 For, whilst you are remember'd, I am buried.

Dio. Did not I make you emperor, dear
 cousin?

The free gift from my special grace?

Delph. Fear nothing. [you?

Dio. Did not I chuse this poverty, to raise
 That royal woman gave into your arms too?

Bless'd you with her bright beauty? Gave
 the soldier, [you?

The soldier that hung to me, fix'd him on
 Gave you the world's command?

Mari. This cannot help you.

Dio. Yet this shall ease me. Can you be
 so base, consiq,

So far from nobleness, so far from nature,
 As to forget all this? to tread this tie out?

Raise to yourself so foul a monument
 That every common foot shall kick asander!

Must my blood give you to your peace?

Mari. It must, uncle;

I stand too loose else, and my foot too feeble:
 You gone once, and their love retir'd, I'm
 rooted.

Dio. And cannot this remov'd poor state
 obscure me? [tously

I do not seek for yours, nor enquire ambi-
 After your growing fortunes. Take heed, my
 kinsman!

Ungratefulness and blood mingled together,
 Will, like two furious tides—

Mari. I must sail thro' 'em;

Let 'em be tides of death, sir, I must stem up.

Dio. Hear but this last, and wisely yet con-
 sider!

Place round about my Grange a garrison,
 That if I offer to exceed my limits,

Or ever in my common talk name emperor,
 Ever converse with any greedy soldier,

Or look for adoration, nay, for courtesy,

Above the day's salute—Think who has
 fed you; [misery?
 Think, cousin, who I am. D'you slight my
 Nay, then I charge thee! Nay, I meet thy
 cruelty.

Mari. This cannot serve; prepare. Now
 fall ye, soldiers,

And all the treasure that I have—

[*Thunder and lightning.*

1 *Sold.* The earth shakes; [sir;
 We totter up and down; we cannot stand,
 Methinks the mountains tremble too.

2 *Sold.* The flashes,
 How thick and hot they come! We shall be
 burnt all!

Delph. Fall on, soldiers! [bravely!
 You that sell innocent blood, fall on full

1 *Sold.* We cannot stir.

Delph. You have your liberty;
 So have you, lady: One of you come do it.

[*A hand with a bolt appears above.*

D'ye stand amaz'd? Look o'er thy head,
 Maximilian,

Look, to thy terror, what overhangs thee;
 Nay, it will nail thee dead: Look how it threat-
 ens thee! [cs;

'The bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretch-
 'The bolt of innocent blood:' Read those hot
 characters, [lady,

And spell the will of Heav'n. Nay, lovely
 You must take part too, as spur to Ambition.

Are you humble? Now speak; my part is
 Does all your glory shake? [ended.

Mari. Hear us, great uncle,
 Good and great sir, be pitiful unto us!

Below your feet we lay our lives; be merciful!
 Begin you, Heaven will follow.

Aur. Oh, it shakes still! [knowledge

Mari. And dreadfully it threatens. We ac-
 Our base and foul intentions: stand between
 us! [given:

For faults confess'd, they say, are half for-
 We're sorry for our sins. Take from us, sir,

That glorious weight that made us swell, that
 poison'd us;

That mass of majesty I labour'd under,
 (Too heavy and too mighty for my manage)

That my poor innocent days may turn again,
 And my mind, pure, may purge me of these
 curses. [us—

By your old love, the blood that runs between
 [The hand taken in.

Aur. By that love once you bare to me!
 by that, sir,

That blessed maid enjoys—

Dio. Rise up, dear cousin, [you,
 And be your words your judges! I forgive

Great as you are, enjoy that greatness ever,
 Whilst I mine own content make mine own
 empire.

Once more I give you all; learn to deserve it,
 And live to love your good more than your
 greatness.— [ror,

Now shew your loves to entertain this empe-
 My honest neighbours! Geta, see all hand-
 some. [little;

Your Grace must pardon us; our house is
 But such an ample welcome as a poor man

And his true love can make you and your
 Madam, we have no dainties. [empress—

Aur. 'Tis enough, sir;
 We shall enjoy the riches of your goodness.

Sold. Long live the good and gracious Dia-
 clesian! [rashness.

Dio. I thank you, soldiers; I forgive your
 And, royal sir, long may they love and ho-
 nour you!

[*Drums beat a march afar off.*

What drums are those?

Delph. Meet 'em, my honest son;
 They are thy friends, Charinus and the old
 soldiers,

That come to rescue thee from thy hot cousin.
 But all is well; and turn all into welcomes!

Two emperors you must entertain now.

Dio. Oh, dear mother,
 I've will enough, but I want room and glory.

Delph. That shall be my care. Sound your
 pipes now merrily, [welcomes!

And all your handsome sports: Sing 'em full

Dio. And let 'em know, our true love
 breeds more stories,

And perfect joys, than kings do, and their
 glories. [Exeunt.

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH:

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills assign this Play wholly to Fletcher. It was first printed in the folio of 1617. We do not know of any alteration that has been made to it, nor has it been acted these many years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AGENOR, *Prince of Argos.*
 THEANOR, *Son of the Queen of Corinth, a vicious Prince.*
 LEONIDAS, *the Corinthian General, Brother to Merione.*
 EUPHANES, *a noble young Gentleman, Favourite to the Queen.*
 CRATES, *elder Brother to Euphanes, a malicious beautyfeu¹.*
 CONON, *Euphanes's Confidant, and Fellow-traveller.*
 NEANTHES, }
 SOSICLES, } *Courtiers.*
 ERATON, }

ONOS or LAMPRIAS, *a very foolish Traveller.*
 TUTOR, } *to Onos, two foolish Knaves.*
 UNCLE, }
 Gentlemen, *Servants to Agenor.*
 A Page to Lord Euphanes.

Marshal, Vintner, and Drawers.

QUEEN OF CORINTH, *a wise and virtuous Widow.*
 MERIONE, *a virtuous Lady, honourably solicited by Prince Agenor.*
 BELIZA, *a noble Lady, Mistress to Euphanes.*

SCENE, *Corinth.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Neanthes, Sosicles, and Eraton.

ERATON. THE general is return'd then?
 NEAN. With much honour.

SOS. And peace concluded with the prince of Argos?

NEAN. To the Queen's wishes: The conditions sign'd

So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage Of Corinth, and the good of all her subjects, That tho' Leonidas, our brave general, Ever came home a fair and great example, He never yet return'd us with less loss Or more deserved honour.

ERA. Have you not heard The motives to this general good?

NEAN. The main one Was admiration first in young Agenor (For by that name we know the prince of Argos)

Of our Leonidas' wisdom and his valour; Which, tho' an enemy, first in him bred wonder,

That liking, have succeeded that, which was Followed by a desire to be a friend, Upon what terms soever, to such goodness. They had an interview; and, that their friendship [eluded, Might with our peace be ratified, it was consented, yielding up all such strong places As he held in our territories, should receive (With a sufficient dower paid by the Queen) The fair Merione for his wife.

ERA. But how [know, Approves the Queen of this? since we well Nor was her highness ignorant, that her son The prince Theanor made love to this lady, And in the noblest way.

NEAN. Which she allow'd of, And I have heard from some familiar with Her nearest secrets, she so deeply priz'd her, Being from an infant train'd up in her service, (Or, to speak better, rather her own creature) She once did say, that if the prince should steal

A marriage without her leave, or knowledge, With this Merione, with a little suit

¹ *Boutefeu.*] An incendiary.

She should grant both their pardons; whereas
now,

To shew herself forsooth a Spartan lady,
And that 'tis in her power, oow it concerns
The common good, not alone to subdue
Her own affections, but command her son's,
She has not only fore'd him with rough threats
To leave his mistress, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his entrance into Corinth,
To wait upon his rival.

Soc. Can it be

The prince should sit down with this wrong?

Nean. I know not;

I am sure I should not.

Era. Trust me, nor I:

A mother is a name; but, put in balance
With a young wench, 'tis nothing. Where
did you leave him?

Nean. Near Vesta's temple (for there he
dismiss'd me)

And full of troubled thoughts, enling for
Crates: [purpose,

He went with him, but whither, or to what
I am a stranger.

Enter Theonor and Crates.

Era. They're come back, Neanthes.

The. I like the place well.

Cra. Well, sir? it is built

As if the architect had been a prophet,
And fashion'd it aloof for this night's action;
The vaults so hollow, and the walls so strong,
As Dian there might suffer violence,
And with loud shrieks in vain call Jove to
help her;

Or should he hear, his thunder could not find
An entrance to it.

The. I give up myself

Wholly to thy direction, worthiest Crates:
And yet the desperate cure that we must prac-
Is in itself so foul, and full of danger, [use
That I stand doubtful whether 'twere more
manly

To die not seeking help, or, that help being
So deadly, to pursue it.

Cra. To those reasons

I have already urg'd, I will add these:

For, but consider, sir— [They talk apart.

Era. It is of weight

What'er it be, that with such vehement ac-
Of eye, hand, foot, nay, all his body's motion,
Crates incites the prince to.

Nean. Then observe,

With what variety of passions he [shakes
Receives his reasons: Now he's pale, and
For fear or anger; now his natural red
Comes back again, and with a pleasing smile
He seems to entertain it. 'Tis resolv'd on,
Be it what'twill: To his ends may it prosper,
Tho' the state sink fur't!

Cra. Now you see a prince

Fit to rule others, and, in shaking off
The bonds in which your mother fetters you,
Discharge your debt to Nature; She's your
Follow her boldly, sir. [guide;

The. I am confirm'd,

Fall what may fall.

Cra. Yet still disguise your malice

In your humility.

The. I am instructed.

Cra. Tho' in your heart there rage a thou-
sand tempests,

All calmness in your looks.

The. I shall remember.

Cra. And at no hand, tho' these are us'd
as agents, [instant

Acquaint them with your purpose, 'till the
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to consider: When 'tis done, reward
Or fear will keep them silent. Yet you may
Grace them as you pass by; 't will make them
And greedier to deserve you. [surer,

The. I'll move only

As you would have me. Good day, gentlemen!
Nay, spare this ceremonious form of duty
To him that brings love to you, equal love,
And is in nothing happier than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.

Soc. I am o'erjoyed! I know not

How to reply; but—

Era. Hang all buts!—My lord,

For this your bounteous favour—

Nean. Let me speak.

If to feed vultures here, after the halter
Has done his part, or if there be a hell
To take a swinge or two there, may deserve

Soc. We're ready. [this—

Era. Try us any way.

Nean. Put us to it.

The. What jewels I have in you!

Cra. Have these souls,

That for a good look, and a few kind words,
Part with their essence?

The. Since you will compel me

To put that to the trial which I doubt not,
Crates, may be suddenly, will instruct you
How, and in what, to shew your loves: Obey
As you would bind me to you. [him

Cra. 'Tis well grounded;

Leave me to rear the building.

Nean. We will do—

Cra. I know it.

Era. Any thing you'll put us to. [Exeunt

SCENE II.

Enter Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.

Leo. Sister, I reap the harvest of my la-
bours

In your preferment; be you worthy of it,
And with an open bosom entertain [for!
A greater fortune than my love durst hope

² To deserve you.] Symphon and Seward chuse to read, *serve* instead of *deserve*: We think the latter word genuine, if not preferable, 'To deserve you' signifies 'to merit your favour.'

Be wise, and welcome it: Play not the coy
And foolish wanton, with the offer'd bounties
Of him that is a prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won, Merione; then, if you dare
Believe the object that took me was worthy,
Or trust my judgment, in me thank you were
Court'd, woo'd to, and conquer'd.

Mer. Noble brother,
I have and still esteem you as a father,
And will as far obey you; my heart speaks it:
And yet, without your anger, give me leave
To say, that in the choice of that on which
All my life's joys or sorrows have dependance,
It had been fit, ere you had made a full
And absolute grant of me to any other,
I should have us'd mine own eyes, or at least
Made you to understand, whether it were
Within my power to make a second gift
Of my poor self.

Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,
The prince Theanor's love; let not that cheat
you; [service
His vows were but mere courtship; all his
But practice how to entrap a credulous lady.
Or, grant it serious, yet you must remember,
He's not to love, but where the Queen his
mother [up;
Must give allowance, which to you is barr'd
And therefore study to forget that ever
You cherish'd such a hope.

Mer. I would I could! [person
Leo. But brave Agenor, who is come in
To celebrate this marriage, for your love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thousand lives,
That must have fallen under the sword of war
Had not this peace been made; which general good

Both countries owe to his affection to you.
Oh, happy sister, ask this noble lady,
Your bosom friend (since I fail in my credit)
What palm Agenor's name, above all princes
That Greece is proud of, carries, and with
lustre. [cellent;

Bel. Indeed, fame gives him out for ex-
And, friend, I doubt not but when you shall
see him,

Enter a Servant, who whispers Beliza.
He'll so appear to you.—Art sure 'tis he?

Ser. As I live, madam—

Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my joy!
'Tis my Euphanes?

Ser. Yes.

Bel. And he's in health?

Ser. Most certainly, madam.

Bel. I'll see him instantly.

So, 'prithce, tell him. [Exit Servant.

Mer. I yield myself too weak
In argument to oppose you; you may lead me
Whither you please.

Leo. 'Tis answer'd like my sister;
And if in his you find not ample cause

To pray for me, and daily, on your knees,
Conclude I have no judgment.

Mer. May it prove so!

Friend, shall we have your company?

Bel. Two hours hence

I will not fail you.

Leo. At your pleasure, madam.

Exit Leo. and Mer.

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word speak a thou-
sand welcomes, [hand?
And hearty ones, you have 'em. *Fy!* my
We stand at no such distance: By my life,
The parting kiss you took before your travel
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preserv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame,
To entertain your wish'd return.

Euph. Best lady, [reason
That I do honour you, and with as much
As ever man did Virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the sun, the stars,
The temples, and their gods, they all can
witness;
And that you have deserv'd this duty from
The life, and means of life, for which I owe
you, [tune

Commends me to profess it, since my for-
Awards no other payment.

Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling courtesies, as I call them,
(Tho' you give them another name) you had
Made ample satisfaction in th' acceptance;
And therefore did presume you had brought
Some other language. [home

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yields words sufficient to express your good:
Nor can I ever chose another theme, [ness;
And not be thought unthankful.

Bel. Pray you no more,
As you respect me.

Euph. That claim is too powerful
For me to disobey it. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my boldness, madam.

Bel. Good Euphanes,
Believe I am not one of those weak ladies,
That (barr'd of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things with-
out them:

Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think when they
give [friends;

They purchase bondmen, not make worthy
By all that's good I swear, I never thought
My great estate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly understanding of themselves as want
They do possess.

Bel. Good Euphanes, where benefits

² *Enter a Servant.*] Without the addition I have made to this direction, every reader per-
haps would not take the abrupt question, 'Art sure 'tis he?' in a proper light. *Symptom.*

Are ill conferr'd, as on unworthy men,
That turn them to bad uses, the bestower,
For wanting judgment how and on whom to
place them,

Is partly guilty: But when we do favours
To such as make them grounds on which they
build [fortunes

Their noble actions, there we improve our
To the most fair advantage. If I speak
Too much, tho' I confess I speak not well,⁴
'Prithee remember 'tis a woman's weakness,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You speak nothing
But what would well become the wisest man:
And that by you deliver'd is so pleasing
That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arrest it; and will now
Express myself a little more, and prove
That whereas you profess yourself my debtor,
That I am yours.

Euph. Your ladyship then must use
Some sophistry I never heard of.

Bel. By plain reasons;
For, look you, had you never sunk beneath
Your wants, or if those wants had found
supply [ther,
From Crates, your unkind and covetous bro-
Or any other man, I then had miss'd
A subject upon which I worthily

Might exercise my bounty: Whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furnish you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniencies that you thought use-
ful, [coffers,

That gold which would have rusted in my
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a part-
ner

In all your glorious actions. And whereas,
Had you not been, I should have died a thing
Scarcely known, or soon forgotten; there's no
trophy

In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from Beliza.

Euph. That was but thankfulness.

Bel. 'Twas such an honour,
And such a large return for the poor trash
I ventur'd with you, that, if I should part
With all that I possess, and myself too,
In satisfaction for it, 'twere still short
Of your deservings.

Euph. You over-prize them, madam.

Bel. The Queen herself hath given me gra-
cious thanks [ues,

In your behalf; for she hath heard, Eupha-
How gallantly you have maintain'd her ho-
nour

In all the courts of Greece: And rest assur'd
(Tho' yet unknown) when I present you to
her,

Which I will do this evening, you shall find
That she intends good to you.

Euph. Worthiest lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor servant;
He must not contradict it.

Bel. Here's your brother;
'Tis strange to see him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You're welcome home, sir!
(Your pardon, madam,) I had thought my
house, [worthy
Considering who I am, might have been
Of your first visit.

Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When last I saw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That absence, which still renders men for-
gotten,
Should make my presence wish'd for.

Bel. That's not it;
Your too-kind brother, understanding that
You stand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.

Cra. He had never wanted
Or yours, or your assistance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have con-
Whatsoever I call mine. [manded

Euph. I studied many,
But could find none.

Cra. You would not find yourself, sir,
Or in yourself, what was due to me from you;
The privilege my birth bestow'd upon me
Might challenge some regard.

Euph. You had all the land, sir;
What else did you expect? And I am certain
You kept such strong guards to preserve it
I could force nothing from you. [yours,

Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?

Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouths, but you nor heard nor
saw them.

May-be, you look'd I should petition to you,
As you went to your horse; flatter your self
wants,

To play the brokers for my furtherance;
Scotch your worst humours, act the parasite
On all occasions; write my name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from slaves;
Be drunk when you would have me, then
wench with you,

Or play the pandar; enter into quartels,
Altho' unjustly ground'd, and defend them.
'Cause they were yours: These are the ty-
rannies,

Most younger brothers groan beneath; yet
bear them

From the insulting heir, selling their freedoms
At a less rate than what the state allows
The salary of base and common strumpets:

⁴ As to unworthy men.] Amended by Sympson.

⁵ I speak well.] The insertion of the word *not* is recommended by Sympson. The answer of Euphanes, and all that follows, proves it to be the original reading.

Form my part, ere on such low terms I feed
Upon a brother's trencher, let me die
The beggar's death, and starve!

Cra. 'Tis bravely spoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

Bcl. Why, what does he
You would not wish were yours?

Cra. I'll tell you, lady,
Since you rise up his advocate, and boldly
(For now I find, and plainly, in whose favour
My love and service to you was neglected).
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your
beauty,

And put your virtues in, (if you have any)
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
That tells my lady stories, dissolves riddles,
Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet
At solemn masques, applauding what she
laughs at;

Reads her asleep a-nights, and takes his oath
Upon her pantofles, that all excellence
In other madams does but zany hers: [not
These you are perfect in, and yet these take
Or from your birth or freedom.

Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not looks should shew—

Bcl. Contemn it:
His envy fains this, and he's but reporter,
Without a second, of his own dry fancies.

Cra. Yes, madam, the whole city speaks it
with me;

And tho' it may distaste, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the scene, and with him
censur'd;

For you are given out for the provident lady,
That, not to be unfurnish'd for her pleasures,
(As, without them, to what vain use is great-
ness!)

Have made choice of an able man, a young
man,

Of an Herculean back, to do you service;
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.

Bcl. You are foul-mouth'd!

Cra. That can speak well, write verses
too, and good ones, [with

Sharp and conceited, whose wit you may lie
When his performance fails him; one you
have [you;

Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to please
And, by tho gods, you well reward him for it.
No night in which, while you lie sick and
panting,

He watches by you, but is worth a talent;

No conference in your coach, which is not
paid with

A scarlet suit: This the poor people's matter,
Tho' I believe, for I am bound to do so,
A lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a most exact lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the last-bought vizard
That lechery purchases'd.

Euph. Not a word beyond this!

The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me
What's past; but if continued— [suffer

Bcl. Stay your hand!

The Queen shall right my honour.

Cra. Let him do it;

It is but marrying him. And, for your anger,
Know that I slight it! When your goddess
here

Is weary of your sacrifice, as she will be,
You know my house, and there amongst my
servants

Perhaps you'll find a livery. [Exit

Bcl. Be not mov'd;

I know the rancor of his disposition,
And turn it on himself by laughing at it;
And in that let me teach you.

Euph. I learn gladly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Neanthes, Sosicles, and Eraton,
severally.

Nean. You're met unto my wishes; if you
ever

Desir'd true mirth so far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it;
Or let me live your fool.

Sos. Who is't, Neanthes?

Nean. Lamprias the usurer's son.

Era. Lamprias? the youth

Of six and fifty?

Sos. That was sent to travel

By rich Beliza, 'till he came to age

And was fit for a wife?

Nean. The very same.

This gallant, with his Guardian and his Tutor,
(And, of the three, who is most fool I know
not) [them

Are newly come to Corinth: I'll not stale
By giving up their characters⁷; but leave you
To make your own discoveries. Here they
are, sir.

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Tutor. That leg a little higher; very well.

⁶ Poor people.] I have a strong suspicion that *most* is the reading we ought to follow, but I have not ventured to disturb the text. *Sympton.*

The text is best.

⁷ By giving up their, &c.] The particle *up* I have left out of the present text, though it stands in all the other copies, because it confounds the sense: 'Giving up a character' is a phrase of a quite different import to what he would say here, as the least attention will make evident enough. *Sympton.*

'To give up' is right. It does not here signify to renounce, in the modern acceptation, but to *deceit*.

Now put your face into the traveller's posture;
Exceeding good.

Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?

Tutor. They will be all my scholars, when
they know

And understand him truly.

Era. Phœbus guard me

From this new Pydion!

Sos. How they have trim'd him up
Like an old reveller!

Neon. Curl'd him and perfum'd him;
But that was done with judgment, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually. Trust me,
That witch's face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Than would set off ten bawdis and all their
tenants!

Sos. See how it moves towards us.

Neon. There's a salutation!— [travel
Troth, gentlemen, you have bestow'd much
In training up your pupil.

Tutor. Sir, great buildings [not,
Require great labours; which yet we repent
Since for the country's good we have brought
An absolute man. [home

Uncle. As any of his years,
Corinth can shew you.

Era. He's exceeding meagre.

Tutor. His contemplation—

Uncle. Besides, 'tis fit
Learners should be kept hungry.

Neon. You all contemplate; [mine
For three such wretched pictures of lean fa-
I never saw together.

Uncle. We have fat minds, sir,
And travell'd to save charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? He's my
ward;

Nor was there ever, where I bore the bag,
Any superfluous waste.

Era. 'Pray you can it speak?

Tutor. He knows all languages, but will
use none;
They're ill too big for's mouth, or else too little
To express his great conceits. And yet of
late,

With some impulsion, he hath set down,
In a strange method, by the way of question,
And briefly too*, all business whatsoever,
That may concern a gentleman.

Neon. Good sir, let's hear him.

Tutor. Come on, sir.

Neon. They have taught him, like an ape,
To do his tricks by signs. Now he begins.

Onos. When shall we be drunk together?

Tutor. That's the first.

Onos. Where shall we whore to-night?

Uncle. That ever follows.

Era. 'Ods me, he now looks angry.

Onos. Shall we quarrel?

Neon. With me at no hand, sir.

Onos. Then let's protest.

Era. Is this all?

Tutor. These are, sir, the four new virtues
That are in fashion; many a mile we measur'd
Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.

Neon. You might have spar'd that labour,
for at home here

There's little else in practice. Ha! the Queen?
Good friends, for half an hour remove your
motion;

Tomorrow willingly, when we've more leisure,
We'll look on him again.

Onos. Did I not rarely?

Uncle. Excellent well.

Tutor. He shall have six plumbs for it.

[*Exeunt Onos, &c.*]

*Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, Queen,
Merione, Belisa, Euphances, Crates, Ladus
and Attendants, with lights.*

Queen. How much my court is honour'd,
princely brother, [sence,

In your vouchsafing it your long'd-for pre-
We're tedious to repeat, since 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd. May the gods,
That look into kings' actions, smile upon
The league we have coucluded; and their
justice

Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One article!

Age. Great miracle of queens,
How happy I esteem myself, in being
Thought worthy to be number'd in the rank
Of your confid' rates, my love and best service
Shall teach the world hereafter; but this
gift

With which you have confirm'd it, is so far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of necessity I must die oblig'd
To your unanswer'd bounty.

The. The sweet lady
In blushes gives your highness thanks.

Queen. Believe it,
On the Queen's word, she is a worthy one;
And I am so acquainted with her goodness,
That but for this peace that hath chang'd my
purpose, [gladly

And to her more advancement, I should
Have call'd her daughter.

The. Tho' I am depriv'd of
A blessing, 'tis not in the fates to equal,
To shew myself a subject as a son,
Here I give up my claim, and willingly
With mine own hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above myself; and from this hour,
(For my affection yields now to my duty)
Vow never to solicit her.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd.

Neantless, and the rest!

[*Exeunt Cra. Neon. Sos. Era.*]

Queen. Nay, for this night
You must (for 'tis our country fashion, sir)

* And briefly to all.] Corrected by Mr. Symphon.

* Motion.] i.e. Puppet. See note 13 on Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

Leave her to her devotions; in the morning
We'll bring you to the temple.

Leo. How in this

Your highness honours me!

Mer. Sweet rest to all!

Age. This kiss, and I obey you.

Bel. Please it your highness,

This is the gentleman.

Queen. You're welcome home, sir.—

Now, as I live, one of a promising presence.—

I've heard of you before, and you shall find

I'll know you better; find out something
that

May do you good, and rest assur'd to have it.

Were you not Sparta lately?

Euph. Three days since, madam,

I came from thence.

Queen. 'Tis very late.

Good night, my lord! Do you, sir, follow me;
I must talk further with you.

Age. All rest with you! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Crates, Nearchus, Eraton, and Socrates,
disguised.

Cra. She must pass thro' this cloister; sud-
And boldly seize upon her. [*deuly*]

Near. Where's the prince?

Cra. He does expect us at the place I
shew'd you.

Enter Merione and Servant.

I hear one's footing; peace, 'tis she.

Mer. Now leave me; [*Exit Servant.*]

I know the way; tho', Vesta witness with me,

I never trod it with such fear.—Help, help!

Cra. Stop her mouth close; out with the
light; I'll guide you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Merione, as newly ravish'd.

Mer. TO whom now shall I cry? What
pow'r thus kneel to,

And beg my ravish'd honour back upon me?

Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodness, deaf to
me,

Deaf Heav'n to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf
justice!

I am abus'd, and you, that see all, saw it,
Saw it, and smil'd upon the villain did it;

Saw it, and gave him strength! Why have I
pray'd to ye, [*slumbers?*]

When all the world's eyes have been suuk in
Why have I then pour'd out my tears? kneel'd
to ye?

And from the altar of a pure heart sent ye
Thoughts like yourselves, white, innocent,
vows purer [*odours?*]

And of a sweeter flame ¹⁰ than all earth's
Why have I sung your praises, strew'd your
temples, [*roses?*]

And crown'd your holy priests with virgin
Is it we hold ye powerful, to destroy us?

Believe and honour ye, to see us ruin'd?
These tears of anger thus I sprinkle toward ye,

You that dare sleep secure whilst virgins suffer;
These stick like comets ¹¹, blaze eternally,

'Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your
justice,

And forc'd ye fear our curses, as we yours.

Enter Theonor and Crates, with vizards.

My shame still follows me, and still proclaims
me,

He turns away in scorn! I am condemn'd too;
A more unmanly violence than the other:

Bitten, and flung away? Whate'er you are,
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now must
basely

And sacrilegiously robb'd this fair temple,
I fling all these behind me, but look upon me,

But one kind loving look, be what you will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my hus-
band. [*too,*]

And you, his hand in mischief, I speak to you
Counsel him nobly now; you know the mis-
chief,

The most unrighteous act he has done; per-
suade him, [*science*]

Persuade him like a friend, knock at his con-
'Till fair Repentance follow. Yet be worthy
of me, [*you:*]

And shew yourself, if ever good thought guided
You've had your foul will; make't yet fair
with marriage;

Open yourself and take me, wed me now.
[*Draws his dagger.*]

More fruits of villainy? Your dagger? Come;
You're merciful; I thank you for your medi-
cine.

Enter the rest disguised.

Is that too worthy too? Devil! thou with him!

¹⁰ Sweeter flame.] Though I have not disturbed the text, I suspect we should read *flame*.
—Symson.

¹¹ These stick like comets.] To compare *tears* to *comets*, *fire* to *water*, is so strange an ab-
surdity, that we cannot help thinking a line has been dropt here; and the two following lines
almost prove that the curses and execrations of the suffering innocent (not the *tears* which
she sprinkles) are what she means by saying,

¹² These stick like comets, blaze eternally.

Thou penny bawd to his lust! Will not that stir thee?

Do you work by tokens now? Be sure I live
For your own safeties, knaves. I will sit pa-
tiently: [servants,

But, as you are true villains, the devil's own
And those he loves and trusts, make it as
bloody

An act, of such true horror, Heav'n would
shake at;

'Twill shew the braver. Goodness, hold my
hope fast,

And in thy mercies look upon my ruins,

*Enter sir disguised, singing and dancing to a
horrid musick, and sprinkling water on her
face.*

And then I'm right!—My eyes grow dead
and heavy.

Wrong me no more, as ye are men.

The. She's fast.

Cra. Away with her. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Agenor and Gentlemen, with torches.

*Age. Now, Gentlemen, the time's come
now t'enjoy [sur.*

That fruitful happiness my heart has long'd
This day be happy call'd¹³; and when old
Time [sweetness

Brings it about each year, crown'd with that
It gives me now, see every man observe it,
And, laying all aside bears show of business,
Give this to joy and triumph. How sit my
cloaths?

1 Gent. Handsome, and wondrous well, sir.

Age. Do they shew richly?

For to those curious eyes even Beauty envies,
I must not now appear poor, or low-fashion'd.
Methinks I am younger than I was, far
younger;

And such a promise in my blood I feel now,
That, if there may be a perpetual youth
Bestow'd on man, I am that soul shall win it.
Does my hair stand well? Lord, how ill-fa-
vour'dly

You have dress'd me to-day! how baldly!
Why this cloak?

2 Gent. Why, 'tis the richest, sir.

Age. And here you have put me on

A pair of breeches look like a pair of bag-
pipes.

1 Gent. Believe, sir, they shew bravely.

Age. Why these stockings?

2 Gent. Your leg appears—— [colour;

*Age. Poh! I would have had 'em peach-
All young and new about me. And this scarf
here, [puppet.*

A goodly thing! you have trick'd me like a

*1 Gent. I'll undertake to rig forth a whole
navy,*

And with less labour, than one man in love;
They're never pleas'd.

2 Gent. Methinks he looks well.

1 Gent. Well [wonder

As man can look, as handsome. Now do I
He found not fault his nose was put on ugly,
Or his eyes look'd too grey, and rail at us:
They are the wayward'st things, these lovers.

*2 Gent. All will be right
When once it comes to th' push.*

1 Gent. I would they were at it,

For our own quiet sake.

Age. Come, wait upon me;

And bear yourselves like mine, my friends,
and nobly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Enter Theonor, Crates, and Eraton, bring-
ing Merione.*

Erat. This is her brother's door.

*Cra. There lay her down then;
Lay her along. She's fast still?*

Erat. As forgetfulness¹².

*Cra. Be not you stirr'd now, but away to
your mother,*

Give all attendance, let no stain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your face; carry your-
self confidently.

The. But whither runs your drift now?

Cra. When she wakes,

Either what's done will shew a mere dream
to her,

And carry no more credit; or, say she find it,
Say she remember all the circumstances,
Twenty to one the shapes in which they were
acted, [her,

The horrors, and the still affrights we shew'd
Rising in wilder figures to her memory,
Will run her mad, and no man guess the
reason:

If all these fail, and that she rise up perfect,
And so collect herself, believe this, sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to guess; the thing
done too

Being the utter undoing of her honour

If it be known, and to the world's eye pub-
lish'd, [her,

Especially at this time when Fortune courts
She must and will conceal it, nay, forget it:
The woman is no Lucrece. Get you gone, sir;
And, as you would have more of this sport,
fear not.

The. I am confirm'd. Farewell!

Cra. Farewell! Away, sir.

Disperse yourselves; and as you love his
favour,

¹³ This day be happy call'd, &c.] Rowe has closely copied this speech, in the beginning of The Fair Penitent.

¹² Ser. As forgetfulness.] As there is no Servant present, nor any person whose name be- gins in this manner, we have given this speech to Eraton.

And that that crowns it, gold, no tongues
amongst ye!
You know your charge; this way goes no
suspicion¹⁴. [Exeunt.]

Enter Agenor and Lenoidas, with two Gentlemen, with lights.

Age. You are stirring early, sir.

Leo. It was my duty

To wait upon your Grace.

Age. How fares your sister, [yet?

My beauteous mistress? What, is she ready

Leo. No doubt she'll lose you time, sir:

Young maids in her way

Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age,
'Till the priest has done his part, that theirs
may follow.

I saw her not since yesterday i' th' evening;
But, sir, I'm sure she is not slack; Believe
your Grace will find a loving soul. [me,

Age. A sweet one;

And so much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happiness to know she is mine,
(Believe me, noble brother) that to express it
Methinks a tongue's a poor thing, can do no-
thing, [there?

Imagination less¹⁵. Who's that that lies

Leo. Where, sir? [man.

Age. Before the door; it looks like a wo-

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then
there was nothing.

One of the maids u'erwatch'd belike.

Age. It may be. [sleep in.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to

1 Gent. 'Tis sure a woman, sir; she has
jewels on too:

She fears no foul play sure.

Leo. Bring a torch hither; [garments.

Yet 'tis not perfect day. I should know those

Age. How sound she sleeps!

Leo. I'm sorry to see this!

Age. Do you know her?

Leo. And you now, I am sure, sir.

Age. My mistress? How comes this?

Enter Queen, Theonor, Beliza, Euphanes,
Neanthus, and Attendants.

Leo. The Queen and her train?

Queen. You know my pleasure.

Euph. And will be most careful.

Queen. Be not long absent;

The suit you preferr'd is granted.

Neen. This fellow mounts

Apnee, and will tower o'er us like a falcon.

¹⁴ Goes no suspicion.] Though this may be understood, it is such a low and stiff expression, that I can scarce think it genuine. The word *gives*, instead of *goes*, makes clearer English, but I believe the original might be

'——— this way go—— no suspicion;' i. e. be sure ye take care, not to give the least suspicion by your conduct. Seward.

We think the text needs no change.

¹⁵ Imagination less.] Symson proposes to read,

'Imagination—— Bless us, who's that,' &c.

Seward, 'Imagination scarce;' and they jointly have another reading, 'imaginationless,' one word. We think the text unexceptionable, and their objections futile and trifling.

Queen. Good morrow to ye all! Why stand
ye wond'ring?

[tress;
Enter the house, sir, and bring out your mis-
You must observe our ceremonies. What's
the matter?

What's that ye stand at? How! Merione?

Asleep i' th' street? Belike some sudden palsy,

As she steep'd out last night upon devotion,

To take her farewell of her virgin state,

The air being sharp and piercing, struck her

See if she breathe. [suddenly.

Leo. A little.

Queen. Wake her then;

'Tis sure a fit.

Age. She wakes herself: Give room to her.

Queen. See how the spirits struggle to re-
cover, [certain,

And strongly reinforce their strengths; for
This was no natural sleep.

The. I'm of your mind, madam.

Queen. No, son, it cannot be.

The. 'Pray Heav'n, no trick in't!

Good soul, she little merits such a mischief.

Queen. She's broad awake now, and her
sense clears up;

'Twas sure a fit. Stand off.

Mer. The Queen, my love here,

And all my noble friends? Why, where am I?

How am I tranq'd, and mop'd! I' th' street?

Heav'n bless me! [remember—

Shame to my sex! o' th' ground too?—Oh, I

Leo. How wild she looks!

Age. Oh, my cold heart, how she trembles!

Mer. Oh, I remember, I remember!

Queen. What's that?

Mer. My shame, my shame, my shame!

Oh, I remember,

My never-dying shame!

The. Here has been villainy.

Queen. I fear so too.

Mer. You are no furies, are ye?

No horrid shapes sent to affright me?

Age. No, sweet;

We are your friends. Look up; I am Agenor,

(Oh, my Merione!) that loves you dearly,

And come to marry you.

Leo. Sister, what ail you?

Speak out your griefs, and boldly.

Age. Something sticks here

Will chok you else.

Mer. I hope it will.

Queen. Be free, lady;

You have your loving friends about you.

Age. Dear Merione,

By the unspotted love I ever bore you,
By thine own goodness—

Mer. Oh, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, sir;
I'm now I know not what; 'pray ye look not
on me;

No name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that detested, base, and branded—

Age. Speak it,
And how: Diseases of most danger,
Their causes once discover'd, are easily cur'd.
My fair Merione—

Mer. I thank your love, sir:
When I was fair Merione, unspotted,
Pure, and undaunted in the bud you honour'd;
White as the heart of truth, then, prince
Agenor,

Even then I was not worthy of your favour.
Wretch that I am, less worthy now of pity!
Let no good thing come near me; Virtue fly
me;

You that have honest noble names, despise
For I am nothing now but a main pestilence,
Able to poison all! Send those unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their
fortunes,

Despis'd their honours; those that have been
Ravish'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell
The. Now it appears too plain. [it.

Mer. Send those sad people
That hate the light, and curse society;
Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose
eyes continually

Their melting souls drop out, send those to
And when their sorrows are most excellent,
So full that one grief more cannot be added,
My story like a torrent shall devour 'em.
Hark! it must out: But 'pray stand close
And let not all the world hear. [together,

Leo. Speak it boldly.

Mer. And, royal lady, think but charita-
Your Grace has known my breeding. [bly!

Queen. Prithee, speak it.

Mer. Is there no stranger here? Send off
your servants,
And yet it must be known.—I shake.

Age. Sweet mistress! [guess yet?

Mer. I am abus'd, basely abus'd! do you
Come close; I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,
Ravish'd, and robb'd of honour!

Leo. Oh, the devil!

Age. What bellish slave was this?

The. A wretch, a wretch, [lady?

A damned wretch! Do you know the villain,
Mer. No.

The. Not by guess?

Mer. Oh, no.

The. It must be known.

Queen. Where was the place?

Mer. I know not neither.

Age. Oh, Heaven!

Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?

Leo. Neither the man nor circumstances?

The. His tongue,

Did you not hear his tongue? no voice?

Mer. None, none, sir:

All I know of him was his violence.

Age. How came you hither, sweet?

Mer. I know not neither.

The. A cunning piece of villainy.

Mer. All I remember

Is only this: Going to Vesta's temple,
To give the goddess my last virgin prayers,
Near to that place I was suddenly surpris'd
By five or six disguis'd, and from thence
violently

To my dishonour hal'd: That act perform'd,
Brought back; but how, or whither, 'till I
wak'd here—

The. This is so monstrous, the gods cannot
suffer it;

I have not read, in all the villainies
Committed by the most abhorrate rascals,
An act so truly impious.

Leo. 'Would I knew him!

The. He must be known; the devil cannot
hide him. [do it,

Queen. If all the art I have, or power, can
He shall be found; and such a way¹⁷ of justice
Inflicted on him—A lady wrong'd in my court?
And this way robb'd, and ruin'd?

The. Be contented, madam;

If he be above ground, I will have him.

Age. Fair virtuous maid, take comfort yet,
and flourish, [you,

In my love flourish; the stain was forc'd upon
None of your will's, nor yours. Rise, and
rise mine still, [lov'd ye;
And rise the same white, sweet, fair soul I
Take me the same.

Mer. I kneel and thank you, sir;

And I must say you are truly honourable,
And dare confess my will yet still a virgin:
But so unfit and weak a cabinet
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, lost my
lustre;

I mean this body, so corrupt a volume,
For you to study goodness in, and honour,
I shall entreat your Grace, confer that hap-
piness

Upon a beauty Sorrow never saw yet.
And when this grief shall kill me, (as it
must do)

Only remember yet you had such a mistress¹⁸;
And if you then dare shed a tear, yet honour
me.

Good gentlemen, express your pities to me,
In seeking out this villainy. And my last suit

¹⁶ You honour'd.] Seward reads, 'You honour'd me.'

¹⁷ A way of justice.] Probably we should read, weight; way is very flat.

¹⁸ Yet you had such a mistress;

— yet honour me.] Sympton substitutes that for yet in these places; but the old reading is much best.

Is to your Grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poor recluse nun with this lady,
From court and company, 'till Heaven shall
hear me, [sery.
And send me comfort, or death end my mi-
Queen. Take your own will; my very heart
bleeds for thee. [thee,
Age. Farewell, Merinne! since I have not
I'll wed thy goodness, and thy memory.
Leo. And I her fair revenge.
The. Away; let's follow it;
For he's so rank i' th' wind we cannot miss
him. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Crates and Canon.

Cra. Canon? You're welcome home! you're
wondrous welcome!
Is this your first arrival?
Con. Sir, but now
I reach'd the town.
Cra. You're once more welcome then.
Con. I thank you, noble sir.
Cra. 'Pray you do me the honour
To make my poor house first—
Con. 'Pray, sir, excuse me; [py
I have not seen mine own yet; nor made hap-
These longing eyes with those I love there.—
What is this? a tavern?

Cra. It seems so by the outside.
Con. Step in here then;
And since it offers itself so freely to us,
A place made only for liberal entertainment,
Let's seek no further, but make use of this,
And, after the Greek fashion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two.

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Cra. Your pleasure, sir.
Drawers! who waits within?
Draw. Anon, anon, sir. [there!
Vint. Look into the Lilly-pot, Why, Mark,
You're welcome, gentlemen! heartily wel-
My noble friend! [come,
Cra. Let's have good wine, mine host,
And a fine private room.
Vint. Will you be there, sir? [myself.
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your wine
Cushions, ye knaves! Why, when?

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir.
Vint. Chios, or Lesbos, Greek?
Cra. Your best and neatest.
Vint. I'll draw ye that shall dance.
Cra. Away; be quick then. [Exit Vintner.
Con. How does your brother, sir, my noble
friend, [travel,
The good Euphanes? In all my course of
I met not with a gentleman so turkish'd
In gentleness and courtesy; believe, sir,
So many friendly offices I receiv'd from him,

So great and timely, and enjoy'd his company
In such an open and a liberal sweetness,
That when I dare forget him—

Cra. He is in good health, sir;
But you will find him a much-alter'd man;
Grown a great courtier, sir.

Con. He is worthy of it.

Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print
behind him [of
Of what he was. Those goodnesses you speak
That have been in him, those that you call
freedoms,

Societies, and sweetness, look for now, sir,
You'll find no shadows of them left, no sound;
The very air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now
behold him,

And you shall see a thing walk by, look big
upon you,

And cry for place: 'I am the Queen's; give
room there!' [bet,

If you how low, may-be he'll touch the lion-
Or fling a forc'd smile at you, for a favour.

Con. He is your brother, sir.

Cra. These forms put off, [on him,
Which travel and court holy-water sprinkle
I dare accept and know him. You'll think it
strange, sir,

That ev'n to me, to me, his natural brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honour
to—

Enter Vintner with wine.

But that's all one. Come, give me some
wine, mine host.

Here's to your fair return!

Con. I wonder at it!

But sure he's found a nature not worth
owning [ried.—

In this way¹³; else I know he is tender car-
I thank you, sir. And now durst I presume,
For all you tell me of these alterations
And stops in his sweet nature (which 'till I
find so,

I have known him now so long, and look'd
so thro' him, [less)

You must give me leave to be a little faith-
I say, for all these, if you please to venture,
I'll lay the wine we drink, let me send for him
(Ev'n I, that am the poorest of his fellowship)
But by a boy o' th' house too, let him have
business, [tress

Let him attend the Queen, nay, let his mis-
Hold him betwixt her arms, he shall come
to me, [heartily;

And shall drink with me too, love me, and
Like a true honest man, bid me welcome
I'm confident. [home;

Cra. You'll lose.

Con. You'll stand to th' wager?

Cra. With all my heart.

Con. Go, Boy, and tell Euphanes—

Boy. He's now gone up the street, sir, with
a great train of gallants.

¹³ In this way.] Seward, we think injudiciously, reads *man* for *way*.

Cra. What think you now, sir?

Con. Go, and overtake him: [non]

Commend my love unto him, (my name's Co-
Tell him I'm new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would request to see him presently.
You see I use old dudgeon phrase to draw
him. [him] hither.

Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw

Con. Away, Boy.

Boy. I am gone, sir. [Exit.

Con. Here's to you now! [him,

And you shall find his travel has not stoop'd
As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom;
But made him far more clear and excellent.
It draws the grossness off the understanding,
And renders active and industrious spirits:
He that knows most men's manners, must of
necessity [simple,
Best know his own, and mend those by ex-
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,
Still in the place he was born in, tam'd and
blinded; [spirits,
Living at home is like it. Pure and strong
That, like the fire, still covet to fly upward,
And to give fire, as well as take it, cas'd up
and mew'd here,
I mean at home, like lusty mettled horses,
Only tied up in stables¹⁰, to please their
masters;

Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.
Why don't you travel, sir!

Cra. I've no belief in't,

I see so many strange things, half unhatch'd
too¹¹, [men,

Return, those that went out men, and good
They look like punch'd eggs, with the soul
suck'd out,

Empty and full of wind: All their affections
Are bak'd in rye-crust, to hold carriage
From this good town to t'other; and when
they are open'd,

They're so ill-cook'd and mouldy——

Con. You are pleasant.

Cra. I'll shew you a pack of these: I have
'em for you,

That have been long in travel too.

Con. Please you, sir.

Cra. You know the Merchants' Walk, Boy?

2 Boy. Very well.

Cra. And you remember those gentlemen
were here

The other day with me?

2 Boy. Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,

For there I am sure they are; pray 'em come
lither,

(And use my name) I would be glad to see 'em.

Enter First Boy.

1 Boy. Your brother's coming in, sir.

Vint. Odds my passion! [cushions,
Out with the plate, ye knaves; bring the new
And wash those glasses I set by for high-days;
Perfume the rooms along. Why, sirrah!

1 Boy. Here, sir.

Vint. Did my wife make herself ready
handsomely,

And put on her best apron; it may be,
The noble gentleman will look upon her.

Enter Euphances and two Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he, Boy?

Vint. Your worship's heartily welcome!

It joys my very heart to see you here, sir.
The gentleman that sent for your honour—

Euph. Oh, good mine host!

Vint. To my poor homely house, an't like
your honour——

Euph. I thank thine honour, good mine
host. Where is he? [phases!

Con. What think you now?—My best Es-

Euph. Canon? [in it!

Welcome, my friend! my noble friend, how
Are you in safety come, in health?

Con. All health, all safety, [pieces,
Riches, and all that makes content and hap-
Now I am here, I have. How have you far'd,
sir?

Euph. Well, I thank Heaven; and never
nearer, friend,

To catch at great occasion.

Con. Indeed I joy in't. [fortunes;

Euph. Nor am I for myself born in these
In truth I love my friends.

Con. You were noble ever.

[*Euph. salutes Cra.*

Cra. I thought you had not known me.

Euph. Yes; you are my brother,

My elder brother too: 'Would your affections
Were able-but to ask that love I owe to you,
And as I give, preserve it!—Here, friend Co-
To your fair welcome home! [nos,

Con. Dear sir, I thank you.

Fill it to th' brim, boy. Crates!

Cra. I will pledge you;

But for that glorious comet, lately fir'd——

Con. Fy, fy, sir, fy!

Euph. Nay, let him take his freedoms;

He stirs not me, I vow to you; much less
stains me.

Cra. Sir, I can't talk with that neat tra-
velling tongue.

Con. As I live, he has the worst belief in
men abroad!

¹⁰ Up in stables.] Mr. Seward joined with me in reading *stalls for stables*, which, though no great improvement to the sense, is to that of the measure. *Symptom.*

Variations for the sake of measure only, are innumerable. Our Authors, and all others of their time, were very licentious in that respect.

¹¹ Strange things half unhatch'd, to

Return, those that went, &c.] There is probably some omission here: however, the variation we have made affords a more plausible reading than the former editions.

Enter Second Boy.

I'm glad I can come home.

2 Boy. Here are the gentlemen.

Cra. Oh, let 'em enter. Now you that trust in travel,

And make sharp leards and little breeches deities, [picks,

You that enhance the daily price of tooth- And hold there is no home-bred happiness,

Behold a model of your minds and actions.

Euph. Tho' this be envious, yet, done i' th' way of mirth,

I am content to thank you for't.

Con. 'Tis well yet.

Cra. Let the masque enter.

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Onos. A pretty tavern 'faith, of a fine structure!

Uncle. Bear yourself like a gentleman; here's sixpence,

And be sure you break no glasses.

Tutor. Hark ye, pupil;

Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams, [little.

And put your knees out bent; there; yet a Now I beseech ye, be not so improvident

To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main posture,

And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you: Play with your Pisa beard. Why, where's your brush, pupil?

He must have a hrosh, sir.

Uncle. More charge yet?

Tutor. Here, take mine; [sir.

These elements of travel he must not want.

Uncle. *Mufiy*, he has had some nineteen- peace in elements;

What would you more?

Tutor. *Durus mercede pater!*

Con. What, monsieur Onos, the very pump of travel²¹!

Sir, as I live, you've done me the greatest kindness—

Oh, my fair sir, Lampree, the careful Uncle To this young hopeful issue! Monsieur Tu-

tor too, The father to his mind! Come, come; let's hug, boys, [now!

Why, what a bunch of travel do I embrace Methinks I put a grille about Europe.

How has the boy profited?

Uncle. He has enough, sir,

If his too-ferry mettle do not mar it.

Con. Is he not thrifty yet?

Tutor. That's all his fault;

Too haumtous minded, being under age too; A great consumer of his stock in pippins:

He'll ever have a hot stomach.

Con. Come hither, Onos.

Will you love me for this due apple?

Onos. Ouy.

[times?

Con. And will you be rul'd by me some-

Onos. 'Faith, I will.

Con. That's a good boy.

[fruit;

Uncle. 'Pray give not the child so much He's of a raw complexion.

Euph. You, monsieur Hard-Egg!

Do you remember me? Do you remember When you and your consort travell'd thro'

Hungary?

Con. He's in that circuit still.

Euph. Do you remember

The cantle of immortal cheese you carried with you,

The half-cold cabbage in a leather sachel, And those invincible eggs that would lie in

your bowels [staves;

A fortnight together, and then turn to bed- Your sour milk that would choke an Irishman,

And bread was bak'd in Cæsar's time for the Con. Providence, providence. [array?

Tutor. The soul of travel.

Euph. Can the boy speak yet?

Tutor. Yes; and as true a gentleman, I thank my able knowledge, he's arriv'd at,

Only a little sparing of his language, Which every man of observation—

Uncle. And of so many tongues—

Tutor. 'Pray be content, sir; [purse,

You know you are for the bodily part, the I for the magazine, the mind.

Euph. Come hither, springal.

Onos. That in the Aluain tongue signifies a gentleman.

Euph. What think you of the forms of Italy or Spain?

Onos. I love mine own country pippin.

Tutor. Nobly answer'd;

Born for his country first.

Euph. A great philosopher!

What horses do you prefer?

Onos. The white horse, sir;

There where I lie; honest, and a just beast.

Tutor. *O caput lepidum!* A child to say this!

Are these figures²² for the mouths of infants?

Con. Onos, what wenches?

Come, tell me true.

Onos. I cannot speak without bunk.

Con. When shall we have one? ha?

Onos. Steal me from mine Uncle;

For, look you, I am broke out horribly For want of fleshly physick; they say I am

too young, And that 'twill spoil my growth; but, could you help me—

Con. Meet me tomorrow, man; no more.

Euph. You think now You've open'd such a shame to me of travel, By shewing these thin cubs! You've honour'd

us

²¹ *Pump of travel!* I suspect that for *pump* here we should read *pink*. The 'pink of courtesy' is a well-known phrase. *Symphon.*

²² *Are these figures?* *Symphon* reads, 'Are these fit figures.'

Against your will, proclaim'd us excellent:
Three fruits of aprats, carried from mart to
mart, [vell'd;

Are as much ment as these, to more use tra-
A bunch of blouted fools! Methinks your
judgment [envy.

Should look abroad sometimes, without your
Cra. Such are most of you. So I take my
leave,

And when you find your women's favour fail,
Tis ten to ooe you'll know yourself, and seek
me,

Upon a better muster of your manners.

Con. This is not handsome, sir.

Euph. 'Pray take your pleasure:
You wound the wind as much.

Cra. Come you with me;
I've business for yoo presently. There's for
I must confess I lost it. [your wine;

Onos. Shall I steal to you?

And shall we see the weuch?

Con. A dainty one.

Onos. And have a dish of pippios?

Con. What? a peck, man.

Tutor. Will you wait, sir?

Con. 'Pray let's meet oftner, gentlemen;
I would not lose ye.

Tutor. Oh, sweet sir!

Con. Do you think I would?

Such noted men as you?

Onos, Uncle, Tutor. We are your servants!
[Exeunt.

Euph. That thing they would keep in ever-
lasting nonage,

My brother, for his own ends, has thrust on
Upon my mistress: Tis true, he shall be rich,
If ever he can get that rogue his Uncle
To let him be of years to come to inherit it.
Now, what the main drift is—

Con. Say you so? no more words:

I'll keep hun company 'till he be of years,
(Tho' it be a hundred years) but I'll discover
And ten to one I'll cross it too. [it;

Euph. You are honest,
And I shall study still your love. Farewell, sir!
For these few hours I must desire your par-
don;

I've business of importance. Once a-day,
At least, I hope you'll see me; I must see
you else:

So, once more, you are welcome!

Con. All my thanks, sir;

And when I leave to love you, life go from
me! [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Theonor and Crates.

Cra. WHY, sir, the kingdom's his; and
no man now

Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,
Without his licence; he puts up the titles
Of every office thro' Achana;
From courtier to the carter hold of him;
Our lands, our liberties, nay, very lives,
Are shut up in his closet, and let loose
But at his pleasure; books, and all discourse,
Have oow no patron, nor direction,
But glorified Euphanes; our cups are guilty
That quench our thirsts, if not unto his health.
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very soul, for anguish! Gods, nor men,
Should tolerate such disproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd; whether it be
virtue,

Or seeming virtue, which he makes the cloak
To his ambition.

Cra. Be it which it will,

Your highness is too tame, your eyes too
flun'd,

To see this, and sit still: The lion should not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the bull.
Nature, excuse me! tho' he be my brother,
You are my country's father, therefore mine:
One parallel line of love I bend on him,
All lines of love and duty meet in you,

As in their centre; therefore hear, and weigh,
What I shall speak. You know the Queen
your mother

Did, from a private state, your father raise;
So all your royalty you hold from her:
She is older than she was, therefore more
doting;

And what know we but blindness of her love
(That hath, from underneath the foot of For-
tune,

Set even Euphanes' foot on Fortune's head)
Will take him by the hand, and cry, 'Leap
now

' Into my bed?' 'tis but a trick of age;

Nothing impossible.

The. What d'ye infer on this?

Cra. Your pardon, sir,
With reverence to the Queen: Yet why
should I [good?

Fear to speak plain what pointeth to your
A good old widow is a hungry thing
(I speak of other widows, not of queens).

The. Speak in thy purpose.

Cra. I approach it, Sir, [thus,
Should young Euphanes clasp the kingdom
And please the good old lady some one night,
What might not she be wrought to put on you,
Quite to supplant your birth? neither is she
Past children, as I take it.

The. Crates, thou shak'st me!

Thou, that dost hate thy brother for my love,

In my love find one; henceforth be my brother.

This giant I will fell beneath the earth;
I will shine out, and melt his artful wings:
Euphanes, from my mother's sea of favours,
Spreads like a river, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my storms; like a young pine
He grows up planted under a fair oak,
Whose strong large branches yet do shelter him,

And every traveller admires his beauty:
But, like a wind, I'll work into his cranks,
Trouble his stream, and drown all vessels that
Ride on his greatness. Under my mother's arms,

Like to a stealing tempest will I search,
And rend his root from her protection.

Cra. Ay; now Theonor speaks like prince
Theonor. {snares?

The. But how shall we provoke him to our
He has a temper malice cannot move {wise,
To exceed the bounds of judgment; he's so
That we can pick no cause to affront him.

Cra. No?

What better than his crossing your intent?
The suit I'd to you? Conon's forfeit state
(Before he travell'd) for a riot, he
Hath from your mother got restor'd to him.

The. Durst he? What is this Conon?

Cra. One that hath, {him.

As people say, in foreign countries pleasur'd

*Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Sosicles,
and Erotion.*

But now no more; {af.
They have brought the travellers I told you
That's the sweet youth that is my brother's
rival,

That curls his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That s; desires to follow you, my lord:
Shew 'em some countenance, and 'twill beget
Our sport at least.

The. What villainous crab-tree legs
He makes! His shins are full of true-love
knots.

Cra. His legs were ever villainous, since I
knew him.

Era. Faith his Uncle's shanks are some-
what the better.

Nean. But is it possible he should believe
He's out of age? Why, he is fifty, man;
In's jubilee, I warrant! Slight, he looks
Older than a goat; this very stamp on's face
Is worn out with haudling.

Sos. Why, I tell you,
All men believe it when they hear him speak,
He utters such single matter in so instantly a
voice. {soen

Nean. He looks as like a fellow that I have
Accommodate gentlemen with tobacco in ear
Onos. Most illustrious prince! {theatres,
Era. A pox on him, he is gelt! how he
trebles!

Onos. I am a gentleman o' both sides.
Tutor. He means (so't please your high-
ness) both by father and mother.

Sos. Thou a gentleman? thou an ass.
Nean. He is ne'er the further from being
a gentleman, I assure you.

Tutor. May it please your Grace, I am
another.

Nean. He is another ass, he says; I be-
lieve him.

Uncle. We be three, heroical prince—
Nean. Nay then, we must have the picture
of 'em, and the word *nos sumus*.

Tutor. That have travell'd all parts of the
globe together.

Uncle. Fur my part, I have seen the vicis-
situde of Fortune before.

Onos. Peace, Uncle; for thin' you speak a
little better than I—

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in truth. {say,
Onos. Yet we must both give place, as they
To the best speaker, the Tutor.

Tutor. Yet since it hath pleas'd your ra-
diance to decline so low, as on us poor and
unworthy dung-hulls—

Nean. What a stinking knave's this!

Tutor. Our peregrination was ne'er so felici-
tated, as since we enter'd the line of your
gracious favour, under whose beamy aspect,
and by which infallible mathematical com-
pass, may we but hereafter presume to sail,
our industries have reach'd their desir'd ter-
mination and period; and we shall volun-
tarily sacrifice our lives to your resplendent
eyes, both the altars and fires of our devoted
offerings.

Onos. Oh, divine Tutor!

Cra. Can you hold, sir?

Era. He has spoken this very speech to
some whore in Corinth.

Nean. A plague on him for a fastian dic-
tionary! On my conscience, this is the Uly-
scean Traveller⁴ that sent home his image
riding upon elephants to the Great Mogul.

Sos. The same; his wit is so huge, nought
but an elephant could carry him.

³ Crab-tree legs

He makes! Sympson dislikes this reading, and would substitute *has fur makes*; which is clearly for the worse, as in all probability Onos enters making ridiculous congees.—'To make a leg' is a common manner of speaking of a low or congee: It occurs frequently in our Authors. See *Wild-Goose Chase*, vol. ii. p. 204,

⁴ I'll make my three legs,

Kiss my hand twice, and, if I smell no danger,

If the interview be clear, may be I'll speak to her.

⁵ The Ulysscean Traveller that sent home, &c.] The Ulysscean Traveller here mentioned was

Era. So heavy, you mean.

Neon. These three are ev'n the finest one foot tripartite that was e'er discover'd.

Sus. Or a treatise of Famine, divided into three branches.

Era. The prince speaks.

The. I thank ye for your loves; but, as I told you,

I have so little means to do for those few followers I have already, that [fortune] I would have mine shipwreck themselves and Upon my barren shelf. Sue to Euphanes, For he is prince, and queen; I would have an man

Curse me in his old age.

Cra. Alas, sir, they desire to follow you But afar off; the further off the better.

Tutor. Ay, sir; an't be seven mile off; so we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the confronts and parrots, which 'acc'ordant to your highness' will we mean on all occasions to put upon the lord Euphanes.

Onos. He shall not want going nor jeeving, I warrant him; if he do, I'll forswear wit.

Neon. It has forsworn thee, I'll swear; it is the ancient enemy to thy house.

The. Well, be it so; I here receive ye, for my followers a great way off.

Neon. Seven miles, my lord; an further.

Onos. By what time, sir, (by this measure) may I come to follow him in his chamber?

Neon. Why, when his chamber, sir, is seven miles long.

Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my lord Euphanes.

Cra. Look, sir! Jove appears, [Euphanes!] The peacock of our state, that sprengs a train

Brighter than Iris' blushes after rain.

Euph. You need not thank me, Conon: In your love

You outelated what I can do for you, And I in gratitude was bound to this, And as to much more; and whate'er he be Can with unthankfulness assail me, let him Dig out mine eyes, and sing my name in verse,

In ballad verse, at every drinking house, And no man be so charitable to lend me A dog to guide my steps

Neon. Hail to Euphanes!

Sus. Mighty Euphanes!

Era. The great prince Euphanes!

Tutor. Key of the court, and jewel of the

Uncle. Sol in our armament! [Queen!]

Onos. Pearl in the state's eye!

Neon. Being a black man.

Era. Mistress of the hand! [are,

Neon. Our humble, humble, poor petitions That we may hold our places.

All. May we?

Euph. Yes;

Be you malicious knaves still; and you fools.

Con. This is the prince's and your brother's spite.

Euph. I know't, but will not know it.

Con. Youder they are.

Whose fine child's this?

Uncle. Sir!

Onos. Uncle, he's,

Let him alone, he is a mighty prince. [test

Euph. I ask your highness' pardon! I pro-

By Jupiter I saw you not.

The. Humph! it may be so.

You've rais'd such mountains 'twixt your eyes and me,

That I am hidden quite. What do you mean, You much forget yourself. [sir?

Euph. I should much more,

Not to remember my due duty to your Graces.

I know not wherein I have so transgress'd

My service to your highness, to deserve

This rigour and contempt, not from you only.

But from your followers, with the best of

I was an equal in my lowest ebb: [whom

Th' seel you, sir, respect me as a gentleman;

I will be never more in heart to you.

Five fair descents I can derive myself,

From fathers worthy both in arts and arms.

I know your goodness companies your greatness,

But that you are perverted: Royal sir, [sure,

I am your humblest subject; use your plea-

But do not give protection to the wrongs

Of these subordinate slaves, whom I could crush

the celebrated Thomas Curynte, who is supposed to have travelled more miles on foot than any person of that age, or in any period since. He was undoubtedly not in his perfect senses; but was a man of considerable learning, and appears to have related faithfully what he saw; for he became ridiculous chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608 he set out from England, and went on foot as far as Venice, and back again; a journey which he completed in five months. He published an account of it in the year 1611, in a large quarto volume containing 655 pages, beside more than 100 filled with Complimentary Verses by Ben Jonson, and most of the wits of the age, who both laughed at him and flattered his vanity at the same time. An extract from this singular performance is given p. 401. He afterwards travelled into Persia, and from thence into the East-Indies, still on foot, and died at Surat in the year 1617. The piece alluded to by our Author was entitled, 'Thomas Curynte, Traveller for the English Wits, greeting. From the Court of the Great Mogul, resident at the Towne of Asmere in Easterne India. Printed by W. Jaggard and Henry Featherston, 1616,' quarto. It has, in the frontispiece, a representation of the Author riding on an elephant. R.

By that great destio'd favour which my mistress

And your majestic mother deigns to me,
But in respect of you. I know less envy
Waits ever on the steps of virtue advanc'd;
But why your mother's grace gets me disgrace,
Or renders me a slave to bear these wrongs,
I do not know. Oh, mediocrity,
Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have,
But cannot value; like the precious gem
Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock!

The. Your creamy words but cozen; how
durst you

Intercept me so lately to my mother?
And what I meant your brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeiter again.

Cra. Your answer
To that, my lord my brother.

Euph. May I perish
If e'er I heard you intended such a suit!
Tho' 'twould have stunk an ignominious brand
Upon your highness, to have given your servant
[quality,
A gentleman's whole state of worth and
Confiscate only for a youthful brawl.

The. Your rudiments are too saucy; teach
your pace.

Con. Ay, so are all things but your flatter-
Ona. Hold you your prating!

Con. You know where you are, you fleeter
Euph. Yet,

Sir, to appease and satisfy your anger,
Take what you please from me, and give it
him,

In lieu of this. You shall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my state;
Which, brother, if you please—

Cra. I'll starve in chains first,
Eat my own arms!

Euph. Oh, that you saw yourself!
You ne'er made me such offer in my poor-
ness;

And 'cause, to do you ease, I sought not to
you,

You thus malign me; yet your nature must
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead
me;

If mine can mend you, I shall joy. You know
I fear you not; you've seen me prov'd a man
In every way of fortune; 'tis my comfort
I know no more such brothers in the world
As Crates is.

Con. Nor I such as Euphanes:
The temper of an angel reigns in thee!

Euph. Your royal mother, sir, [I had for-
Entrains your presence.

The. You have dooe her errand;
I may do yours.

Euph. Let it be truth, my lord.

Con. Crates, I'll question you for this.

Cra. Pish, your worst!

Con. Away, you bounds, after your scent!

Ona. Come, we'll scorn to talk to 'em:
Now they're gone,
We'll away too.

Con. Why hear you this, my lord? [best;
Euph. To shew the passive fortitude the
Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble heroes stand, built of such haes,
Whilst they recoil, and wound the shooters' faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My lord, the Queene.

Queen. Gentle Euphanes, how,
How dost thou, honest lord? Oh, how I joy
To see what I have made! like a choice
workman,

That having fram'd a master-piece, doth reap
An universal commendation!
Princes are gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good foundation so pleases me,
A story or two higher; let dogs bark: [blood,
They're fools that hold them dignified by
They should be only made great that are good.

Euph. Oracular madam!

Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking,
'f I should marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour islands would make of us;
But let that pass; you have amistriss [wisht'd
That would forbid our bans. Truth, I have
A thousand times that I had been a man;
Then I might sit a day with thee alone, and
talk;

But as I am, I must not. There's no skill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't please your majesty,
Conon, the friend I sued for.

Queen. 'Tis dispatch'd.

Con. Gracious madam,
I owe the gods and you my life.

Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honest man; he says you are. [son
But now I'll chide thee; What's the cause my
(For my eye's every where, and I have heard)
So insolently does thee contumelious [not?
Put sufferance [I am told; yet you complain
As if my justice were so partial
As not to right the meanest: Credit me,
I'll call him to a strict account, and fright,
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's just. I sent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would
wait on you.
But let me implore your majesty, not to give
His highness any check, for worthless me;
They are court-cankers, and not counsellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the
prince, [fortune,
And would subvert me. I should curse my
Even at the highest, to be made the gin

²² *Gin*] here only means *instrument*, or *means*, &c. not, as we take it now, for a trap or snare. *Symson*.

To unscrew a mother's love unto a son :
Better had my pale flame in humble shades
Been spent unseen, than to be rais'd thus
high,

Now to be thought a meteor to the state,
Portending ruin and contagion.
'Beseech you then rest satisfied, the prince
Is a most noble-natur'd gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took {not
As favours from him; my blown billows must
Strive 'gainst my shore, that should confine
me, nor

Justle with rocks to break themselves to pieces.
Queen. Well, thou'rt the composition of a
god :

My lion, lamb, my eagle, and my dove,
Whose soul runs clearer than Diana's fount !
Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice
banks,

And bound them up in thee, sending thee forth
A posy for the bosom of a queen.

Lady. The prince attends you.

Queen. Farewell, my good lord,
My honest man. Stay; hast no other suit ?
I prithee tell me; sirrah, thine eye speaks
As if thou hadst; out with it, modest fool !

Euph. With favour, madam, I would crave
your leave

To marry, where I'm bound in gratitude ;
The immediate means she was to all my being,
Nor do I think your wisdom, sacred Queen,
Fetters in favours, taking from me so
The liberty that meanest men enjoy.

Queen. To marry? you're a fool! thou'st
Leave me; I'll think on't. {nug'd me.

{*Exeunt Euph. and Con.*

Only to try thee this, for tho' I love thee,

Enter Theonor.

I can subdue myself; but she that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man.—
Nay, rise without a blessing, or kneel still !
What's, sir, the reason you oppose me thus,
And seek to darken what I would have shine?
Eclipse a fire much brighter than thyself,
Making your mother not a competent judge
Of her own actions?

The. Gracious madam. I
Have done no more than what in royalty,
And to preserve your fame, was fit to do :
Heard you the people's talk of you, and him

You favour so, his greatness, and your love,
The pity given to me, you would excuse me.
They prate as if he did dishonour you ;
And what know I, but his own lavish tongue
Has utter'd some such speeches? he is call'd
The king of Corinth.

Queen. They are traitors all :
I wear a crystal casement 'fore my heart,
Thro' which each honest eye may look into't ;
Let it be prospect unto all the world,
I care not this.

The. This must not be my way. {*Aside.*
Your pardon, gracious madam ! These incite-
ments

Made me not shew so clear a countenance
Upon the lord Euphanes as I would ;
Which since your majesty affects so grievously,
I'll clear the black cloud off it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

Queen. Rise, with my blessing; and to prove
this true,

Bear him from me this cabinet of jewels
In your own person; tell him, for his marrying,
He may dispose him how and when he please.

The. I shall discharge my duty and your
Crates ! {*Exit.*

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all, my lord : How luckily
Fate pops her very spindle in our hands !
This marring with Beliza you shall cross ;
Then have I one attempt for Lamprias more
Upon this Phæton : Where's Merione's ring,
That in the rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here. {*Indr.*

Cra. In, and effect our purpose. You, my
Shall disobey your mother's charge, and send
This cabinet by some servant of her own,
That what succeeds may have no reference
Unto your highness.

The. On, my engine, on !

Cra. Now, if we be not struck by Heaven's
own hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his ruins stand.

{*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.

{*A sad song.**

Age. These heavy airs feed sorrow in her
lady,

* *A sad song.*] The following song not being in the first folio, we have removed it from the text:

Weep no more, nor sigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls * no time that's gone ;
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness linger last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more.

* *Sorrow calls.*] *Symposium* reads *Recalls*, and prescribes the pronouncing *sorrow* as one syllable, *s'row* ; but who can so pronounce it?

And nourish it too strongly; like a another
That spoils her child with giving on't the will.

Bel. Some lighter note. [*A lighter song* *.

Leo. How like a bill of snow she sits, and melts,

Before the unchaste fire of others' lust!

What heart can see her passion, and not break?

Age. Take comfort, gentle maidam! You know well

Even actual sins, committed without will,
Are neither sias nor shame, much more compell'd;

Your honour's no whit less, your chastity

No whit impair'd, for fair Merione

Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.

Mer. Alas, 'tis done **!

Age. Why bura these tapers now?

Wicked and frantic creatures joy in night.

Leo. Imagine fair Merione had dream'd

She had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then
Excruciate?

Mer. Oh!

Bel. Fy, fy! how fond is this!

What reason for this surfeit of remorse?

How many that have done ill, and proceed,

Women that take degrees in wantonness,

Commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,

That feel no scruple of this tenderness?

Mer. Pish! [*ev'n I*

Bel. Nor are you matchless in mishap;

Do bear an equal part of misery;

That love, belov'd, a man the crowa of men,

Whom how I've friended †, and how mis'd,

'tis better

That all do know and speak it than myself.

When he sail'd low, I might have made him mine,

Now, at his full gale, it is questionable

If ever I o'er-take him.

Age. Wherefore sits

My Phoebe shadow'd in a sable cloud?

Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like beads,

Numb'ring on them thy vestal orisons,

Alas, are spent in vain! I love thee still;

In midst of all these showers thou sweetlier scent'st,

Like a green meadow on an April-day,

In which the sun and West-wind play together,

Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter Euphancs and Servant.

Serv. The lord Euphancs, maadam.

[*Exit Mer.*

Age. Poor Merione!

She loaths the light, and men.

[*Exit with Leo.*

Euph. The virtuous gods preserve my mistress!

Bel. Oh, my most-honour'd lord, those times are chang'd.

Euph. Let times and men change! Could heav'n change, Euphancs

Should never change to be devoted ever

To fair Beliza. Should my load of honours,

Or any grace which you were author of,

Detract mine honour, and diminish grace?

The gods forbid! You here behold your servant,

Your creature, gentle lady, whose sound sleeps

You purchas'd for him, whose food you paid for,

Whose garments were your charge, whose first You founded; then, what since the gracious

Quecu

Hath, or can rear, is upon your free land,
And you are mistress of.

Bel. Mock me not, gentle lord;

You shine now in too high a sphere for me:

We're planets now disjoin'd for ever! Yet,

Poor superstitious innocent that I am,

Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love,

Not in idolatry, but perfect zeal:

For, credit me, I repent nothing I have done,

But, were it to begin, would do the same.

Euph. There are two seas in Corinth, and two Queens,

And but there, not two such i' th' spacious

I came to tender you the man you've made,

And like a thankful stream to retribute

All you, my ocean, have enrich'd me with.

You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? You were wont to play fair play.

You scorn poor helps; he that is sure to win,
May slight mean hearts, whose hand commands the Queen.

Euph. Let me be held the knave thro' all the stock

When I do slight my mistress! You know well
The gracious inclination of the Queen,

* *A lighter song.*] For the reason urged in the last note, we have removed this *song* also:

Court-ladies, laugh and wonder. Here is one
That weeps because her maidenhead is gone;
Whilst you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company.
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,
Wasting themselves, if no man quench desire.
Weep then no more, fool! A new maidenhead
Thou suffer'st loss of, in each chaste tear shed.

** *Alas, 'tis done.*] Mr. Seward concurred with me in taking this passage out of the mouth of Agenor, and putting it into the mouth of Merione, to whom it undoubtedly belongs: For she breaks out into this passionate sentence, and interrupts the prince, before he could conclude his consolatory address. *Simpson.*

† *Whom I have friended.*] Amended by Simpson.

Who sent me leave this morning to proceed
To marry as I saw convenience,
And a great gift of jewels: Three days hence
The general sacrifice is done to Vesta,
And can you by then be accommodated,
Your servant shall wait on you to the temple.

Bel. 'Till now I never felt a real joy indeed.

Euph. Here then I seal my duty, here my love.

'Till which, vouchsafe to wear this ring, dear
'Twas the Queen's token, and shall celebrate
Our nuptials.

Bel. Honour still raise, and preserve
My honour'd lord, as he preserves all honour!
[*Exit Euph.*]

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, and Merione.

Age. Why shift you places thus, Merione,
And will not lend a word? Couldst thou so soon

Leave sorrow as the place, how blest were I!
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent guest,
A follower every where, a linger-on,
That words nor blows can drive away.

Leo. Dear sister!

Bel. Who can be sad? Out with these tragic lights,

And let day repossess her natural hours;
Tear down these blacks, cast ope the case-
ments wide,

That we may jocundly behold the sun.
I did partake with sad Merione
In all her mourning; let her now rejoice
With glad Beliza, for Euphanes is
As full of love, full of humility,
As when he wanted.

Mer. Oh! that—

Leo. Help! she faints!

Her grief has broke her heart.

Mer. No: That—that—

Age. Mistress, what point you at?

Her limbs are out, yet still she extends her hand

As if she saw something antipathous
Unto her virtuous life.

Leo. Still, still she points,
And her lips move, but no articulate sound
Breathes from 'em. Sister, speak, what moves
you thus?

Bel. Her spirits return.

Mer. Oh, hide that fatal ring!

Where had it you, Beliza?

Bel. What hid fate

Depends on it?—Euphanes gave it me,
As holy pledge of future marriage.

Mer. Then is Euphanes the foul ravisher!
Let me speak this, and die. That dismal night
Which seal'd my shame upon me, was that
The partner of my robb'd virginity. [ring]

Leo. Euphanes?

Age. Strange!

Bel. Impossible!

Mer. Impossible to have redress on him,
Chief servant of the Queco. Ha! I have read
Somewhere, I'm sure, of such an injury
Done to a lady, and how she durst die!

[*Exit.*]

Age. Oh, follow her, Beliza.

Bel. To assure her

The unlikelihood of this.

[*Exit.*]

Age. Love hides all sins.

What's to be done, Leonidas?

Leo. Why, this—

Amazement takes up all my faculties!
The plagues of gods and men will muster all
To avenge this tyranny. Oh, fruitless man,
To dare do ill, and hope to hear it thus!
First let's implore, then cure.

Age. Who, who can trust

The gentle looks and words of two-fac'd men?
Like Corinth's double torrent, you and I
Will rush upon the land; nor shall the Queen
Defend this villain in his villainy:

Last's violent flames can never be withstood,
Nor quench'd, but with as violent streams of
blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Uncle, Tutor, and Onos.

Onos. 'TINKS he to carry her, and live?

Crates. It seems so.

And she will carry him, the story says.

Onos. Well; hum!

Have I for this, thou fair, but falsest fair,
Stretch'd this same simple leg over the sea?
What tho' my bashfulness, and tender years,
Durst ne'er reveal my affection to thy teeth?
Deep Love ne'er tattles, and, say they, Love's
bit

The deeper dipp'd, the sweeter still is it.

Tutor. Oh, see the power of love! he
speaks in rhyme.

Crates. Oh, love will make a dog howl in
rhyme.

Of all the lovers yet I have heard or read,
This is the strangest: But his Guardian,
And you his Tutor, should inform him better;
Thinks he that love is answer'd by instinct?

Tutor. He should make means;

For certain, sir, his bashfulness undoes him,
For from his cradle he had a shameful face.
Thus walks he night and day, eats but a bit,
Nor sleeps one jot, but's grown so humorous,
Drinks ale, and takes tobacco as you set,
Wears a steelletto at his cospice close,
Stabs on the least occasion; strokes his beard,
Which now he puts 't' th' posture of a T,
The Roman T; your T beard is the fashion,

And twifold doth express th' enamour'd cour-
As full as your fork-carving traveller³⁰. [tier,

Onos. Oh, black clouds of discontent, in-
velop me;

Garters, fly off; go, hathand, bind the brows
Of some dull citizen that fears to ake;

And, leg, appear now in simplicity,
Without the trappings of a courtier;

Burst, buttons, burst, your bachelor is worm'd!

Cra. A worm-eaten bachelor thou art in-
dced. [now³¹!

Onos. And, devil Melancholy, possess me

Uncle. Cross him not in this fit I advise
you, sir. [these checks,

Onos. Dic, erinson rose, that didst adorn
For itch of love is now broke forth on me!

Uncle. Poor boy, 'tis true; his wrists and
hands are scabby.

Onos. Burn, eyes, out in your sockets, siak
and stink;

Teeth, I will pick you to the very bones;
Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the Isling
cur's³²,

For never powder, nor the crisping-iron,
Shall touch these dangling locks; oh, ruby
lips,

Love hath to you been like wine vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghosts ye are,

And my disgrace sharper than mustard-seed!

Cra. How like a chandler he does vent his
passions!

Ritum teneatis?

³⁰ Fork-carving traveller.] As every new custom is a good fund for satire, to your wits of all sorts; so I imagine here, could we know the precise time when this play was wrote, we might fix the era of the introduction of forks, the use of which it so agreeably bantered. Nor are our Authors the only satirists upon this occasion. Ben Jonson has joined the laugh with 'em against this custom, in his Devil's an Ass, act v, scene 4. Meercraft says to Gilt-head and Sledge,

'Have I deserv'd this from you two? for all

'My pains at court, to get you each a patent.

'Gift. For what?

'Meer. Upo' my project o' the forks.

'Sle. Forks? what be they?

[The project of forks.

'Meer. The laudable use of forks,

'Brought into custom here as they are in Italy,

'To th' sparing o' napkins.'

Symson.

The 'precise time' when the use of forks was introduced into this kingdom will appear with certainty, from the following extract from 'Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five Moneths Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons Country, Helvetia, alias Switzerland, some parts of High-Germany, and the Netherlands, &c. 1611.' 4to, p. 90. As the passage is curious, on account of its describing one of the customs of the times, we shall make no apology for the length of it. 'Here I wil meation a thing that might have been spoken of before, in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most straungers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales use a little *forke*, when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in ooe hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their *forke*, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish. So that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe eat, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, inso much that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not rephended in wordes. This forme of feeding I understand is generally used in all places in Italy, their *forkes* being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hercupon, I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashioo, by this *forked* cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home; being once quipped for that frequent using of my *forke*, by a certaine learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for using a *forke* at feeding, but for no other cause.' R.

³¹ Possesses me now.] So all former editions.

³² Isling curs.] Probably 'Island curs,' as in the following passage from Massinger's Picture, act v. scene 1:

'——— would I might lie

'Like a dog under her table, and serve for a footstool,

'So I might have my belly full of that

'Her *Island* cur refuses.' R.

Onos. Well sung the poet,
Love is a golden *bubo*, full of dreams;
That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extremes.

Tutor. A golden *bubble*, pupil; oh, gross
solecism

To chaster ears that understand the Latin.

Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in love! Revenge is now the cud
That I do chew: I'll challenge him.

Cra. Ay, marry, sir.

Uncle. Your honour bids you, nephew; on
and prosper.

Onos. But none will bear it from me; times
are dangerous.

Cra. Carry it yourself, man. [sir,

Onos. Tutor, your counsel. I'll do nothing,
Without him.

Uncle. This may rid thee, valiant coz,
Whom I have kept this forty year my ward;
Fain would I have his state, and now of late
He did enquire at Ephesus for his age²²,
But the church-book being burnt with Dian's
temple,

He lost his aim. I've tried to famish him,
Marry he'll live o' th' stones; and then for
poisons,

He is an antidote 'gainst all of 'em; [hot,
He sprug from Mithridates; he's so dry and
He will eat spiders faster than a monkey;
His maw, unhurt, keeps quicksilver like a
bladder;

The largest dose of camphire, opium,
Harms not his brain; I think his skull's as
empty

As a sick'd egg; vitriol and oil of tartar
He will eat toasts of; henbane, I am sure,
And hemlock, I have made his pot-herbs
often. [honour;

Cra. If he refuse you, yours is then the
If he accept, he being so great, you may
Crave both to chuse the weapon, time, and
place,

Which may be ten years hence, and Calicut,
Or underneath the line, to avoid advantage.

Onos. I am resolv'd.

Tutor. By your favour, pupil,
Whence shall this challenge rise? for you
must ground it

On some such fundamental base, or matter,
As now the gentry set their lives upon.

Did you e'er cheat him at some ordinary,
And durst he say so, and be angry? if thus,
Then you must challenge him. Hath he
call'd your whore [men's,

Whore? tho' she be, beside yours, twenty
Your honour, reputation, is touch'd then,
And you must challenge him. Has he denied
On thirty *dame's* to accommodate money?
Tho' you have broke threescore before to
him²³, [shoo

Here you must challenge him. Durst he ever
To drink two pots of ale wth ye? or to wench,
Tho' weighty business otherwise importun'd?
He is a proud lord, [miliarily

And you may challenge him. Has he fe-
dislik'd your yellow starch²⁴, or said your
doublet [report

Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your
sword,

Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the lie
In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.

Onos. He never gave my direct apparel²⁵
the lie in's life. [refus'd

Tutor. But, for the crown of all, has he
To pledge your mistress' health? tho' he were
sick,

Enter Neanthes and Page.

And erav'd your pardon, you must challenge
him,

There's no avoiding; one or both must drop.
Onos. Exquisite Tutor!

Nean. Crates, I've sought you long; what
make you here [town

Fooling with these three-farthings, while the
Is all in uproar, and the prince our master,
Seiz'd by Leonidas and Agenor, carried
And prisoner kept i'th' castle flanks

²² For his age.] It is to be wished our Authors had not been guilty of this and the like
anachronisms. Symson.

²³ Though he have broke threescore before to you.] Amended in 1750.

²⁴ Yellow starch.] This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court bawd, who
afterwards was amongst the miscreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury,
for which she was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a yellow ruff of her own invention,
which made yellow starch so odious, that it immediately went out of fashion. Warburton.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, published in 1595, speaks of starch of various colours.
— The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdom of great ruffles is under-
' propped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call *starch*, wherein the devill hath
' leaved them to wash and die their ruffles, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible
' about their neckes. And this starch they make of divers substances, sometimes of
' wheate flower, of branne, and other graiues: Sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of
' other thinges: Of all colours and hues, as white, redde, blew, purple, and the like.'

In *The World toss'd at Tennis*, a masque by Middleton, 1620, the five starches are pre-
sonified, and introduced contesting for superiority. Steevens.

²⁵ My direct apparel.] Symson, not thinking this blunder of Onos was intended by the
Poets, reads,

'He never gave me th' direct parallel lie in's life.'

The West part of the city, where they vow
To hold him 'till your brother, lord Euphanes,
Be render'd to 'em, with his life to satisfy
The rape, by him suspected to Merione?
The Queen refuses to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dars 'em do their worst on prince Thea-
The whole state's in combustion. [oor;

Cra. Fatal ring!

Uncle. What will become of us?

Neau. And she hath given commission to
Euphanes

And Conon, who have levied men already,
With violence to surprize the tower, and take
What will you do? [ein.

Cra. Aloug wi' ye, and prevent

A further mischief. Gentlemen, our intents
We must defer; yoo are the prioce's follow-

Neau. Will ye walk with us? [ers.

Uncle. You shall pardon us. [know,

Tutor. We are his followers afar off, you
And are contented to continue so,

[*Ereunt Cra. and Neau.*

Onas. Sir hoy!

Page. Sir fool! a challenge to my lord?

How dar'st thou, or thy ambs-ace here, think
of him? [ders bear

Ye crow-pick'd heads, which your thin shoul-
As do the poles on Coriuth bridge the traitors';

Why, you three nine-pins, you talk of my
lord, [draw;

And challenges? you shall not need: Come,
His Page is able to swinge three such whelps.

Uncle. why stand ye off? Long-man, advance.

Onas. Slight, what have we done, Tutor?

Tutor. He is a boy,

And we may run away with honour.

Page. That ye shall not;

And being a boy, I am fitter to encounter
A child in law as you are, under twenty.

Thou sot, thou three-score sot! and that's a
Again, I grant you. [child

Uncle. Nephew, here's an age:

Boys are turn'd men, and men are children.

Page. Away, ye pensants with your bought
gentry!

Are not you he, when your fellow passengers,
Your last transportation, being assail'd by a

galley,

Hid yourself i' th' cabin; and the fight done
Peep'd above hatches, and cried, 'Have we

taken, [per,

'Or are we t'en?' Come, I do want a slip-
But this shall serve: Swear all as I would

have you,

Or I will call some dozen brother pages,
(They're not far off, I'm sure) and we will

Until you piss again. [blanket you

All. Nay, we will swear, sir.

Page. 'Tis your best course.

First, you shall swear never to name my lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-head-

Next, to begio his health in every place, [ed;

And never to refuse to pledge it, thn'
You surfeit to the death; lastly, to bold
The poorest, littlest page in reverence,
To think him valiauter, and a better gentlo-

man, [him

Than you three stamp'd together, and to give
Wine and tobacco wheresoe'er you meet,

And the best meat, if he can stay.

All. We swear it loynly.

Page. Then I dismiss you,
True liegemen to the pantofle;

I had more articles, but I have business
And cannot stay now: So adien, dear mann'

Tres noble et tres puissant! [sieur,

Uncle. Adieu, monsieur!

Onas. A votre service et commandement.

Tutor. I told you, pupil, you'd repent this
foolery. [Tutor,

Onas. Who? I repent? you are mistaken,

I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,

And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be me-

lancholy.²⁴ [*Ereunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, and Lord's.

Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.

Queen. I will no treaties

With a league-breaker and a rebel; shall I

Article with a traitor? be compell'd

To yield an innocent unto their fury,

Whom I have prov'd so to you?

Euph. Gracius Queen,

Thu' your own godlike disposition

Would succour virtue, and protect the right;

Yet, for the publick good, for the dear safety

Of your most royal only son, consent

To give me up the sacrifice to their malice:

My life is aim'd at, and t'were better far

The blood of twenty thousand such as I

Purpled our seas, than that your princely son

Should be endanger'd.

Queen. Still well said, honest fool!

Were their demand but ooe hair from thy

head, [here;

By all the gods, I'd scorn 'em! Where they

The majesty that dwells upon this brow

Should strike 'em on their knees. As for my son;

Let 'em no more dare than they'll answer: I

As equal mother to my country am,

And every virtuous son of it is son

Unto my bosom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heav'nly, inadam, and

the gods

Can suffer nothing pass to injure yoo!

The life that Conon promis'd, he stands now

Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Farewell both;

Success attend you! you have soldiers been,

Tam Marti quam Mercurio; if you bring nat

Bring me their heads. [peace,

Con. I will put fair for one.

[*Ereunt Queen and Lords.*

²⁴ Come, let's be melancholy.] See note ¹⁸, on The Mad Lover.

Euph. Double the guard upon her highness' person.

Conon, you must perform a friendly part, Which I shall counsel you.

Con. I am your servant. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Theonor, Agenor, and Leonidas, above.

Leo. Make good that fortification, and the watch

Keep still upon the battlements. Royal sir, Weigh but our injuries; we have told you fully

The manner and the matter hales us thus; Nor shall this upstart mushroom, bred 't' th' night,

Sit brooding underneath your mother's wings His dam'd impieties.

Age. For yourself, brave prince, Fear nothing that this face of arms presents; We ask the ravisher, and have no means To win him from your most indulgent mother But by this practice.

The. Stout Leonidas, Princely Agenor, your wrongs cry so loud, That whoso would condemn you is not heard; I blame you not; who but Euphanes durst Make stories like to this? My wrongs, as strong,

Ask my revengeful arm to strengthen yours; As for my fear, know you, and Greece through-out,

Enter Euphanes and Conon.

Our mother was a Spartan princess born, That never taught me to spell such a word.

Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.

Euph. Conon, no more.

Do thus, as thou wouldst save it. [*Sound trumpet within.*]

Age. What trumpet's this?

Leo. Beneath I do perceive Two arm'd men single, that give us summons As they would treat.

Age. Let us descend.

Con. My lord,

I would you would excuse me, and proceed According to the Queen's directions.

Euph. Friend, As thou wouldst wear that title after death,

Enter below Theonor, Agenor, Leonidas, and Soldiers.

Perform my charge. No soldier, on his life, Approach us nearer.

Con. Safety to both the princes; loyalty To you, lord general. The Queen, your mistress

As well as ours, tho' not thro' fear, to cut Civil dissention from her land, and save Much guiltless blood, that uproar ever thirsts, And for the safeguard of her son, by me

(As you demand) hath sent the lord Euphanes To plead his own cause, or to suffer death, As you shall find him worthy; so, delivering The prince back, I shall leave him to your guard.

Leo. The Queen is good and gracious: Kiss her hand. [*peace.*]

Age. And seal our duties. Sir, depart in *The.* Oh, sir, you now perceive, when in the scales

Nature and fond affection weigh together, One poizes like a feather; and you know, my What's to be done. [*lords,*]

Euph. Your highness is unarm'd; Please you to use mine, and to lead the army Back to your mother. *Conon*, march you with 'em. [*not*]

Con. I will, my lord.—But not so far as To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [*Exit.*]

Euph. Why do you look so strangely, fearfully,

Or stay your deathful hand? Be not so wise To stop your rage. Look how unmov'dly here I give myself my country's sacrifice, An innocent sacrifice: Truth laughs at death, And terrifies the killer more than kill'd; Integrity thus armless seeks her foes, And never needs the target nor the sword, Bow, nor envenom'd shafts.

Leo. We are amaz'd, Not at your eloquence, but impudence, That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him! Who knows not The iron forehead that bold Mischief wears?

Leo. Forbear awhile, Agenor; I do tremble, And something sits like virtue in his face, Which the gods keep.

Euph. Agenor, strike; Leonidas, You that have purchas'd fame on certain grounds,

Lose it on supposition: Smear your hands In guiltless blood, laugh at my martyrdom; But yet remember, when posterity [*acts,*] Shall read your volumes fill'd with virtuous And shall arrive at this black bloody leaf, Nuting your foolish barbarism, and my wrong, (As time shall make it plain) what follows this

Decyphering any noble deed of yours Shall be quite lost, for men will read no more.

Leo. Why, dare you say you're innocent?

Euph. By all the gods, as they, of this foul crime.

Why, gentlemen, pry clean thro' my life, Then weigh these circumstances. Think you that he [*turn'd,*]

Which made day night, and men to furies Durst not trust silence, vizors, nor her sense That suffer'd; but with charms and potions Cast her asleep, (for all this I've enquir'd) Acted the fable of Proserpine's rape,

The place (by all description) like to hell;
And all to perpetrate unknown his lust;
Would fondly in his person bring a ring,
And give it a betrothed wife, i' th' same house
Where the poor injur'd lady liv'd and groan'd?
Age. Hell gives us art to reach the depth
of sin,

But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.

Euph. Had it giv'n me that art, and left
me so,

I would not thus into the lion's jaws
Have thrust myself defenceless, for your good,
The prince's safety, or the commonweal's.
You know the Queen denied me, and sent us
Commanders to surprize you, and to raze
This tower down; we had power enough to
do it,

Or starve you, as you saw, and not to tender
My person to your wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my heart as pure as infants' sleep.

Leo. What think you, sir?

Age. No harm, I'm sure; I weep.

Euph. The gods are just, and mighty.

But to give you

Further assurance, and to make yourselves
Judges and witnesses of my innocence,
Let me demand this question; On what night
Was this foul deed committed?

Age. On the eve

Before our marriage menat.

Euph. Leonidas, [wary]
(Your rage being off, that still drowns me—
Where was yourself and I that very night,
And what our conference?)

Leo. By the gods, 'tis true:

Both in her highness' chamber, conferring
Even of this match until an hour of day,
And then came I to call you. We are sham'd!

Age. Utterly lost, and sham'd!

Euph. Neither; be cheer'd;

He that could find this out, can pardon it.
And know, this ring was sent me from the
Queen;

How she came by it, yet is not enquir'd:
Deeper occurrences hang on't, and 'pray Heav'n
That my suspicions prove as false as yours!
Which for the world ('till I have greater proof)
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch:
Only this build upon, with all my nerves
I'll labour with ye, 'till Time wake Truth.

Age. There are our swords, sir; turn the
points on us. [wrong.]

Leo. Punish rebellion, and revenge your

Euph. Sir, my revenge shall be to make
your peace:

Neither was this rebellion, but rash love.

Enter Canan.

Can. How's this? Unarm'd left, now found
doubly arm'd? [feet?]

And those, that would have slain him, at his
Oh, Truth, thou art a mighty conqueress.—
The Queen, my lord, perplex'd in care of you,
That, cross to her command, hazard your—
In person here is come into the field, [self,

And, like a leader, marches in the head
Of all her troops; vows that she will demolish
Each stone of this proud tower, be you out
safe;

She chafes like storms in groves, now sighs,
now weeps, [mix'd;]

And both sometimes, like rain and wine com-
Abjures her son for ever, 'less himself

Do fetch you off in person, that did give

Yourself to save him of your own free will,

And swears he must not, nor is fit to live.

Euph. Oh, she's a mistress for the gods!

Age. And thou

A godlike servant, fit for her.

Leo. Wide Greece

May boast, because she cannot boast thy like.

Euph. Thus, Conon, tell her highness.

Can. My joy flies!

Euph. Let's tow'rd her march. Stern drum,
speak gentle peace.

Leo. We are prisoners; lend us. Ne'er
was known

A precedent like this; one unarm'd man,
Suspected, to captive with golden words
(Truth being his shield) so many arm'd with
swords. [Exeunt.]

*Enter, at one door, Queen, Theonor, Crates,
Conon, lords and soldiers; at another, Eu-
phanes (with two swords), Agenor, Leonid-
as, and soldiers. Euphanes presents Le-
onidas on his knees to the Queen; Agenor,
bare-headed, makes show of sorrow to the
Queen; she stamps, and seems to be angry
at the first. Euphanes persuades her, lays
their swords at her feet; she kisses him,
gives them their swords again, they kiss her
hand and embrace; the soldiers lift up Eu-
phanes, and shout. Theonor and Crates
discovered; Conon whispers with Crates,
Euphanes with Agenor, and Leonidas ob-
serves it, who seem to promise something;
Euphanes directs his Page somewhat. Ex-
eunt all but Theonor and Crates.*

The. We are not lucky, Crates; this great
Bears all before him. [torrent]

Cra. Such an age as this

Shall ne'er be seen again. Virtue grows fat,

And Villainy pines; the furies are asleep;

Mischief, 'gainst goodness nim'd, is like a
stone,

Unnat'ally forc'd up an eminent hill, [us;
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries

We spring ourselves, we sink in our own hogs;

The. What's to be done?

Cra. Repent, and grow good.

The. Pish!

'Tis not the fashion, fool, 'till we grow old.

The people's love to him now scares me more
Than my fond mother's; both which, like

two floods,

Benring Euphanes up, will o'erflow me;

And he is worthy: 'Would he were in Heav'n!

But that hercatter. Crates, help me now,

And henceforth be at ease.

Cra. Your will, my lord?

The. Beliza is to marry him forthwith;
I long to have the first touch of her too;
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fy, sir!

You'll be the tyrant to Virginity;
Tn fall but once is manly, to persevere
Beastly, and desperate.

The. Cross me not, but do't:
Are not the means, the place, the instruments,
The very same? I must expect you suddenly.

[*Exit.*]

Cra. I must obey you.

Who is in evil once a companion,
Can hardly shuke him off, but must run on.
Here I appointed Conon to attend, [single,
Him, and his sword; he promis'd to come

Enter Conon and Page.

To avoid prevention: He's a man o'u's word.

Con. You're well met, Crates.

Cra. If we part so, Conon. [sires;

Con. Come, we must do these mutual of-
We must be our own seconds, our own sur-
geons,

And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.

Cra. You have an honest bosom.

Con. Your's seems so.

Cra. Let's pair our swords: You are a
just gentleman.

Con. You might be so. Now shake hands,
if you please; [ouc.

Tho' it be the cudgel fashion, 'tis a fricudly

Cra. So; stand off.

Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Con. Crates, to expostulate your wrongs
to me

Were to doubt of 'em, or wish your excuse
In words, and so return like maiden knights;
Yet freely thus much I profess; your spleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd
brother

Hath much more stirr'd me up, than mine
own cause;

For I did ne'er affect these bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter he made public hangmen,
Or butchers cull'd, than valiant gentlemen.

'Tis true, stamp'd valour does upon just
grounds; [life

Yet for whom justlier should I expose my
Than him, unto whose virtue I owe all.

Cra. Conon, you think by this great deed
of yours

To insinuate yourself a lodging nearer
Unto my brother's heart: Such men as you
Live on their undertakings for their lords,
And more disable them by answering for 'em,
Than if they sat still; make 'em but their
whores,

For which eod gallants now-a-days do fight.
But here we come not to upbraud; what men

Seem the rash world will judge; but what
they are,

Heav'n knows: And this—Horses? we are
descried²⁰:

One stroke, for fear of laughter.

Enter Euphones, Agenor, Leonides, and Page.

Coa. Half a score. [hold!

Euph. Hold, hold! on your allegiance,

Age. He that strikes next—

Leo. Falls like a traitor on our swords.

Euph. Oh, Heav'n, my brother bleeds!

Connn, thou art

A villain, an unthankful man, and shalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine!
Thou wert my friend, but he is still my brother;

And thou a friend sometimes be nearer said,
In some gradation, it can never be,
Where that same brother can be made a
friend;

Which, dearest Crates, thus low I implore:

What in my poverty I would not seek,

Because I would not burden you, now here

In all my height of bias I beg of you,

Your friendship; my advancement, sir, is
yours;

I never held it strange; 'pray use it so.

We are but two, which number Nature
frav'd

In the most useful faculties of man,

To strengthen mutually and relieve each other:

Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and
feet, [ply;

That where one fail'd, the other might sup-

And I, your other eye, ear, your arm and leg,

Tender my service, help, and succour to you.

Age. Leo. A most divine example!

Euph. For, dear brother, [me;

You have been blind, and lame, and deaf, to

Now be no more so: In humility

I give you the duty of a younger brother,

Which take you as a brother, not a father,

And then you'll pay a duty back to me.

Cra. Till now I have not wept these thirty
years. [legs.

Euph. Discarding brothers are like mutual

Supplanting one another; he that seeks

Aid from a stranger, and forsaken his brother,

Does hut like him that madly lops his arm,

And in his body joins a wooden one;

Cuts off his natural leg, and trusts a crutch;

Plucks out his eye to see with spectacles.

Cra. Most dear Euphones, in this crimson
flood [we,

Wash my unkindness out; you have o'ercum'd

Taught me humanity and brotherhood:

Fall well knew Nature thou wert fitter far

Tn be a ruler o'er me than a brother,

Which henceforth be! Jove surely did de-
scend, [shape,

When thou wert gotten, in some heavenly

²⁰ Horses, we are descried.] Simpson would read,

'Curse on't, we are descri'd.'

And greet my mother, as the poets tell
Of other women.

Age. Be this holiday!

Leo. And noted ever with the whitest stone!

Con. And pardon me, my lord! Look you,
I bleed

Faster than Crates. What I've done, I did
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend;
Which my blood cement, never to part or end!

Age. Most worthy Canon!

Leo. Happy rise; this day

Contracts more good than a whole age hath
done.

Euph. Royal Agenor, brave Leonidas,
You are main causes, and must share the
fame.

Cra. Which, in some part, this hour shall
requite,

For I have aim'd my black shafts at white
marks,

And now I'll put the clue into your hands,
Shall guide you^{most} perspicuously to the
depth [lost

Of this dark labyrinth, where so long you were
Touching this old rape, and a new intent,
Wherein your counsel, and your active wit,
My dearest brother, will be necessary.

Euph. My prophecy is come; prove my
hopes true,

Agenor shall have right, and you no wrong.
Time now will pluck her daughter from her
cave⁺.

Let's hence, to prevent rumour. [brother,
Nature's divided streams the highest shelf
Will over-run at last, and flow to itself.

[*Exeunt.*

* *Time now will pluck, &c.*] * In the title-page of this last, (viz. the edition of *The Poesies of George Gascoigne, Esq. 1575*) 'by way of printer's or bookseller's device, is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *Ocultia veritas tempore patet.*' *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. This seems to have suggested the idea in the above line. Dr. Percy adds, that 'it was not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title-page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxembourg-gallery, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.' R.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Saicles, and Eraton.

Euph. I 'VE won the lady to it, and that
good

Which is intended to her, your faith only
And secrecy must make perfect; think not,
sir,

I speak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My soul upon the trial.

Cra. You may safely;
But are Agenor and Leonidas ready
To rush upon him in the act, and seize him
I' th' height of his security?

Euph. At all parts
As you could wish them.

Cra. Where's the lady?

Euph. There
Where you appointed her to stay.

Cra. 'Tis wisely order'd.

Euph. Last, when you have him sure, com-
pel him this way;

For, as by accident, here I'll bring the Queen
To meet you; 'twill strike greater terror to
him,

To be taken unprovided of excuse,
And make more for our purposes. [*Exit.*

Cra. Come, Neanthes;

Our fames and all are at the stake.

Nean. 'Tis fit,

That since relying on your skill, we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cun-
ning,

Enter Theonor.

Or we shall rise such losers as——

Sos. The prince! [seem'd

Cra. The plot is laid, sir; howsoever I
A little scrupulous, upon better judgment
I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the last service
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope so, sir.

The. And I will so reward it——

Nean. You are bound to that; in every
family [more

That does write lustful, your fine hawk gains
(For, like your broker, he takes fees on both
Than all the officers o' th' house. [sides)

Sos. For us then
To be a great man's pandars, and live poor,
That were a double fault.

Cra. Come, you lose time, sir;
We will be with you instantly: The deed done,
We have a masque that you expect not.

The. Thou
Art ever careful; for Jove's Mercury
I would not change thee. [*Exit.*

Era. There's an honour for you. [pomp,
Nean. To be compar'd with the celestial
Jove's smock-sworn squire, don Hermes.

Cra. I'll deserve it; [now
And, gentlemen, be assur'd, tho' what we do
Will to the prince Theanor look like treason
And base disloyalty, yet the end shall prove,
(When he's first taught to know himself, then
you)
In what he judg'd us false, we were most true.
[*Ercunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Euphanta, Agenor, Leonidas, and
Conon.*

Euph. Only make haste, my lords; in all
things else [swords
You are instructed: You may draw your
For show, if you think good, but on my life
You will find no resistance in his servants,
And he's himself unarm'd.

Age. I would be were not;
My just rage should not then be lost.

Euph. Good sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the person of the prince; but, Conon,
Have you an eye on both; it is your trust
That I rely on.

Con. Which I will discharge,
Assure yourself, most faithfully.

Euph. For the lady,
I know your best respect will not be wanting:
Then, to avoid suspicion and discovery,
I hold it requisite, that as soon as ever
The Queen hath seen her, she forsake the
place,

And sit herself fur that which is projected
For her good, and your honour.

Leo. If this prosper,
Believe it you have made a purchase of
My service and my life.

Euph. Your love I aim at.

Leo. Here I shall find you?

Euph. With the Queen.

Con. Enough, sir. [Exit.

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you, my
lord; I've met
A dozen messengers in search of you.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Attendants.

Euph. I knew I should be sought for. As
I wish'd,
She's come herself in person.

Queen. Are you found, sir? [thinks
I wonder where you spend your hours; me-
Since I so love your company, and profess
'Tis the best comfort this life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.

Euph. Gracious madam,
To have the happiness to see and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold so great a blessing, that my honours
And wealth, compar'd to that, are but as ey-
phers [don
To make that number greater; yet your par-
For borrowing from my duty so much time,

As the provision for my sudden marriage
Extracted from me.

Queen. I perceive this marriage
Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.
She's a good lady, and a fair, Euphanta:
Yet, by her leave, I will share with her in you;
I am pleas'd that in the night she shall enjoy
you,

And that's sufficient for a wife; the day-time
I will divorce you from her.

Leo. [within.] We will force you,
If you resist.

Queen. What noise is that?

The. [within.] Base traitors!

Euph. It moves this way.

*Enter Agenor, Leonidas with Theanor, Me-
rione like Beliza, Conon, Crates, Neanthes,
Socicles, Eraton, and Guard.*

Queen. What'er it be, I'll meet it;
I was not born to fear. Who's that? Beliza?

Euph. My worthiest, noblest mistress!
[Exit Mer.

Queen. Stay, her! ha?

All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion: What new Gorgon's
head [tues?

Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd sta-
This is prodigious! has none a tongue
To speak the cause?

Leo. Could every hair, great Queen,
Upon my head yield an articulate sound,
And all together speak, they could not yet
Express the villainy we have discover'd:
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what must needs be known,
You'll say I am too eloquent, and wish
I had been born without a tongue.

Queen. Speak boldly;
For I, unmov'd with any loss, will hear.

Leo. Then know, we have found out the
ravisher

Of my poor sister, and the place and means
By which th' unfortunate, tho' fair Beliza,
Hath met a second violence.

Euph. This confirms
What but before I doubted to my ruin.
My lady ravish'd?

Queen. Point me out the villain, [this,
That guilty wretched monster, that hath done
That I may look on him; and in mine eye
He reads his sentence.

Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the prince! that heard,
You have it all.

Queen. Wonder not that I shake;
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having ead'rd the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me!—Dar'st thou kneel,
with hope [Theanor kneels.
Of any favour, but a speedy death,
And that too in the dreadful'st shape that
can

Appear to a despairing leprous soul,
If thou hast any? No, libidinous beast,

Thy lust hath alter'd so thy former being,
By Heav'n I know thee not!

The. Altho' unworthy,
Yet still I am your son.

Queen. Thou liest, liest falsely!

My whole life never knew but one chaste bed,
Nor e'er desir'd warmth but from lawful fires;
Can I be then the mother to a goat,
Whose lust is more insatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air engenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaste or good in woman?
The gods I from my youth have serv'd and
fear'd, [themselves;

Whose holy temples thou hast made thy bro-
Could a religious mother then bring forth
So damn'd an atheist? Read but o'er my life,
My actions, manners; and, made perfect in
But look into the story of thyself [them,
As thou art now, (not as thou wert, Theodor)
And reason will compel thee to confess,
Thou art a stranger to me.

Age. Note but how heavy ^{is} [him,
The weight of guilt is! it so low hath sunk
That he wants power to rise up in defence
Of his bad cause.

Queen. Persuade me not, Euphantes!

This is no prince, nor can claim part in me:
My son was born a freeman; this, a slave
To beastly passions, a fugitive
And runaway from Virtue*. Bring bonds
for him!

By all the honour that I owe to justice,
He loses me for ever that seeks to save him!
Bind him, I say; and like a wretch that
knows [himself,

He stands condemn'd before he hears the sen-
With his base agents, from my sight remove
him,

And lodge them in the dungeon! as a Queen
And patroness to justice I command it.

Thy tears are like unseasonable showers,
And in my heart now steel'd can make no
entrance;

Thou'rt cruel to thyself, fool, 'tis not want
In me of soft compassion; when thou left'st
To be a son, I ceas'd to be a mother.

Away with them! The children I will leave
To keep my name, to all posterities,
Shall be the great examples of my justice,
The government of my country, which shall
witness

How well I rul'd myself. Bid the wrong'd
ladies [them;
Appear in court tomorrow; we will hear
And by one act of our severity,
For fear of punishment, or love to virtue,
Teach others to be honest: All will shun
To tempt her laws, that would not spare her
sou. [Exeunt;

SCENE III.

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Uncle. Nay, nephew!

Tutor. Pupil, hear but reason!

Onos. No; [nour!
I have none, and will bear none. Oh, my boy—
My honour blasted in the bud! my youth,
My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man, are lost for ever!

Uncle. Why, nephew, we as well as you
are dubb'd

Knights o' th' pantofle.

Tutor. And are shouted at,
Kick'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd at, by each page
and groom;

Yet with erected heads we bear it.

Onos. Alas, [were you,
You have years, and strength to do it! but
As I, a tender gristle, apt to bow,
You would, like me, with cloaks enveloped,
Walk thus, then stamp, then stare.

Uncle. He will run mad,

I hope, and then all's mine.

Tutor. Why, look you, pupil,
There are for the recovery of your honour
Degrees of medicines: For a tweak by the
nose

A man's to travel but six months, then blow it,
And all is well again; the bastinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried. I grant you have been
baffled;

'Tis but a journey of some thirty years,

And it will be forgotten.

Onos. Think you so?

Tutor. Assuredly.

Uncle. He may make a shorter cut,
But hang or drown himself, and, on my life;
'Twill no more trouble him.

Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or hemp or water, they are dangerous tools

* Age. Note but—] The giving this speech to Agenor, as all the copies do, makes strange work with the following one of the Queen. For she bids Euphantes persuade her not, &c. But how could he persuade her, when, by the old edition, not he but Agenor had been pleading for the prince? But if we put Euphantes for Agenor, as I have done, the business is concluded, and all is right. *Symson.*

Mr. Symson, not the old copies, makes 'strange work' here; for surely the disputed speech does not 'plead for the prince;' nor does that speech at all suit the benignant character of Euphantes, though it does the enraged Agenor. The persuasion to which the Queen replies must be delivered in dumb-show.

* And run away from Virtue.] The change of the verb into a substantive, by the help of a poor hyphen, gives a different and elegant sense to this passage, which was not one of the clearest before. *Symson.*

We see no necessity for the 'poor hyphen.' Runaway should be one word.

For youth to deal with; I will rather follow
My Tutor's counsel.

Tutor. Do so.

Onos. And put in
For my security, that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole 'state to my uncle.

Uncle. That I like well of.

Onos. Still provided, Uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abus'd me.

Uncle. 'Tis a match.

[*cries*]

Onos. Then, Corinth, thus the bashful Lam-
Take leave of thee; and for this little time
Of thirty years, will labour all he can,
Tho' he goes young forth, to come home a
man.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Euphanes and Marshal.

Euph. Are your prisoners ready?

Mar. When it shall please the Queen
To call them forth, my lord.

Euph. 'Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have borne themselves
this night
Of their imprisonment?

Mar. Gladly, sir: Your brother,
With the other courtiers, willingly receiv'd
All courtesies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, so dissembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wonder'd at it. But the prince,
That, as horn highest, should have grac'd his
fall

[*row,*]

With greatest courage, is so sunk with sor-
That to a common judgment he would seem
To suffer like a woman; but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many,
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Consideration of what's past, more frights
Than any other punishment.

[*him*]

Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity; the other but
A desperate hasty valour.

Mar. I press'd to him, [*mand,*]
And, notwithstanding the Queen's strick com-
(Having your lordship's promise to secure me)
Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he
Refus'd, with such a sorrow, mix'd with scorn,
That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his highness
To give one reason fur't: He briefly answer'd,
That he had sat in judgment on himself,
And found that he deserv'd them; that he
was

A ravisher, and so to suffer like one;
Which is the reason of my tears, he addeth,
For we're not I again should break the laws
By scorning all their rigour can inflict,
I should die smiling.

Euph. I forbear to wonder

That you were mov'd that saw this, I am struck
With the relation so. 'Tis very well;
See all things ready. I do wish I could
Send comfort to the prince; (be ready with
him)

'Tis in the Queen's breast only, which for us
To search into were sauciness, to determine
What she thinks fit. [*Bar brought in.*]

*Enter Leonidas, with Merione in white; Eu-
phanes, with Beliza in black; Queen, Age-
nor, Conon; Marshal, with Theonor, Crates,
Societes, Eraton; lords, ladies, and guard.
Lord.* Make way there for the Queen!

Queen. Read first the law, and what our
ancestors

Have in this case provided, to deter
Suck-like offenders. To you, gentle ladies,
This only: 'Would I could as well give com-
fort,

As hid you be secure from fear or doubt
Of our displeasure! be as confident
As if your plea were 'gainst a common man,
To have all right from us; I will not grieve
For what's not worthy my pity. Read the law.

Clerk [*reading*]. Lyncurgus the nineteenth
against rapes 4: It is provided, and publick-
ly enacted and confirmed, That any man of
what degree soever, offering violence to the
chastity of a virgin, shall, *ipso facto*, be liable
to her accusation, and according to the said
law be censur'd; ever provided, that it shall
be in the choice of the said virgin so abused,
either to compel the offender to marry her
without a dowry, if so she will be satisfied,
or demanding his head for the offence, to
have that accordingly performed.

Queen. You hear this: What do you de-

Mer. The benefit [*mand*]
The law allows me.

Bel. For the injury

Done to mine honour, I require his head.

Mer. I likewise have an eye upon mine
honour;

But knowing that his death cannot restore it,
I ask him for my husband.

Bel. I was ravish'd,

And will have justice.

Mer. I was ravish'd too;

I kneel for mercy.

Bel. I demand but what

The law allows me.

Mer. That which I desire
Is by the same law warrant'd.

Bel. The rape

On me hath made n forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my disgrace I plead for.

Mer. The rape on me gives me the privi-
lege

To be his wife, and that is all I sue for.

4 Lyncurgus the nineteenth.] What business had Lyncurgus' laws at Corinth? This is an odd proceeding, to commit a rape in one country, and be try'd and condemn'd for it by the laws of another. *Synopsis.*

Age. A doubtful case.

Leo. Such pretty lawyers, yet
I never saw our read of.

Euph. May the Queen

Favour your sweet plea, madam!

Bel. Is that justice?

Shall one that is to suffer for a rape
Be by a rape defended? Look upon
The public enemy of chastity,
This lustful satyr, whose enrag'd desires
The ruin of one wretched virgin's honour
Would not suffice; and shall the wreck of two
Be his protection? May he I was ravish'd
For his lust only, thou for his defence;
Oh, fine evasion! shall with such a slight
Your justice be deluded? your laws cheated?
And he that for one fact deserv'd to die,
For sinning often, find impunity? [wert
But that I know thee, I would swear thou
A false impostor, and suborn'd to this:
And it may be thou art, Merione;
For hadst thou suffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou wouldst like me complain, and call for
vengeance,

And, our wrongs being equal, I alone
Should not desire revenge: But be it so!
If thou prevail, even he will punish it,
And foolish mercy shew'd to him undo thee.
Consider, fool, before it be too late, [band,
What joys thou canst expect from such a lust-
To whom thy first, and what's more, forc'd
embraces, [tasteful.

Which men say heighten pleasure, were dis-
Mer. 'Twas in respect that then they were
unlawful, [then,
Unbless'd by Hymen, and left stings behind
Which from the marriage-bed are ever ban-
nish'd. [throne,

Let this court be then the image of Jove's
Upon which grace and mercy still attend,
To intercede between him and his justice;
And since the law allows as much to me
As she can challenge, let the milder sentence,
Which best becomes a mother, and a Queen,
Now overcome, nor let your wisdom suffer:
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Endure a second ravishment.

Bel. You can free him
Only from that which does concern yourself,
Not from the punishment that's due to me;
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
I plead mine own just wreak, which will right
both, [tice:

Where that which you desire robs me of jus-
Tis that which I appeal to.

Mer. Bloody woman, [live then;
Dost thou desire his punishment? Let him
For any man to marry where he likes not
Is still a ling'ring torment.

Bel. For one rape [me.
One death's sufficient; that way cannot catch

Mer. To you I fly then, to your mercy,
madam!

Exempting not your justice, be but equal;
And since in no regard I come behind her,

Let me not so be undervalued in [notice
Your highness' favour, that the world take
You so prefer'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that son you would not save for race;
Mercy, oh, mercy, madam!

Bel. Great Queen, justice!

Age. With what a masculine constancy the
grave lady

Hath heard them both!

Leo. Yet how unmov'd she sits

In that which most concerns her!

Con. Now she rises; [ments,
And, having well weigh'd both their argu-
Resolves to speak.

Euph. And yet again she pauses!
Oh, Conon, such a resolution once
A Roman told me he had seen in Cato
Before he kill'd himself.

Queen. 'Tis now determin'd.

Merione, I could wish I were no Queen,
To give you satisfaction; no mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part
Even with my being, both might have their
wishes;

But since that is impossible, in few words
I will deliver what I am resolv'd on:
The end for which all profitable laws
Were made looks two ways only, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the punishment
Of bad delinquents: Ours, concerning rapes,
Provided that same latter clause of marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then fore-
seeing [twice

Mankind could prove so monstrous, to tread
A path so horrid. The great law-giver
Draco, that for his strange severity
Was said to write his stern decrees in blood,
Made none for parricides, presuming that
No man could be so wicked: Such might be
Lycurgus' answer (did he live) for this.
But since I find that in my son which was not
Doubted in any else, I will add to it:
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full revenge.—You see, Beliza,
You have your wish. With you, Merione,
I'll spend a tear or two. So, Heaven forgive
thee! [judgment,

The. Upon my knees I do approve your
And beg that you would put it into act
With all speed possible: only that I may,
Having already made peace with myself,
Part so with all the world. Princely Agenor,
I ask your pardon, Yours, my lord Euphanes.
And, Crates, with the rest too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me. Yours, gracious
mother,

I dare not ask; and yet if that my death
Be like a son of yours, tho' my life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchsafe it. Lastly, that
Both these whom I have wrong'd may wish
my ashes

No heavy burden, ere I suffer death,
For the restoring of Merione's honour,
Let me be married to her; and then die
For you, Beliza.

Queen. Thou hast made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the world:
Thy suit is granted. Call a Flamen forth
To do this holy work; with him a headsmen.

Enter Flamen and Executioner.

Raise up thy weeping eyes, Merione;
With this hand I confirm thy marriage,
Wishing that now the gods would shew some
miracle,

That this might not divorce it.

Cra. To that purpose

I am their minister. Stand not amaz'd;
To all your comforts, I will do this wonder.
Your majesty (with your pardon I must speak
it)

Allow'd once heretofore of such a contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to inatch her with Agenor;
The griev'd prince knowing this, and yet not
daring

To cross what you determin'd, by an oath
Bound me and these his followers to do some-
thing [it,

That he might once enjoy her; we, sworn to
And easily persuaded, being assur'd
She was his wife before the face of Heaven,
Altho' some ceremonious forms were wanting,
Committed the first rape, and brought her to
him, [ceiv'd

Which broke the marriage; but when we per-
He purpos'd to abuse our ready service
In the same kind, upon the chaste Beliza,
Holding ourselves less tied to him than good-
ness,

I made discovery of it to my brother,
Who can relate the rest.

Euph. It is most true.

Queen. I would it were!

Euph. In ev'ry circumstance

It is, upon my soul: For this known to me,
I won Merione, in my lady's habit
To be again (but willingly) surpris'd;
But with Agenor, and her noble brother,
With my approv'd friend Conon, with such
speed

She was pursued, that, the lewd act scarce
ended,

The prince (assur'd he had enjoy'd Beliza,
For all the time Merione's face was cover'd)
Was apprehended and brought to your pre-
sence,

But not 'till now discover'd, in respect
I hop'd the imminent danger of the prince,
To which his loose unquench'd heats had
brought him,

Being pursued unto the latest trial,
Would work in him compunction, which it
has done; [tions,

And these two ladies, in their feign'd conten-
To your delight I hope have serv'd as mas-
To their own nuptials. [quers

Queen. My choice was worthy
When first I look'd on thee: As thou hast
order'd,

All shall be done; and not the meanest that
Play'd in this unexpected comedy,
But shall partake our bounty. And, my lord,
That with the rest you may seem satisfied,
If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet
So far in debt to years but that she may
Bring you a lusty boy, I offer up
Myself and kingdom, during my life, to you.

Age. It is a blessing which I durst not hope
But with all joy receive. [for,

All. We all applaud it.

Queen. Then on unto the temple, where
the rites

Of marriage ended, we'll find new delights.

[Exeunt.]

THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.

This Tragedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1647. In the year 1696, a friend of George Powell the player, but whose name is now unknown, made many alterations in it, and particularly in the first two acts. It was then acted at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in quarto in the same year. Since that time, two other plays on the same subject have been brought on the stage; one by Charles Hopkins, at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's Inn, in the succeeding year 1697; and the other by Richard Glover, Esq. at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the year 1753, under the title of *Boudicca*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CARATACH, <i>General of the Britons, Cousin to Bonduca.</i>	DEMETRIUS, } <i>Roman Commanders.</i>
NENNIUS, <i>a great Soldier, a British Commander.</i>	DECIUS, }
HENGO, <i>a brave Boy, Nephew to Caratach.</i>	REGULUS, } <i>Roman Officers.</i>
SUETONIUS, <i>General to the Roman Army in Britain.</i>	DRUMIUS, }
PENIUS, <i>a brave Roman Commander, but stubborn to the General.</i>	MACER, }
JUNIUS, <i>a Roman Captain, in love with Bonduca's Daughter.</i>	CURIUS, }
PETILLIUS, <i>another Roman Captain.</i>	JUDAS, <i>a Corporal, a cowardly hungry Knave.</i>
	Herald.—Druids.—Soldiers.
	BONDUCA, <i>Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago. Her two Daughters, by Prasutagus.</i>

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, and Soldiers.

Bonduca. THE hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain, {diers!

The rust of arms, the blushing shame of sol-
Are these the men that conquer by imber-
tance?

The fortune-makers? these the Julians,

Enter Caratach.

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one
Cæsar?

Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells
in 'em,

Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure
nurs'd 'em; {lurements,

Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's al-

Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to
seek us, {wantoo?

These Roman girls? is Britain grown so
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scatter'd
'em; {pikes

And thro' their big-bon'd Germans, on whose
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame 'em: And
a woman,

A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak wo-
A woman, beat these Romans! {man,

Car. So it seems;

A man would shame to talk so.

Bond. Who's that?

Car. I.

Bond. Cousin, d'you grieve my fortunes?

Car. No, Bonduca;

If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your sail; discre-
tion

* *Bonduca, Queen of the Iceni, a brave virago, by Prasutagus.*

Her two daughters.] Thus runs the folio of 1679, from which the editor of the octavo inconsiderately copied. The reader will see by the course of the play, that the alteration made here is undoubtedly what the drawer-up of the *Dramatis Personæ* intended. *Sympton.*

And hardly valour are the twins of honour,
And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth, frouted;
That Rome has died before us twice, and
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour hid us do,
And what the gods willow us?

Cor. No, Bonduca;
So what we say excused not what we do.
You call the Romans 'fearful, fleeing Romans,'
[sures:]
'And Roman girls, the lees of tainted plea-
Does this become a doer? are they such?

Bond. They are no more.

Cor. Where is your conqueror then?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers?

The heasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druids composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory? [game?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers,
Put out our holy fires, no timbrel ring,
Let's home and sleep; for such great over-
throws,

A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame. Oh,
Nennius,

Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bond. By the gods, I think
You date upon these Romans, Caratach!

Cor. Witness these wounds, I do; they
were fairly giv'n:

I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds
me: [battles

And are not all these Roman? Ten strook
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all
Roman:

Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen storm sung thro' my
cuirass,

And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought
thro', [night

And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-
I've swam the rivers, when the stars of
Rome

Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of
agues;

And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth back-
ward,

And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer.
Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as
ours,

Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons—

Bond. What?

Cor. Dishearten'd, [swifter;
Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack³
The virgin from the lusted ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight⁴ drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they leave. By the
gods,

I've seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and
roaring,

Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!

Cor. Yes, Bonduca,
I've seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then when Penius
(The Roman girl! cut thro' your armed carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then when he hunted ye like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain
Like boiling owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?

Cor. I fled too,
But not so fast; your jewel had been lost then.
Young Hengo there; he traist me, Nennius!
For when your fears out-run him, then stepst,
And in the head of all the Roman fury

* *When the stars of Rome.*] Mr. Theobald in his margin gives us *shifts* or *darts*, as thinking the place corrupted. I have not, however, ventured to disturb the text; as thinking the passage right as it stands. *Symson.*

We think Theobald's conjecture very plausible.

³ *The quick rack.*] i. e. the clouds.

⁴ *Not a flight*] here means *arrow*. So Shakespeare, in *Much Ado* about Nothing, act i. scene 1, makes Bentrice say,

'He (Benedick) challeng'd Cupid at the flight.' *Symson.*

⁵ *He traslit me, Nennius.*] The more unatural as well as usual word in this place, should
have

Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back
I buckled him; behind him, my sure shield;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of Virtue, Penius, [danger.
Seeing me steer thro' all these storms of
My helm still in my hand (my sword), my
prow [bly,

Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out no-
Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has raison'd thee; grow
strong,

And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then if thou stand'st, thou'rt mine. I took
his offer,

And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, cousin, [me!
From what a flight of honour hast thou check'd
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?

Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses⁵. [this,
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these
fortunes,

Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to
shew us

Nothing but sea could stop our flights, de-
spis'd us,

And held it equal whether hauqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have gall'd you.

Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think, as we may be con-
quer'd;

And where we have found virtue, tho' in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave since Julius
landed, [cords,

That was of strength and worth, but, like re-
They file to after-ages. Our registers

The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we brand their mentions with up-
braidings?⁷

Bond. No more; I see myself. Th' hast
made me, cousin, [me,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abus'd
And wound me up so high, I swell'd with
glory:

Thy temperance has cur'd that tympany,
And giv'a me health again; nay more, dis-
cretion. [Romans.

Shall we have peace? for now I love these
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise
ones, lady.

Bond. Your reason?

Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a gene-
ral conquest:

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-
marks,

The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live

The liberty we hold as dear as life, [on,
The gods we worship, and next those, our
honours, [battle:

And with those swords that know no end of
Those men, beside themselves, allow no
neighbour;

Those minds that where the day is, claim in-
heritance,

And where the sun makes ripe the fruits,
their harvest,

And where they march, but measure out more
ground

To add to Rome, and here i'th' bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em;

Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair deal-
ing, [unan

But in our ends our swords⁸. That hardly Ro-

have been *trac'd*, i. e. 'followed;' and probably the line ran so in the Authors' MSS. for, if I remember right, *trac'd* absolutely taken is not to be met with in the sense here re-
quired. *Synopsis*.

'To *trac'd* a hound' is a term of hunting still used in the north, and perhaps not uncom-
mon in other parts, of England: It is, to *correct*, to *rate*.—Caratach says, 'It is very true,
' Nennius, that I fled from the Romans. But recollect, I did not run so fast as you pre-
' tend: I soon stood still, to defend your favourite youth Hengo: He *stopped my flight*, and
' I saved his life.' In this passage, where *trac'd* properly signifies *check*, the commentators
substitute *trace*; a correction which entirely destroys the force of the context, and the spirit
of the reply. *Warton*.

⁵ *see, lady,*

[The noble use of others in our losses.] i. e. Observe the noble behaviour of the Romans
when they conquer.

⁷ And shall we burn their mentions.] The variation in the text, proposed by *Synopsis*.

⁸ Ends our swords.] The sense seems to labour here: what I have offer'd [*hands for ends*]
is clear and absolute. 'Let us use the peace of honour, but not tamely and submissively
' desire it: No, let us seek it with our swords in our hands, as though we could carve it out
' for ourselves, if the conditions offered are not honourable.' *Synopsis*.

Ends here means *purposes*: 'We may deal honourably, but our end must be war.' This
is the sum of the whole speech; and the propriety of this interpretation is confirmed by Bon-
duca afterwards saying, 'The Romans shall have worthy wars.'

That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.

Bond. Caratuch,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Cor. They shall: [stiffer,
And, little sir, when your young bones grow
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you in a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle?

Cor. Then you must kill, sir, the next
valiant Roman
That calls you knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one?

Cor. An hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Cor. That is a noble boy! Come, worthy
lady,

Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Junius and Petillius.

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou

Jun. No. [want ment?]

Pet. Cluaths?

Jun. Neither. For Heng'u's love, leave me!

Pet. Drink?

Jun. You tire me.

Pet. Come, it is drink; I know 'tis drink.

Jun. 'Tis no drink.

Pet. I say, 'tis drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.

Jun. 'Prithee, Petillius—

Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink,
valiant drink:

Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.

Jun. Why do you do this to me?

Pet. For I see,
Altho' your modesty would fain conceal it;
Which sits as sweetly on a soldier
As an old side-saddle—

Jun. What do you see? [drink.]

Pet. I see as fair as day*, that thou want'st
Did I not find thee gaping like an oyster
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,
Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor. Do but see
Into thyself; for, by the gods, I do;
For all thy body's clapp'd and crack'd like
timber,

For want of moisture: What is't thou want'st
there, Junius,
An if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a whore too; say it be;
come, meecher!¹⁹

Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow,
Die for a little lap and lechery?

No, it shall ne'er be said in our country,
Thou diest o' th' chin-cough. Heur, thou
noble Roman,

The son of her that loves a soldier,
Hear what I promis'd for thee! thus I said:

Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,

The war loves danger, danger drink, drink
discipline,

Which is society and lechery;
These two forget commanders: Fear not, lady;

Thy son shall lend.

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,

That so ridiculous and loose a mirth

Can master your affections.

Pet. Any mirth,

And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly minstiness. [wench?]

What harm's in drink? in a good wholesome
I do beseech you, sir, what error? Yet

It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no
more fooling;

The general has new wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new acquaintance for
Fur I will none, I thank ye. [it too,

Pet. 'None, I thank you?'

A short and touchy answer! 'None, I thank
You do not scorn it, do you? [you?]

Jun. Gods defend, sir!

I owe him still more honour.

Pet. 'None, I thank you?'

No company, no drink, no wench, 'I thank
You shall be worse entreated, sir.

Jun. Petillius,

As thou art honest, leave me!

Pet. 'None, I thank you?'

A modest and a decent resolution. [nisi,
And well put on. Yes; I will leave you. Ju-

And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you by your new surname

Of Junius: 'None I thank you.' I would
starve now,

Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks;²¹
lie open

To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,

Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and

lodges; [skill
I've view'd you, and I've found you by my

To be a fool o' th' first head, Junius,
And I will hunt you: You're in love, I know it;

* As fair as day.] Amended in 1750.

¹⁹ Meecher.] See note * on The Scornful Lady.

²¹ Forks.] i. e. the gallows. Symonds.

You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it;
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my carc, yourself shall know it.

Enter Judas and four Soldiers.

Judas. A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet
To what we compass. [quoting]

1 *Sold.* Fight like hogs for acorns?

2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for pig-outs?

Pet. What ail these rascals?

3 *Sold.* If this hold, we're starv'd.

Judas. For my part, friends, [world]
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard
For officers, and men of action!)
And those so clipt by master Mouse, and
rotten— [irritates]

(For understand 'em French beans, where the
Are ripe'd like the people, in old tubs)

For mine own part, I say, I'm starv'd already,

Not worth another bean, consum'd to nothing,

Nothing but flesh¹¹ and bones left, miserable:

Nuw if this musty provender can prick me

To honourable matters of achievement, Gen-

Why, there's the point. [trembles]

4 *Sold.* I'll fight; no more.

Pet. You'll hang then! [calls]

A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating ras-
Whose gods are beef and brewis! whose brave
angers

Do execution upon these, and chibbals¹²!

Ye dogs' heads in the porridge-pot! ye fight
no more?

Does Rome depend upon your resolution

For eating mouldy pie-crust?

3 *Sold.* 'Would we had it!

Judas. I may do service, captain.

Pet. In a fish-market. [fighting]

You, corporal Curry-cumb, what will your

Profit the commonwealth? d' you hope to tri-
umph?

Or dare your vanishing valour, Goodman Cob-

Clap a new sole to th' kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye

You fight, or not fight? [dog-whips]

Judas. Captain!

Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies!

Nothing but noise and nastiness!

Judas. Give us meat,

Whereby we may do,

Pet. Whereby hangs your valour?

Judas. Good bits afford good blows.

Pet. A good position: [mouth]

How long is't since thou eat'st last? Wipe thy

And then tell truth.

Judas. I have not eat to th' purpose—

Pet. 'To th' purpose?' what's that? half

a cow, and garlick? [out]

Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk

Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;

Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats.

Your shoes, slaves;

Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?

Suck your sword hilts, ye slaves; if ye be

valiant,

Honour will make 'em march-pane. 'To the

purpose?' [trembles]

A grievous penance! Dost thou see that gen-

That melancholy monsieur?

Jun. 'Pray you, Petillius!

Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.

2 *Sold.* H' has drunk the more then.

3 *Sold.* And that's all one.

Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.

Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor

soldiers, [stomachs]

Men that have seen good days, whose mortal

May sometime feel afflictions—

[To Junius,

Jun. This, Petillius,

Is not so nobly done.

Pet. 'Tis common profit;

Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food

That needs no teeth nor stomach! a strange

furnity [heads]

Will feed you up as fat as hens i' th' fore-

And make ye fight like chickens; to him.

Judas. Captain—

Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?

Pet. See what mettle

It makes in him: Two meals more of this

And there lies Caratach. [melancholy]

Judas. We do beseech you—

2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your valour—

Jun. Am I only

Become your sport, Petillius?

Judas. But to render

In way of general good, in preservation—

¹¹ *Flesh and bones left.*] This is really a merry description of a man hunger-starv'd; he was reduced to flesh and bones! Why what would he be at? Would he be more than so? Modes of speech are strangely altered, if we should not read and the Poets have wrote,

'Skin and bones.' *Symphon.*

It is meant to be a merry description, as the rest of the scene proves.

¹² *Chibbals.*] A sort of unions. So Ben Jonson, in his *Gipsies Metamorphosed.*

'Where the cacklers, but no gruters,

' Shall uncas'd be for the hunters;

' Thine we still must keep alive;

' I, and put them out to thrive

' In the parks, and in the chases,

' And the tiner walled places;

' As Saint James's, Greenwich, Tibbals,

' Where the acorns plump as *chibbals*,

' Soon shall change both kind and name,

' And proclaim 'em the king's game.'

Symphon.

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!

4 Sold. Or rather pity—

3 Sold. Your warlike remedy against the maw-worms.

Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.

Pet. Out with your table-books!

Jun. Is this true friendship?

And must my killiog griefs make others May-games?

Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor starv'd spirits

Can make me no oblations; else, oh, Love, Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee

Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sor-

Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir.

[*Exit Junius.*]

Pet. So he does, sir;

And cannot you do so too? All my company Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk Of what provant is: *Aymes*, and hearty *hry-hors*

Are sallads fit for soldiers. Live by meat? By larding up your hodies? 'tis lewd, and lary,

And shews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye

To fight, like camels, with baskets at your Get ye in love! Ye can whore well enough,

That all the world knows; fast ye into famine, Yet ye can crawl like crabs to wenches;

-handsomely Fall but in love now, as ye see example,

And follow't but with all your thoughts, *pro-batum*,

There's so much charge sav'd, and your hun-ger's ended.

Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all, Up to the ears in love, that I may hear

No more of these rude murmurings; and discretely

Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, drum and colours.

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger dis-patch'd

To Penius; to command him to bring up

The Volans regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the horse well view'd we brought from Mona?

Dec. The troops are full and lusty.

Suet. Good Petillius, Look to those eating rogues, that hawl for

And stop their throats a day or two: Provi-Waits but the wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already

I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find

As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay,

rebellious; Now, as they want but mustard, they're in

No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs, And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy 'em;

The British waters are grown dull and muddy, The fruit disgusting; Orontes's must be sought

for, And apples from the Happy Isles; the truths, They are more curious now in having nothing,

Than if the sea and land turn'd up their treasures.

This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca

(With shame we must record it) time and strength

To look into our fortunes; great discretion To follow off'r'd vict'ry; and lust, full pride

To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our rums.

Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confess

My will to conquer Mona, and long stay To execute that will, set in these losses:

All shall be right again, and as a pine Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,

Jointed again, and made a mast, defies Those angry winds that split him; so will I.

Pie'd to my never-failing strength and fortune,

Steer thro' these swelling dangers, plow their prides up,

And bear like thunder thro' their loudest tem-They knew the field still?

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew:

The hills are wooded with their partizans⁴, And all the valleys overgrown with darts,

As moors are with rank rushes; no ground left us

To charge upon, no room to strike. Say for-And our endeavours bring us into 'em,

They are so infinite, so ever-springing, We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate

women, That neither fear nor shame e'er found, the

Has rank'd amongst 'em multitudes; say the men fail,

They'll poison us with their petticoats; say they fail,

They've priests enough to pray us into no-

⁴ *Mona.*] i. e. the Isle of Anglesea.

⁵ *Orontes.*] Our Poets are sadly out here in their choice of pleasant waters for drinking. Mr. Mauadrell says, the waters of this river are thick and turbid, as unfit to be drunk, as its fish to be eaten. *Chaucer* was undoubtedly what they would have said, but trusting to memory they made this mistake. The waters of this river were famous for their fineness, &c. and as *Ælianus* tells us were drunk by the Persian monarchs, let them be in what part of their dominions they would. *Symson.*

⁶ *Partizans.*] Pikes or halberts.

Suet. These are imaginations, dreams of nothing;

The man that doubts or fears——

Dec. I'm free of both.

Dem. The self-same I.

Pet. And I as free as any;

As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent

As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
It was a wisdom learn'd from you, I learn'd it,

And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance

The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on and get¹⁷; to save a Roman,

Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps; how,

To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it

With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
Should claim the victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, Petillius, [tain,
And worthily remember'd: The rule is cer-

tain, Their uses no less excellent; but where time
Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all

Tend to a present peril¹⁸, 'tis requir'd
Our swords and manhoods be best counsel-

lors, [thing,
Our expeditions, precedents. To win is no-

Where Reason, Time, and Counsel are our
camp-masters: [querors,

But there to bear the field, then to be con-
Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us

beaten, [fills,
In wants and motinies, ourselves but hand-

And to ourselves our own fears, needs a new
way,

A sudden and a desperate execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dan-

gerous;
Only a present well-united strength, [it;

And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch
Disputing and delay here cool the courage;

Necessity gives time for doubts¹⁹; (things
infinite,

According to the spirit they are preach'd to:)
Rewards like them²⁰, and names for after-

ages,

Must steel the soldier, his own shame help
to arm him:

And having forc'd his spirit, ere he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies; sudden and swift,

Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for't;
Fury must be our fortune; shame we've lost

Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward:
There is no other wisdom nor discretion

Due to this day of ruin, but destruction;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.

Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.

Suet. Then no doubt [woman
The day must needs be ours. That the proud

Is infinite in number better likes me, [army
Than if we dealt with squadrons; half her

Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig
their graves.

I'll tell ye all my fears; one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,

More doubts me than all Britain: He's a
soldier [tunes,

So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great for-
So much man thrust into him, so old in dan-

gers, [name
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere

Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,
To make him Roman: But no more. Petillius,

How stands your charge?

Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.

Suet. 'Tis well govern'd; [horts:
Tomorrow we'll draw out, and view the co-

l'th' mensu time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?

Pet. In's cabin, sick o' th' mumps, sir.

Suet. How?

Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamen-
To the tune of Queen Dido. [tably loving,

Dec. Alas, poor gentleman!

Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler.
With what lady?

I'll be a spokesman for him.

Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.

Suet. Who is't? [ter;

Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's Daugh-
Her youngest, crack'd i' th' ring.

Suet. I'm sorry for him:
But sure his own discretion will reclaim him;

¹⁷ Go on and get.] 'To go on and get' is a little savouring of tautology; for if a man goes on, in the sense of this passage, he cannot chuse but get. 'But to go on, and yet not lose a Roman,' is an expression which the words immediately following would induce us to believe the Poets wrote here. I have not however disturbed the text, and only humbly offer this innovation to the judgment of the reader.

¹⁸ To go on and get' is, we think, right, and means simply 'to proceed with advantage.'

¹⁹ — danger, time and all

Tend to a present peril,] i. e. Danger tends to a present danger. Our Poets might have been guilty of such inaccuracy, and they might not. End is very near in letters to peril, taking away the p, and might probably have been the word. Seward.

²⁰ Necessity gives time for doubts.] The whole context seems to require 'gives no time for doubts.'

'Disputing and delay here cool the courage.'

See the whole speech.

²¹ Rewards like them.] This seems to be corrupt; or, which is more probable, there seems to be a line lost here.

He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can, unto the soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provisions shall be shar'd amongst
'em,

'Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they
conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever bluish'd. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be
for us! [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter *Penius, Regulus, Macer, and Drusus.*

Pen. I *MUST* come? [sir.]

Macer. So the general commands,

Pen. I must bring up my regiment?

Macer. Believe, sir,

I bring no lie.

Pen. But did he say, I *must* come?

Macer. So delivered. [manded]

Pen. How long is't, *Regulus*, since I com-
in Britain here?

Reg. About five years, great *Penius*.

Pen. The general some five months. Are
all my actions

So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remember'd in no nobler language
But *must* come up?

Macer. I do beseech you, sir,

Weigh but the time's estate.

Pen. Yes, good lieutenant,

I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up?

Am I turn'd bare centurion? *Must* and *shall*,

Fit embassies to court my honour?

Macer. Sir—

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against an hundred thousand barbarous slaves
That have march'd name by name with
Rome's best doers?

Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring
no food

To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *must*, my lan-
guage?

Enter *Curius.*

Cur. *Penius*, where lie the host?

Pen. Where Fate may find 'em.

Cur. Are they ingirt?

Pen. The battle's lost.

Cur. So soon?

[won;

Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw

A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain's swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous cud,
When both our names and lives are sacrific'd
For Rome's increase?

Pen. Yes, *Curius*; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what toll example,
When one is smother'd with a multitude,
And crowd'd in amongst a nameless press?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhal'd all va-
lours¹¹,

Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless, and out of issue, both rude and
unked¹²;

Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good sol-
diers,

[fools,
Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but
That make our diff'rence betwixt certain dyne,
And dying well, would fling their names and
fortunes

Into this Britain gulf, this quicksand ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble land
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or
what sword

Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poison'd with their blasting breaths and
corse,

Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring sweat, and breathless
pain,

Kill'd like to slaves, and cannot kill again?

Drus. *Penius*, mark antient wars, and know
that then

A captain weigh'd an hundred thousand men¹³.

¹¹ Like the sun, exhal'd all valours.] The simile, and the argument, both seem to require us to read *capots*.

¹² But rude and naked.] Amended by *Synpson*.

¹³ ——— that then

Captains weigh'd.] The corruption here is very evident, but little trouble will set all right. We may read this,

Or thus,

——— that then

'Ten captains weigh'd.'

——— that ten

'Captains out-weigh'd'—The number has either been
dropt

Pen. Drusius, mark antient wisdom, and
you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that sav'd his men.
I must not go.

Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all draw out, sir.

Pen. Who drew up, Regulus?

Ha! speak! did you? whose bold will durst
attempt this?

Drawn out? why, who commands, sir? on
whose warrant

Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Drus. 'Tis like the general cause, their love
of honour,

Relieving of their wants—

Pen. Without my knowledge? [sures?
Am I no more? my place but at their plea-
Come, who did this?

Drus. By Heaven, sir, I am ignorant.

[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers
with drum and colours.*

Pen. What! am I grown a shadow?—

Hark! they march. [obedience?

I'll know, and will be myself: Stand! Dis-
He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.

Run thro' the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge 'em, on command, beat back

By Heaven, I'll tithe 'em all else! [again;
Reg. We'll do our best.

[*Exeunt Drus. and Reg.*

Pen. Back! cease your bawling drums
there,

I'll beat the tins about your brains else. Back!
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye?

Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home!—
Ha!

D'ye stare upon me? Are those minds I
moulded,

Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions

Made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd
to wildfires? [well!

Oh, gods, to disobedience? Command, fare-
And ye be witness with me, all things sacred,

I have no share in these men's shames!
March, soldiers,

And seek your own and ruins, your old *Penius*
Dares not behold your murders.

1 *Sold.* Captain!

2 *Sold.* Captain!

3 *Sold.* Dearth, honour'd captain!

Pen. Too, too dear-lov'd soldiers, [knows,
Which made ye weary of me, and I have yet

Tho' in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own wills! 'tis fit your long ex-
perience .

Should now know how to rule yourselves; I
wrong ye,

In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangings

o'er ye: [Hritons,
Alas, I much dishonour'd ye; go, seek the

And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,

How excellent in all parts, good, and govern'd,
Is only left of my command, for story;

What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well!

Enter Drusius and Regulus.

Drus. Oh, turn again, great *Penius*! see
the soldier

In all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his sorrow

For's disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste, he thought, to please you with.

See, captain,

The toughness of his courage turn'd to water;
See how his manly heart melts.

Pen. Go; bent homeward;

There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.

Macer. My answer, sir. [*Exeunt soldiers.*

Pen. Tell the great general,

My companies are no faggots to fill breaches;
Myself no man that *must*, or *shall*, can carry:

Had him be wise, and where he is, he's safe
And when he finds out possibilities, [then]

He may command me. Commend me to the
Macer. All this I shall deliver. [captains.

Pen. Farewell, *Macer*! [*Erit.*

Cur. 'Pray gods this breed no mischief!

Reg. It must needs,

If stout *Suetonius* win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldiers' loss of due and honour,

Will break together on him.

Drus. He's a brave fellow;

And but a little hide his haughtiness,
[Which is but sometimes neither, on some
causes]

He shows the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good *Curius*, to the general

Make all things seem the best.

Cur. I shall endeavour.

Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.

The gods make sharp our swords, and steel
our hearts!

Reg. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our
parts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Junius, Petillius, and a Herald.

Pet. Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.

dropt upon us, or the verb suffered a mutilation of its first syllable: I am for the first, and have altered the text accordingly. *Symson.*

W. do not like either of these conjectures, and hope our reading will meet with approbation.

24 *We dare, alas, &c.* This has hitherto been made a continuation of *Curius's* speech; but it is impossible that this line and that which precedes it should belong to any one person. *Curius* is going to the engagement, therefore properly speaks the former; but the latter must be spoke by either *Drusius* or *Regulus* (who are subordinate to *Penius*), and is expressive of their discontent at being kept from the field.

Jua. Why, [beauty?
Why should I love mine enemy? what's
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits? Blind they feign
I'm sure, I find it so— [him;

Pet. A dog shall lead you.

Jua. His fond affections blinder—

Pet. Hold you there still!

Jua. It takes away my sleep—

Pet. Alas, poor chicken!

Jua. My company, content, almost my
fashion—

Pet. Yes, and your weight too; if you fol-
low it.

Jua. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare
come near me

Without an antitide; 'tis far worse, hell.—

Pet. Thou'rt damn'd without redemption

Jua. The way to't [then.
Strew'd with fair Western smiles, and April
blushes,

Led by the brightest constellations; eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heaven;
but from thence [us.

No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings
Pet. Yes, a smart water, Junius.

Jua. Do I fool? [ther,
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know fur-
That when we have enjoy'd our ends we luse
em,

And all our appetites are but as dreams

We laugh at in our ages?—

Pet. Sweet philosopher!

Jua. Do I know on still, and yet know
nothing? Mercy, gods!

Why am I thus ridiculous?

Pet. Motley on thee!

Thou art an arrant ass.

Jua. Can red and white,

An eye, a nose, a cheek—

Pet. But one cheek, Junius?

An half-fac'd mistress?

Jua. With a little trim, [me?
That wanton fools call fashion; thus abuse
Take me beyond my reason? Why should
not I [hatch'd?

Dote on my horse well trap'd, my sword well
They are as handsome things, to me more
useful,

And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it;

But to love there, and that no time can give
me, [wish'd],

Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ra-
My nature must not know (she hates our na-
Thus to dispose my spirit? [tion),

Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.

Jua. I will not love! I am a man, have
reason,

And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,

Nor whining for a wench; there are a thou-

Pet. Hold thee there, boy! [sawd—

Jua. A thousand will entreat me.

Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.

Jua. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.

Pet. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for
I've known thee

Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.

Jua. I will be man again.

Pet. Now mark the working! [pound
The devil and the spirit tug for't: 'twent
Upon the devil's head!

Jua. I must be wretched!

Pet. I knew I'd won.

Jua. Nor have I so much power

To shun my fortune.

Pet. I will hunt thy fortune

With all the shapes imagination breeds,

[Munick.

But I will fright thy devil Stay, he sings now.

[Song, by Junius, and Petillius after him
in mockery.

Jua. Most I be thus abus'd?

Pet. Yes, martyr must you. [read it.

Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is; now

Herald [reading]. It is the general's com-
mand, that all sick persons, old and unable,
retire within the trenches; he that fears his
liberty to leave the field: Fools, boys, and
cowards* must not come near the regiments,
for fear of their infections; especially those
cowards they call lovers.

Jua. Ha?

Pet. Read on.

Herald [reading]. If any common soldier
love an enemy, he's whip'd and made a slave:
If any captain†, cast, with loss of honour,
flung out of the army, and made unable ever
after to bear the name of a souldier.

Jua. The pox consume ye all, rogues!

[Exit.

Pet. Let this work;
It's something now to chew upon. He's
Come, shake no more.

Herald. Well, sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;

I would have given my life for a bent two-
pence,

If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines—

Pet. There's your payment,

And keep this private.

Herald. I am school'd for talking. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius.

Pet. How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing;

Your company stands fair. But 'pray you,
where's Junius?

* He that fears his liberty.] Amended by Symson.

† Fools, boys, and lovers.] Symson, to avoid the repetition of *lovers*, reads *cowards*.

‡ Captain, cast.] The restoring of the verb here to its ancient undoubted right, makes full
and complete sense, which it could not be said to be before this insertion. Symson.

Symson reads, 'He's cast;' but the verb may be very well understood.

Half his command are wanting, with some
That Decius leads. [forty]

Pet. Hunting for victuals. [stomachs]
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their
Are like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, know-
ing the enemy

Master of all the country.

Pet. Resolute hangers [ladders,
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers²⁸.

Dem. They may be hang'd tho'.

Pet. There's their joyful supper;

And no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,

How does young Junius?

Pet. Drawing out, poor gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.

Dem. This love has made him a stout

Pet. Oh, a great one, [soldier.

Fit to command young goslings. But what
news?

Dem. I think the messenger's come back
from Penius

By this time; let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now

If he deny to come, and take exceptions

At some half syllable, or sound deliver'd

With an ill accent, or some stile left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare speak treason, [do—
Dare say what our man dares believe, dares

But that's all one: I'll lay you my black ar-
To twenty crowns, he comes not. [mour

Dem. Done.

Pet. You'll pay?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old use, Penius!

Be stubborn and vainglorious, and I think
thee.

Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us
I fear will trouble heav'n no more: Two good

blows [tons,

Struck home at two commanders of the Bri-
And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of dying. [metrios,

Pet. 'Tis possible we may live; but, De-

With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes,

and noses,

Let carpenters and copper-smiths consider.

If I can keep my heart whole, and my wind-
pipe,

That I may drink yet like a soldier—

Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts;
mine's on your armour.

Pet. Mine's in your purse, sir; let's go try
the wager! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Judas and his four companions (halters
about their necks), Bonduca, her Daugh-
ters, and Nennius following.

Bond. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your rogueships

Harrying²⁹ for victuals here? are we your
friends?

Or do you come for spices? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now?

Don't ye long for't?

Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this
vein? Hang we must,

And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,

As pull an arse like dogs to't.

1 *Sold.* Any way,

So it be handsome.

3 *Sold.* I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too:

But all agree, and I'll not stick out, boys³⁰.

4 *Sold.* Let us hang pleasantly.

Judas. Then pleasantly be't:

Captain, the truth is, we had as lieve hang
With meat in our mouths, as ask your par-
don empty.

Bond. These are brave hangers.

What say you to a leg of beet now, sirrah?

Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and
I'll tell ye.

Bond. Torment 'em, wenches, (I must back)
then hang 'em. [Exit.

Judas. We humbly thank your Grace!

1 *Daugh.* The rogues laugh at us. [now?

2 *Daugh.* Sirrah, what think you of a wench

Judas. A wench, lady?

I do beseech your ladyship, retire;

I'll tell you presently: You see the time's
short; [science.

One crash, even to the settling of my coo-

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?

Judas. Yes, tite too, captain;

Will you but see my seat?

1 *Daugh.* Ye shall be set, sir,

Upon a jade shall shake ye.

Judas. Sheets, good madam,

Will do it ten times better.

1 *Daugh.* Whups, good soldier,

Which you shall taste before you hang, to
mortify you;

'Tis pity you should die thus desperate.

2 *Daugh.* These are the merry Romans,

the brave madcaps;

'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.

Bring out the whips.

²⁸ *Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.*] The verse and the sense here both seem to in-
hour: I hope I have supplied the one, and remedied the other. 'To overdo a danger' is an
expression I do not remember, but 'to overlook one' common. *Symson.*

Symson reads, 'ropes, gallows's, and overlook all danger.' To 'overdo all danger' is to
'run more risks than the occasion requires.' We see no need of altering the old text.

²⁹ *Harrying.*] To harry is to plunder or oppress. *Johnson.*

³⁰ *I'll not out, boys.*] Here seems to be a deficiency in the expression, which, by the inter-
tion of a monosyllable, I hope I have made up. *Symson.*

Judas. 'Would your good ladyships
Would exercise 'em too!

4 Sold. Surely, ladies?³¹
We'll shew you a strange patience.

Nen. Hang 'em, rapscals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime
committed,

That they wear necklaces?

Nen. They're Roman rogues,

Taken a-foraging

Car. Is that all, Nennius?

Judas. 'Would I were fairly hang'd! This
is the devil,

The kill-cow Caratach.

Car. And you would hang 'em?

Nen. Are they not enemies?

1 Sold. My breech makes buttons.

1 Dough. Are they not our tormentors?

Car. Tormentors? flea-traps!

Pluck off your hangers, fellows,

Nen. Take heed, Caratach;

Taint not your wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, Nennius? [honours,

Why, who shall fight against us, make our

And give a glorious day into our hands,

If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their
offence?

Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?

A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?

Du these deserve the gallows? They are
hungry, [starv'd:

Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left,
Art thou not hungry?

Judas. Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks

Like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals,

And wine to cheer their hearts; quick! Hang
up poor pilchers?

2 Sold. This is the bravest captain—

Nen. Caratach,

I'll leave you to your will.

Car. I'll answer up, sir.

2 Dough. Let's up and view his entertain-
ment of 'em!

I am glad they're shifted any way; their
tongues else

Would still have murder'd us.

1 Dough. Let's up and see it! [Exeunt.

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves! Why, where's
this wine and victuals?

Who waits there?

Serv. [within.] Sir, 'tis coming.

Hengo. Who are these, uncle?

Car. They are Romans, boy.

Hengo. Are these they [look

That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle in 'em;

Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from
Why, I dare fight with these. [orchards:

Car. That's my good chicken!—

And how d'ye? how d'ye feel your stomachs?

Judas. Wondrous apt, sir;

As shall appear when time calls.

Car. That's well; down with't.

A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly!

You'll choke, ye knaves, else. Give 'em wine!

Judas. Not yet, sir;

We're even a little husy.

Hengo. Can that fellow

Do any thing but eat? Thou fellow!

Judas. Away, boy;

Away; this is no boy's play.

Hengo. By Heaven, uncle, [liant,

If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most va-

Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.

Hengo. Good uncle, tell me, [mans?

What's the price of a couple of cram'd flo-

Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are
good soldiers.

Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?

Car. No more, boy. [boy.

Come, I'll sit with you too. Sit down by me,

Judas. 'Pray bring your dish then.

Car. Hearty knaves! more meat there.

1 Sold. That's a good hearing.

Car. Stay now, and pledge me.

Judas. This little piece, sir.

Car. By Heaven, squire eaters!

More meat, I say! Upon my conscience,

The poor rogues have not eat this month!
how terribly

They charge upon their victuals! Dare ye
fight thus?

Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.

Car. Well said, I amine!

Here's to thy general.

Judas. Most excellent captain,

I will now pledge thee.

Car. And tomorrow-night, say to him,

His head is mine.

Judas. I can assure you, captain,

He will not give it for this wansung.

Car. Well said. [Daughters above,

1 Dough. Here's a strange entertainment:
How the thieves drink!

2 Dough. Danger is dry; they look'd for
colder liquor.

Car. Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full
bowls. Which of you all now,

In recompense of this good, dare but give me
A sound knock in the battle?

Judas. Delicte captain,

To do thee a sufficient recompense,

I'll knock thy brains out.

Car. Do it.

Hengo. Thou dar'st as well

Be damn'd! thou knock his brains out? thou
skin of man?

Uncle, I will not hear this.

Judas. Tie up your whelp.

³¹ Surely, ladies.] Sward reads, 'Securely, ladies.'

Hengo. Thou kill my uncle? 'Would I had
but a sword
For thy sake, thou dried dog!

Car. What a mettle

This little-vermin carries!

Hengo. Kill mine uncle?

Car. He shall not, child.

Hengo. He cannot; he's a rogue,

An only eating rogue; kill my sweet uncle?

Oh, that I were a man!

Judas. By this wine, which I

Will drink to captain Junius, who loves

The queen's most excellent majesty's little
daughter

Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I'll do it.

Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.

Car. No more, boy! [lows!]

I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fel-

2 *Daugh.* In love with me? that love shall

cost your lives all.

Come, sister, and advise me; I have here

A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,

If fortune favour me. [Exeunt Daughters.

Car. Let's see you sweat

Tomorrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine

Turn'd to stern valour.

1 *Sold.* Hark you, Judas;

If he should hang us after all this?

Judas. Let him;

I'll hang like a gentleman, and a Roman.

Car. Take away there;

They have enough.

Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily

For your good cheer; and if we meet to-mor-

One of us pays for't. [row,

Car. Get 'em guides; their wine

Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter Second Daughter and a Servant.

2 *Daugh.* That hungry fellow [this,

With the red beard there, give it him, and

To see it well deliver'd.

Car. Farewell, knaves! [row,

Speak boldly of us; keep your words to-mor-

Enter a Guide:

And do something worthy your meat. Go,

And see 'em fairly onward. [guide 'em.

Judas. Meaning me, sir?

Serv. The same. [you

The youngest daughter to the queen entreats

To give this privately to captain Junius;

This for your pains!

Judas. I rest her humble servant; [boys.

Commend me to thy lady. Keep your files,

Serv. I must instruct you further.

Judas. Keep your files there!

Order, sweet friends; faces about²² now.

Guide. Here, sir;

Here lies your way.

Judas. Bless the founders, I say!

Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now;

close, boys! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Suetonius, Petilius, Demetrius, Decius,
and Mucer.*

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where
I am, [intended?

And so be safe? not come, because com-
Was it not thus?

Mucer. It was, sir.

Pet. What now think you? [tasteful?

Suet. Must come so heinous to him, so dis-

Pet. Give me my money.

Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir;

And presently I'll pay it.

Suet. His obedience

So blind at his years and experience,

It cannot find where to be tender'd?

Macer. Sir,

The regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,

The captains at all points stee'd up; their

preparations [fire,

Full of resolve and confidence; youth and

Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,

Gildes their phalanx; when the angry Penius

Stept like a stormy cloud 'twixt them and

Suet. And stopt their resolutions. [hopes.

Mucer. True; his reason

To them was odds, and odds so infinite,

Discretion durst not look upon.

Suet. Well, Penius, [rous

I cannot think thee coward yet; and treache-

I dare not think; th' hast lost a limb off from

me;

And let it be thy glory, thou wast stubborn,

Tuy wisdom, that thou left'st thy general

naked!

Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see

All valour dwells not in thee, all command

In one experience. Thou'lt too late repent

this, [blessing.

And wish 'I must come up' had been thy

Pet. Let's force him.

Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent

We cannot easily stem.

Pet. I think, a traitor.

Suet. No ill words! let his own shame

first ride him.

That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,

Distributed amongst the soldiers, [done;

To make 'em high and lusty; when that's

Petilius, give the word thro', that the eagles

May presently advance; no man discover,

Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,

But make it of no valug. Decius,

Are your starv'd people yet come home?

Dec. I hope so. [is no time?

Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience: This

To chide, I could be angry else, and say

more to you; [sharpest;

But come, let's order all. Whose sword if

And valour equal to his sword this day,

Shall be my saint.

Pet. We shall be holy all then. [Exeunt;

²² Faces about.] See note ⁶¹, on Scornful Lady:

Manet Decius. Enter Judas and his company.

Judas. Captain, Captain, I've brought 'em
The drunkenest slaves! {off again;

Dec. Pox confound your rogueships!
I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.

Judas. 'Pray who will you commaod then?

Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ringleader to these devics,

Whose maw is never cram'd, I'll have no
Judas. A wench, sweet captain. {engue—

Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,
Where you shall have two lictors with two

Hammer your hide. {whips
Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,

Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,
Farewell! we have employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been?
Judas. There where you dare not be, with

all your valour.
Dec. Where's that?

Judas. With the best good fellow living.
1 Sold. The king of all good fellows.

Dec. Who's that?
Judas. Caratach. {worthy!

Shake now, and say, we have done something
Mark me, with Caratach; by this Heaven,

Caratach! {Caratach!
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet

You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old Catarach! Besides

the drink, captain, {dings,
The bravest running bouquet of black pud-

Pieces of glorious beef—
Dec. How scap'd ye hanging? {tlemen;

Judas. Hangiog's a dog's death, we are gen-
And I say still, old Caratach!

Dec. Belike then,
You are turn'd rebels all.

Judas. We're Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,

This day, this very day—
Dec. Away, ye rascal!

Judas. Fair words, I say again!
Dec. What must you do, sir? {to do;

Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yern
But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Judas. Why, kill Caratach.

That's all he ask'd us for our entertainments

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Judas. 'Would I had sold myself

Unto the skin I had not promis'd it!

For such another Caratach—

Dec. Come, fool,
Have you dooe your country service?

Judas. I've brought that

To captain Junius—

Dec. How?

Judas. I think will do all;

I cannot tell; I think so.

Dec. How! to Junius?

I'll more enquire of this. You'll fight oow?

Judas. Promise,

Take heed of promise, captain!

Dec. Away, and rank then.

Judas. But, hark you, captain; there is
wine distributing,

I would fain know what share I have.

Dec. Be gone;

You have too much.

Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting;

There's one call'd Caratach that has wine.

Dec. Well, sir,

If you'll be rul'd now, and do well—

Judas. Do excellent.

Dec. You shall have wine, or anything.
Go file; {dormise,

I'll see you have your share. Drag out your
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may

sleep handsomely;

They'll hear a hunts-up shortly.

Judas. Now I love thee;

But no more forks nor whips!

Dec. Deserve 'em not then.

Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;
And get 'em sober quickly.

Judas. Arm, arm, bullies! {more,
All's right again and straight; and, which is

More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of
Memphis.

Be sober and discreet; we've much to do,
boys. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. PREPARE for the sacrifice!
the queen cooks.

Musick. Enter in solemnity the Druids
singing, the Second Daughter strewing
flowers; then Bonduca, Caratach, Nen-
nius, and others.

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear
our prayers;

Hear us, ye great revengers; and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our
valours;

Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast; the vengeance due to those

Make infinite and endless! On our pikes
This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins

Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts; and 'fore our troops

Despair and Death; Shame beyond these
attend 'em!

Rise from the dust, ye relicks of the dead,

Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of
Rome

Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your
Nen. Thou great Tiranus²³, whom our
sacred priests,

Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,
Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home; stick in each Roman
heart

A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction; thro' their
phalanx

Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree; shake
their bodies,

Make their strengths totter, and their top-
less²⁴ fortunes

Uaroot, and reel to ruin!

1 *Daugh.* Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs, and ravishments of women,
(Women deriv'd from thee) their shames²⁵,
the sufferings

Of those that daily fill'd thy sacrifice [me!
With virgin incense, have access, now hear
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these
Romans,

Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice
spoken,

An utter routing from this blessed isle
Of what Rome is or has been!

Bond. Give more incense!

The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts. Pour on.

2 *Daugh.* See, Heaven,
And all you pow'rs that guide us, see and
shame,

We kneel so long for pity. O'er your altars,

Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weep-
ing,

So will I melt your powers into compassion.
This tear for Prosutagus my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my
mother;

And all her miseries; yet see, and save us!
But now ye must be open-ey'd. See, Heaven,
Oh, see thy show'rs stal'n from thee; our
dishonours, [A smoke from the altar.

Oh, sister, our dishonours! Can ye be gods,
And these sins smother'd?

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful pray-
ers,

Your whinnings, and your tame petitions;
The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: Weak
tears

And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold
spirits,

They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:
Divine Andate²⁶, thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious battles, and disorder'd war,
And proudly roll'st thy swart chariot-
wheels

Over the heaps of wounds and carcases,
Sailing thro' seas of blood; thou sure-steel'd
sternness,

Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides, wounds that fear
or flight

Can claim no share in; steel us both with
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy
Britain,

Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as
daring!

²³ *Thou great Tiranus.*] Thus wrote our Authors, though the antiquarians of latter days have not followed their example.

Mr. Sammes, in his *Britannia Antiqua Illustrata*, calls this god *Taranis*; Toland in his *Remains*, *Taranis* or *Taranis*; but Mr. Baxter allows neither the one nor the other. 'Jupiter *Tanus* verd sive *Tanarus* Locano *Taranis* Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitiosum esse *Taranis*, Britannorum hodierna lingua clarissimo est argumento, cui *Timetrus* dicuntur *Taranis*, ut sit singulari numero *Taranis*.' *Id.* Glossar. Antiq. Britannic. in voc. *Tanarus*. From so great a choice of names as I have here served up, the reader may take which pleases him best. *Symson.*

²⁴ *Their topless fortunes.*] This epithet is by no means agreeable to the context; probably we should read *supers*.

²⁵ *Their shames.*] *Symson* and *Seward*, 'The shames.'

²⁶ *Divine Andate.*] The real name of this goddess, says Mr. Baxter from Niphiliu, is not *Andate* but *Andrasta*; and so I have ventured to alter the text. *Symson.*

Whether the real name of the goddess was *Andate* or *Andrasta*, there can be little doubt but that the Authors wrote *Andate*; and therefore it is scarce warrantable to alter it. We cannot but observe, that Mr. Glover, who wrote a tragedy on this story, follows the Authors in their name of the goddess, act i. scene 1.

* May stern *Andate*, war's victorious goddess,

* Again resign me to your impious rage,

* If e'er I blot my sufferings from remembrance.'

R.

And then look on, thou red-ey'd god [♂]; who
does best,
Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Aodate! 'tis but justice;
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [A flame arises.

Bond. It flames out. [Music.

Car. Now sing, ye Druids. [Song.

Bond. It is out again.

Car. It has giv'n us leave to fight yet; we
ask no more;
The rest hangs in our resolutions:
Tempt him no more.

Bond. I would know further, cousin.

Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our
endeavours, [soldier,
Our valours are our best gods. Clear the
And let him eat.

Mes. He's at it, sir.

Car. Away then;

When he has done, let's march. Come, fear
not, lady; [here,
This day the Roman gains no more ground
But what his body lies in.

Bond. Now I'm confident.

[Exeunt. Recorders.]

SCENE II.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our
lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,

Can ye forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too.

Dec. Read it.

If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:
Read it, good Curius.

Cur. Willingly.

Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. [reading.] Health to thy heart, my
honour'd Junius,

And all thy love requested! I am thine,
Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaint-
ance

Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet, yet full not;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me!
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this bless'd day
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To
show thee

How infinite my love is, ev'n my mother
Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without
hazard;

For I beheld your danger like a lover.
A just affecter of thy faith: Thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,
If not redeem'd, yet less so Rome's ambition:

I'm weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this disobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee,
Junius,

Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest,
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles; we will be weakly
guarded, [thee]

And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my
Junius, [Bontica]

Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young
Cur. This letter carries much belief, and
most objections

Answer'd [♂], we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow

Come to you for a guide yet?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examin'd? [sures, yet]

Jun. Far more than that; he has felt
He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Dec. Strange!

[♂] *Thou red-ey'd God.*] As the Greeks use *Zeus*, and the Latins *Deus*, both for god and goddess; so our Poets here have taken the same liberty, and call Andrastra *red-ey'd God*, though she was really a goddess. Symson.

[♂] *Redeem.*] Probably we should read, *reclaim*. In this place, *redeem* is hardly sense.

[♂] ——— and most objections

Answer'd, we must have doubted.] This is not grammar, without being made an imperfect sentence: But I believe the original ran thus:

' ——— and those objections

' Answers, we must have doubted.'

or,

' ——— and those

' Objections answers, which we must have doubted.'

The former makes the following verses most complete. Seward.

Perhaps we should read,

' This letter carries much belief, and most

' Objections answer'd, *else* we must have doubted.'

The simplest mode of correction is by inserting the word *that*, which was probably dropped at press,

' This letter carries much belief, and most

' Objections answer'd *that* we must have doubted;'

are is understood, according to the elliptical style of our Authors.

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as't
may be probable;

'Twill be the happiest 'vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more;

Then if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.

Jun. Nobly done! I thank ye.

Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready

To give you present counsel, or join with you.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Mocer.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The
general! {for us.

Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our troops attend, sir.

Suet. I'm glad to hear you say so, Junius;
I hope you're disposess'd.

Jun. I hope so too, sir. {you now!

Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itself: To tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power, and nature,
But loss of time; ye know it*, know it poor,
And oft have made it so: To tell ye further,
His blood shews more dreadful than it has
done,

To him that fears less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Loud ye with virtuous names, and to your
memories

Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance! draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame
calls ye,

Pitch'd on the topless Apennine⁴, where
the snow dwells,

And blows to all the under-world, all nations,
The seas and unfrequented deserts; wakens
The ruin'd monuments; and there where no-
thing

But eternal death and sleep is, informs again
The dead bones with your virtues. Go on,
I say: {great

Valiant and wise rule Heav'n, and all the
Aspects! attend 'em, do but blow upon
This enemy, who but that we want foes.
Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We've swords, and are the sons of nutrient
Romans, {quer!

Heirs to their endless valours; fight and con-
Dec. Dem. It is done.

Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless nod furgut!

Suet. Sufficient! {thunder;
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat
March close and sudden, like a tempest: All
executions {March.

Done without sparkling⁵ of the body; keep
your plumes
Sure lin'd, and piec'd together, your pikes for-
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this
day run,

We shall have ground to add to Rome, well
won. {Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Caratach and Nennius.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd; from yond'
hill's brow

We may behold him, Caratach. {A march.

Car. Let's thither;

{Drums within at one place afar off.
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body.

* Yet know it.] Mr. Theobald, Mr. Seward, and myself, all concurred in this slight alteration of the text: Not that I should have taken notice of so small a matter, but out of a desire that the world should know the very minutest thing that Mr. Theobald had done in his intended edition of our Authors. Symphon.

Very kind to Mr. Theobald's memory indeed! and very honourable to themselves! since the word ye is not an 'alteration of the text,' but the lesson of the old books. For an account of other falsehoods in the annotations on this play, see p. 431.

⁴ ——— loud fame calls ye,

Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows

To all the under world, all nations,

The seas, and unfrequented deserts, where the snow dwells;

Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there

Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,

Informs again the dead bones. With your virtues,

Go on, I say: Valiant and wise, rule Heav'n.

And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow

Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes, &c.] So run the former editions.—The words 'where the snow dwells' seem by some accident to have got out of their place. Their transposition, the new arrangement of the verses, and punctuation, we hope will be allowed to throw new beauties on the passage. The abolition of the period after the words 'dead bones' is also recommended by Mr. Seward in his Preface.

⁵ Sparkling.] i. e. scottering. See note ¹ on The Loyal Subject; and note ⁶ on The Humorous Lieutenant.

Observe 'em, Nennius; by Heaven, a handsome body,
And, of a few, strongly and wisely jointed!
Suetonius is a soldier.

Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.

Cur. Very likely; [bravely
He shews no less than general. See how
The body moves, and in the head how
proudly]

The captains stick like plumes; he comes
apace on. [tenant]

Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieut-
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,
And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em;
The queen move next with hers, and wheel
about, [vanguard!]

To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see
hy't.

Haste thee, good Nennius; I'll follow in-
stantly. [Exit Nennius.]

How close they march, as if they grew to-
gether, [March.]

No place but lin'd alike, sure from oppres-
sion!

They will not change this figure; we must
charge 'em,

And charge 'em home at both ends, van and
rear; [Drums in another place afar off.]

They never totter else. I hear our war-
rick, And must attend it: Hold, good sword, but
this day, [after]

And bite hard where I hound thee! and here-
I'll make a relick of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for cou-
quests. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Jun. Now is the time: the fellow stays.

Dec. What think ye?

Cur. I think 'tis true.

Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
D'ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of ye so naked, to run headlong?

Dec. Let's take Petillius with us!

Jun. By no means: [ous,
He's never wise but to himself, nor court-
But where the end's his own: We're strong
enough,

If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak
guarded,

Her mother and her sister.

Cur. I would venture.

o ——— little star

Hedg'd with a double hollow.] Thus the octavo of 1711: The folio of 1679 has *hollo*, that of 1647 *hallow*; which last led me to conjecture the real word was *halo*, a well-known term in astronomy, and to my great pleasure I found afterward, Mr. Theobald had placed this very correction in his margin. *Sympson.*

Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't.
Weigh the good,

The general good may come.

Dec. Away! I'll with ye;

But with what doubt——

Jun. Fear not; my soul for all!

[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets
in several places afar off, as at a
main battle.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Drusus and Penius above.

Drus. Here you may see 'em all, sir; from
The country shews off level. [this hill]

Pen. Gods defend me,

What multitudes they are, what infinites!

The Roman power shews like a little star

Hedg'd with a double halo. —Now the kneel
rings: [Land shouts.]

Hark, how they shout to th' battle! how the
air

Totters and reels, and reads a piece, Drusus,
With the huge-vollied clamours!

Drus. Now they charge

(Oh, gods!) of all sides, fearfully.

Pen. Little Rome,

Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,
And thou hast out-done Hercules!

Drus. The dust

Hides 'em; we cannot see what follows.

Pen. They're gone,

Gone, swallow'd, Drusus; this eternal sun
Shall never see 'em march more.

Drus. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field! some forty,
Against four hundred!

Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd!

Oh, nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too!
Drusus,

They seem to entry it. Now they charge all;
[Loud shouts.]

Close, close, I say! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring
spirits?

Still they make good their fortunes. Now
they're gone too,

For ever gone! see, Drusus, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,

Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy
Drus. They're gone indeed, sir. [wisdom?]

Pen. Look out toward the army;

I'm heavy with these slaughters.

Drus. 'Tis the same still,

Cover'd with dust and fury.

*Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Cu-
rius, Decius, Soldiers, and Servants.*

2 *Daugh.* Bring 'em in;

Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.

1 *Daugh.* Valiant Romans,
Ye're welcome to your loves!

2 *Daugh.* Your death, fools!

Dec. We deserve 'em;

And, women, do your worst.

1 *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.

2 *Daugh.* Which is kind *Juuius*?

Serv. This.

2 *Daugh.* Are you my sweetheart?

It looks ill on't! How long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first lov'd? Had we not rea-
To dote extremely upon one another? [son
How does my love? This is not he; may
Could prate finely, sing a love-song. [chicken

Jun. Monster—

2 *Daugh.* Oh, now it courts!

Jun. Arm'd with more malice

Than he that got thee has, the devil.

2 *Daugh.* Good!

Proceed, sweet chick.

Jun. I hate thee; that's my last.

2 *Daugh.* Nay, an you love me, forward!

—No? Come, sister,

Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd le-
chers,

Ye proud improvident fools, have we oow
caught ye? [creatures,

Are ye i' th' ooose? Since ye're such loving
We'll be your Cupids: Do ye see these arrows?
We'll send them to your wanton livers, goats.

1 *Daugh.* Oh, how I'll trample on your
hearts, ye villains, [sins!

Ambitious salt-itch slaves, Rome's master-
The mountain-rams tupt your hot mothers.

2 *Daugh.* Dogs, [suck!
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave
Thievs, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Per-
dition

Take me for ever, if in my fell anger⁴¹

I do not out-do all exasople.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Where, [ter!
Where are these ladies? Ye keep noble quar-
Your mother thinks you dead or taken, upon
which [faces

She will not move her battle—Sure these
I have beheld and know'd; they're Roman
How came they here? [leaders!

2 *Daugh.* A trick, sir, that we us'd;

A certain policy conducted 'em

Unto our snare: We've done you no small
service.

These us'd as we intend, we are for th' battle.

Car. As you intend? Taken by treachery?

1 *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?

Car. Those that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by craft?

2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs?

Out!

Out, out, ye sluts⁴², ye follies! From our
Felt our revenges basely?—Arm again, gen-
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em. [tlemen!

2 *Daugh.* By Heaven, Uncle,

We will have vengeance for our rapes!

Car. By Heaven, [Dispatch there!

Ye should have kept your legs close then.

1 *Daugh.* I will not do thus!

Car. He that stirs to execute, [me,
Or she, tho' it be yourselves, by him that got
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day
given us, [insely,

Not to be snatch'd out of our hands but
And must we shame the gods from whence
we have it, [first,

With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run away
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stakes for victories⁴³.

Give 'em their swords.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods!

Car. Bear off the women

Unto their mother!

2 *Daugh.* One shot, gentle uncle!

Car. One cut her fiddle-string! Bear 'em
off, I say.

1 *Daugh.* The devil take this fortune!

Car. Learn to spin, [Exeunt Daughters.
And curse your knotted hemp!—Go, gentle-
men,

Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser;
There thank me like tall soldiers: I shall
seek ye, [Exeunt.

Car. A noble worth!

Dec. Well, *Juuius*?

Jun. 'Pray ye, no more!

Car. He blushes; do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now?

[Drums loud again.

Jun. Puff! there it flies. Come, let's re-
deem our follies.

[Exeunt *Junius*, *Curius*, and *Decius*.

⁴¹ *My self-anger.*] *Fell*, as I have corrected the text, and as Mr. Seward likewise reads, is undoubtedly the genuine lection. *Symson*.

Symson may be credited in the assertion that *fell* is 'undoubtedly the genuine lection,' though not in the other, that he has 'corrected the text;' since the first folio reads *fell*, not *self*.—In the same style, he tells us, that he and Seward joined in making *Snetooius* (p. 432) speak of 'Honour's golden *face*,' instead of *fate*, when the first folio exhibits *face*.—And also, that 'the other copies' make Caratach say to Hengo, (p. 433) 'The fortune's mine,' and he and Seward 'agreed in correcting the place,' by altering *the* to *thy*; though the first folio reads *thy*.

⁴² *Out, ye sluts.*] We have added the word *out* here, which we have no doubt was dropt by the compositor or transcriber.

⁴³ *Set up stakes for victories.*] Amended in 1750.

Drus. Awake, sir; yet the Roman body's
I see 'em clear again. [whole;

Pen. Whole? 'tis not possible;
Drusus, they must be lost.

Drus. By Heaven, they're whole, sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.

Pen. But see there, Drusius, see;
See that huge battle moving from the moun-
tains!

Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales,
Their march

Like a rough tumbling storm; see 'em, and
view 'em, [look,

And then see Rome no more. Say they fail,
Look where the urined carts stand; a new
army! [murdering

Look how they hang like falling rocks! as
Death rides in triumph, Drusus, fell Destruction

Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.

Move me again when they charge, when the
mountain [ax'trees

Melts under their hot wheels, and from their
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground
before 'em!

'Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

*Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and
Macer.*

Suet. Oh, bravely fought!
Honour 'till now ne'er shew'd her golden face
I th' field: Like lions, gentlemen, you've held
Your heads up this day. Where's young
Curus and Decius? [Junius,

Pet. Gone to Heaven, I think, sir.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em! Breathe
a while. How do ye?

Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my
heart's whole yet. [ground!

Dew. Would they would give us more
Suet. Give? we'll have it. [devil.

Pet. Have it, and hold it too, despite the

Enter Junius, Decius, and Curius.

Jun. Lead up to the head, and hie sure!
The queen's battle

Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the
general?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come, my
brave soldiers, [Live,

Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye:
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best;

We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time.

Suet. Away then;

And stand this shock, ye've stood the world:

Pet. We'll grow to't.

Is not this better now than lousy loving?

Jun. I am myself, Petillius.

Pet. 'Tis I love thee. [Exeunt Romans.

*Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters, and
Nennius.*

Cor. Charge 'em! 'th' flanks! Oh, you
have play'd the fool,

The fool extremely, the mad fool!

Bond. Why, cousin?

Cor. The woman fool! Why did you give
the word [people,

Unto the carts to charge down, and our
In gross before the enemy? We pay for't;

Our own swords cut our throats? Why, pox
on't!

Why do you offer to command? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?

Bond. I'll help all.

Cor. Home, [Exeunt Queen, &c.
House and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you
trifle.

Open before there, or all's ruin'd!—How?
[Shouts within.

Now comes the tempest on ourselves, by
Within. Victoria! [Heaven!

Car. Oh, woman, scurvy woman, beastly
woman!

[Exeunt omnes præter Drusius and
Penius.

Drus. Victoria, victoria!

Pen. How's that, Drusius?

Drus. They win, they win, they win! Oh,
look, look, look, sir,

For Heaven's sake, look! The Britons fly,
the Britons fly! Victoria!

Enter Suetonius, Soldiers, and Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent
soldiers!

Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius; they are ours,

The world cannot redeem 'em: Stern Petil-
lius,

Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good
soldiers! [Exeunt.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, and Britons.

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky
Britons?

Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again?
Back, cowards!

Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers!
leave me? [dren,

Leave your queen desolate? her hapless chil-

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

To Roman rape again, and fury?

* *'Tis I love thee.*] So the former copies. Mr. Seward and myself agreed in filling up the
deficiency of the sense by the insertion of now into the present text. *Sampson.*

They read, 'Tis now I love thee;' but the former copies are right, as Petillius means to
oppose his love to that of Bonvicus.

Car. Fly, ye buzzards!
Ye've wings enough, ye fent! Get thee goose,
woman, [Loud shout within.
Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's
lost! Hark,
Hark how the Romans ring our knells!

[*Exeunt Bond. &c.*
Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.

Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me;
smoke not;

Enter Petillius, Junius, and Decius.
I'll breech you, if you do, boy.—Come, brave
All is not lost yet. [Romans!

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach.
[*Fight. Drums.*

Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home,
home! have at you! [anvil.

Pen. His blows fall like huge sledges on an
Dec. I'm weary.

Pet. So am I.
Car. Send more swords to me.

Jun. Let's sit and rest. [Sit down.

Drus. What think you now?

Pen. Oh, Drusius,
I've lost mine honour, lost my name, lost all
That was my light: These are true Romans,
and I

A Briton coward, nbase coward! Guide me
Where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me! Oh, blind
Hast thou abus'd me thus! [Fortune,

Drus. Good sir, be comforted; [honour;
It was your wisdom rul'd you. 'Pray you go
Your day is yet to come, when this great
fortune

Shall be but foil unto it. [Retreat.

Pen. Fool, foul, coward!
[*Exeunt Penius and Drusius.*

*Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Soldiers, drum
and colours.*

Suet. Draw in, draw in!—Well have you
fought, and worthy [wounds;
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud
queen

Has got a fort, and there she and her daugh-
Defy us once again: Tomorrow morning

We'll seek her out, and make her know our
fortunes [Honour,

Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd with Britain
blood,

Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his
neighbours! [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, and Deme-
trius, singing.*

Pet. SMOOTH was his cheek,
Dec. And his chin it was sleek,

Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!
Dem. Junius was this captain's name,

A lad for a lass's viewing.

Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,

Dec. Made up for love's pursuing.

Dem. Smooth was his cheek,

Pet. And his chin it was sleek,

Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!

Pet. Oh, my vex'd thief, art thou come
home again?

Are thy brains perfect?

Jun. Sound as bells.

Pet. Thy hack-worm
Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?

Jun. Dend, Petillius,
Dend to all folly, and now my anger only—

Pet. Why that's well said; hang Cupid and
his quiver, [saint

A drunken hawling boy! Thy honour'd
Beth thy ten-shillings, Junius; there's the money,

And there's the ware; square dealing: This
but sweats thee [buttock'd;

Like a nesh nag*, and makes thee look pin-
The other runs thee whining up and down

Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of
ballads, [body

And shows thee like a lung Lent, thy brave
Turn'd to a tail of green fish without butter.

Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good
cup of wine,

* Like a nesh nag.] Nesh, i.e. tender, delicate, from the A. S. nesc, mollis, delicatus.
—Symson.

So in Chaucer's Court of Love,

'Than flattery bespake and said iwis,

'Se so she goth to patins faire and fete,

'It doth right well, what pretty man is this,

'That mouth here? now truly drink we met.'

'Nede I not have, mine herte for joy doth bete

'Him to be hokke, so is he godly freshe,

'It semeth for love his herte is tendre and aeste.' R.

A mistress for a king! she leaps to kiss thee,
Her red and white's her own, she makes good
blood, [help,
Takes none away; what she heats sleep can
Without a groping surgeon.

Jun. I am counsel'd;

And henceforth, when I dote again—

Dem. Take heed;

Y'had almost paid for't.

Pet. Love on more great ladies;

Thou can'st not step amiss then; there's no
delight in 'em:

All's in the whistling of their snatcht-up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, not
handiug;

Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper,
A rough-poc'd bed will shake them all to
pieces; [sould;

A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tircs their
Plena rimarum sunt, they're full of rennet,
And take the skin off where they're tasted;
Shan 'em;

They live in culisses, like rotten cocks,
Stew'd to a tenderness that holds no tack;
Give me a thing I may crush.

Jun. Thou speak'st truly:

The wars shall be my mistress now.

Pet. Well chosen!

For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at
night, boy,

And break thy pate i' th' morn'ing.

Jun. Yesterday

I found those favours infinite.

Dem. Wench good enough,

But that she talks too loud.

Pet. She talks to th' purpose,

Which never woman did yet. She'll hold
grappling,

And he that lays on Lest is her best servant;
All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,
Stretching of legs out only, and trim lizuiess.
Here comes the general.

Enter Suetonius, Curia, and Mucr.

Suet. I'm glad I've found ye:

Are those come in yet that pursued hold
Chratach?

Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean
to lodge him; [dangerous.

Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be

Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Penius:

I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace

He has pull'd upon himself, will be his ruin;

I fear his soldiers' fury too: Haste presently;

I would not lose him for all Britain. Give
him, Petillius—

Pet. That that shall choke him. [Aside.

Suet. All the noble counsel,

His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour—

Pet. For me, I think, as handsome—

[Aside.

Suet. All the comfort;

And tell the soldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.

Pet. I conceive, sir,

And will do that shall cure all.

Suet. Bring him with you [him;

Before the queen's fort, and his forces with
There you shall find us following of our com-
Make haste! [quest.

Pet. The best I may. [Exit.

Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies! we'll presently [doze
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing
'Till she be seiz'd; without her, nothing won.
[Exeunt. Short flourish.

SCENE II.

Enter Curatach and Hengo.

Cur. How does my boy?

Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
I do not fear.

Cur. My good boy!

Hengo. know, uncle,

We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But 'pray
tell me,

Whither must we go when we're dead?

Cur. Strange questions!— [sweetness
Why, to the blessed'st place, boy—Ever
And happiness dwells there.

Hengo. Will you come to me?

Cur. Yes, my sweet boy.

Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?

Cur. All, my good child.

Hengo. No Romans, uncle?

Cur. No, boy. [there.

Hengo. I should be loath to meet them
Cur. No ill men,
That live by violence, and strong oppression,
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love,
good men.

Hengo. Why, then, I erre not when I go,
for surely

I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, uncle, nor transgress'd my
I always said my prayers. [parents';

Cur. Thou shalt go then,

Indeed thou shalt.

Hengo. When they please.

Cur. That's my good boy!

Art thou not weary, Hengo?

Hengo. Weary, uncle? [fearmour.

I've heard you say you've march'd all day in
Cur. I have, boy.

Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?

* Transgress'd my parents.] The sense here is clear, though the phrase be unusual: How-
ever, we find it occur again in *Women Pleas'd*, act iii. sc. 1. Belvidere says to her mother
the Duchess,

—You are too royal to me,

* To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you?

Sympton.

Car. Yes. [you

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto
In those brave things, as blood?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were
made to bear me. [son,
I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.

Car. What wouldst thou be living
To wear a man's strength?

Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-later, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom.
Hark, [Drum.
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter Judas and his people to the door.

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they're here. Who dare charge?
1 *Sold.* He

That dares be knock'd o' th' head: I'll not
come near him.

Judas. Retire again, and watch then. How
he stares!

He's eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the
boy well;

If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the
boy!

The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say!
Apace, apace! It has found us. [They retire.

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin
starv'd rascal, [thickets:
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike's
head off,

That I may piss in's face.

Car. Do ye make us foxes?

Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the
place, boy!

I am at bay, and like a bull I'll beat me.
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [Exit.

Hengo. Now he pays 'em;
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Enter Judas, &c.

Judas. Here's the boy;

Mine own, I thank my fortune.

Hengo. Uncle, uncle!

Famine * is full'n upon me, uncle.

Judas. Come, sir,

Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing)
I'll tickle your young tad else.

Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of meat! Charge home,
sirrah!

Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.

Judas. Upon my conscience, [bravely,
The boy will beat me! how it looks, how

How confident the worm is! a scab'd boy
To handle me thus! Yield, or I cut thy head
off.

Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger;
here 'tis, touch it.

Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler!
'Prithee yield, boy;

Come, here's an apple, yield.

Hengo. By Heav'n, he fears me!

I'll give you sharper language: When, ye
Whew come ye up? [coward,

Judas. If he should beat me—

Hen. Whew, sir?

I long to kill thee! Come, thou canst not 'scape
me;

I've twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.

Judas. Sure 'tis the devil,

A dwarf devil in a doublet!

Hengo. I have kill'd

A captain, sirrah, a brave captain, and when
I've done, [charge

I've kick'd him thus. Look here; see how I
This staff!

Judas. Most certain this boy will cut my
throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.

2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes!

Judas. The devil take the hindmost!

[Exit Judas, &c.

Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious
rogues, ye rask rogues!

A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes! that's
he, boys!

What a brave cry they make!

Enter Caratach, with a head.

Car. How does my chicken?

Hengo. 'Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a
great soldier;

For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I've out-bru'd Hunger.

Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!

Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.

Hengo. Good provision!

Before I starve, my sweet-fuc'd gentleman,
I'll try your favour.

Car. A right complete soldier!

Come, chicken, let's go seek some piece of
strength [in;

(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while
Thou wilt not else be able to endure

The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food a while, boy.

Hengo. Any thing;

I can eat moss, may, I can live on anger,
To vex those Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.

Hengo. And boldly! [Exit.

* Famine.] Meaning Judas, whom he before calls the thin starv'd rascal, and afterwards, Hunger.

SCENE III.

Enter Penius, Drusius, and Regulus.

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.

Pen. 'Pray ye forsake me;

Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a dunop else.

Drus. Dear captain!

Reg. Most honour'd sir!

Pen. Must hated, most abhor'd! [*inc.*
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!

Reg. Sure

His mind is dangerous.

Drus. The good gods cure it!

Pen. My honour got thro' fire, thro' stubborn breaches,
Thro' battles that have been as hard to win
as Heaven.

Thro' Death himself, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!

And now I'm left to scornful tales and
laughters, [*inc.*

To hootings-at, pointing with fingers, 'That's
'That's the brave gentleman forsook the
battle, [*ard.*

'The most wise Penius, the disposing coward—
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and
kill me;

Cut out the coward from my heart!

Reg. You are none.

Pen. Helies that says so; by Heaven, he
lies, lies basely,

Basier than I have done! Come, soldiers, seek
me; [*inc.*

I've robb'd ye of your virtues! Justice seek
I've broke my fair obedience! last²⁰, Shame
take me, [*inc.*

Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of
Shame, endless Shame! and 'pray do you
forsake me!

Drus. What shall we do?

Pen. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
You were not wont to be commanded.

Friends, 'pray do it,
And do not fear; for as I am a coward [*inc.*
I will not hurt myself, (when that mind takes
I'll call to you, and ask your help) I dare not.

[*Throws himself upon the ground.*

Enter Petillius.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's
the tribune?

Reg. There.

Drus. Whence come you, good Petillius?

Pet. From the general.

Drus. With what, for Heaven's sake?

Pet. With good counsel, Drusius,
And love, to comfort him.

Drus. Good Regulus,

Step to the soldier and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter.

[*Exeunt Drus. and Reg.*

Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—

Sure he's dead,

It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune;
He must die, 'tis most necessary; such expect it, [*ard.*

And thought of life in him goes beyond coward—
Forsake the field so basely? By upon't!

So poorly to betray his worth, so cowardly

To cut all credit from the soldier? Sure

If this man meant to live, (as I should think it
Beyond belief) he must retire where never

The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or
honour,

Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,

No Roman in him; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he

How does lord Penius? [*inc.—*

Pen. As you see,

Pet. I'm glad on't;

Continue so still. The lord general,

The valiant general, great Suetonius—

Pen. No more of me is spoken; my name's
perish'd. [*dry,*

Pet. He that commanded fortune and the
By his own valour and discretion,

(When, as some say, Penius refus'd to come,
But I believe 'em not) sent me to see you.

Pen. Ye're welcome; and 'pray see me,
see me well;

You shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, Penius.—

The gods defend, sir!

Pen. See me and understand me: This is he
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely

Whistled his honour off to th' wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politick head, when Rome, like

reapers,

Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off; that

foul,

That having gold and copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the wealth, and took the waste; that

soldier, [*time,*

That being courted by loud Fame and For-
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,

And in the other Glory that creates us,

Yet durst doubt and be damn'd!

Pet. It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest

May be wash'd white again.

Pen. Never.

Pet. Your leave, sir;

And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort: Are we gods,

Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than men's natures? When we slip a

little

²⁰ Obedience, lost: *shame take me.*] This seems an evident corruption, which the alteration of one letter rectifies.

Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine call'd sweet mercy?

Pen. None, Petillius;

There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I've sin'd beyond it.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Pen. 'Tis all faults,

All sins I can commit, to be forgiven;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon!

Pet. Oh, but the general—

Pen. He's a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as Honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: Examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be play'd withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;

Nor dare I hope more from him than is

Pet. What would you do? [worthy.

Pen. Die.

Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient,

That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain!
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion
Betray your reason? I bring you all forgive-

ness, [honour—
The noblest kind commends, your place, your

Pen. 'Prithee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst

not thou [there,

(By Heaven, thou didst; I over-heard thee,
There where thou stand'st now) deliver me
for rascal,

Poor, dead, cold coward, miserable, wretched,
If I outliv'd this ruin?

Pet. I?

Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!

Pet. Since you're so justly made up, let
me tell you,

'Tis fit you die indeed.

Pen. Oh, how thou lov'st me!

Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the
people's whispers [der,

Were true again, the time run out for war—
What must your own command think, from
whose swords [lours

You've taken off the edges, from whose va-
The due and recompense of arms; nay, made
it doubtful

Whether they knew obedience? must not
these kill you?

Say they are won to pardon you, by mere
Brought to forgive you, what o! valiant sol-
dier, [Rome,

What man that loves to fight, and fight far
Will ever follow you more? Dare you know
these ventures?

If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?

Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.

Pet. If your mind serve you,

You may live still; but how? yet pardon me:
You may out-wear all too; but when? and
certain

There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely

A man will take't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I'm only thinking
now, sir,

(For I'm resolv'd to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.

Pet. You shall not; you're a gentleman I
honour,

I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a dog's
An end for slaves. [death,

Pen. The fitter for my baseness.

Pet. Besides the man that's hang'd preaches
his end,

And sits a sign for all the world to gaze at⁵¹.

Pen. That's true; I'll take a fitter; poison.

Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction;
Die like a man.

Pen. Why, my sword then.

Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir.
There's nothing under Heaven that's like your

Your sword's a death indeed! [sword,

Pen. It shall be sharp, sir.

Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison⁵², if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords: Your sword must do
the deed: [bleed.

'Tis shame to die chok'd, faine to die and

Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my
good Petillius,

Tell me no more I may live.

Pet. 'Twas my commission;

But now I see you in a nobler way,

A way to make all even.

Pen. Farewell, captain!

Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why
shakest thou?

Pet. I do not, sir.

⁵¹ And sits a sign.] This reading is certainly against all the notions any one can have of a man's being hang'd. 'To set a sign' bids fairest for the true lection, though I have not dared to disturb the text. *Symson.*

⁵² Mithridates was an arrant ass

To die by poison, if all Bosphorus

Could lend him swords.] The assertion in this passage is a manifest contradiction to the truth of history. For Mithridates did not end his days by poison, but by the sword. Another instance this of inattention in our Authors, or trusting too much to an unfaillible memory. *Symson.*

Pen. I would thou had'st, Petillius!
I would find something to forsake the world
with ^[quake]
Worthy the man that dies: A kind of earth-
Thro' all stern valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it still;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.

Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd *Penius*!—

Pen. That again!
Oh, how it heightens me! again, *Petillius*!

Pet. Most excellent commander!—

Pen. Those were mine,
Mine, only mine!

Pet. They are still.

Pen. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye! Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I'm yours: The work
is done, ^[Kills himself.]

That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy³²,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To th' great gen'l: Kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heav'n, my fault to justice,
Which I have done upon myself; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor *Penius*,
Made more, and happier, light on him! (I
faint)

And where there is a fire, I wish him fortune.
I die: Lie lightly on my ashes³³, gentle earth!

Pet. And on thy sin! Farewell, great *Pe-
nius*!

The soldier is in fury; how I'm glad
^[Noise within.]

'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil; for thee, the way of honour!

^[Exit.]

Enter Drusus and Regulus, with Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!

Drus. What will ye do?

Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers—

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!

Drus. Kill us first; we command too.

Reg. Vainest soldiers,
Consider but whose life ye seek.—Oh, *Drus-*
^{sius,}

Bid him be gone; he dies else.—Shall Rome
Ye most approved soldiers, her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to
slaughter,

To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?

Drus. Oh, let 'em us; all's done, all's
ended, *Regulus* ^[dies.]

Penius has found his last eclipse. Come, sol-
Come, and behold your miseries; come brave-
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers, ^[lev.]
And here bestow your darts. Oh, only *Ro-*
Oh, father of the wars! ^[mon.]

Reg. Why stand ye stupid? ^[now]
Where be your killing darts? whose sword

Shall first be shatth'd in *Penius*? Do ye weep?
<sup>[Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl
ever!]</sup>

Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose val-
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?

Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and
courted

By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to
honour?

Who shall to get ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours
living,

When children fail, and Time, that takes
all with him,

Build houses for ye to oblivion?

Drus. Oh, ye poor desperate fools, no
more now soldiers,

Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust
rot 'em; ^[ers!]

And humble your stern valours to soft pray-
For ye have sunk the frame of all your vir-
tues; ^[ever.]

The sun that warm'd your bloods is set, for

³² Melting envy.] This epithet seems a little stiff and obscure. It was a custom of the Romans to deface the murde, and melt down the brazen statues of those who were become detestable to them; and to the melting of these brazen ones this epithet must refer. *Seward.*

We do not enter into *Seward's* explanation of this epithet. The Poets seem to mean to refer to Ovid's,

quod nec Jovis ira, nec IGAS,

Nec poterat ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

³³ Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.] In the beautiful Ode to the Memory of Col. George Villiers, drowned in the river Piava, in the county of Friuli, 1703, the author, Mr. Prior, seems to have been indebted to this line for the thought in the following;

¹ Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave;

² (The only honour he can now receive)

³ And fragrant mould upon his body throw;

⁴ And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow:

⁵ Light be the earth; and flourish green the bough.⁶

So also Mr. Pope, in the Epitaph to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady:

¹ What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,

² Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb,

³ Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,

⁴ And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.⁵

R.

I'll kiss thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great
 Penius,
 Thou thunder-bolt, farewell!—Take up the
 body:
 Tomorrow mourning⁴⁵ to the camp convey it,
 There to receive due ceremonies. That eye
 That blinds himself with weeping, gets most
 glory. [*Exeunt with a dead march.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius,
 Carus, and Soldiers: Bonduca, two Daugh-
 ters, and Nennius above. Drum and colours*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake
 the wall;

We will not be nut-brav'd thus.

Nen. Shake the earth, [*rams,*
 Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your
 And with their armed heads make the fort
 totter,

Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit Nen.*]

Jun. See, sir,
 See the Icenian queen in all her glory, [*sing,*
 From the strong battlements proudly appear-
 As if she meant to give us lashes!

Dec. Yield, queen.

Bond. I'm unacquainted with that in-
 gnance, Romans. [*mercy;*

Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our
 We love thy nobleness. [*Exit Decius.*]

Bond. I thank ye! ye say well;

But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.

Suet. You cannot 'scape our strength; you
 must yield, lady;

You must adore and fear the power of Rome.

Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should my
 knee

With bending adoration worship her?

She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,

Aspires the height of all impiety;

Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence

The thatched houses where the Britons dwell
 In careless mirth; where the bless'd house-
 hold gods

See nought but chaste and simple purity.

'Tis not high power that makes a placidive,

Nor that the men from gods derive their line;

But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stor'd,

Make people noble, and the place ador'd.

Suet. Beat the wall deeper!

Bond. Beat it to the centre,

We will not sink one thought.

Suet. I'll make ye.

Bond. No.

2 Doug. Oh, mother, these are fearful
 hours; speak gently

Enter Petillius, who whispers Suetonius.

To these fierce men, they will afford ye pity.

Bond. Pity? Thou fearful girl, 'tis for
 those wretches [*less?*

That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live

Wast not thou born a princess? Can my
 blood,

And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
 So base a separation from thyself,

As mercy from these tyrants? Thou lov'st
 lost sure, [*beauty*

And long'st to prostitute thy youth and
 To common slaves for bread. Say they had

The devil a relenting conscience, [*mercy,*
 The lives of kings rest in their dilemmas,

Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
 And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.

Shew such another fear, and, by the Gods,
 I'll fling thee to their fury.

Suet. He is dead then? [*sir,*

Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means,
 Even to the hazard of my life—

Suet. No more:

We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a breach made;

Is it your will we charge, sir?

Suet. Once more, mercy,

Mercy to all that yield!

Bond. I scorn to answer;

Speak to him, girl, and hear thy sister.

1 Doug. General, [*me,*
 Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon

Directly in my face, my woman's face,
 Whose only beauty is the hate it hears ye;

See with thy narrowest eyes, thy sharpest
 wishes,

Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
 See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,

One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
 To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye foul,

Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for
 triumphs,

To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
 With hoots and acclamations.

Pet. Brave behaviour!

1 Doug. The children of as great as Rome,
 as noble, [*envy,*

Our paces before her, and our deeds her
 Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your

state,
 That is not fairly strong, but fortunate? [*ye,*

No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape
 To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,

And stick our triumphs full.

Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her.

1 Doug. To torture ye with suffering, like
 our slaves;

To make ye curse our patience, wish the
 world

Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem
 The end of all ambitions.

Bond. Do ye wonder? [*tune;*
 We'll make our monuments in spite of for-
 In spite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work

A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll
 stoop

⁴⁵ Tomorrow morning.] The variation in the text is recommended in the edition of 1750.

As fearless of your bloody sons, and fortune—
As if we prey'd on heartless doves. [noise,
Suet. Strange stiffness!
Deaths, go charge the breach. [Exit Decius.
Bond. Charge it home, Roman; [noise]
We shall deceive thee else. Where's Nennius?

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They've made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
1 Daugh. And then be sure to die.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! We
shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.
Nen. Gods take thee, lady! [Exit Nen.
Bond. Bring up the swords, and poison.

Enter one with swords and a great cup.

2 Daugh. Oh, my fortune!
Bond. How, how, ye whore? [you.
2 Daugh. Good mother, nothing to offend
Bond. Here, wench.
Behold us, Romans!

Suet. Mercy yet.
Bond. No talking! [prayers,
Puff! there goes all your pity. Come, short
And let's dispatch the business! You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.

2 Daugh. Oh, gentle mother!
Oh, Romans! oh, my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman!

2 Daugh. Oh, persuade her, Romans!
Alas, I'm young, and would live. Noble
mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave life? Are my years
Fit for destruction?

Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk!—Come, hold it,
And put it home.

1 Daugh. Fy, sister, fy!
What would you live to be?

Bond. A whore still?
2 Daugh. Mercy!
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!
2 Daugh. Mercy, mother!
Oh, whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.

Bond. Oh, gods! fear in my family?
Do it, and nobly.

2 Daugh. Oh, do not frown then.
1 Daugh. Do it, worthy sister; [you.
'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure! We'll go with
2 Daugh. Oh, if I knew but whither!

1 Daugh. To the blessed;
Where we shall meet our father—
Suet. Woman!

Bond. Talk not.
1 Daugh. Where nothing but true joy is—
Bond. That's a good wench!
Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.

2 Daugh. Oh,
Comfort me still, for Heaven's sake.

1 Daugh. Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no
wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.

2 Daugh. That steals me;
A long farewell to this world! [Dia.
Bond. Good; I'll help thee.

1 Daugh. The next is mine. Shew me a
Roman lady [snore;
In all your stories, dare do this for her ho-
They are cowards, eat coals like compell'd
Your great saint, Lucrece, [cats;
Died not for honour; Tarquin tupt her well,
And, uial she could not hold him, bled.

Pet. By Heaven,
I am in love! I'd give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh,
the devil!

1 Daugh. Ye shall see me example: All
your Rome,
If I were proud and lov'd ambition,
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer—
Bond. Make haste.

1 Daugh. I will.—Could not entice to live,
But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye
learn

How to die bravely, Romans, to sling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your
swords; [laugh;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die.

[Diet.
Bond. I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's
hazards, you

That ease the aged destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em!
here, [Cicour
Here is a draught would risk no less than
To pledge it for the glory's sake!

Cur. Great lady!
Suet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.

Suet. Stay!
Dem. Stay!
Suet. Be any thing.

Bond. A saint, Suetonius,
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave.

Ye fools, [conquer'd;
Ye should have tied up death first, when ye
Ye sweat for us in vain else; See him here;
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at
your pities;

And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies.—I feel the poison.—
Poor vanquish'd Romans, with what match-
less tortures

Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: Nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die:

If you will keep your laws and empire
whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul.

[Dies.
Enter Decius.

Suet. Desperate and strange!

Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to th' sword.

Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.

Pet. Fox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me? What a spirit!
Jun. I'm glad of this! I've found you.

Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles!

Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Caratach upon a rock, and Hengo by him sleeping.

Car. **T**HUS we afflicted Britons climb for
safeties,

And to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows. Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy providence!
To Britaine, by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes! The strong man's
valour

Thou hast betray'd to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends; whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his
sorrows

A house of rest by his bless'd ancestors:
The virgins thou hast robb'd of all their
wishes,

[songs,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turned their
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
The land th' hast left a wilderness of
wretches.—

The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
'Would my soul were in Heav'n!

Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out; I dream'd we were betray'd.

Car. No harm, boy;
[*A soft dead march within.*

'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies:
Thou shalt have meat anon. [cries:

Hengo. A little, uncle, [those,
And I shall hold out bravely.—What ate
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that
march there?

They come upon us stealing by.

Car. I see 'em;
And prithee be not fearful.

Hengo. Now you hate me;
'Would I were dead!

Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.

Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle? Were
I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

*Enter Drusus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with
Penius's hearse, drums and colours.*

Car. My sweet chicken!—
See, they have reach'd us; and, as it seems,
they bear

VOL. II.

Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities; it well appears too
To be of eminence.—Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to wooe the world and Nature
To be in love with death? Most honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve me!

Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Penius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.

Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which ye owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories! by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!

Drus. Stay.
What's thy will, Caratach?

Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans;
As ye expect an offering at your graves.
From your friends' sorrows, set it down
awhile,

That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy, that loves a soldier)
And lend a tear to Virtue! Ev'n your foes,
Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our
spirits,

[dies,
Tho' sometime stubborn, yet when Virtue
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, set it down!

Drus. Set down the body, soldiers.

Car. Thou hallow'd relick, thou rich dia-
mond
Cut with thine own dust; thou for whose
wide fame

The world appears too narrow, man's all
thoughts,

Had they all tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd ashes! Tho' an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths, sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flou-
rish,

And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms, adieu! All noble battles,
Maintain'd in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy father.

Hengo. He died 'fore I was born.

Car. This worthy Roman

Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions

And faces were not much unlike, boy. Excellent nature!

See how it works into his eyes! mine own boy!

Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes, [goodness—

Could never make me fear yet; one man's

Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me; weep still, my child,

As if thou saw'st me dead! with such a flux Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleasest me.

And, worthy soldiers, 'pray receive these pledges,

These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much

To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,

Bear off the noble burden; raise his pile

High as Olympus, making Heav'n to wonder

To see a stat upon earth out-shining theirs:

And ever-loved, ever-living be

Thy honour'd and most sacred memory!

Drus. Thou hast done honestly, good Car-

atach; [Romans

And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous

Shall sing thy soul to Heaven. Now march

on, soldiers. [Exeunt. A dead march.

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Hengo. Are they all gone?

I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,

And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day

Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night

I'll fashion our escape. [coming

Hengo. 'Pray fear not me;

Indeed I'm very hearty.

Car. Be so still;

His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. What do I nil, i' th' name of Heav'n?

I did but see her, [strongly,

And see her die; she stinks by this time

Abominably stinks. She was a woman,

A thing I never car'd for; but to die so,

So confidently, bravely, strongly—Oh, the

devil, [strangely,

I have the bots! by Heaven, she scorn'd us

All we could do, or durst do; threaten'd us
With such a noble anger, and so govern'd
With such a fiery spirit—The plain bots⁴⁶!
A pox upon the bots, the leve-bots! Hang me,
Hang me ev'ry out o' th' way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye⁴⁷!

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here is he; have at him! [Sings.

She set the sword unto her breast,

Great pity it was to see,

That three drops of her life-warm blood

Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? And i' faith how
dost thou?

Pet. Well, grumercy; how dost thou? I' as
found me,

Scented me out; the shame the devil ow'd me,
I' as kept his day with. And what news,

Junius?

Jun. It was an old tale ten thousand times
told,

Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,

Her life it was lovely, her death it was
bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue! now he has drawn
pursuit on me⁴⁸.

He hunts me like a devil. No more singing!

Th' hast got a cold: Come, let's go drink
some sack, boy.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Why dost thou laugh?

What more's next hast thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha!

I cannot laugh alone: Decius! Demetrius!

Curius! oh, my sides! ha, ha, ha, ha!

The strangest jest!

Pet. 'Prithee no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling!

Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow!

Jun. Sirs!

Pet. Why, Junius!

'Prithee away, sweet Junius!

Jun. Let me sing then.

Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now! Sing a song
o' sixpence!

By Heaven, if—'prithee—pox on't, Junius!

Jun. I must either sing or laugh.

Pet. And what's your reason?

Jun. What's that to you?

Pet. And I must whistle.

Jun. Do so.

Oh, I hear 'em coming.

⁴⁶ *Bots.* See ante ⁴⁶ on The Humorous Lieutenant.

⁴⁷ *Crept upon ye.*] Symphon calls this nonsense, and reads, 'crept upon me'; 'for,' says he, 'Love was not crept upon then, but himself.' Petillius means, 'What a sweet subject is fallen in your way!'

⁴⁸ *H' as drawn pursue it on me.*] What strange stuff is this? By a small change of letters and a comma, I hope I have restored this place to its ancient purity. Seeard.

First folio says, 'now li' has drawn pursue on me.'

Pet. I've a little business.

Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it: What!
a gentleman

Of thy sweet conversation?

Pet. Captain Junius,

Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity!

Things are not always one; and do not question,
[duties,

Nor jeer, nor gibe: None of your doleful

Nor your sweet conversation; you will find

I may be anger'd. [then

Jun. By no means, Petillius;

Anger a man that never knew passion?

'Tis most impossible: A noble captain,

A wise and generous gentleman?

Pet. Tom Puppy,

Leave this way to abuse me: I have found
you, [you.

But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive

Your subtle understanding may discover,

As you think, some trim toy to make you

merry, [to't;

Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust

You're a young man, nad may do well; he

Carry yourself discreetly. [sober,

Enter Decius, Demetrius, and Curius.

Jun. Yes, forsooth.

Dem. How does the brave Petillius?

Jun. Monstrous merry.

We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in love; what a strange
monster

For little boys and girls to wonder at;

How like a fool I look'd!

Dec. So they do all,

Like great dull slaving fools.

Jun. Petillius saw too.

Pet. No more of this; 'tis scurvy; peace!

Jun. How unсты,

Indeed how beastly, all I did became me!

How I forgot to blow my nose! There he
stands,

An honest and a wise man; if himself

(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)

Should find himself in love—

Pet. I'm hungry.

Jun. Surely

His wise self would hang his beastly self;

His understanding self so mawl his ass self—

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows

the follies,

The poverities, and hnseness, that belongs to't;

It has read upon the reformation long.

Pet. He has so.

Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't: Nor is
it fit indeed

Any such cown'd—

Pet. You'll leave prating?

Jun. Should dare

Come near the regiments, especially

Those curious puppies (for believe there are
such) [whelps,

That only love behaviours: Those are dog-

Dwindle away because a woman dies well;
Cominit with passions only; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observ'd the world—

Pet. Dost thou hear?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three
hours! [Jack-daws!

Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell,

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown!

[Exit *Pet.*

Jun. I'm glad he is so;

And stranger he shall be before I leave him.

Cur. Is't possible her were death—

Jun. I observ'd him,

And found him taken, infinitely taken,

With her bravery; I have follow'd him,

And seen him kiss his sword since, court his

scabbard, [tress;

Call dying dainty dear, her brave mind mis-

casting a thousand ways to give those forins,

That he might lie with 'em, and get old ar-

mours.

He had got me o' th' hip once; it shall go

hard, friends,

But he shall find his own coin.

Enter Mucer.

Dec. How now, Mucer?

Is Judas yet come in?

Enter Judas.

Mucer. Yes, and has lost

Most of his men too. Here he is.

Cur. What news? [dares!

Jud. I've lodg'd him; rouse him, he that

Dem. Where, Judas?

Judas. On a steep rock i' th' woods, the

boy too with him; [gentlemen,

And there he swears he'll keep his Christmas,

But he will come away with full conditions,

Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part

of us: [put,

Yet I think we fought bravely: For mine own

I was four several times at half-sword with

him, [is,

Twice stood his partizan; but the plain truth

He's a mere devil, and no man. I' th' end,

he swing'd us, [witchcraft;

And swing'd us soundly too: He fights hy

Yet for all that I saw him lodg'd.

Jun. Take more men, [along.

And scout him round. Macer, march you

What victuals has he?

Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,

Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water

More than they make themselves: They lie

Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close, and

crafty,

Sucking their fingers for their food.

Dec. Cut off then

All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.

Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives!

that man [him.

That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill

Macer. He shall have fair play; he deserves it.

Judas. Hark ye!

What should I do there then? You are brave captains,

Most valiant men: Go up yourselves; use
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know
him,

I think ye've felt him too: There ye shall find
His sword by's side, plums of a pound weight
by him,

Will make your chops ache: You'll find it a
more labour

To win him living, than climbing of a crow's
Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall
come up

I'm sure within these two hours. Watch him
Macer. He shall flee thro' the air, if he
escape us.

Jun. What's this loud lamentation?

Macer. The dead body

Of the great Penius is new come to th' camp;
Dem. Dead?

Macer. By himself, they say.

Jun. I fear'd that fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven!

Jun. Away, good Macer.

[*Exeunt Macer and Judas.*]

*Enter Suetanius, Drusus, Regulus, and
Petilius.*

Suet. If thou be'st gaily,
Some sullen plague, thou hast most, light
upon thee!

The regiment return on Junius;
He well deserves it.

Pet. So!

Suet. Draw out three companies,
(Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petilius)

And make up instantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before ye: We shall follow,
After due ceremony done to th' dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the
body.

[*Exeunt all but Petilius.*]

Pet. The regiment giv'n from me? dis-
grac'd openly?

In love too with a trifle to abuse me?

A merry world, a fine world! serv'd seven years
To be an ass o' both sides? sweet Petilius,

You've brought your hogs to a fine market!

You are wise, sir,

Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman; your projects
Cast with assurance ever! Wouldst not thou
Be bang'd about the pate, Petilius?

[*now*
Answer to that, sweet soldier! surely, surely,
I think you would; pull'd by the nose, kick'd?

Hang thee,

Thou art the arrant'st rascal! Trust thy wis-
dom with any thing of weight? the wind with
feathers!

[*govern?*
Out, you blind puppy! you command? you

Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swine-herd,
Too noble for thy nature too!—I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter Macer and Judas, with meat and a
bottle.*

Macer. Hang it o' th' side o' th' rock, as
tho' the Britons

Stole hither to relieve him: Who first ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know
it,

Gnawing upon his nager. Ha! no; 'tis not
Macer. 'Tis but the shucking of the boughs.

Judas. Pox shake 'em!

I'm sure they shake me soundly.—There!

Macer. 'Tis nothing.

Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly
Of huge stones falls upon's. 'Tis done!
away, close!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis
all thou feed'st on!

No gentle Briton oar, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food? Poor have, thou'rt sick,

extreme sick,

Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble 'scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to
save thee;

Or lose my life i' th' purchase; good Gods
comfort thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Junius, Decius, Petilius, and Guide.

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.

Jun. Draw the companies

The closest way thro' the woods; we'll keep
on this way.

Guide. I will, sir; Half a furlong more
you'll come

Within the sight o' th' rock. Keep on the left
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your com-
pany in the wild vines beyond ye.

Dec. Do you mark him?

Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.

Pet. Junius,

Pray let me speak two words with you.

Jun. Walk on;

I'll overtake you straight.

Dec. I will.

Jun. Now, captain?

Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd
me, Junius.

Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.

Pet. And that love
Should not deny me any honest thing.

Jun. It shall not.

Pet. Dare you swear it?

I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too; forget you²⁰.

Jun. What would this man have I—By the
Gods, I do, sir,
So it be fit to grant you.

Pet. 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I'll do it.

Pet. Kill me.

Jun. How!

Pet. 'Pray kill me.

Jun. Kill you?

Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly;
Now kill me.

Jun. On what reason? You amaze me!

Pet. If you do love me, kill me; ask me
I would be kill'd, and by you. [not why]

Jun. Mercy on me!

What ails this man? Petilius!

Pet. 'Pray you dispatch me;

You are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, ev'n to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis
I shall kill you else. [justice;

Jun. Tell me but the cause,

And I will do it.

Pet. I'm disgrac'd, my service

Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I'm grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly,
I dare not trust myself with: 'Prithee, kill me!

Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
As you would heal your finger.

Pet. Nay—

Jun. Stay, I'll do it; [tillius,
You shall not need your anger. But first, Pe-
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.

Pet. There's my sword,
And do it handsomely.

Jun. Yes, I will kill you, [you
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before
The most extreme fool you have play'd in
this,

The honour purpos'd for you, the great ho-
The general intended you. [mour

Pet. How?

Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was giv'n me, but 'till time
Call'd you to do some worthy deed, might stop
The people's ill thoughts of you for lord Pe-
mus; [to you,

I mean his death. How soon this time's come
And hasted by Suetonius! Go, says he,
Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petilius,
(Distinctly, thou, Petilius) and draw up,
To take stout Caratach; there's the deed
purpos'd,

A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
And thou, Petilius, mark it! there's the ho-
And that done, all made even. [mour;

Pet. Stay!

Jun. No, I'll kill you.

He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject—

Pet. Hark you, Junius!

I will live now.

Jun. By no means.—Woo'd thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sunk'st,
and shew'd thee [ready,
How Honour held her arms out. Come, make
Since you will die an ass.

Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun. By Heaven, but I will, sir. I'll have
no man dangerous

Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you
have gotten [Nay,

Honour enough; let young men rise now.
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die, how'er he
carry it)

Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief; how are we paid
Come, if you'll pray, dispatch it. [then?

Pet. Is there no way?

Jun. Not any way to live.

Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myself at any price: Good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but suffer
My life up like a soldier!

Jun. You will seek then

To out-do every man.

Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a soldier,
For ever these and fancies.

Pet. Dare you trust me?

By all that's good and honest—

Jun. There's your sword then;
And now, come on a new man: Virtue guide
thee! [Exit.

Enter Caratach and Hengo, on the rock.

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat:
Look, Hengo, [thee,

Look where some blessed Briton, to preserve
Has hung a little food and drink: Cheer up,
Do not forsake me now! [boy;

Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart-
And would live. [whole,

Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.

Heng. But my head, uncle!

Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter Macer and Judas.

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life!

Hengo. Do not you hear

The noise of bells?

²⁰ Forgot you.] Amended in 1750.

Car. Of bells, hoy? 'Tis thy fancy;
 Alas, thy body's full of wind.
Hengo. Methinks, sir,
 They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
 To some near funeral of state: Nuy, weep
 not, ^{(sooner.}
 Mine own sweet uncle! you will kill me
Car. Oh, my poor chicken!
Hengo. Fy, faint-hearted uncle!
 Come, tie me to your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, hoy.
Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle!
 I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
 The danger only I desire; 'pray tie me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee!
 Come, child,
 My valiant child!
Hengo. Let me down space, uncle,
 And you shall see how like a dew I'll whip it
 From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
 A Roman train: And you must hold me sure
 too, ^{[uncle,}
 You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it,
 We'll be as merry—
Car. Go, 't' th' name of Heav'n, hoy!
Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it.—
Car. What aill'st thou? ^{[Oh!}
^{[Judah shoots Hengo.}
Hengo. Oh, my best uncle, I am slain!
Car. I see you,
^{[Car. kills Judah with a stone.}
 And Heav'n direct my hand!—Destruction
 Go with thy coward soul!—How dost thou,
 Oh, villain, pocky villain! ^{[hoy?—}
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
 Oh, how it pricks me (and I preserv'd for this?)
 Extremely pricks me!
Car. Coward, rascal coward!
 Dogs eat thy flesh!
Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard; I faint too;
 out upon't,
 How sick I am!—The lean rogue, uncle!
Car. Look, hoy;
 I've laid him sure enough.
Hengo. Have you knock'd his brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for stirring more:
 Chyck up, child.
Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop;
 oh, wretched fortune,
 Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!
Hengo. I once hop'd ^{[Romans}
 I should have liv'd to have met thee bloody
 At my sword's point, to have reveng'd my
 father,
 To have beaten 'em. Oh, hold me hard!
 But, uncle—
Car. Thou shalt live still I hope, hoy. Shall
 I draw it?
Hengo. You draw away my soul then; I
 would live
 A little longer, (spare me, Heavens!) but only
 To thank you for your tender love! Good
 Good noble uncle, weep not! ^{[uncle,}

Car. Oh, my chicken,
 My dear boy, what shall I lose?
Hengo. Why, a child,
 That must have died however; had this
 'scup'd me,
 Fever or famine—I was born to die, sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy?
Hengo. I go the straighter ^{[you}
 My journey to the gods. Sure I shall know
 When you come, uncle?
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope ^{[new}
 We shall enjoy together that great blessed-
 You told me of.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold;
 Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift 'em up!
Hengo. Pray for me;
 And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
 Think of your little nephew! Mercy!
Car. Mercy!
 You blessed angels, take him!
Hengo. Kiss me! so.
 Farewell, farewell! ^{[Dies.}
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
 Thou royal graft, farewell for ever!—Time
 and Death,
 Ye've done your worst. Fortune, now see,
 now proudly ^{[Look,}
 Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph:
 Look what th' hast brought this land to. Oh,
 fair flower,
 How lovely yet thy ruins shew, how sweetly
 Ev'n death embraces thee! The peace of
 Heaven,
 The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

Enter Petillius and Junius on the rock.
 Ha! Dare ye, Romans? Ye shall woe me
 bravely
 Then 't' mine! ^{[Fight.}
Jun. Nay yet, sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
 And come up all, with all your ancient
 valours;
 Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and
 send 'em—

Enter Suetonius, and all the Roman Captains.
Suet. Yield thee, bold Caractach! By all the
 As I am a soldier, as I envy thee, ^{(gods,}
 I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.
Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of
 arms and honour,
 Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!
Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woe thee,
 be thy prisoners. ^{(honour,}
Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that ho-
 That more to me than conquests, that true
 To be my friend! ^{(happiness,}
Car. Oh, Romans, see what he is!
 Had this boy liv'd— ^{(sake,}
Suet. For Fame's sake, for thy sword's

As thou desir'st to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honest—

Car. I do believe. Ye've had me a brave
foe; [ness,
Make me a noble friend, and from your good-
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in!

Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.

Car. I yield then;

Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.

Pet. Thus we conduct thee to' the arms
of peace

The wonder of the world!

Suet. Thus I embrace thee; [Flourish.
And let it be no flatt'ry that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier!

Car. How to thank ye,

I must hereafter find upon your usage.

I am for Rome?

Suet. You must.

Car. Then Rome shall know

The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

Suet. Petillius, you have shewn much worth
this day, [again;

Redeem'd much error; you have my love

Preserve it. Junius, with you I make him

Equal in the regiment.

Jun. The elder and the nobler;

I will give place, sir.

Suet. You shew a friend's soul. [tongue,

March on, and thro' the camp, in every

The virtues of great Caratach be sung!

[Exeunt.



THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

*Quod si
Judicium subtile, videndus artibus illud
Ad libros & od hæc Musarum dona vocares:
Beatum in crasso jarares ære natum.*

Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

This Play was first printed in quarto, in the year 1613. The title-page, edit. 1635, ascribes it to both Authors: The preface and the prologue, however, attribute it to one only. Langhaine says, it was in vogue some years since, being revived at the King's House, and a new prologue, instead of the old one in prose, spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin. He likewise conjectures, that the idea of bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the stage was in imitation of Ben Jonson's Staple of News. We do not know of any revival of it since the time Langhaine mentions above.

TO THE READERS OF THIS COMEDY.

GENTLEMEN, the world is so nice in these our times, that for apparel there is no fashion; for musick (which is a rare art, though now slighted) no instrument; for diet, none but the French *quelque chose* that are delicate; and for plays, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is thoroughly understood. This is all that I have to say, That the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this Comedy; but, as a merry passage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all, and be hurtful to none.

PROLOGUE.

WHERE the bee can suck no honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the bear cannot find *origanum* to heal his grief, he blasteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear, it is like to fare so with us; that seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sour mishake, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wished mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it, to the wise, to be a great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as, to the foolish, to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage with apish actions, or fools with unevill habits, or courtezans with unmodest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, or mistaking the author's intention, who never aimed at any one particular in this play, to make our cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure, to like or dislike. *Vale*!

¹ And thus I leave it, &c.] These words seem more addressed to the reader than spectator, to whom this Address rather would apply as an *epilogue*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Speaker of the Prologue.

Citizen.

RALPH, his Apprentice, the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

MERCHANT, Father of Luce.

JASPER, his Apprentice.

[Luce.

MASTER HUMPHREY, a foolish Sutor to Old MERRYTHOUGHT, Father of Jasper and Michael.

MICHAEL, favourite Son of Mrs. Merry-

TIM, acting as Squire } to Ralph.

GEORGE, acting as Dwarf }

Host.

Barber.

Tapster.

Three supposed Knights.

Sergeant.

Soldiers.

Boy.

WIFE to the Citizen.

LUCE, beloved of and loving Jasper.

MRS. MERRYTHOUGHT.

Woman captive.

Enter Speaker of the Prologue.

Prologue FROM all that's near the court,
from all that's great

Within the compass of the city-walls,

We now have brought our scene—

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace, Goodman boy!

Pro. What do you mean, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: This seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observ'd it, you have still girds at citizens; and now you call your play, 'The London Merchant.' Down with your title, boy, down with your title!

Pro. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

Pro. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

Pro. So, grocer; then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir? yes, sir; if you were not resolv'd to play the Jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of Whittington, or the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham? with the building of the Royal Exchange? or the story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London-Bridge upon wool-sacks?

Pro. You seem to be an understanding man; what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

Pro. Why, what do you say to the Life and Death of our Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet Prives?

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Pro. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

Pro. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him—

Wife [below]. Husband, husband!

Ralph [below]. Peace, mistress!

Wife. Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant you. Husband, husband!

Cit. What say'st thou, cony?

Wife. Let him kill a lion with a Pestle, husband; let him kill a lion with a Pestle!

Cit. So he shall; I'll have him kill a lion with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit. Ay, cony. Ralph, help your mistress this way. 'Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room; I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you, sir; so!

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all! I'm something troublesome; I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen Jane Shore once; and my husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to the Bold Beauchams, but in truth he did not. I pray you hear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things.

Pro. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him: Every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake,

* Jane Shore.] Probably, 'The First and Second Parts of King Edward the Fourth, containing his merry pastime with the Tanner of Tamworth, as also his love to fair mistress Shore, her great promotion, fall and miserie, and lastly the lamentable death of both her and her husband, &c. as it hath divers times been publicly played by the right honourable the carle of Derby his servants.' B. L. quarto. R.

let Ralph play him: Besiſwre me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remember'd, wife. Come up, Ralph! I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a ſuit of reſparrel, and neceſſaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a ſuit of reſparrel! I'll be ſworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true: He will act you ſometimes at our houſe, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part ſo in the garret, that we are all as fear'd I warrant you, that we quake again. We'll fear our children with him; if they be never ſo unruly, do but cry, 'Ralph comes, Ralph comes,' to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs. Hold up thy head, Ralph; ſhew the gentlemen what thou canſt do; ſpeak a huffing part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. By Heaven, methinks³, it were an eaſy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the ſea,
Where never fathoms-line touch'd any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Cit. How ſay you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath play'd before, my husband ſays, Musidorus⁴, before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he ſhould have play'd Jeronimo⁵ with a ſhoesnaker for a wager.

Prof. He ſhall have a ſuit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph, in, Ralph! and ſet out the grocery in their kind, if thou loſ't me.

Wife. I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dress'd.

Prof. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. 'The Grocers' Honour.'

Prof. Methinks 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle' were better.

Wife. I'll be ſworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be ſo; begin, begin; my wife and I will ſit down.

Prof. I pray you do.

Cit. What ſtately muſick have you? you have ſhaums⁶?

Prof. Shaums? No.

Cit. No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me ſo. Ralph plays a ſtately part, and he muſt needs have ſhaums: I'll be at the charge of them myſelf, rather than we'll be without them.

Prof. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and ſo I will be: There's two ſhillings; let's have the waits of Southwark! they are ſo rare fellows as any are in England, and that will fetch them all o'er the water, with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Prof. You ſhall have them. Will you ſit down then?

Cit. Ay. Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to ſit amongst you for my eaſe.

Prof. From all that's near the court, from all that's great

Within the compaſs of the city-walls,
We now have brought our ſcene: Fly far from hence

All private taxes, all immodest phraſes⁷,
Whatever may but ſhew like vicious!
For wicked worth never true pleaſure brings;
But honeſt taints are pleaſ'd with honeſt things.—

Thus much for that we do; but, for Ralph's part, you muſt answer for yourſelf⁸.

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll diſcharge himſelf, I warrant you.

Wife. I faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

³ *By Heaven, methinks, &c.*] This ſpeech (with very little variation) is taken from Shakeſpeare's *First Part of Henry IV.*

⁴ *Musidorus.*] This Play was printed in the year 1598, and afterwards in 1610, 1615, 1629, and 1668. The title to the edition of 1629 is the following: 'A moſt pleaſant Comedie of *Mucedorus*, the King's Sonne of Valentia, and *Amadine* the King's Daughter of Aragon; with the merry conceits of *Mouse Amphitry*, with new additions, as it was acted before the King's Maieſty at Whitehall, on Strove-Sunday night, by his Highneſſe's Servants uſually playing at the Globe.' In a volume now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Garrick, and which formerly belonged to King Charles, this Play is aſcribed to Shakeſpeare.

⁵ *Jeronimo.* See note ²⁶ on *The Chace*.

⁶ *Shaums.*] Muſical instruments mentioned in Scripture, probably from *psaume*, French for *psalms*, to which they were accompaniments. Some editions read *shauances*.

⁷ *All private taxes, immodest phrases.*

Whatever may but shew—] The variations were preſcribed by an anonymous correſpondent of Mr. Symphon.

⁸ *For Ralph's part you must answer for yourself.*] I once thought that this latter *for* was to be ſtruck out as redundant; but upon examination we ſhall find it not a redundancy, but a deficiency, and ſhould read thus, 'answer for't yourſelf.' Symphon.

The old reading is eaſy, and correct enough for common converſation.

ACT I.

Enter Merchant and Jasper.

Merch. **SIRRAH,** I'll make you know you are my 'prentice.

And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new
cast thee;

Adding the trust of all I have, at home,
In foreign staples, or upon the sea,
To thy direction; tied the good opinions
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavours;
So fair were thy beginnings: But with these,
As I remember, you had never charge
To love your master's daughter; and even
then

When I had found a wealthy husband for her;
I take it, sir, you had not: But, however,
I'll break the neck of that commission,
And make you know you're but a merchant's
factor.

Jasp. Sir, I do liberally confess I'm yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service,
In which my labour hath been all my profit;
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back;
Nor have I given a pension to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock:
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim as strangers
To all my temperate actions. For your
daughter,

If there be any love to my deservings
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it;
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes:
She's private to herself, and best of know-
ledge

Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for.
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence, [her
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Merch. 'Tis very well, sir; I can tell your
wisdom

How all this shall be cur'd.

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

Merch. And thus it shall be, sir: I here
discharge you

My house and service; take your liberty;
And when I want a son I'll send for you.

[*Erit.*

Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them
that love.

Oh, you that live in freedom never prove
The travel of a mind led by desire!

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why, how now, friend? struck with
my father's thunder? [rejoice]

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the

Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine?

Jasp. But yours, and only yours I am;
That's all I have to keep me from the statute.
You dare be constant still?

Luce. Oh, fear me not!

In this I dare be better than a woman.
Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a prince's power.

Jasp. You know my rival?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly;
E'en as I love an ague, or foul weather;
I prithee, Jasper, fear him not!

Jasp. Oh, no;

I do not mean to do him so much kindness.
But to our own desires¹⁰: You know the plot
We both need on?

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more.

Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.

Luce. I take it;

He must do miracles, make me forsake it.

[*Exeunt.*

Cit. Fy upon 'em, little infidels! what a
matter's here now? Well, I'll be hang'd for
a halfpenny, if there be not some abomina-
tion knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look
to't; Ralph must come, and if there be any
tricks a-brewing—

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too, hus-
band, a God's name; Ralph will find all out,
I warrant you, an they were older than they
are. I pray, my pretty youth, is Ralph ready?

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my commen-
dations unto him, and withal, carry him this
stick of licorice; tell him his mistress sent it
him; and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open
his pipes the better, say.

Enter Merchant and Master Humphrey.

Merch. Come, sir, she's yours; upon my
faith, she's yours;
You have my hand: For other idle letts,
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They're scatter'd, and no more. My wanton
'prentice,

That like a bladder blew himself with love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.

Hum. I thank you, sir,

Indeed I thank you, sir; and ere I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seem.

Merch. Oh, sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my friend,

Altho', as writers say, all things have end,

¹⁰ But to our own desires.] Probably designs.

And that we call a pudding hath his two,
Oh, let it not seem strange, I pray to you,
If in this bloody simile I put ^{[cut.}

My love, more endless than frail things or
Wife. Husband, I prithee, sweet lamb, tell
me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay,
youths, I beseech you, till I question my
husband.

Cit. What is it, mouse?

Wife. Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier
child? how it behaves itself, I warrant ye!
and speaks and looks, and perts up the head!
I pray you, brother, with your favour, were
you never none of Mr. Moncester's scholars?

Cit. Chickoo, I prithee heartily contain
thyself; the childer are pretty childer; but
when Ralph comes, lamb—

Wife. Ay, when Ralph comes, cony! Well,
my youth, you may proceed.

Merck. Well, sir; you know my love, and
rest, I hope, ^{[ter's,}
Assur'd of my consent; get hut my daugh-
And wed her when you please. You must
be bold,

And elop in close unto her; come, I know
You've language good enough to win a wench.

Wife. A whoreson tyrant! hath been an
old stringer in his days, I warrant him!

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.

Merck. What, Luce! within there!

Enter Luce.

Luce. Call'd you, sir?

Merck. I did;

Give entertainment to this gentleman;
And see you be not froward. To her, sir!
My presence will but be an eye-sore to you. ^{[Exit.}

Hum. Fair mistress Luce, how do you?
are you well?

Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell
How doth your little sister, and your brother?
And whether you love me or any other?

Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

Hum. So they are,

Where women are not cruel. But how far
Is it now distant from the place we are-in,
Unto that blessed place, your father's warren?

Luce. What makes you think of that, sir?

Hum. E'en that face;

For stealing rabbits whilome in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not
whether, ^{[thier,}

Unto my cost and charges brought you this—
And there began—

Luce. Your game, sir?

Hum. Let no game,

Or any thing that tendeth to the same,
Be ever more remember'd, thou fair killer,
For when I sat me down and brake my
tiller¹¹.

Wife. There's a kind gentleman, I warrant
you; when will you do as much for me,
George? ^{[losses;}

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I'm sorry for your
But, as the proverb says, 'I cannot cry;'
I would you had not seen me!

Hum. So would I,

Unless you had more maw to do me good.

Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion¹²
be withstood?

Send for a constable, and raise the town.

Hum. Oh, no, my valiant love will batter
down

Millions of constables, and put to flight
E'en that great watch of Midsommer day,
at night¹³. ^{[ed then;}

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 'twere good I yield—
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have an resistance.

Hum. Yield then; I am full

Of pity, tho' I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.
Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth, nor the
cloves,

Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with silk, as you may see.

If you desire the price, shoot from your eye
A beam to this place, and you shall espy
F.S., which is to say, my sweetest honey,
They cost me three and two-pence, or no
money.

Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and
I thank you:

What would you more?

Hum. Nothing.

Luce. Why then, farewell!

¹¹ *Tiller.*] See note ¹¹ on Philaster.

¹² *This strange passion.*] Symson says, 'To send for a constable and raise a town, to withstand a STRANGE passion, borders seemingly near upon nonsense;' he would therefore read, 'strong passion:' But we see no reason why she may not go from one metaphor to another.

¹³ *That great watch of Midsommer day at night.*] What is alluded to here is probably the following custom: On the vigil of St. John the Baptist, it was formerly usual, after sun-setting, for the principal citizens to make bonfires before their doors, and also to set out tables furnished with meat and drink, of which they invited their neighbours and passengers to partake. At the same time a marching watch, consisting of about 2000 men, furnished with lights, perambulated from St. Paul's Gate to Aldgate, and back again, when they broke up. Part of this watch was provided at the expence of the city of London, and other part of the several parishes. The custom continued until the time of Henry VIII. when it was prohibited by him. In 1548 it was again revived; but being found to be the means of collecting disorderly people together, and occasioning great riots, it was in the year 1569 laid aside, and has ever since been discontinued. See *Stow's Survey*. R.

Hum. Nor so, nor so; for, lady, I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together;
God grant me time, and patience, and fair
weather!

Luce. Speak and declare your mind in terms
so brief. [relief]

Hum. I shall; then first and foremost, for
I call to you, if that you can afford it;
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
shall be repaid again, altho' it cost me
More than I'll speak of now; for love has
to-s'd me

In furious blanket like a tennis ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall

Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!

Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I th' turning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet,
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adieu.

Luce. Now, by St. Mary,
That were great pity!

Hum. So it were, beshrew me;
Then ease me, lusty Luce, and pity shew me.

Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is no-
thing worth

Without my father's grant; get his consent,
And then you may with full assurance try
me. [deny me]

Hum. The worshipful your sire will not
For I have ask'd him, and he hath replied,
'Sweet master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy
bride.' [content.]

Luce. Sweet master Humphrey, then I am

Hum. And so am I, in truth.

Luce. Yet take me with you;

There is another clause must be annex'd,
And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,
No man shall ever joy me as his wife, [ture,
But he that stole me hence: If you dare ven-
I'm yours (you need not fear; my father loves
If not, farewell for ever! [you];

Hum. Stay, nymph, stay;

I have a double gelding, colour'd bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,
Another for myself, tho' somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.

Luce. I'm satisfied;

And so I give my hand. Our course must lie
Thro' Waltham-Forest, where I have a friend
Will entertain us. So farewell, Sir Humphrey,
And think upon your business! [Exit Luce.]

Hum. Tho' I die,
I am resolv'd to venture life and limb,
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim.

[Exit Hum.]

Wife. By my faith and troth, George, and
as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young
man that ever trod on shoe-leather. Well,
go thy ways; if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy
fault, I faith.

Cit. I prithee, mouse, be patient! a shall
have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke
for't.

Wife. That's my good lamb, George. Fy!
this stinking tobacco kills men! 'would
there were none in England! Now I pray,
gentlemen, what good does this stinking to-
bacco do you? nothing, I warrant you; make
chimneys a your faces!—Oh, husband, hus-
band, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph!

*Enter Ralph, like a grocer in his shop, with
two apprentices, reading Palmerin of
England.*

Cit. Peace, fool! let Ralph alone. Hark
you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much
at the first. Peace! Begin, Ralph.

Ralph. 'Then Palmerin and Trineus',
'snatching their lances from their dwarfs,
'and clashing their helmets, gallup'd amain
'after the giant; and Palmerin having gotten
'a sight of him, came posting amain, saying,
'"Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not
'"so carry away her, that is worth the great-
'"est lord in the world;" and with these words
'gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he
'struck him besides his clephant. And Trine-
'us coming to the knight that had Agricola
'behind him, set him soon besides his horse,
'with his neck broken in the full; so that
'the princess getting out of the throng, be-
'tween joy and grief said, "All happy knight,
'"the mirror of all such as follow arms, now
'"may I be well assured of the love thou bear-
'"est me." I wonder why the kings do not
raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred
thousand men, as big as the army that the
prince of Portigo brought against Rosicler,
and destroy these giants; they do much hurt
to wandering dunces, that go in quest of
their knights.

Wife. Faith, husband, and Ralph says true;
for they say the king of Portugal cannot sit
at his meat, but the giants and the ettins¹⁶
will come and snatch it from him.

¹⁴ You may with assurance try me.] The measure assisted by Symphon.

¹⁵ Tobacco.] At the time our Authors wrote (we learn from Prynne, in his Histriomastix, p. 392.) tobacco, wine, and beer, were the usual accommodations in the theatre, as the two latter are still at Sadler's Wells. See also Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. R.

¹⁶ Kills men.] Symphon reads, 'kills me.'

¹⁷ Then Palmerin and Trineus, &c.] This passage is taken, with some slight variations, from 'Palmerin d'Olive, the Mirrour of Nobilitie, Mappe of Honour, Anatomie of Rare Fortunes, Heroicall President of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie, and most accomplished Knight in all Perfections.' 4to. 1598. B. L. p. 131. R.

¹⁸ Ettins.] The good woman is here a little tautological, as at other times she is nonsensi-

Cit. Hold thy tongue. On, Ralph!

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts, to relieve poor ladies.

Wife. Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age. They will call one the son of a whore, that Palmerin of England would have called *fair sir*; and one that Rosicler would have called *right beauteous damsel*, they will call *damnd butch*.

Wife. I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have called me so an hundred times, about a scurvy pipe of tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flapet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling Methridatana and dragons' wnter to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

Cit. Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!

Wife. They go fairly, by my troth.

Ralph. Why should I not then pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Greec-Errant; I will be the said Knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder 'prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever mack.

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but *fair lady*, if she have her desires; if not, *distressed damsel*; that you call all forests and heaths *deserts*, and all horses, *palfries*!

Wife. This is very fine!—'Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out: Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking¹⁰, and I should bid you enquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. 'Sir, my master sent me to know 'whither you are riding?'

Ralph. Nu! thus: 'Fair sir! the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle* commanded me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound; whether to relieve some distressed damsel, or otherwise?'

Cit. Whoreson blockhead cannot remember!

Wife. 'Faith, and Ralph told him on't before; all the gentlemen heard him; did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?

George. *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle*, here is a distressed damsel, to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy! see, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my 'prentice, but my trusty Squire and Dwarf. I must bespeak my shield, and arming Pestle.

Cit. Go thy ways, Ralph! As I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What say you, mistress?

Wife. I prithee come agnain quickly, sweet Ralph.

Ralph. Bye-and-bye.

[Exit.

Enter Jasper and Mrs. Merrythought.

Mrs. Mer. Give thee my blessing? No, I'll never give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing: Thou art thy father's own son, of the blood of the Merrythoughts; I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries, 'A merry heart lives 'long-a.' And thou art a waste-thrift, and art run away from thy master, that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou thinkest to bezzle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither, Michael; come, Michael; down on thy knees: Thou shalt have my blessing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me!

cal, (unless I mistake her meaning in this place,) for giants and *ettins*, or *etins*, are giants and giants, *etc.* in Saxon signifying so. *Symson.*

Ettins, quasi *heathens*; it is not probable she thought of Saxon.

¹⁰ *Pricking*.] i. e. *riding*. 'A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain,' is the first line of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*.

Mrs. Mer. God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing: he shall be hang'd first, shall he not, Michael? how aye'st thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mrs. Mer. That's a good boy!

Wife. Faith, it's a fine-spoken child!

Jasp. Mother, tho' you forget a parent's I must preserve the duty of a child. [love, I run not from my master, nor return To have your stock maintain my illness.

Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him! hark, how he chops logic with his mother. Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.

Cit. If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and salt him, whoreson halter-suck!

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love, Which I must ever, tho' I never gain it; And, howsoever you esteem of me, There is no drop of blood hid in these veins, But I remember well belongs to you, That brought me forth, and would be glad for you

To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mrs. Mer. Faith, I had sorrow enough for thee (God knows); but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

Mer. [within.] Nose, nose, jolly red nose, And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mrs. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and louting; and I'm fain to eark and care, and all little enough. Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter Old Merrythought.

Mer. Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves;

And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mrs. Mer. If you would consider your estate, you would have little list to sing, I was

Mer. It should never be consider'd, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest

Mer. And will do.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How? Why, how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o'th' table; my cloaths were never worn out, but next morning a taylor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all should fail, it is but

a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this; is not he, George?

Cit. Yes, cony.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live, George.

Cit. Ay, hy'r lady, cony, hold thee there!

Mrs. Mer. Well, Charles; you promis'd to provide for Jasper, and I have laid out for Michael: I pray you pay Jasper his portion; he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock; he says his master turned him away, but I promise you truly I think he ran away.

Wife. No, indeed, mistress Merrythought, tho' he be a notable galloway, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place; 'twas, I faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter; my husband was by.

Cit. Hang him, rogue! he serv'd him well enough: Love his master's daughter? By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldest spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay, George, but yet truth is truth.

Mer. Where is Jasper? he's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. Is he merry?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, foul chive him, he is too merry. Jasper! Michael!

Enter Jasper and Michael.

Mer. Welcome, Jasper! tho' thou run'st away, welcome! God bless thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years; hold thy hand: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee; thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course: If Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband; that is, wear ordinary cloaths, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,

And long have cause to be thus merry still!

But, father—

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone!

Thou hast my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee!

Farewell, Jasper!

But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel!)

Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting,

Mine own dear jewel!

So; now begone; no words! [Exit Jasper.

Mrs. Mer. So, Michael; now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing; be gone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee. Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What! you will not?

Mrs. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Mer. Hey-ho, farewell, Nan!

I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mrs. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife! I expect it not; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be,

When earth and seas from me are left,
The skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*
[*Boy danceth. Munch.*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all that. Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these fiddlers to tune th'ir rebecks²² before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George? But look, look! here's a youth dances! now, good youth, do a turn o' th' toe. Sweetheart, i'faith I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols; he'll ride the wild-mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I thank you, kind youth; pray bid Ralph come.

Cit. Peace, cony! Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's wounds, as they do not, I'll tear some of their perriwigs beside their heads; this is all riff-raff.

²² *Rebecks.*] A *rebeck* was an instrument with three strings, resembling a modern fiddle. *R.* It is mentioned in Milton's *Allegro*.

ACT II.

Enter Merchant and Master Humphrey.

Merch. AND how, 'faith, how goes it now, san Humphrey?

Hum. Right worshipful, and my beloved friend

And father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well; it should be so: I'm glad the girl

Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl [say,
From hence, (and you must wink: for so, I
The story tells) tomorrow before day.

Wife. George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou think'st, sweet rogue: Thou seest the poor gentleman (dear heart!) how it labours and throbs, I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the father for't.

Cit. No, no; I prithee sit still, honey-suckle; thou'lt spoil all: If he deny him, I'll bring half-a-dozen good fellows myself, and in the shutting of an evening knock it up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buss thee for that, i'faith, boy! Well, George, well, you have been a wag in your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

Merch. How was it, son? you told me that tomorrow

Before day-break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed: Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed, I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian, The honest host of the red roaring Lion, In Waltham situate: Then if you may, Consent in seemly sort; lest by delay, The fatal Sisters come, and do the office, And then you'll sing another song.

Merch. Alas,

Why should you be thus full of grief to me, That do as willing as yourself agree To any thing, so it be good and fair? [sure
Then steal her when you will, if such a plea
Content you both; I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more foil. But tell me why
You may not here perform your murrings?

Wife. God's blessing o' thy soul, old man! i'faith thou art loath to part true hearts. I see a lins her, George; and I'm as glad oo'! Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man; I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I should say the suburbs too, I should not lie. Why dost not thou rejoice with me, George?

Cit. If I could but see Ralph again, I were as merry as mine host, i'faith.

Hum. The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare: [swear
(Help me, oh, Muses nine!) Your daughter
A foolish oath, the more it was the pity;
Yet no one but myself²³ within this city

²³ Yet none but myself.] The reading in the text is Theobald's. Sympton's anonymous correspondent proposes, 'None but I myself.'

Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
 Shall meet him, were he of the noble science.
 And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
 Truly I cannot tell, unless it were
 For her own ease; for sure sometimes an oath,
 Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth:
 And this it was she swore, never to marry,
 But such a one whose mighty arm could carry
 (As menning me, for I am such a one)
 Her bodily away, thro' stick and stone,
 'Till both of us arrive, at her request,
 Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham-
 Forest. [Fear]

Merrh. If this be all, you shall not need to
 Any denial in your love; proceed;
 I'll neither follow, nor repeat the deed.

Ham. Good night, twenty good nights, and
 twenty more,
 And twenty more good nights, that makes
 threescore! [Exit.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not
 weary, boy?

Mich. No forsooth, mother, not I.

Mrs. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Mich. Indeed forsooth, mother, I cannot
 tell, unless we be at Mile-End: Is not all the
 world Mile-End, mother?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world,
 boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-
 End is a goodly matter: There has been a
 pitchfield, my child, between the naughty
 Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels
 ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen fol-
 lowed. 'My neighbour Coxstone was there,
 Loy, and kill'd them all with a birding-piece.

Mich. Mother, forsooth!

Mrs. Mer. What says my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go
 stick-up; he shall never come between a pair
 of sheets with me again, while he lives; let
 him stay at home and slug for his supper, buy.
 Come, child, sit down, and I'll shew my boy
 fine knacks, indeed: Look here, Michael;
 here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's
 a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and
 here's money and gold by th' eye, my boy!

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou shalt have
 all, Michael.

Cit. How lik'st thou this, wench?

Wife. I cannot tell; I would have Ralph,
 George; I'll see no more else, indeed-*la*;
 and I pray you let the youths understand so
 much by word of mouth; for I will tell you

truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come,
 George, let's be merry and wise; the child's
 a fatherless child, and say they should put
 him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse
 than knot-grass²³, he would never grow after
 it.

Enter Ralph, Tim, and George.

Cit. Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!

Wife. How do you, Ralph? you are wel-
 come, Ralph, as I may say; it's a good boy!
 hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are
 thy friends, Ralph. The gentlemen will praise
 thee, Ralph, if thou play'st thy part with
 audacity. Begin, Ralph, a God's name!

Ralph. My trusty Squire, unlace my helms;
 give me my hat.

Where are we, or what desert might this be?

George. Mirror of knighthood, this is, as
 I take it,

The perilous Waltham-Down; in whose bot-
 tom the enchanted valley. [Tom stands]

Mrs. Mer. Oh, Michael, we are betray'd,
 we are betray'd! here be giants! Fly, boy,
 fly, boy, fly!

[Exit with Michael, leaving a casket.

Ralph. Lure on my helm again! What
 noise is this?

A gentle lady, flying the embrace [her.
 Of some uncoarteous knight? I will relieve

Go, Squire, and say, the Knight that wears
 this Pestle

In honour of all ladies, swears revenge

Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;
 Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire

That hears her company.

Tim. I go, brave Knight.

Ralph. My trusty Dwarf and friend, reach
 me my shield; And hold it while I swear, first, by my knight-
 hood;

Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul
 (My famous ancestor); then by my sword

This beauteous Brionella girl about me;
 By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour

The living trophy; and by all respect
 Due to distressed damsels; here I vow

Never to end the quest of this fair lady,
 And that forsaken squire, 'till by my valour

I gain their liberty! [Exit.

George. Heav'n bless the Knight
 That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen!

[Exit.

Wife. Ay marry, Ralph, this has some sa-
 vour in't; I would see the proudest of them

all offer to carry his books after him. But,
 George, I will not have him go away so soon;

I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall;

²³ Knot-grass.]—'Get you gone, you dwarf,

'You Minimus, of hindring knot-grass made.'

Midsummer-Night's Dream, act iii. scene 2.

Upon which passage the last editor observes: 'It appears that knot-grass was anciently sup-
 posed to prevent the growth of any animal or child; and produces this passage, and the
 following from The Coxcomb, in proof of his observation: 'We want a boy extremely for
 this function, kept under for a year with milk and knot-grass.' R.

call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again;
I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight be-
fore me, and let's ha' some drums, and
trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near
him, an thou lov'st me, George!

Cit. Peace a little, bird! he shall kill
them all, an they were twenty more on 'em
than there are.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Now, Fortune, (if thou be'st not
only ill)

Show me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at
length;

And stand; this is our place of meeting,
If I have any constancy. Oh, age,
Where only wealthy men are counted happy!
How shall I please thee, how deserve thy
smiles,

When I am only rich in misery?
My father's blessing, and this little coin,
Is my inheritance; a strong revenue!
From earth thou art, and unto earth I give
thee:

There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air
Breeds me a fresher fortune.—How! illusion!

[*Spies the casket.*
What, hath the devil coin'd himself before
me?

'Tis mortal good; it rings well; I am waking,
And taking too, I hope. Now God's dear
blessing

Upon his heart that left it here! 'Tis mine;
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine!

[*Exit.*
Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty
youth should embuzzle away the money; the
poor gentlewoman his mother will have a
heavy heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And rea no good, sweetheart.

Wife. But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale
in's ear, shall fetch him again with a wailon,
I warrant him, if he be above ground; and
besides, George, here be a number of suf-
ficient gentlemen can witness, and myself,
and yourself, and the musicians, if we be
call'd in question. But here comes Ralph;

George, thou shalt hear him speak, as he
were an emperal.

Enter Ralph and George.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?

George. Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes
the lady.

*Enter Mrs. Merrythought, Michael, and
Tim.*

Ralph. Fair! and the Squire of Damself²¹,
as I take it!

Madam, if any service or devoir
Of a poor errant Knight may right fair
wroug, [court;
Command it; I am prest²² to give you suc-
For to that holy end I bear my armour.

Mrs. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentle-
woman, and I have lost my money in this
forest.

Ralph. Desart, you would say, lady; and
not lost [tears,
Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your
Which ill besit the beauty of that face,
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.

Mrs. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand
pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money
I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight
of your mastership, you look'd so grin, and,
as I may say it, saving your presence, more
like a giant than a mortal man.

Ralph. I am as you are, lady; so are they,
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?

Mrs. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do
you think, when he has lost his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not;
I am here

That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dare deny
Distressed squires and ladies equity.

I have but one horse²³, upon which shall ride
This lady fair behind me, and before [more
This courteous squire: Fortune will give us
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed—
Beside us, Squire and Dwarf, to do us need!
[*Exeunt.*

²¹ Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought, &c.

For and the squire of damself as I take it.

Ralph. *Madam, &c.*] Sympon omits the period at the end of the first line, and alters
for in fair: we think him right in the alteration of the word; but we must go further be-
fore this passage is cleared of corruption, since, by giving the first and third lines to one
speaker, the third appears a bald and needless repetition of the sense of the first, which is
complete in itself. We have therefore made Ralph's speech begin at the third line instead
of the fourth; and apprehend that he first addresses himself both to Mrs. Merrythought and
Michael: Her he calls Fair! and him Squire of Damself! as he names him afterwards,
'this gentle Squire.' This is quite in his character, and the only reading that gives spirit,
or even tolerable sense, to the third line; after which he proceeds to comfort them
separately.

²² Prest.] i. e. ready. See ante ¹⁶ on The Wild-Goose Chase.

²³ I have but one horse, on which.] The variation is Sympon's.

Cit. Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? by the faith of my body, wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may, I faith; for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve companies of London cannot match him, timber for timber. Well, George, as he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel; but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you, duckling.

Enter Master Humphrey and Luce.

Hum. Good mistress Luce, however I in fault am [Waltham;

For your lame horse, you're welcome unto But which way now to go, or what to say, I know not truly, 'till it be broad day.

Luce. Oh, fear not, master Humphrey; I am guide

For this place good enough.

Hum. Then up and ride;

Or, if it please you, walk for your repose;

Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose:

Either of which shall be indifferent,

To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent

Is so entangled ever to your will,

As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.

Luce. Faith, as you say the word, we'll e'en sit down,

And take a nap.

Hum. 'Tis better in the town,

Where we may nap together; for, believe me, To sleep without a watch would nickle griere me.

Luce. You're merry, master Humphrey.

Hum. So I am,

And have been ever merry from my dam.

Luce. Your nurse had the less labour.

Hum. Faith, it may be,

Unless it were by chance I did bewray me.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Luce! dear friend Luce!

Luce. Here, Jasper.

Jasp. You are mine. [fine:

Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me What do you think I am?

Jasp. An arrant noddy. [body,

Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's I'll tell thy master; for I know thee well.

Jasp. Nay, as you be so forward fur to tell,

Take that, and that; and tell him, sir, I gave it: And say I paid you well. [Beats him.

Hum. Oh, sir, I have it,

And do confess the payment. 'Pray, be quiet!

Jasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,

To cure your beaten bones.

Luce. Alas, poor Humphrey!

Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and cumfry;

A little oil of roses, and a feather

To 'moist thy back withal.

Hum. When I came hither,

'Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory!

Luce. Farewell, my pretty Nump! I'm very I cannot bear thee company. [sorry

Hum. Farewell!

The devil's dam was ne'er so bang'd in hell. [Exeunt.

Monet Humphrey.

Wife. This young Jasper will prove me another thing, a my conscience, as he may be suffered. George, dost not see, George, how a swagger, and flies at the very heads a folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wringing the poor gentleman I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him these figures: He's e'en in the highway to the gallows, God bless him!

Cit. You're too bitter, cony; the young man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither, master Humphrey; has he hurt you? now beshrew his fingers for't! Here, sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now beshrew my heart, but a has peppernel in's hand, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the pence on him, sweetheart, take the pence on him.

Enter Boy.

Cit. No, no; you talk like a foolish woman! I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him up well-favour'dly. Sirrah, Boy; come hither: Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper.

Wife. Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us: the plot of our play lies contrary; and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.

* *John Dory.* Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, says, 'The song of John Dory, with the tune to it, is printed in the Deuterometria, or the second part of Musick's Melodie, 1609. The legend of this person is, that being a sea-captain, or perhaps a pirate, he engaged to the king of France to bring the crew of an English ship bound us captives to Paris, and that accordingly he attempted to make prize of an English vessel, but was himself taken prisoner. The song of John Dory, and the tune to it, were a long time popular in England: In the comedy of The Chances, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, Antonio, a humorous old man, receives a wound, which he will not suffer to be dressed but upon condition that the song of John Dory be sung the while.'—The Song is also printed in Sir John's Appendix, No. 27.

Cit. Plot me no plots! I'll ha' Ralph come out; I'll make your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why, sir, he shall; but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways, goodman Boy! I'll hold him a penny, he shall have his belly full of fighting now. Ho! here comes Ralph! no more!

Enter Ralph, Mrs. Merrythought, Michael, Tim, and George.

Ralph. What knight is that, Squire? ask him if he keep

The passage, bound by love of lady fair,
Or else but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no knight,
But a poor gentleman, that this same night
Had stolen from me, upon yonder green,
My lovely wife, and suller'd (to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that meeting.

Wife. Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an thou spar'd him, Ralph, I would thou wert hang'd.

Cit. No more, Wife, no more!

Ralph. Where is the cantiff wretch hath done this deed?

Lady, your pardon! that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight.
And thou, fair Squire, repute me not the worse,

In leaving the great venture of the purse,

Enter Jasper and Luce.

And the rich casket, 'till some better leisure.

Hum. Here comes the broker hath parol'd my treasure.

Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant Knight at arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him.

Tim. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, Knight;
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady.

Jasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,
And knock his head-piece.

Ralph. Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy unmercitious terms.

Wife. Break his pate, Ralph; break his pate, Ralph, soundly!

Jasp. Come, Knight; I'm ready for you.—
Now your Pestle

[Snatches away his Pestle.

Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of.
With that he stood upright in his stirrups,
and gave the knight of the calves-skin such a knock, that he forsook his horse, and down

he fell; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet—

Hum. Nay, an my noble Knight be down so soon,

Tho' I can scarcely go, I needs must run.

[Exeunt Humphrey and Ralph.]

Wife. Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy; Jasper comes, Jasper comes!

Jasp. Come, Luce, we must have other arms for you;

Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu!
[Exeunt.]

Wife. Sure the devil, God bless us, is in this springald! Why, George, didst ever see such a fire-drake? I am afraid my boy's mis-carried; if he be, though he were master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no; I have found out the matter, sweetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted: He could no more have stood in Ralph's hands, than I can stand in my lord-mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet: He no more vex'd, for it shall be so.

Enter Ralph, Tim, George, Mrs. Merrythought, and Michael.

Wife. Oh, husband, here's Ralph again! Stay, Ralph; let me speak with thee: How dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great lancers had unmercifully on thee; there's some sugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.

Mrs. Mer. Truly, master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary. *[Hungry.]*

Mich. Indeed-ah, mother, and I'm very
Ralph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and your fair Squire!

For in this desert there must needs be plenc'd
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights;

And 'till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well said, Ralph! George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes, duck.

Wife. I shall ne'er forget him: When we had lost our child, (you know it was stry'd almost, alone, to Fiddie-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd itself but for a sculler,) Ralph was the most comfortablist to me! Peace, mistress, says he, let it go! I'll get you another as good. Did he not, George? did he not say so?

Cit. Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

George. I would we had a mess of pottage, and a pot of drink, Squire, and were going to-bed.

Tom. Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell Inn.

George. Take courage, valiant Knight, damsel, and Squire!

I have discover'd, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his
guests:

The first, high Chamberlino²⁵; who will see
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd
limbs.

The second, high Tapstero; who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein.
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero high,
Who will our paltries slick with whisks of
straw,

And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-
snuff.

Wife. That same Dwarf's a pretty boy,
but the Squire's a grout-mold.

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my Squire,
with stately lance!

Enter Tapster.

Top. Who's there? You're welcome, gentlemen! will you see a room?

George. Right courtrous and valiant
Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the
squire Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair squire Tapstero! I a wandering
Knight,
High of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought;
Where hearing of the gaudy entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damselfs, and all errant knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to
enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you
are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

Wife. George, I would have something
done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, Nell?

Wife. Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? 'Prithee, sweetheart, let him!

Cit. So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter Master Humphrey and Merchant.

Wife. Oh, George, here's master Humphrey again now, that lost mistress Luce; and mistress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand, I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in arms I ne'er shall clasp her;
For she is stol'n away by your man Jasper.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Merch. Unhappy that I am, to lose my child!

Now I begin to think on Jasper's words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness:

Why dost thou let her go? thou lo'st her not,

That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her. [*True;*]

Hum. Father, forgive me; I shall tell you
Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue:

Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding,

He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.

Merch. Get new and horses straight! we will be there

Within this hour. You know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where he my limbs did swaddle;

I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Merch. Meantime, I will go talk with Jasper's father. [*Exeunt.*]

Wife. George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that master Humphrey has not mistress Luce yet? speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No, Nell; I warrant thee, Jasper is at Puckeridge with her by this.

Wife. Nay, George, you must consider mistress Luce's feet are tender; and besides, 'tis dark; and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham-Town with her yet.

Cit. Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me that Ralph has her not yet?

Wife. I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him. But look, George; peuce! here comes the merry old gentleman again.

²⁵ The first high Chamberlain

— *high* Tapstero

— *squire Ostlero high.*] The correction of *high* for *high*, is from Mr. Theobald's conjecture, but he did not go to the bottom of the grievance, for Chamberlain is not quantity, and so can't stand in the verse. *Chamberlino* is from the said quarto of 1613. *Tapstero*, octavo, *Tastero*, quarto, I have alter'd to *Tapstero*. 'Ostlero high' is from the first quarto too. *Simpson.*

High is no amendment, being in old book; as is also *Chamberlino*. The substituting *Tapstero* for *Tastero* (if to be called an amendment) is the only one.

Enter Old Merrythought.

Mer. When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet²⁹.

I have money, and meat, and drink, before-hand, till tomorrow at noon; why should I be sad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits within me; 'I am three merry men'³⁰, and three merry men!—To what end should any man be sad in this world? Give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, 'Trowl the black bowl to me!' and a woman that will sing a catch in her travel! I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a lathand, carrying his head as if he look'd for pins in the street: I have look'd out of my window half-a-year after, and have spied that man's head upon Loudon-Bridge: 'Tis vile; never trust a taylor that does not sing at his work! his mind is on nothing but fitching.

Wife. Mark this, George! 'tis worth noting: Godfrey, my taylor, you know, never sings, and he had fourteen yards to make this gown; and I'll be sworn, mistress Penstone the draper's wife had one made with twelve.

Mer. 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,

More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gout, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes;
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look, George; how say'st thou by this, George? Is't not a fine old man? Now God's blessing a thy sweet lips! when wilt thou be so merry, George? 'Faith, thou art the frowningest little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace, cony! thou shalt see him took down too, I warrant thee. Here's Luce's father, come now.

Mer. As you came from Walsingham,
From the Holy Land,

There met you not with my true love
By the way as you came³¹?

Merck. Oh, master Merrythought, my daughter's gone! [gone!]
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter's

Mer. Why, on if she be, what cure I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Merck. Mock not my misery; it is your son
(Whom I have made my own, when all for-
sook him)
Has stol'n my only joy, my child, away.

Mer. He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey;
He never turn'd his face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Merck. Unworthy of the kindness I have shown
To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive,
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

Mer. Your daughter? what a stir's here wi' your daughter! Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing,

Down, down, down; they fall
Down, and arise they never shall.

Merck. Oh, might I behold her once again,
And she once more embrace her aged sire!

Mer. Fy, how scurvily this goes!
'And she once more embrace her aged sire?'
You'll make a dog on her, will ye? she cares much for her aged sire, I warrant you.

She cares not for her daddy, nor
She cares not for her mammy, for
She is, she is, she is
My lord of Lowgate's lassy.

Merck. For this thy scorn I will pursue thee
Of thine to death. [son]

Mer. Do; and when you ha' kill'd him,
Give him flowers enow, Palmer, give him
flowers enow!
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and
yellow.

Merck. I'll fetch my daughter—

Mer. I'll bear no more o' your daughter;
it spoils my mirth.

Merck. I say, I'll fetch my daughter.

Mer. Was never man for lady's sake³²,
Down, down,
Tormented as I Sir Guy,
De derry down,
For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,
Down, down,

²⁹ When it was grown, &c.] This stanza is printed in Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 120.

³⁰ Three merry men, &c.] See p. 160 of this volume.

³¹ As you came, &c.] From a ballad printed in Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 94.

³² Was never man, &c.] From the Legend of Sir Guy. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 102.

As ever men beheld with eye!
De derry down.

Merch. I'll be reveng'd, by Heaven!

[*Ereunt.*

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI. [*Musick.*

Wife. How dost thou like this, George?

Cit. Why, this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The fiddlers go again, husband.

Cit. Ay, Nell; but this is scurvy musick.

I gave the whorison gallows money, and I think he has not got me the wails of South-

wark: If I hear 'em not anon³², I'll twinge him by the ears. You musicians, play Baloo³³!

Wife. No, good George, let's ha' Lachry-

Cit. Why this is it, cony. [*Music!*

Wife. It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of St. Paul?

Cit. No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.

Wife. Ralph and Lucrece? which Ralph? our Ralph?

Cit. No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.

Wife. A Tartarian? Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!

³² If I hear him not.] Amended by Symphon.

³³ Baloo.] See Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 196, Lady Anne Bothwell's Lamentation; in which the concluding lines of each stanza are these:

'Baloo, my babe, he still and sleepe!

'It grieves me snair to see thee weipe.'

ACT III.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

Jasp. COME, my dear dear! this we have lost our way, [*weary*
We have not lost ourselves. Are you not With this night's wandering, broken from your rest?

And frightened with the terror that attends The darkness of this wild unpeopled place?

Luce. No, my best friend; I cannot either fear,

Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you (The end of all my full desires) stand by me: Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish

Amongst the number of forsaken lovers, Tell the long weary steps, and number time, Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood, Whilst I (possess'd with all content and quiet) Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You've caught me, Luce, so fast, that whilst I live

I shall become your faithful prisoner, [down, And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit And rest your body, too, too delicate For these disturbances. So! will you sleep? Come, do not be more able than you are; I know you are not skilful in these watches, For women are no soldiers: Be not nice, But take it; sleep, I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep;

Indeed I cannot, friend.

Jasp. Why then we'll sing, And try how that will work upon our senses.

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

Jasp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my Wish that enchanting voice. [*He sits*

Luce. You mock me, Jasper.

SONG.

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is love³⁴?

Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above;

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

'Tis a boy thy call Desire,

'Tis a smile

* Dith beguile

Jasp. The ^{our} hearts of men that prove. Tell ^{me} more, are women true?

Luce. Some love change, and so do you.

Jasp. Are they fair, and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when men torn with the wind.

Jasp. Are they froward?

Luce. Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace Upon your eye-lids

Luce. I am very heavy.

Jasp. Sleep, sleep; and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!

Keep from her fair blood all distempers*, startings,

Horrors and fearful shaps! let all her dreams Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes, And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul Gives to the sense! So; my charms have took. Keep her, ye powers divine, whilst I contemplate

³⁴ Tell me, dearest, what is love.] This Song, with a little variation, is also in The Captain.

* Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings.] Symphon, to assist the measure, added the word all.

Upon the wealth and beauty of her kind!
She's only fair, and constant, only kind,
And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not full-
ness

Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my spirits; I am weak!
Some say (however ill) the sea and women
Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes; yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies, to bring on pleasing war
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear;
Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child
Reed from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men;
Which to make good, and please myself the
stronger,

Tho' certainly I'm certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May shew to after-times her constancy.
Luce! Luce! awake!

Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those discompos'd looks? what makes
your sword [you?—
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended
I prithee, Jasper, sleep; thou'rt wild with
watching.

Jasp. Come, make your way to Heaven,
and bid the world,

With all the villainies that stick upon it,
Farewell; you're for another life.

Luce. Oh, Jasper,
How have my tender years committed evil,
Especially against the man I love,
Thus to be cropp'd intimately?

Jasp. Foolish girl, [str
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come; by this hand, you
I must have life and blood, to satisfy [die!
Your father's wrong.

Wife. Away, George, away! raise the
watch at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from
the justice for this desperate villain! Now I
charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace
kept! Oh, my heart, what a varlet's this, to
offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentle-
woman!

Cit. I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have
him hampered.

Luce. Oh, Jasper, be not cruel!
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me!
I am a woman made of fear and love,
A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes!

They shoot me thro' and thro'. Strike! I am
And dying still I love thee. [ready;

Enter Merchant, Master Humphrey, and Men.

Merc. Whereabouts?

Jasp. Na more of this; now to myself again.

Hum. There, there he stands, with sword,
like martial knight, [fight,
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the
You that are wise; for, were I good Sir
Bevis,

I would not stay his coming. By your leaves?.

Merc. Sirrah, restore my daughter!

Jasp. Sirrah, no.

Merc. Upon him then!

Wife. So; down with him, down with him,
down with him! cut him i' the leg, boys, cut
him i' the leg!

Merc. Come your ways, minion! I'll
provide a cage for you, you're grown so tame.
Horse her away!

Hum. Truly, I'm glad your forces have
the day. [Exeunt.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. They're gone, and I am hurt; my
love is lost,

Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die.—I cannot. Oh, my
folly,

Thou hast betray'd me! Hope, where art thou
 fled?

Tell me, if thou be'st any where remaining,
Shall I but see my love again? Oh, no!
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.
Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,
That now adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live, or losing die! [Exit.

Wife. Is a gone, George?

Cit. Ay, cony.

Wife. Marry, and let him go, sweetheart!
By the faith a soy body, a has put me into
such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as
'twere an aspen-leaf: Look at my little fingers,
George, how it shakes! Now in truth every
member of my body is the worse for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse;
he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine
own dear heart, how it quivers!

Enter Mrs. Merrythought, Ralph, Michael,
Tim, George, Host, and a Tapster.

Wife. Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph?
How hast thou slept to-night? has the knight
us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone!

Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who, for
the under's sake [Bell,
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the boly

* By your leaves.] This must be pronounced as two syllables; it is in the taste of Chaucer
and our old English Poets: it is a license however our Poets seldom take, and I don't re-
member above three or four instances of it throughout the edition. *Symson.*

As I this flaming Pestle hear about,
We render thanks to your puissaut self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffen'd with hard atchievements in wild
desart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry squire Tapstro, thanks
to thee

For comforting our souls with double jug!
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Ev'ry true knight, and ev'ry damsel fair!
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false echanters, that with magick spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning
Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shil-
lings to pay, and, as I am a true Knight, I
will not bate a penny.

Wife. George, I prithe tell me, must
Ralph pay twelve shillings now?

Cit. No, Nell, no; nothing but the old
Knight is merry with Ralph.

Wife. Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be
as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours be-
comes you well;

But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
He shall receive from my heroick hand,
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight, I thank you for your
noble offer;

Therefore, gentle Knight, [you.
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap

Wife. Look, George! did not I tell thee as
much? the Knight of the Bell is in earnest.
Ralph shall not be beholding to him: Give
him his money, George, and let him go snick-
up.

Cit. Cap Ralph? No; hold your hand,
Sir Knight of the Bell! There's your money;
have you any thing to say to Ralph now?
Cap Ralph?

Wife. I would you should know it, Ralph
has friends that will not suffer him to be capt
for ten times so much, and ten times to the
end of that. Now take thy course, Ralph!

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I
will go home to thy father; he hath enough
left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set
fellows abroad to cry our purse and casket:
Shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my
feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

Wife. Faith, and those chilblains are a
foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when
your youth comes home, let him rub all the
soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles,
with a mouse-skin; or, if none of you can
catch a mouse, when he goes to-bed let him

roll his feet in the warm embers, and I war-
rant you he shall be well; and you may make
him put his fingers between his toes, and
smell to them; it's very sovereign for his head,
if he be costive.

Mrs. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning
Pestle. My son Michael and I bid you fare-
well: I thank your worship heartily for your
kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your ten-
der squire!

If pricking thro' these desarts, I do hear
Of any trait'rous knight, who thro' his guile
Hath hit upon your casket and your purse,
I will despoil him of them and restore them.

Mrs. Mer. I thank your worship.

[Exit with Michael.]

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield; Squire,
elevate my lance;

And now, farewell, you Knight of Holy Bell!
Cit. Ay, ny, Ralph, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy
knight,

If aught you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant-knight may thro' his prowess
win

Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and long'ring pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and
bid him prepare himself, as I told you before,
quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir. [Exit.

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth
none [knight

But the great venture, where full many a
hath tried his prowess, and come off with
shame; [life,

And where I would not have you lose your
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he
is, and where!

For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness;
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my
conch,

Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant-knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy
cliff,

At the north end of this distressed town,
There doth stand a lowly house,
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won²⁸,
Ycleped Barbooso; in his hand

He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he
wears

A motly garment, to preserve his cloaths
From blood of those knights which he mas-
sacres,

And ladies gent; without his door doth hang
A copper basin, on a prickant spear;

²⁸ Won.] Old word for dwell. Squeason.

At which no sooner gentle knights can knock
But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,
And rushing forth, brings in the errant-knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair:
Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin

He plants a brazen piece of mighty bore*,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;

Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dures encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him: Kind sir,

Go but before me to this dismal cave
Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler
That damned brood of ugly giants slew,
And Pulmerin Fraanarco overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform

This your request: I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Dunt George! Set on; before march, Squire and Page! [*Exeunt.*]

Wife. George, dost think Ralph will confound the giant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does: Why, Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman, and hurl him.

Wife. Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness. And yet they say there was a Scottishman higher than he, and that they two on a night met†, and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child that was so fair grown about the members was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite.

Cit. Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie was better.

Wife. Ninivie? Oh, that was the story of Joan and the wall‡, was it not, George?

Cit. Yes, I am.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought.

Wife. Look, George; here comes mistress Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to see't.

Cit. Good mistress Merrythought, he gone, I pray you, for my sake! I pray you forbear a little; you shall have audience presently; I have a little business.

Wife. Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph have dispatch'd the giant out of the way, we shall think ourselves much bound to thank you: I thank you, good mistress Merrythought. [*Exit Mrs. Merrythought.*]

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither; send away Ralph and this whoreson giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith, sir, we cannot; you'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be his'd; and it cost money: you will not suffer us to go on with our plots. I pray, gentlemen, rule him!

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiss him. I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll send him to you presently.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Wife. I thank you, little youth. Feth, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms; Carduus Benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't. Oh, Ralph's here, George! God send thee good luck, Ralph!

Enter Ralph, Host, Tim, and George.

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.

Lo, where the spear and copper bason are!
Behold the string on which hangs many a tooth,
[knights!]
Drawn from the gentle jaw of warring
I dare not stay to sound; he will appear.

[*Exit.*]

Ralph. Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear, [sake
The collier's maid in Milk-Street, for whose
I take these anus, oh, let the thought of thee

* A brazen piece of mighty bore.] So the octavo; the first quarto, 'of mighty bore.' Both of which are foreign to the places they occupy. I conjecture the Poets intended to say bore; so the cavity of a gun, cannon, &c. is commonly called: And though the anachronism of making ordnance contemporary with knight-errantry may be allowed, yet nonsense has, or can have, no claim to the like privilege. *Symposium.*

† That they two and a Knight met.] The correction in the present edition I hope will be allowed by every candid and judicious reader: Night being the time when these men-monsters remove from place to place, thereby to prevent spoiling their market, by exposing to common view, what they would have the world pay dearly for the sight of. *Symposium.*

‡ Story of Joan and the wall.] Affected blunder for *Jonah* and the whale. Theobald.

Carry thy knight thro' all th' adventurous
deeds;

And, in the honour of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster Barbaroso!
Knock, squire, upon the bason, 'till it break
With the shrill strokes, or 'till the giant speak.

Enter Barber.

Wife. Oh, George, the giant, the giant!
Now, Ralph, for thy life!

Bar. What foud unknowing wight is this,
that dares

So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell,
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece
behind?

Ralph. I, traiterous cuttiff, who am sent
To punish all the sad enormities [by Fate
Thou hast committed against ladies gent,
And errant-knights, traitor to God and men!
Prepare thyself; thus is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy heastly treacherous villainies.

Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou
shalt ahy

This fond reproach: Thy body will I bang;
[*He takes down his pole.*

And lo! upon that string thy teeth shall bang.
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint George for me! [*They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua for me!

Wife. To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the
giant; set out thy leg before, Ralph!

Cit. Falsify a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow!
the giant lies open on the left side.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off still: There,
boy. Oh, Ralph's almost down, Ralph's
almost down!

Ralph. Susan, inspire me! now have up
again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph!
down with him, down with him, Ralph!

Cit. Fetch him over the hip, boy!

Wife. There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill
Ralph!

Cit. No, Ralph; get all out of him first.

Ralph. Presumptuous man! see to what
deperate end [gods,

Thy treachery hath brought thee: The just
Who never prosper those that do despise
them,

For all the villainies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee
home,

By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.

But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad Avernus, (whither it must go)

What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all: thou hast
the day.

Ralph. Go, Squire and Dwarf, search in
this dreadful cave.

And free the wretched prisoners from their
bonds. [*Exeunt Tim and George.*

Bar. I crave for mercy as thou art a
Knight, [beg.

And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that

Ralph. Thou shew'st no mercy, nor shalt
thou have any;

Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

*Enter Tim leading one winking, with a baton
under his chin.*

Tim. Behold, brave Knight, here is one
prisoner,

Whom this vile man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the wisest word I heard the
squire speak.

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how
thou hast been us'd,

That I may give him condign punishment.

1 Knight. I am a Knight that took my
journey post

Northward from London; and, in courteous
wise,

This giant train'd me to his loathsome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch;

And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That smarted and stings; and cut away my

beard, [stir'd;

And my curl'd locks, wherein were ribands
And with a water wash'd my tender eyes,

(Whilst up and down about me still he skip'd)
Whose virtue is, that 'till my eyes be wip'd

With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face

Wife. Alas, poor Knight! Relieve him,
Ralph; relieve poor knights, whilst you live.

Ralph. My trusty Squire, convey him to
the town,

Where he may find relief. Adieu, fair Knight!
[*Exit Knight.*

*Enter George, leading one with a patch
over his nose.*

George. Puissant Knight, o' th' Burning
Pestle light,

* [How this wild man.] Though all the copies agree in this reading, it is yet highly probable that a corruption has taken place here. Inhumanity and barbarity are the characteristics this giant is distinguished by; and as such I would have what I take to be the right lection restored, and make the line run thus:

'Whom this wilde man,' &c.

Wilde for vile is the common lection both in Shakespear and Spenser, and I am surprised that the great Oxford editor of Shakespear should so frequently (I believe universally) alter this reading in his fine edition of that poet, into the modern *vile*. Symson.

We cannot conceive why Mr. Symson should be surprised at this. Himself confesses that it is only modernizing the orthography; and if that is not allowable in this word, why is it in any other?

See here another wretch, whom this foul
beast [wise.

Hath scotch'd⁴⁴ and scor'd in this inhuman
Ralph. Speak me thy name, and eke thy
place of birth,

And what hath been thy usage in this cave.

2 Knight. I am a Knight, Sir Pockhole is
my name,

And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy, but my ancestors [way,
Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard thus
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache;
And I, faint Knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Lit at this cave; when straight this furious
fiend,

With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gistle of my nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaister stands;
Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his hands!

Wife. Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole,
and send him away; for in truth his breath
stinks.

Ralph. Convey him straight after the other
Knight.

Sir Pockhole, fare you well!

2 Knight. Kind sir, good night! [Exit.

Man [within]. Deliver us! [Cries within.

Woman [within]. Deliver us!

Wife. Hark, George, what a woful cry there
is! I think some woman lies in there,

Man. Deliver us!

Woman. Deliver us! [Barbaroso;

Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? speak,

Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off!

Bar. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet

Send lower down into the cave, [keep.

And in a tab that's heated smoking hot,

There may they find them, and deliver them.

Ralph. Run, Squire and Dwarf; deliver
them with speed.

[Exit Tim and George.

Wife. But will not Ralph kill this giant?
Surely I am afraid, if he let him go he will
do as much hurt as ever he did.

Cit. Not so, mouse, neither, if he could
convert him.

Wife. Ay, George, if he could convert him;
but a giant is not so soon converted as one
of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale
of a witch, that had the devil's mark about
her, God bless us! that had a giant to her
son, that was call'd Lob-lie-by-the-fire; didst
never hear it, George?

Enter Tim leading Third Knight, with a glass
of lotian in his hand, and George leading
a Woman, with diet-bread and drink.

Cit. Peace, Nell; here come the prisoners.

⁴⁴ Scotch'd and scor'd.] The account that the Knight, here handed out by the Dwarf, gives
of himself a little after, makes much against the reading of *scorch'd*, but naturally agrees
with the alteration Mr Theobald and myself have advanced. *Symson*.

⁴⁵ Man. *I am an errant Knight.* Surely then this character should be called *THIRD Knight*,
as well as the others *FIRST* and *SECOND Knights*. *M. R.*

Turnbull-Street.] See note ⁴⁶ on *The Scornful Lady*.

George. Here be these pined wretches,
manful Knight,

That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you
came

To this sad cave, and what your usage was?

3 Knight. I am an errant-Knight⁴⁵ that
follow'd arms,

With spear and shield; and in my tender
years

I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my lady dear,

And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-
street⁴⁶, [town,

And bore her up and down from town to
Where we did eat and drink, and musick
hear;

Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive, and coming to this cave,

This beast us caught, and put us in a tab,
Where we this two months sweat, and should
have done

Another month, if you had not reliev'd us.

Woman. This brend and water hath our
diet been,

Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burned mutton; and hath been our fare!

Release us from this ugly giant's snare!

3 Knight. This hath been all the food we
have receiv'd;

But only twice a-day, for novelty,
[Pulls out a syringe.

He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth
To each of us, thro' this same slender quill.

Ralph. From this infernal monster you
shall go,

That useth knights and gentle ladies so.
Convey them hence.

[Exit Third Knight and Woman.

Cit. Cows, I can tell thee the gentlemen
like Ralph.

Wife. Ay, George, I see it well enough.
Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for grac-
ing my man Ralph; and I promise you, you
shall see him oftener. [ill,

Bar. Mercy, great Knight! I do recant my
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet thou
shalt swear

Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform
Thy promise utter'd.

Bar. I swear and kiss.

Ralph. Depart then, and amend!

Come, Squire and Dwarf; the sun grows to-
wards his set,

And we have many more adventures yet.
[Exit.

Cit. Now Ralph is in this humour, I know

he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.

Wife. Ay, George, but it is well as it is: I warrant you the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant. But look, George: here comes mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael: Now you are welcome, mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may go on.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Micke, my boy?

Mich. Ay, forsooth, mother!

Mrs. Mer. Be merry, Micke; we are at home now; where I warrant you, you shall find the house flung out of the windows. Hark! hey does, hey! this is the old world i' faith with my husband: I get in among them, I'll ply them such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again!—Why, master Merrythought! husband! Charles Merrythought!

Mer. [*within.*] If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,

And hollow, and laugh again!

And thencery, There boys, there; why then,

One, two, three, and four,

We shall be merry within this hour.

Mrs. Mer. Why, Charles! do you not know your own natural wife? I say, open the door, and turn me out those many companions; 'tis more than time that they were fellow-like with you: You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I myself, (tho' I say it) by my toother's side, niece to a worshipful gentleman, and a conductor; he has been three times in his majesty's service at Chester; and is now the fourth time, God bless him, and his charge, upon his journey.

Mer. Go from my window, bive, go;

Go from my window, my dear:

The wind and the rain

Will drive you back again,

You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you, mistress Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what, shall I think myself the worse? Faith, no, I'll be merry.

You cannot get here, here's none but lads of mettle,

Lives of a hundred years, and upwards,

Care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mrs. Mer. Why, master Merrythought, what am I, that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries?

your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you children? are they not like you, Charles? Look upon thine own image, hard-hearted man! and yet for all this—

Mer. Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy, Begone, my love, my dear!

The weather is warm,

'Twill do thee no harm;

Thou canst not be lodged here.

Be merry, boys! some light musick, and more wine! [*is he?*]

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope, George;

Cit. What if he be, sweetheart?

Wife. Merry if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant old man^a, to use his hedfellow so scurvily.

Cit. What! how does he use her, honey?

Wife. Marry come up, Sir Sancebox! I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot are you grown! you are a fine man, an you had a fine dog; it becomes you sweetly!

Cit. Nay, 'prithce, Nell, chide not; for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian grece, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then, George! you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. —Dye hear, master Merrythought? may I crave a word with you?

Mer. Strike up, lively lads!

Wife. I had not thought in truth, master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife: For your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory world; nay, she's your own rib. And again—

Mer. I come not hither for thee to teach,

I have no pulpit for thee to preach,

I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the

As thou art a lady gay. [*breach,*]

Wife. Marry, with vengeance, I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman! but if I were thy wife, i' faith, greybeard, i' faith—

Cit. I prithce, sweet honey-suckle, be content!

Wife. Give me such words, that am a gentlewoman horn? hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost mollen with fretting: Now beshrew his knave's heart for it!

Mer. Play me a light invalto. Come, be frolick; fill the good fellows wine!

Mrs. Mer. Why, master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? You'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else.

^a *Ingrant*] Is the reading of all the copies but that of 1711, which exhibits *ingrant*; of which word 't may be a vitiation, as *ingrum* is in Wit without Money (see note ⁷⁷ on that play): *Ingraunt* here seems to stand for *ingrateful*.

Mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not—

You are no love for me, Margret,
I am no love for you.

Come aloft, boys, aloft!^a

Mrs. Mer. Now a charl's fart in your teeth, sir! Come, Micke, we'll not trouble him; a shall not ding us wth' teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: We'll go to master Venterwels, the merchant; I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster; will not that do well for thee, Micke? and let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father! I'll use him in his kind, I warrant you!

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.

^a *You are no love, &c.*] These lines are to be found in Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 120.

^b *Come aloft, boys, aloft.*] This line has hitherto been printed as part of the song; to which we cannot think it belongs.

^c *Fading; fading is a fine jig.*] This dance is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the Irish Masque at Court: 'Doinsh a fading at te velklog;' and again, 'Show tee how teye can foot te fading and te fadlow.'

Wife. Come, George; where's the beer?

Cit. Here, love!

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet. Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the gentlemen some beer, George. [*Boy danceth.*] Look, George, the little Boy's come again! methinks he looks something like the prince of Orange in his long stockings, if he had a little harness about his neck. George, I will have him dance fading; fading is a fine jig^a, I'll assure you, gentlemen. Begin, brother; now a capers, sweet heart! now a turn a th' toe, and then tumble! Cannot you tumble, youth?

Boy. No indeed, forsooth.

Wife. Nor eat fire?

Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points withal.

ACT IV.^b

Enter Jasper and Boy.

Jasp. THERE, boy; deliver this: But do it well.

Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows,
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear;
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertains to this employment.

Jasp. There, my boy;
Take it, but buy no land.

Boy. 'Faith, sir, 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser. I fly,
And on my wings carry your destiny. [*Exit.*]

Jasp. Go, and be happy! Now, my latest
hope,

Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand, fix'd, thou rolling
stone,

Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all
You powers, that rule in men, celestial!

[*Exit.*]

Wife. Go thy ways; thou art as crooked a

spring as ever grew in London! I warrant him, he'll come to some naughty end or other; for his looks say no less! Besides, his father (you know, George) is none of the best; you heard him take me up like a Gill-flirt, and sing bawdy songs upon me; but 'faith, if I live, George—

Cit. Let me alone, sweetheart! I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches for one year, and make him sing peccori, ere I leave him; and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good George, do! [*Boy?*]

Cit. What shall we have Ralph do now,

Boy. You shall have what you will, sir.

Cit. Why, so, sir; go and fetch me him then, and let the sophy of Persin come and christen him a child.

Boy. Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale; it has been had before at the Red Bull^c.

Wife. George, let Ralph travel over grent hills, and let him be weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's house, covered with black

^b *Act IV.*] All the copies concur in making this act begin with the *Boy's dancing*; but as the dance was certainly introduced by way of interlude, here as well as at the end of the first act, we have made this act begin with a part of the real play, as all the others do.

^c *The Red Bull.*] The Red Bull was one of the playhouses in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was situated in St. John's Street. R.

velvet³², and there let the king's daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house, and then let Ralph talk with her!

Cit. Well said, Nell; it shall be so: Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides, it will shew ill-favour'dly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.

Cit. Will it so, sir? You are well read in

histories! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet³³? Was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices of London*³⁴, where they tuss their pikes so: I pray you fetch him in, sir, fetch him in!

Boy. It shall be done.—It is not our fault, gentlemen. [Exit.]

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant thee, George. Oh, here they come! How prettily the king of Cracovia's daughter is dressed!

Enter Ralph, Lady, Tim, and George.

Cit. Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court,
King of Moldavia; unto me, Pompion,

³² *Cracovia's house covered with velvet.* I have inserted the colour of the velvet, which was here wanting, from what the Boy says the second speech below, as to the impossibility of their complying with this request of the Citizen's Wife,

³³ 'But we can't present an house covered with black velvet.' *Symson.*

³⁴ *Sir Dagonet.* In the Second Part of Shakspeare's *Henry W.* act iii. scene 4, this character is mentioned by Justice Shallow: 'I remember at Mile-End Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, I was Sir Dagonet in Arthur's Show;' upon which Mr. Warton remarks, 'Arthur's Show seems to have been a theatrical representation made out of the old romance of Morte Arthure, the most popular one of our Author's age. Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's squire.'

³⁵ *The Four Prentices of London.* The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* have not observed that the design of that play is founded upon a comedy called 'The Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem; as it hath been diverse times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood, 1612.' For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his squire, &c. so in Heywood's play, four apprentices account themselves as knights, and go to Jerusalem in quest of adventures. One of them, the most important character, is a goldsmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdasher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's Play, though founded upon it, contains many satirical strokes against Heywood's comedy; the force of which is entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's Prologue, or first scene, a Citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he 'will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.'

Again, act i. scene 1, Ralph says, 'Amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and George my dwarf.'

In the following passage the allusion to Heywood's comedy is demonstrably manifest, act iv. scene 1:

'Boy. It will shew ill-favour'dly to have a grocer's prentice court a king's daughter.

'Cit. Will it so, sir? You are well read in histories; I pray you, who was Sir Dagonet?

'Was he not prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, where they tuss their pikes so.'

In Heywood's comedy, Faustus the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontispiece the Four Prentices are represented in armour tilting with javelins. Immediately before the last quoted speeches we have the following instances of allusion.

'Cit. Let the Sophy of Persia come, and christen him a child.

'Boy. Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis flat; it has been before at the Red Bull.'

A circumstance in Heywood's comedy; which, as has been already specified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burlesque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances. *Warton.*

His daughter dear! But sure you sh^d not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

Ralph. Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness:
Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you,
For using errant-Knight with courtesy!

Lady. But say, brave Knight, what is your
name and birth? [fishman,

Ralph. My name is Ralph, I am an Eng-
(As true as steel, a hearty Englishman)
And 'prentice to a grocer in the Strand,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But Fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies

Lady. O! have I heard of your brave
countrymen, [flood;
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and Nipitato call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your
hearts.

Ralph. Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay
your lips

To better Nipitato than there is. [speak,

Lady. And of a wild-fowl he will often
Which powder'd beef and mustard call'd is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and
you;

But truly, Ralph, it was not lung of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?

Ralph. I am a knight of a religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

Cit. Well said, Ralph! convert her, if
thou canst.

Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England; for whose virtuous sake
I took these orders; and Susan is her name,
A cobbler's maid in Milk-Street; whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

Lady. Happy that cobbler dame, whose'er
she be, [thee!

That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away!

Ralph. Lady, farewell! I needs must take
my leave.

Lady. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies
dost deceive!

Cit. Hark thee, Ralph! there's money for
thee: Give something in the king of Craco-
vin's house; be not beholding to him.

Ralph. Lady, before I go, I must remem-
ber Your father's officers, who, truth to tell, [her
Have been about me very diligent:

Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid!
There's twelve-pence for your father's cham-
berlain;

And there's another shilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;
And twelve-pence for your father's horse-
keeper, [ter

For mounting my horse-back, and for his but-
There is another shilling; to the maid

That wash'd my boot-hose, there's an English
groat; [shoots!

And two-pence to the boy that wip'd my
And, last, fair lady, there is for yourself

Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair!

Lady. Full many thanks; and I will keep
them safe

Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.

Ralph. Advance, my Squire and Dwarf!
I cannot stay.

Lady. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus
away. [Exit.

Wife. I commend Ralph yet, that he will
not stoop to a Cracovian; there's properer
women in London than any are there, I wis.
But here comes master Humphrey and his
lure again; now, George!

Cit. Ay, cony, peace!

*Enter Merchant, Master Humphrey, Love,
and Boy.*

Merrh. Go, get you up! I will not be en-
treated. [after

And, good-mine, I'll keep you sure here-
From getting out again, with boys and un-
thrifits: [fashion.

Come, they are women's tears; I know your
Go, scrah, lock her in, and keep the key

[Exit Love and Boy.
Safe, as you love your life. Now, my son

Humphrey,

You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.

Huan. I see this love you speak of, thro'
your daughter,

Altho' the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,

Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.

Merrh. I do believe you, my good son, and
thank you; [ter'd.

For 'twere an impudence to think you flat-

as Safe as your life.] We ought to read here, says the gentleman quoted so often above,
thus,

'Safe as you love your life.' *Symson.*

The reader will probably be surprised at *Symson's* saying, 'quoted so often,' when we
have mentioned the gentleman so seldom: The cause is, the gentleman scarcely ever pro-
posed a variation from the old books, but (as in the present case; for they exhibit the words
'you love') recommended *restorations* from them; which *Symson*, from his wonderful in-
attention to the authorized copies, supposed were *corrections*.

Hum. It were indeed; but shall I tell you I have been beaten twice about the lie. [why?]

Merch. Well, son, no more of compliment.

My daughter

Is yours again; appoint the time and take her: We'll have no stealing for it; I myself And some few of our friends will see you married.

Hum. I would you would, i'faith! for he it I ever was afraid to lie alone. [known,

Merch. Some three days hence then—

Hum. Three days? let me see!

'Tis somewhat of the most; yet I agree, Because I mean against the painted day To visit all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would speak with your worship.

Merch. What is she?

Serv. Sir, I ask'd her not.

Merch. Bid her come in.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Peace be to your worship! I come as a poor sutor to you, sir, in the behalf of this child.

Merch. Are you not wife to Merrythought?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, truly: 'Would I had ne'er seen his eyes! he has undone me and himself, and his children; and there he lives at home, and sings and hoits, and revels among his drunken companions! but, I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not: And therefore, if it like your worship, I would entreat your letter to the honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under the protection of his tapster, in some settled course of life.

Merch. I'm glad the Heav'n's have heard my prayers! Thy husband,

When I was ripe in sorrows, laugh'd at me; Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,

To shew his love again, first stole my daughter, Then wrong'd this gentleman; and, last of all, Gave me that grief had almost brought me down

Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand Reliev'd my sorrows: Go, and weep as I did, And be unpitied; for I here profess An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mrs. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by that? Come, Micke; let him keep his word to cool his portage! We'll go to thy nurse's, Micke; she knits silk stockings, boy, and we'll knit too, boy, and be behold'ing to none of them all. [Exit with Michael.

Enter a Boy with a letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.

Merch. How then, Boy?

Boy. Then to yourself, sir, comes this letter.

Merch. From whom, my pretty Boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant; but no more

Shall that name ever be, for he is dead!

Grief of your purchas'd danger brake his heart: I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd

This paper, with a charge to bring it hither: Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.

Merch. [reading.] 'Sir, that I have wronged your love I must confess; in which I have purchased to myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness: Let my body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter, that she may know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy!—Jasper.'

God's hand is great in this! I do forgive him; Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope He will not bite again. Boy, bring the body, And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without, sir.

Merch. So, sir; if you please, You may conduct it in; I do not fear it!

Hum. I'll be your usher, Boy; for, tho' I say it, He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. [Exit.

Enter Luce alone.

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel, Let it together seize me, and at once Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain Of these delaying tortures!—Thou that art The end of all, and the sweet rest of all, Come, come, oh, Death! bring me to thy peace, And blot out all the memory I nourish Both of my father and my cruel friend! Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched, To be a prey to Fortune in her changes, And grow to number times and woes together! How happy had I been, if, being born, My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave, [coffin; Young mistress! Here's a boy hath brought a What n would say I know not; but your father [come! Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they

Enter two bearing a coffin, Jasper in it.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome! [grief

Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater To that great store you have already. Jasper, [That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead,

² To be a prey.] A say seems corrupt; perhaps we should read, *assey*.

And here enclosed) commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to erieve a tear (pity)
From those fair eyes, (tho' he deserv'd not
To deck his funeral, for so he had us
Till her for whom he died.

Luce. He shall have many.

[*Exeunt coffin-carriers and boy.*]

Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd.
Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before
me?

I shall not long be after. But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,
With so mutually death: Thou didst not
wrong me, [*loving;*

But ever wert most kind, most true, most
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!
Durst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
And all myself, before thou goest from me:
These are but sparing rites; but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied: First will I sing thy dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one coffin, and one grave together.

Come, you whose loves are dead,

And whilst I sing,

Weep and ring

Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribbons black and candles blue,
For him that was of men most true!
Come with heavy mourning,

And on his grave

Let him have

Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;
Let him have fair flowers a row,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, and cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

Jasp. And thus you meet the living.

Luce. Save me, Heaven!

Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am no
spirit!

Look better on me; do you know me yet?

Luce. Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend!

Jasp. Dear substance,

I swear I am no shadow; feel my hand!
It is the same it was; I am your Jasper,
Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving!
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
I put in practice of your constancy!

For sooner should my sword have drunk my
blood,

And set my soul at liberty, than slawn [ness
The least drop from that body; for which bold-

Doom me to any thing! if death, I take it,
And willingly.

Luce. This death I'll give you for it!

[*Kisses him.*]

So; now I'm satisfied, you are no spirit,

But my own truest, truest, truest friend!

Why do you come thus to me?

Jasp. First, to see you;

Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be;

[*hours.*]

For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all
That 'tis impossible for me to 'scape.

Jasp. Nothing more possible: Within this
coffin

Do you convey yourself; let me alone,

I have the wits of twenty men about me;

Only I crave the shelter of your closet

A little, and then fear me not. Creep in,

That they may presently convey you hence.

Fear nothing, dearest love! I'll be your se-
lue close; so! all goes well yet. Boy! [cond;

Boy. At hand, sir.

Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Jasp. Now must I go conjure. [*Exit.*]

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, Boy!

Boy. Your servant, sir.

Merch. Do me this kindness, Boy; (hold;
here's a crown)

Before thou bury the body of this fellow,
Carry it to his old merry father, and salute
him

From me, and bid him sing; he hath cause.

Boy. I will, sir.

Merch. And then bring me word what tune
he is in,

And have another crown; but do it truly.

I've fitted him a hargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God bless your worship's health, sir!

Merch. Farewell, Boy! [*Exit.*]

Enter Old Merrythought.

Wife. Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there
again? Let's hear some of thy songs.

Mer. Who can sing a merrier note

Than he that cannot change a groat?

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps: I
wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man
will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing
and laugh, and walk the streets. My wife
and both my sons are I know not where; I
have nothing left, nor know I how to run e
by meat to supper; yet am I merry still; for
I know I shall find it upon the table at six
o'clock; therefore, hang thought!

I would not be a serving-man

To carry the clock-bug still,

Nor would I be a falconer

The greedy hawks to fill;

¹¹ With heavy mourning.] Amended in 1750.

But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do.

This is that keeps life and soul together,
nirrh! This is the philosopher's stone that
they write so much on, that keeps a man
ever young!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Mer. Will they nnt? let 'em chuse! The best is, I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves.

For Jullian of Berry she dwells on a hill,
And she both good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.
And when you have made a little stay,
You need not know what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess, and go your way.
And thither, &c.

Enter another Boy.

2 Boy. Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Mer. Hang bread and supper! let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch: Boy, follow me; come, sing this catch.

Ho, ho, nobody at home,
Ment, nor drink, nor money ha' we none?
I'll the pot, Eedy,
Never more need I.

Mer. Sn, boys; enough. Follow me: let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh.

[Exit.

Wife. Let him go, George; a shall not have any countenance from us; not a good word from any i'th' company, if I may strike stroke in't.

Cit. No more a shannot, love. But, Neil, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers. Sirrah! you there! Boy! Can none of you hear?

Boy. Sir, your pleasure?

Cit. Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.

Boy. Why, sir, you do not think of our plot; what will become of that then?

Cit. Why, sir, I care not what become on't! I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself; I'll have something done in honour of the city. Besides, he hath been long enough

upon adventures: Bring him out quickly; or if I come amongst you—

Boy. Well, sir, he shall come out; but if our play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't. *[Exit.*

Cit. Bring him away then!

Wife. This will be brave, i'faith! George, shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand?

Cit. No, sweetheart, it will be too much for the boy. Oh, there he is, Neil! he's reasonable well in reparrel; but he has not rings enough.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. London, to thee I do present

The merry month of May;

Let each true subject be content

To hear me what I say:

For from the top of Conduit-Head,

As plainly may appear,

I will both tell my tongue to you,

And wherefore I came here.

My name is Ralph, by due descent

Thou' not ignoble I,

Yet far inferior to the flock

Of gracious gracey;

And by the common counsel of

My fellows in the Strand,

With gilded staff, and crossed scarf,

The May-lord here I stand.

Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice,

Rejoice, oh, lovers dear;

Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country,

Rejoice like every shire!

For now the fragrant flowers do spring

And sprout in secondy sort,

The little birds do sit and sing,

The lambs do make fine sport;

And now the burchin-tree doth bud,

That makes the schoolboy cry,

The morris rings, while hobby-horse

Doth foot it featuously;

The lords and ladies now abroad,

For their disport and play,

Do kiss sometimes upon the grass,

And sometimes in the hay.

Now butter with a leaf of sage

Is good to purge the blood,

Ily Venus and phlebotomy,

For they are neither good!

Now little fish on tender stone

Begin to cast their bellies, [mew'dst,

And sluggish snails, that erst were

Do creep out of their shells.

The rumbling rivers now do warm,

For little boys to paddle;

The sturdy steed now goes to grass,

And up they hang his saddle.

The heavy hart, the blowing buckst,

The rascal and the pricket,

st That erst were mute.] Corrected by Symphon.

st The blowing buck.] The first quarto reads *bellowing*. The judicious are left to their choice. Symphon.

We cannot suppose any of the judicious will prefer *bellowing*.

Are now among the yeoman's pence,
And leave the fearful thicket.
And be like them, oh, you, I say,
Of this same noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads,
And slipping of your gown:
With bells on legs, and napkins clean
Unto your shoulders tied,
With scarfs and garters as you please,
And hey for our town crick.
March out and shew your willing minds,
By twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon, or to Newington,
Where ale and cakes are plenty!

And let it ne'er be said for shame,
That we the youths of London
Lay thrumming of our caps at home,
And left our custom undone.
Up then, I say, both young and old,
Both man and maid a-maying,
With drums and guns that bounce aloud,
And merry tabor playing!
Which to prolong, God save our king,
And send his country peace,
And root out treasure from the land!
And so, my friends, I cease. [Exit.

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI.

ACT V.

Enter Merchant solus.

Merch. I WILL have no great store of company at the wedding; a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef, stuck with rosemary⁶⁰.

Enter Jasper, with his face masked.

Jasp. Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too late.

Merch. Heav'n bless me! Jasper?

Jasp. Ay, I am his ghost.

Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love.
Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand

In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know, thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, thro' the liquid air,
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves;
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us sever our united hearts.
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself⁶¹,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.

Merch. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might I do,
Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost?

Jasp. There is no means; too late thou think'st on this. [to do?

Merch. But tell me what were best for me

Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,

And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. [Exit.

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look, George; his very ghost would have folks benten.

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair mistress Luce. [sluice.

My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's
Merch. Hence, fool, out of my sight, with thy fond passion!

Thou hast undone me.

Hum. Hold, my father dear!

For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no peer.

Merch. Thy father, fool? There's some blows more; be gone! [Beats him.

Jasper. I hope thy ghost be well appear'd
To see thy will performed. Now I'll go

To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. [Exit.

Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,

And mistress Luce is gone? Help me, Devere!

Since my true love is gone, I never more,

Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore;

But in the dark will wear out my shoe-sales

In passion, in Saint Faith's church under Paul's. [Exit.

Wife. George, call Ralph hither! if you love me, call Ralph hither! I have the bravest thing for him to do—George! 'prudence, call him quickly.

Cit. Ralph! why, Ralph, boy!

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here, sir.

⁶⁰ Rosemary.] See note ²² on The Elder Brother.

⁶¹ Invisible to all men but thyself.] This seems to be meant as a ridicule on the appearance of Banquo's Ghost in Macbeth's.

Cit. Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mistress, boy.

Wife. Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-End in pompous fashion, and there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their hearts from burning, Ralph; and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, 'kill, kill, kill!' My husband shall lead you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't. Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent.

Ralph. I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not, for the honour of the city, and the credit of my muster, let me never hope for freedom!

Wife. 'Tis well spoken, i' faith! Go thy ways; thou art a spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!

Ralph. I warrant you, sir. [Exit.

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his service; I shall take him else. I was there myself a pike-man once, in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank God, I am here. [Drum within.

Wife. Hark, George, the drums!

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran, tan! Oh, wench, on thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and loud on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go! sa, sa, sa, bounce, quoth the guns! courage, my hearts, quoth the captains! Saint George, quoth the pike-men! and withal, here they lay, and there they lay! And yet for all this I am here, wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it, George; for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph and his company, with drums and colours.

Ralph. March fair, my hearts⁶¹! lieutenant, beat the rear up.
Ancient, let your colours fly; but have
A great care of the butchers' hooks at White-chapel; [craze.]
They have been the death of many a fair an-
Open your files, that I may take a view
Both of your persons and ammunition.
Sergeant, call a muster. [terer!]

Serg. A stand!—William Hamerton, pew-
Hom. Here, captain.

Ralph. A crosslet and a Spanish pike! 'tis
Can you shake it with a terror? [well:]

Hom. I hope so, captain.
Ralph. Charge upon me.—'Tis with the
weakest; [strength.]

Put more strength, William Hamerton, more
As you were again. Proceed, Sergeant.

Serg. George Greengoose, poulterer!
Green. Here!

Ralph. Let me see your piece, neighbour
Greengoose;

When was she shot in?

Green. Au't like you, master captain, I
made a shot even now, partly to scour her,
and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It should seem so
Certainly; for her breath is yet inflamed.
Besides, there is a main fault in the touch-
It runs and stinketh: [inde,
And I tell you moreover, and believe it,
Ten such touch-holts would breed the pox
i' th' army. [ther,

Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a five-
Sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do
Well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a paper?
As I'm a soldier and a gentleman, [for't.
It craves a martial court! You ought to die
Where's your horn? Answer me to that.

Green. Au't like you, sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it should be so; 'tis
a shame

For you, and a scandal to all our neighbours,
Being a man of worth and estimation,
To leave your horn behind you: I'm afraid
'Twill breed example. But let me tell you
no more on't.

Stand, till I view you all. What's become
O' th' nose of your flask?

1 *Sold.* Indeed-ah, captain, 'twas blown
away with powder. [clmree.]

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's
Where's the stone of this piece?

2 *Sold.* The drummer took it out to light
tobacco. [again.]

Ralph. 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in
You want a nose, and you a stone; Sergeant,
take a note on't, [march!]
For I mean to stop it in the pay. Remove and
Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Dou-
ble your files;

As you were! Faces about⁶²! Now, you with
the sordid faces,

Keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah,
It will be in your fellow's flask anon.

So; make a crescent now; advance your
pikes; [man,

Stand and give ear!—Gentlemen, country-

⁶¹ *March fair, my hearts, &c.*] As Ralph's part seems intended for metre (though this whole scene has hitherto been printed as prose) we have endeavoured to divide it accordingly, and hope it is settled tolerably right.

⁶² *Faces about.*] See note ⁶¹ on *The Scourful Lady*.

Friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you

This day from the shops of security,
And the counters of content, to measure out
In these furious fields, honour by the ell,
And prowess by the pound. Let it not,
Oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter,
The noble issue of this city fainted;
But bear yourselves in this fair action [not
Like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear
The face of the enemy, nor the noise of the
guns;]

For believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling
Of a brewer's carr is more terrible,
Of which you have a daily experience:
Neither let the stink of powder offend you,
Since a more valiant stink is nightly with you.
To a resolved mind, his home is every where:
I speak not this to take away
The hope of your return; for you shall see
(I do not doubt it) and that very shortly,
Your loving wives again, and your sweet
children,

Whose care doth bear you company in baskets.
Remember then whose cause you have in
hand,

And, like a sort of true-born scavengers,
Scour me this famous realm of enemies.
I have no more to say but this: [th' world,
Stand to your tacklings, lads, and shew to
You can as well brayndish a sword
As shake an apron. Saint George, and on,
my hearts!

Onnes. Saint George, Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*]

Wife. 'Twas well done, Ralph! I'll send
thee a cold capon a-field, and a bottle of
March beer; and, it may be, come myself
to see thee.

Cit. Nell, the boy hath deceiv'd me much!
I did not think it had been in him. He has
perform'd such a matter, wench, that, if I
live, next year I'll have him captain of the
gallifrost, or I'll want my will.

Enter Old Merrythought.

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a
wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop, boys?
Care, live with cats: I defy thee! My heart
is as sound as an oak; and tho' I want drink
to wet my whistle, I can sing,

Come no more there, boys, come no more
there;

For we shall never whilst we live come
any more there.

Enter a Boy, with a coffin.

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 'tis not so
necessary at this time.

Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it,
Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you know what I have
brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Mer. Oh, the minion round,
Full long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found,
And woe'st thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jas-
per in it.

Mer. Dead? Why, farewell he!
Thou wast a bonny boy,
And I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Then I pray you, sir, do so still.

Mer. Jasper's ghost?

Thou art welcome from Styginn-lake so
soon;

Declare to me what wondrous things
In Pluto's court are done.

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there;
'tis too hot for me, sir.

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost!
And where is your true love? Oh, where
is yours?

Jasp. Marry, look you, sir!

[*Heaves up the coffin.*]

Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i'faith?

With hey tricksy tealerie-whiskin,
The world it runs on wheels.

When the young man's — —
Up goes the maiden's heels.

Mrs. Merrythought and Michael within.

Mrs. Mer. What, master Merrythought!
will you not let's in? What do you think shall
become of us?

Mer. What voice is that that calleth at our
door?

Mrs. Mer. You know me well enough; I
am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Mer. And some they whistled, and some
they sung,

Hey down, down!

And some did loudly say,

Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,
Away, Musgrave, away⁶⁴.

Mrs. Mer. You will not have us starve
here, will you, master Merrythought?

Jasp. Nay, good sir, be persuaded; she's
my mother;

If her offences have been great against you,
Let your own love remember she is yours,
And so forgive her

Lace. Good master Merrythought,

Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mrs. Mer. Why, master Merrythought,
will you be a vex'd thing still?

⁶⁴ And some they whistled, &c.] The ballad from which this stanza is taken is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 63. R.

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again; But you shall sing before you enter; therefore Dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mrs. Mer. Well, you must have your will, when all's done. Micke, what song canst thou sing, boy?

Mich. I can sing none farsooth, but A Lady's Daughter of Paris, properly.

Mich. [sings.] It was a lady's daughter, &c.

Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.

If such danger be in playing,

And jest must to earnest turn,

You shal go no more a-maying—

Merch. [within.] Are you within, sir? master Merrythought!

Jasp. It is my master's voice: good sir, go hold him

In talk whilst we convey ourselves into Some inward room.

Mer. What are you? are you merry?

You must be very merry, if you enter.

Merch. I am, sir.

Mer. Sing then.

Merch. Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer. Sing, I say,

Or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

Merch. Well, sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my foe⁶⁵, &c.

Mer. You're welcome, sir, you're welcome! You see your entertainment; 'pray you be merry.

Merch. Oh, master Merrythought, I'm come to ask you

Forgiveness for the wrongs I offer'd you, And your most vicious son; they're infinite, Yet my contrition shall be more than they. I do confess my hardness broke his heart, For which just Heaven hath given me punishment

More than my age can carry; his wandering Not yet at rest, pursues me every where, Crying, 'I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.'

My daughter she is gone, I know not how,

Taken invisible, and whether living,

Or in the grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.

Oh, master Merrythought, these are the weights

Will sink me to my grave! Forgive me, sir.

Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be merry!

And if the wag in's life-time play'd the knave, Can you forgive him too?

Merch. With all my heart, sir.

Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Merch. I do, sir; Now, by my soul, I do.

Mer. With that came out his paramour; She was as white as the lilly flower, Hey troul, truly, loly!

Enter Luce and Jasper.

With that came out her own dear knight, He was as true as ever dial fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands Together; there's no more to be said i' th'

Merch. I do, I do. [matter.

Cit. I do not like this! Peace, boys! Hear me, me of you! every body's part is come to an end but Ralph's, and he's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of yourself, sir; we have nothing to do with his part.

Cit. Ralph, come away! Make an end on him⁶⁶, as you have done of the rest, boys; come!

Wife. Now, good husband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall, Nell. Ralph, come away quickly, and die, boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon an occasion; and in a country too.

Cit. Take you no care for that, Sir Boy; is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? Come away, Ralph!

Enter Ralph, with a forked arrow through his head.

Ralph. When I was mortal⁶⁷, this my creature corps

Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand;

Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,

Whose master wrought with lingell⁶⁸ and with awl,

And underground he vamped many a boot:

Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,

To follow feats of arms in warlike wise,

Thro' Waltham-Desart; where I did perform

Many achievements, and did lay on ground

Huge Barbarous, that insulting giant,

And all his captives soon set at liberty.

Then honour prick'd me from my native soil

Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love

Of Pompiana, his beloved daughter;

But yet prov'd constant to the black-thumb'd maid

Susan, and scorned Pompiana's love;

Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,

And money for her father's officers.

⁶⁵ *Fortune my foe.* See note * on The Custom of the Country.

⁶⁶ *Make on him.* The two words which we have added seem absolutely necessary to the completion of the sense.

⁶⁷ *When I was mortal, &c.* This speech is a parody on that of the Ghost of Andrea, at the beginning of the famous play of Jeronimo:

'When this eternal substance of my soul

'Did live imprison'd in my wonted flesh,' &c. R.

⁶⁸ *Lingell.* A thread of hemp rubbed with rosin, &c. used by the rustics for mending their shoes. Perry.

I then returned home, and thrust myself
In action, and by all men chosen was
The lord of May; where I did flourish it,
With scarfs and rags, and posy in my hand⁶⁰.
After this action I preferred was,
And chosen city-captain at Mile-End,
With hat and leather, and with leading staff,
And train'd my men, and brought them all
off clean, [noise.]

Save one man that bewray'd him with the
But all these things I Ralph did undertake,
Only for my beloved Susan's sake.

Then coming home, and sitting in my shop
With apron blue, Death came unto my stall
To cheapen *apocrita*; but ere I
Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste,
Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body o'er,
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty action, 's faith!

Ralph. Then took I up my bow and shaft
in hand,

And walked in Moorfields to cool myself;
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And shot this forked arrow thro' my head;
And now I faint; therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellows every one, of forked heads!
I adieu, all you good boys in merry London!

Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday
meet,

And pluck down houses of iniquity;
(My pain encreaseth) I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumps, both legs,
Nor daub a satten gown with rotten eggs;
Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall!
I die! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall! Oh,
oh, oh, &c.

Life. Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance
to the gentlemen, and go your ways. Well
said, Ralph! [*Exit Ralph.*]

Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and
unexpectedly reconciled, should not part
without a song.

Merch. A good motion.

Mer. Strike up then!

Better musick ne'er was known,
Than a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or spleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow
Smooth and plain, as ours are now!
Sing, tho' before the hour of dying;
He shall rise, and then be crying,
'Hehho, 'tis nought but mirth
'That keeps the body from the earth.'

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

⁶⁰ And posie in my hand.] The orthography varied by Sympson to *posie*.

EPILOGUS.

Cit. Come, Nell, shall we go? the play's
done.

Hyè. Nay, by my faith, George, I have
more manners than so; I'll speak to these
gentlemen first. I thank you all, gentlemen,
for your patience and countenance to Ralph,
a poor fatherless child! and if I may see you
at my house, it should go hard but I would

have a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco
for you; for truly I hope you like the youth;
but I would be glad to know the truth: I re-
fer it to your own discretions, whether you
will applaud him or no; for I will wink, and,
whilst, you shall do what you will—I thank
you with all my heart. God give you good
night! Come, George.

THE privy mark of irony, which runs through this play, not being understood, was the reason, says Walter Barre, [In his Dedication of the quarto of 1613, to his many ways endeared friend, minister Robert Keyser] that it was ready to give up the ghost, and ran the danger of being sunthered in perpetual oblivion, had not Mr. Keyser been moved to relieve and cherish it. And that the Reader may not think the hint of ridiculing Romance-Writers was taken from *Don Quixote*, the same Barre assures us, in very strong terms, that our Knight came out into the world above a full year before the *Spaniard*. If this be so, then the present play was wrote at least in the year 1604, for Cervantes did not publish his first part before *A. D.* 1605.

However, this eight days performance has more gall in it than I could wish; and the Poet, against whom the keenest part of this satire is seemingly levelled, deserved better treatment than we find he has met with: And it might be owing perhaps to Spenser's friends that this piece was suppressed for at least the term of nine years, i. e. from 1604, in which it might be wrote, to *A. D.* 1613, when the first quarto copy came out into the world. *Sympson.*

We by no means credit the assertion of Walter Barre, that 'our Knight came into the world' before *Don Quixote*: It must be obvious to every attentive reader of both,

that our Authors derived many principal hints from that source. But a much stronger proof of this play being of a later date than Burre asserts, is, that it followed Heywood's *Four Prentices* (the reference to which is fully proved by the very ingenious Mr. Warton, p. 472 of this volume) of which we have no account till the year 1612. It therefore appears probable, that Cervantes began the ridicule on Knight-Errantry; that Heywood followed his track; and that our Authors (even while they laughed at Heywood) burlesqued the same folly in the succeeding year.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE:

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this play to Fletcher alone; the Prologue to both Writers. It was originally printed in the folio edition; has not been performed for many years past; nor do we know of its ever having received any alterations.

PROLOGUE.

To this place, gentlemen, foll many a day
We've bid ye welcome, and to many a play:
And those whose angry souls were not pleas'd
With law, or lending maney, we have pleas'd;
And make na doubt to do again. This night,
No mighty matter, nor no light,
We most entreat you look for: A good tale,
Told in two hours, we will not fail,
If we be perfect, to rehearse ye. New
I'm sure it is, and handsome; but how true

Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one
We please the women, and I'd know that man
Follows not their example! If ye mean
To know the play well, travel with the scene,
For't lies upon the road: If we chance tire,
As ye are good men, leave us not i' th' mire;
Another bait may mend us: If you grow
A little gall'd or weary, ery but 'hon,
And we'll stay for ye. When our journey ends,
Every man's pot I hope, and all part friends.

¹ *Nor no light.*] The context, as well as the measure, seems to require us to read,

² No mighty matter, nor no very light,

³ We must entreat you look for;

or something to that purpose.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Governor of Barcelona.
LEONARDO, a noble Genoese.
SANCIO, an old lame angry Soldier.
ALPHONSO, a choleric Don.
PHILIPPO, Son to Alphonso, Lover of Leon-
cadio.
MARC-ANTONIO, Son to Leonardo.
PEDRO, Friend to Leonardo.
RODRIGO, General of the Spanish Gallies.
INCUBO, Bailiff of Castel-Blanco.
DIEGO, Host of Valencia.
LAZARO, Host to Diego.
Host of Barcelona.

Bailiff of Barcelona.
Chirurgions.
Soldiers.
Townsmen.
Attendants.

THEODORA, Daughter to }
Alphonso, } in love with
LEOCADIA, Daughter to } Marc-Antonio.
Sancio, }
EUGENIA, Wife to the Governor of Barcelona.
Hostess, Wife to Diego.
Wife to the Host of Barcelona.

SCENE, Barcelona and the Road.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Incubo and Diego.

Incubo. SIGNOR don Diego, and mine host,
save thee!

Diego. I thank you, master Baili.

Inc. Oh, the block!

Diego. Why, how should I have answer'd?

Inc. Not with that

Negligent roteness; but, 'I kiss your hands,

'Signor don Incubo de Hambre;' and then

My titles; 'master Baili of Castel-Blanco.'

Thou ne'er wilt have the elegance of an host ;
I sorrow for thee, as my friend and gossip !—
No smook, nor steam out-breathing from
the kitchen?

There's little life i' th' hearth then.

Diego. Ay; there, there!

That is his friendship, hearkening for the spit,
And sorry that he cannot smell the pot boil.

Inc. Strange

An inn should be so curs'd, and not the sign
Blasted nor wither'd; very strange! three
days now,

And not an egg eat in it, nor an onion.

Diego. I think they ha' strew'd th' high-
ways with caltraps, I;

No horse dares pass 'em; I did never know

A week of so sad doings, since I first

Stood to my sign-post

Inc. Gossip, I have found

The root of all: Kneel, pray; it is thyself
Art cause thereof; each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good or bad. But mend it;
Call for thy clout and rapier.

Diego. How!

Inc. Do, call,

And put 'em on in haste: After thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her. Dost thou think
Her good face e'er will know a man in *cuervo*?
In single body, thus? in hose and doublet,
The horse-boy's garb? bane blank, and half-
blank *cuervo*?

Did I, or master dean of Sevil, our neighbour,
E'er reach our dignities in *cuervo*, think'st
thou?

In squirting hose and doublet? Signor, no;
There went more to't: There were cloaks,
gowns, cassocks,

And other paramours: Call, I say.

His clout and rapier here!

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. What means your worship?

Inc. Bring forth thy husband's sword. So!
hng it on.

And now his cloak! here, cast it up. I mean,
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you
guests.

Hostess. Why, is there charin in this?

Inc. Expect. Now walk;

But not the pace of one that runs on errands!
For want of gravity in an host is olions.
You may remember, gossip, if you please,
(Your wife being then th' infant of the gip-
sies, [then])

And yourself governing a grent man's moles
Me a poor squire at Madrid, attending
A master of ceremonies (but a man, believe it,
That knew his place to the gold-weight); and
such,

Have I heard him oft say, ought ev'ry host
Within the Catholick king's dominions
Be, in his own house.

Diego. How?

Inc. A master of ceremonies; [*cuervo*;
At least, vice-master, and to do nought in

That was his maxim. I will tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an ambassador's
cook,

See a cold buke-ment from a foreign part,
In *cuervo*: Had a dog but stay'd without,
Or beast of quality, as an English cow,
But to present itself, he would put on
His Savoy chin about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Holland. then the Naples hat,
With the Rome husband, and the Florentine
sug,

The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set
With Flemish buttons; all his given pieces,
To entertain 'em in; and compliment

[*Kneel within.*

With a tunc cony, as with the prince that

Diego. Last! who is there? [*scut it.*

Inc. A guest, an'th'ly will!

Diego. Look, spouse; cry 'luck,' an we
be encounter'd. Ha?

Hostess. Luck then, and good; for 'tis a
fine brace guest,

With a brace horse.

Inc. Why now, believe of *cuervo*

As you shall see occasion. Go, and meet him.

Enter Theodosia.

Theod. Look to my horse, I pray you, well-

Diego. He shall, sir.

Inc. Oh, how beneath his rank and call
was that now!

Your horse shall be entreated as lacomes

A horse of fashion, and his inches.

Theod. Oh!

[*Stay!*

Inc. Look to the cavalier! What nls he?

If it concerna his horse, let it not trouble him;
He shall have all respect the place can yield
Either of barley, or fresh straw. [man;

Diego. Good sir,

Look up.

Inc. He sinks! Somewhit to cast upon him;

He'll go away in *cuervo* else.

Diego. What, wife!

Oh, your hot waters quickly, and some cold
To cast in his sweet face,

Hostess. Alas, fair flower! [*Exit.*

Inc. Does any body entertain his horse?

Diego. Yes; Lazaro has him.

Enter Hostess, with a glass of water.

Inc. Go you see him in person.

[*Exit Diego.*

Hostess. Sir, taste a little of this; of mine
own water, [me;

I did distill't myself. Sweet lily, look upon
You are but newly blown, my pretty tulip;
Faint not upon your stalk. 'Tis firm, and fresh.
Stand up: So! bolt upright. You're yet in
growing.

Theod. Pray you let me have a chaubert.

Hostess. That you shall, sir.

Theod. And where I may be private, I en-
treat you.

Hostess. For that, in troth, sir, we've no
choice: Our house

Is but a vent of need*, that now and then
Receives a guest between the greater towns,
As they come late; only one room——

Inc. She means, sir, it is none

Of those wild scatter'd heaps call'd inns,
where scarce

The host's heard, tho' he wind his horn t' his
people;

Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, servants, all do live within the whistle.

Hostess. Only one room——

Inc. A pretty modest quadrangle!

She will describe to you.

Hostess. (Wherein stand two beds, sir)

We have; and where, if any guest do come,
He must of force be lodg'd; that is the truth,
sir.

Enter Diego.

Theod. But if I pay you for both your beds,
That should alike content you. [methinks,

Hostess. That it shall, sir:

If I be paid, I'm paid.

Theod. Why, there's a ducat;

Will that make your content?

Hostess. Oh, the sweet face on you!

A ducat? yes: An there were three beds, sir,
And twice so many rooms, which is one more,
You should be private in them all, in all, sir:

No one should have a piece of a bed with you;
Nnt master denn of Sevil himself, I swear,
Tho' he came naked father, as once he did,
When h' had like t' have been t'w'n a-bed
with the Moor,

And gelt by'r master; you shall be as private
As if you lay in's own great house that's
haunted,

Where nobody comes, they say.

Theod. I thank you, Hostess.

'Pray you, will you shew me in?

Hostess. Yes, marry will I, sir;

And pray that not a flea, or a clinch² vex
you. [Exeunt Hostess and Theod.]

Inc. You forget supper! Gossip, move for
supper.

Diego. 'Tis strange what love to a beast
may do! his horse
Threw him into this fit.

Inc. You shall excuse me;

It was his being in *raerpo* merely caus'd it.

Diego. Do you think so, sir?

Inc. Most unlucky *cuerpo*! [tridze,

Nought else. He looks as he would eat pur-
This guest; ha' you 'em ready in the house?
And a fine piece of kid now? and fresh gar-
lick,

Enter Hostess.

With a sardina and Zant oil³?—How now?
Has he bespoke? what, will he have a brace,
Or but one partridge? or a short-leg'd hen,
Daintly carbonado'd?

Hostess. 'Las, the dead

May be as ready for a supper as he.

Inc. Ha?

Hostess. H' has no mind to eat, more than
his shadow.

Inc. Say you?

Diego. How does your worship?

Inc. I put on

My left-shoe first to-day, (now I perceive it)
And skipt a lead in saying them over, else
I could not be thus cross'd! He cannot be
Above seventeen; one of his years, and have
No better a stomach?

Hostess. And in such good cloaths too!

Diego. Nay, those do often make the sto-
mach worse, wife;

That is no reason.

Inc. I could, nt his years, gossip,

(As temperate as you see me now) have eaten
My brace of ducks, with my half-goose, my
cony,

And drank my whole twelve marvedis in wine,
As easy as I now get down three olives.

Diego. And, with your temperance-favour,
yet I think

Your worship would put to't nt six and thirty⁴,
For a good wiger; and the meal in too.

Inc. I do not know what mine old mouth
can do;

I have not prov'd it lately.

Diego. That's the grief, sir.

Inc. But is he, without hope then, gone
to-bed?

Hostess. I fear so, sir; h' has lock'd the
door close to him:

Sure he is very ill.

Inc. That is with fasting. [ha'd,

You should ha' told him, gossip, what you had
Given him the inventory of your kitchen;

It is the picklock in an inn, and often
Opens a close-barr'd stomach. What may
he br, trow?

Has he so good a horse?

Diego. Oh, a brave jennet,

As e'er your worship saw.

Inc. And he eats?

Diego. Strongly.

Inc. A mighty solecism! Heav'n give me
What creators has he? [patience!

Hostess. None.

* *Fenta.*] An inn. *Hispanico.* Theobald.

² *Chinch.*] Stevens's Spanish Dictionary explains *chinch* in this manner: 'An insect breed-
ing in wood, and particularly in bedsteads. We call them *bugs*, and from the French *pu-
naises*, Latin *cimer*, thence corruptly *chinch*.' R.

³ [With a sardina and Zant oil?] A sardina, or sardine, is an anchovy. Symphon.

⁴ Your worship would put to't at six and thirty.] Symphon says, 'This is not an age for a
man to be called old at: Six and fifty, I imagine, was what our Authors wrote.' We see
no reason for this variation; thirty-six is old to seventeen.

Inc. And so well cloth'd,
And so well mounted?

Diego. That's all my wonder, sir,
Who he should be: He is attird and hors'd
For the constable's son of Spain.

Inc. My wonder's more [night
He should want appetite.—Well, a good
To both my gossips! I will for this time
Put off the thought of supping. In the morn-
Remember him of breakfast, pray you. [ing,

Hostess. I shall, sir,

Diego. A hungry time, sir.

Inc. We that live like mice
On others' meat, must watch when we can
get it. [Exit.

Hostess. Yes, but I would not tell him, our
fair guest

Says, tho' he eat no supper, he will pay
for one.

Diego. Good news! we'll eat it, spouse,
t' his health.

'Twas politickly done t' admit no sharers.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Look to the mules there! Where's
mine host?

Diego. Here, sir.—

Another fairy?

Hostess. Bless me!

Phil. From what, sweet Hostess?

Are you afraid o' your guests?

Hostess. From angels, sir; [night.
I think there's none but such come here to—
My house had never so good luck before,
For brave fine guests: And yet, the ill luck
I cannot bid you welcome. [on't is,

Phil. No?

Hostess. Not lodge you, sir.

Phil. Not, Hostess?

Hostess. No, in troth, sir; I do tell you,
Because you may provide in time; my beds
Are both ta'en up by a young cavalier,
That will and must be private.

Diego. He has paid, sir,

For all our chambers.

Hostess. Which is one; and beds, [sir,
Which I already ha' told you are two. But,
So sweet a creature—I am very sorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look so like
You're both the loveliest pieces—— [him!

Phil. What train has he?

Diego. None but himself.

Phil. And will no less than both beds
Serve him?

Hostess. It has giv'n me a duet for 'em.

Phil. Oh,

You give me reason, Hostess. Is he handsome,
And young, d' you say?

Hostess. Oh, sir, the delicat'st flesh,
And finest cloaths withal, and such a horse,
With such a saddle!

Phil. She's in love with all,
The horse, and him, and saddle, and cloaths.

Good woman,

Thou justifyest thy sex, lov'st all that's brave.

Enter Iacubo.

Sure, tho' I lie o' th' ground, I'll stay here
now,

And have a sight of him: You'll give me
house-room,

Fire, and fresh meat, for money, gentle
And make me a pallet? [Hostess,

Inc. Sir, she shall do reason.—

I understood you had another guest, gossips:
'Pray you let his mule be look'd-to, have

good straw,
And store of bran. And, gossip, do you hear,
Let him not stay for supper: What good

fowl ha' you?
This gentleman would eat a pheasant.

Hostess. 'Tis, sir,
We ha' no such.

Inc. I kiss your hands, fair sir.—

What ha' you then? speak what you have.—

I'm one, sir,

Here for the Catholie king, an officer
T' enquire what guests come to these places:

You, sir,

Appear a person of quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodated.—Why speak you not?

What ha' you, woman? are you afraid to rent
That which you have?

Phil. This is a most strange man,
T' appoint my meat!

Hostess. The half of a cold hen, sir,

And a broil'd quarter of kid, is all i' th' house.

Inc. Why, all's but cold. Let him see't
forth; cover,

And give the eye some satisfaction: [salt:
A traveller's stomach must see bread and
His belly is nearer to him than his kindred.—

Cold hen's a pretty meat, sir.

Phil. What you please.—

I am resolv'd t' obey.

Inc. So is your kid, [forance:

With pepper, garlick, and the juice of an
She shall with sallads help it, and clean

linen.—

Dispatch!—What news at court, sir?

Phil. 'Faith, new tires

Most of the ladies have, the men old suits;
Only the king's fool has a new coat

To serve you.

Inc. I did guess you came from thence, sir.

Phil. But I do know I did not.

Inc. I mistook, sir.

What hear you of the archdukes?

Phil. Truth, your question.

Enter Hostess and Servants, with a table.

Inc. Of the French business what?

Phil. As much.

Inc. No more?

They say the French—Oh, that's well; come,

I'll help you.

Have you no giblets now? or a broil'd rasher?

Or some such present dish t' assist?

Hostess. Not any, sir.

Inc. The more your fault! you ne'er should
be without

Such aids: What cottage would ha' lack'd a phensaut

At such a time as this? Well, bring your lien And bid forth quickly.

Phil. That should be my prayer, To scape his inquisition.

Is. Sir, the French, [as:] They say, are divided 'bout their match with What think you of it?

Phil. As of nought to me, sir.

Is. Nay, it's as little to me too; but I love

To ask after these things, to know th' affect- Of states and princes, now and then, for bet- tering—

Phil. Of your own ignorance.

Is. Yes, sir.

Phil. Many do so.

Is. I cannot live without it. What d'you hear

Of our Indian fleet? they say, they're well

Phil. I had no venture with 'em, sir; had you?

Enter Hostess and Servants, with meat.

Is. Why do you ask, sir?

Phil. 'Cause it might concern you; It does not me.

Is. Oh, here's your meat come.

Phil. Thanks!

I welcome it at any price.

Is. Some stands here! [kid,

And bid mine host bring wine.—I'll try your

If he be swart: He looks well. Yes; he's

I'll carve you, sir. [good.

Phil. You use me too, too princely;

Taste, and carve too!

Is. I have to do these offices.

Phil. I think you do; for whose sake?

Is. For themselves, sir;

The very doing of them is reward.

Phil. It had little faith would not believe you, sir.

Is. Gossip, some wine!

Enter Diego, with wine.

Diego. Here 'tis, and right St. Martin.

Is. Measure me out a glass.

Phil. I love the humany

U'd in this place.

Is. Sir, I salute you here.

Phil. I kiss your hands, sir.

Is. Good wine! it will begot an appetite:

Fill him, and sit down, gossip; entertain

Your noble guest here, as becomes your title.

Diego. Please you to like this wine, sir?

Phil. I dislike

Nothing, mine host, but that I may not see Your conceal'd guest. Here's to you!

Diego. In good faith, sir,

I wish y' as well as him; 'would you might see him!

Is. And wherefore may he not?

Diego. It has lock'd himself, sir, Up; and has lur'd both the beds o' my wife At extraordinary rate.

Phil. I'll give as much

(If that will do't) for me, as he for both:

What say you, mine host? The door once

Open, I'll fling myself upon the next bed to him, And there's an end of me till morning; none I will make none.

Diego. I wish your worship well; but—

Is. His honour is engag'd; and my she- gossip

Hath past her promise, hath she not?

Diego. Yes, truly. [house:

Is. That toucheth to the credit of the Well, I will eat a little, and think. How say

you, sir,

Unto this drawn o' th' len?

Phil. I ha' more mind

To get this bed, sir.

Is. Say you so? why then,

Give't me again, and drink to me. Mine host, Fill him his wine! Thou'rt dull, and dost not

praise it.

I eat but to teach you the way, sir.

Phil. Sir,

Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber, I'll give mine host two ducats for his bed,

And you, sir, two reals. Here's to you!

Is. Excuse me; [me.

I am not mercenary. Gossip, pledge him for

I'll think. A little more; but ev'n one bit;

And then—Talk on; your annuit interrupt me.

Diego. This piece of wine, sir, cost me—

Is. Stay! I've found—

This little morsel, and then.—Here's excel- lent garlick!

Have you not a bunch of grapes now, or some bacon.

To give the month a relish?

Diego. Wife, d'you hear?

Is. It is no matter. Sir, give mine host your ducats.

Diego. How, sir!

Is. Do you receive 'em: I will save

The honesty of your house; and yours too, gossip; [chamber.

And I will lodge the gentleman. Show the

Diego. Good sir, d'you hear?

Is. Show me the chamber.

Diego. Pray you, sir,

Do not disturb my guest?

Is. Disturb? I hope [lodging,

The Catholick king, sir, may command a

Without *disturbing*, in his vassal's house,

For any minister of his, employ'd

In business of the state. Where is the door?

Open the door! Who are you there? Within!

In the king's name!

Theod. [within.] What would you have?

Is. Your key, sir,

And your door open: I have here command

? *Ducats.* Former editions.

To lodge a gentleman; from the justice, sent
Upon the king's affairs.

Theod. Kings and necessities

Must be obey'd: The key's under the door.

Inc. How now, sir? are you fitted? you
scar'd?

Phil. Your two realures grown a piece of

Inc. Excuse me, sir!

Phil. 'Twill buy a hen, and wine,

Sir, for tomorrow. *[Exit.]*

Inc. I do kiss your hands, sir.—

Well, this will bear my charge yet to the
galleys, *[night,*

(Where I am owing a ducat) whither this
By the moon's leave, I'll march; for in the
morning

Early, they put from Port St. Mary's.

Diego. Lazaro! *[Exit all but Diego.]*

Enter Lazaro.

How do the horses?

Laz. 'Would you would go and see, sir!

A plague of all jades*, what a clasp h' has
given me!

Assure us you live, master, he knew perfectly
I cou'd hit him on's oats; he look'd upon me,
And then he swear'd, as who should say,

'Take heed, sirrah!'

And when he saw our half-peck, which you
Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he
stunp!

I thought 't had been for joy; when suddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels,

And takes me just o' th' crupper; down came I,
And all my ounce of oats: Then he ne gh'd

As tho' h' had had a mare by th' tail. *[Exit,*

Diego. 'Faith, Lazaro,

We are to blame, to use the poor dumb ser-
s cruelly. *[vitors]*

Laz. Your's this other gentleman's horse,
Keeping Our Lady eye; the devil a bit

H' has got since he came in yet; there he
stands, *[sir,*

And looks, and looks — But 'tis your pleasure,

He shall look lean enough. H' has hay be-
fore him,

But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as soon
chuck him,

Unless he eat it butter'd. He had four shoes,
And good ones, when he came; 'tis a strange

wonder,

With standing still he should eust three.

Diego. Oh, Lazaro, *[it;*

The devil's in this trade! Truth never know
And to the devil we shall travel, Lazaro,

Unless we mend our manners. Once ev'ry
week

I meet with such a knock to mollify me,

Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,

Yet so I sleep securely.

Laz. Certum, master,

We must use better dealing.

Diego. 'Faith, for mine own part,

(Not to give ill example to our issues)

I could be well content to steal but two girths,

And now and then a saddle-cloth; change a
Only for exercise. *[tralle,*

Laz. If we could stay there,

There were some hope on 's, master; but the
devil is *[tles,*

We're drunk so early, we mistake whole sub-
Sometimes a horse; and then it seems to us

too

Ev'ry poor jade has his whole peck, and
tumbles

Up to his ears in clean straw; and every
bottle *[sr,*

Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is,
There's no such matter, not a smell of pro-
vender, *[un,*

Not so much straw as would tie up a horse—
Nor any thing i' th' rack, but two old cob-
webs, *[ust.*

And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's

Diego. Well, these mistakings must be
mended, Lazaro,

These apparitions, that abuse our senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger,

* *A plague of all jades, &c.*] The scene now coming on likewise occurs in Jonson's comedy of *The New Inn*, with scarce any variation in the sentiment, though a good deal in the dialogue. The following is Mr. Whalley's note upon this subject:

'What follows in this scene, about the tricks of ostlers, occurs likewise in the first act of Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*; and perhaps there may be some difficulty in accounting for this coincidence. We are told that some plays of Beaumont and Fletcher being left imperfect, they were fitted for the stage by Shirley, who added what he thought necessary to complete them: And that it is probable he here borrowed from our Author's *New Inn*, what passes between Lazaro and Diego in *Love's Pilgrimage*: And this he thought, perhaps, might be done with safety enough, as *The New Inn* met with ill success in the representation. Could we certainly know that play to have been left deficient by its author, I should readily admit the solution: But I think it more probable, this scene was originally given to Fletcher by Jonson himself: Fletcher died in 1625, and *The New Inn* was not brought upon the stage till 1639. Our Author, therefore, might naturally redemand his own property, when so fair an occasion occurred for employing it himself: Otherwise, I do not see how we can account for part of this play's appearing long before, in the performance of another author. It will not, I believe, be said that Jonson was the borrower; for the whole scene is entirely in his manner. And we have an instance in our Author's *Sejanus*, how extremely scrupulous he was in claiming to himself what was the production of another person.'

But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot,

And we must pray it may be reven'd to us
Whose horse we ought, in conscience, to
cozen, [suffer]

And how, and when: A person's horse may
A little greasing in his teeth, 'tis wholesome,
And keeps him in a sober shuffle; and his
saddle

May want a stirrup, and it may be sworn
His learning lay on one side, and so broke it;
It has ever oats in a clonk-bag to prevent us,
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tithe him soundly.

Laz. And a grazer may [suspicious]
(For those are pinching puckfoots⁵, and
Suffer a mist before his eyes sometimes too,
And think he sees his horse eat half-a-bushel;
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
'Till all the skin come off, he shall but moun-
ble

Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
And drop 'em out again.

Diego. That may do well too, [snro,
And no doubt 'tis but venial: Bot, good La-
Have you a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, gentlemen's horses,
Horses that know the world! Let them have
meat [ribs]
'Till their teeth ache, and rubbing 'till their
Shine like a wench's forehead; they are de-
vils—

Laz. And look into our dealings. As sure
as we live, [prophets;
These courtiers' horses are a kind of Welch
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own
part, [der'd,
The next I cozeo of that kind shall be foun-
And of nll four too; I'll no more such com-
Upon my crupper. [pliments]

Diego. Steal but a little longer,
'Till I am lund' too, and we'll repent together;
It will not be above two days.

Laz. By that time
I shall be well again, and all forgot, sir.

Diego. Why then, I'll stay for thee.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Theodotia and Philip discovered on several
beds.*

Theod. Oh—ho! oh—ho!

Phil. Ha! [heart!]

Theod. Oh—oh!—Heart, heart, heart,

Phil. What's that? [break!]

Theod. When wilt thou break, break, break,

Phil. Ha!

I would the voice were stronger⁶, or I nearer.

Theod. Shame, shame, eternal shame!
what have I done—

Phil. Done?

Theod. And to no end! what a wild jour-
[ney]
Have I more wildly undertaken!

Phil. Journey? [or fear!]

Theod. How, without counsel, care, reason,

Phil. Whither will this fit carry?

Theod. Oh, my folly!

Phil. That is no common sickness.

Theod. How have I left

All I should love, or keep! Oh, Heav'n!

Phil. Sir!

Theod. Ha!

Phil. How do you, gentle sir?

Theod. Alas, my fortune!

Phil. It seems your sorrow oppresses:

Please your goodness,

Let me bear half, sir; a divided burthen
Is so made lighter.

Theod. Oh!

Phil. That sigh betrays

The fullness of your grief.

Theod. Ay, if that grief

Had not bereft me of my understanding,
I should have well remember'd where I was,
And in what company; and clapt a lock
Upon this tongue for talking.

Phil. Worthy sir,

Let it not add t' your grief, that I have heard
A sigh or groan come from you; that is all,
sir.

Theod. Good sir, no more! you've heard
too much, I fear:

'Would I had taken poppy when I spake it!

Phil. It seems you have an ill belief of me,
And would have fear'd much more, had you
spoke aught

I could interpret. But, believe it, sir,
Had I had means to look into your breast,
And t'en you sleeping here, that so securely
I might have read all that your woe would
I would not have betray'd you. [hide,

Theod. Sir, that speech

Is very noble, and almost would tempt
My need to trust you.

Phil. At your own election;

I dare not make my faith so much suspected
As to protest again; nor am I curious
To know more than is fit.

Theod. Sir, I will trust you;

But you shall promise, sir, to keep your bed,
And, whatsoever you hear, not to importune
More, I beseech you, from me—

Phil. Sir, I will not.

Theod. Then I am prone to utter.

Phil. My faith for it! [my peace.]

Theod. If I were wise, I yet should hold
You will be noble?

Phil. You shall make me so,
If you'll but think me such.

Theod. I do. Then know

⁵ To prevent us.] Jonson in his *New Inn* reads, what may be the right here, 'to affront us.' The corruption was easy. *Symson.*

⁶ Puckfoots.] Puckball, or puckfat, a kind of mushroom full of dust. *Johnson.*

⁷ Were strong.] I imagine we should read here, for improving both metre and sense, thus
'were stronger, or I nearer.' *Symson.*

You are deceiv'd with whom you've talk'd so long:

I am a most unfortunate lost woman.

Phil. Ha! [sword.

Theod. Do not stir, sir! I have here a

Phil. Not I, sweet lady. Of what blood or

Theod. You'll keep your faith? [music?

Phil. I'll perish else.

Theod. Believe, then,

Of birth too noble for me, so descended—

I am ashamed, no less than I'm affrighted.

Phil. Fear not: By all good things, I will not wrong you! [man,

Theod. I am the daughter of a noble gentleman,
Born in this part of Spain; my father's name, sir—

But why should I abuse that reverence,

When a child's duty has forsaken me?

Phil. All may be mended, in fit time too: Speak it.

Theod. Alphonso, sir.

Phil. Alphonso? What's your own name?

Theod. Any base thing you can invent.

Phil. Deal truly.

Theod. They call me Theodosia,

Phil. Ha! And Love

Is that hath chang'd you thus?"

Theod. You have observ'd me [sir:

Too nearly, sir; 'tis that indeed; 'tis love,
And love of him—Oh, Heav'n's, why should men deal thus?

Why should they use their arts to cozen us
That have no cunning, but our fears, about us;
And ever that too late too; no dissimbling
Or double way, but doting, too much loving?

Why should they find new ouths, to make more wretches?

Phil. What may his name be?

Theod. Sir, a name that promises,

Methinks, no such ill usage; Marc-Antonio,
A noble neighbour's son. Now I must desire you [answer.

To stay a-while; else my weak eyes must

Phil. I will.—Are you yet ready? What's his quality?

Theod. His best, a thief, sir; that he would be known by

Is, heir to Leonardo, a rich gentleman;

Next, of a handsome body, had Heav'n made him

A mind fit to it. To this man, my fortune
(My more than purblind fortune) gave my faith,

Drown to it by as many shows of service
And signs of truth, as ever false tongue ut-
Heav'n pardon all! [ter'd:

Phil. 'Tis well said! Forward, lady.

Theod. Contracted, sir, and by exchange of rings

"Is that that hath chang'd you thus?"

Theod. You've observ'd me. The lection of the former editions.

"Some light, some light, for Heav'n's sake."

Theod. Will you, &c.] So all the former editions; but it seems very unlikely that the words "for Heav'n's sake" should be spoke by Philippo; we have given them to Theodosia, to whose distress they are perfectly suitable.

Our souls deliver'd; nothing left unfinish'd
But the last work, enjoying me, and ceremony;

For that, I must confess, was the first wise
I ever made. Yet, after all this love, sir,
All this profession of his faith, when daily
And hourly I expected the bless'd priest,
He left me like a dream, as all this story
Had never been, nor thought of; why, I know not;

Yet I have call'd my conscience to confession,
And every syllable that might offend
I've had in shrift: Yet neither love's law,
signor,

Nor tie of maiden's duty, but desiring,
Have I transgress'd in. Left his father too;

Nor whether he is gone, or why departed,
Can any tongue resolve me. All my hope
(Which keeps me yet alive, and would per-
suade me up [one

I may be once more happy, and thus shape
A shame to all my modest sex) is this, sir;

I have a brother, and his old companion,
Student in Salamanca; there my last hope,

If he be yet alive, and can be loving,
Is left me to recover him: For which travel,

In this suit left at home of that dear brother's,
Thus as you find me, without fear, or wisdom,

I've wander'd from my father, fled my friends,
And now am only child of Hope and Danger.

You are now silent, sir; this tedious story
(That ever keeps me waking) wakes you
heavy:

'Tis fit it should do so; for that and I

Can be but troubles.

Phil. No; I sleep not, lady: [fort?

I would I could! Oh, Heav'n, is this my coun-

Theod. What ail you, gentle sir?

Phil. Oh!

Theod. Why d' you groan so?

Phil. I must, I must! oh, misery!

Theod. But now, sir, [you,

You were my comfort: If any thing aught
Am not I fit to bear a part on't? and by
your own rule?

Phil. No; if you could heal, as you have
wounded me—

But 'tis not in your power.

Theod. I fear intemperance.

Phil. Nay, do not seek to shun me! I
must see you,

By Heav'n, I must. Hwa there, mine host!
a candle!

Strive not; I will not stir you.

Theod. Noble sir,

This is a breach of promise.

Phil. Tender lady,

It shall be none but necessary. Hwa there!
Some light, some light!

Theod. For Heaven's sake! Will you betray
Are you a gentleman? [me?]

Phil. Good woman—

Theod. Sir!

Enter Diego with a light.

Phil. If I be prejudicial to you, curse me!

Diego. You're early stirring, sir.

Phil. Give me your candle;

And so, good-morrow for a while.

Diego. Good-morrow, sir. [Exit.]

Theod. My brother don Philippo? Nay,
sir, kill me!

I ask no mercy, sir, for none dare know me;
I can deserve none. As you look upon me,

Behold in infinite these foul dishonours

My noble father, then yourself, last all

That bear the name of kindred, suffer in me!

I have forgot whose child I am, whose sister;

Do you forget the pity tied to that,

Let not compassion sway you! you will be
then [me,

As foul as I, and bear the same brand with

A favourer of my fault. You have a sword,

And such a cause to kill me in— [sir,

Phil. Rise, sister!

I wear no sword for women, nor no anger,
While your fair chastity is yet untouch'd.

Theod. By those bright stars, it is, sir.

Phil. For my sister [ut,

I do believe you; and so near blood has made

With the dear love I ever bore your virtues,

That I will be a brother to your griefs too.

Be comforted: 'Tis no dishonour, sister,

To love, nor to love him you do; he is a

gentleman

Of as sweet hopes as years, as many promises

As there be growing truths, and great oves.

Theod. Oh, sir!

Phil. Do not despair.

Theod. Can you forgive?

Phil. Yes, sister,

Tho' this be no small error, n for greater.

Theod. And think me still your sister?

Phil. My dear sister,

Theod. And will you counsel me?

Phil. To your own peace too:

You shall love still.

Theod. How good you are!

Phil. My business,

And duty to my father, which now drew me

From Salamanca, I will lay aside,

And only be your agent¹². To persuade you

To leave both love, and him, and well retire

Theod. Oh, gentle brother! [you—

Phil. I perceive 'tis folly:

Delays in love, more dangerous¹³—

Theod. Noble brother!

Phil. Fear not, I'll run your own way;
and to help you, [counsel]

(Love having rack'd your passions beyond
I'll hazard mine own fame. Whither shall
we venture?

Theod. Alas, I know not, sir.

Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning;

Let's walk out, and consider. You will keep
this habit?

Theod. I would, sir. [you?

Phil. Then it shall be: What must I call
Come, do not blush; 'pray speak; I may
spoil all else.

Theod. 'Pray call me Theodoro.

Enter Diego.

Diego. Are you ready? [morrow!

The day draws on apace. Once more, good-

Theod. Good-morrow, gentle host. Now

I must thank you.

Phil. Who dost thou think this is?

Diego. Were you a wench, sir,

I think you'd know before me.

Phil. Mine own brother.

Diego. By th' mass, your noses are akin!

Should I then

Have been so barbarous to have parted bro-

Phil. You knew it then? [thers?

Diego. I knew 'twas necessary

You should be both together: Instinct, sig-

Is a great matter in us host. [nor,

Theod. I'm satisfied.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Is not mine host up yet?

Phil. Who's that?

Diego. I'll see.

Phil. Sister, withdraw yourself.

Pedro. Signor Philippo!

Phil. Noble don Pedro! where have you
been this way?

Pedro. I came from Port St. Maries,
whence the galleys

Put this last tide; and bound for Barcelona;

I brought Marc-Antony upon his way.

Phil. Marc-Antony?

Pedro. Who is turn'd soldier,

And entertain'd in the new regiment

For Naples.

Phil. Is it possible?

Pedro. I assure you.

Phil. And put they in at Barcelona?

Pedro. So

One of the masters told me.

Phil. Which way go you, sir?

Pedro. Home.

¹² And only be your agent to persuade ye

To leave, &c.] The punctuation suggested by a friend of Mr. Symphon.

¹³ Delays in love, more dangerous.] More dangerous than what?—Here is nothing seem-
ingly to which this more has any relation: I would therefore propose reading thus:

'Delays in love are dangerous.' Symphon.

He means MORE dangerous than persuading her to quit her lover. It is plain, by the an-
swer and reply, she interrupts him. We have therefore made it a broken speech.

Phil. And I for Sevil. 'Pray you, sir, say not
That you saw me, if you shall meet the question;
I have some little business.
Pedro. Were it less, sir,
It shall not become me to lose the caution.
Shall we breakfast together?

Phil. I'll come to you, sir. [*Exit Pedro.*
Sister, you hear this; I believe your fortune
Begins to be propitious to you. We will hire
Mules of mine host here; if we can, himself
To be our guide, and straight to Barcelona.
This was as happy news as unexpected.
Stay you 'till I rid him away.
Theod. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso and a Servant.

Alph. **K**NOCK at the door.
Serv. 'Tis open, sir.
Alph. That's all one;
Knock when I bid you.
Serv. Will not your worship enter?
Alph. Will not you learn more manners,
sir, and do that
Your master bids you? Knock, you knave,
or I'll knock
Such a round peal about your pate—I
enter [you]
Under his roof, or come to say 'God save
To him, the son of whose base dealings has
undone me!¹⁴
(Knock louder! louder yet!) I'll starve and
rot first;
This open air is every man's.
Serv. [within.] Come in, sir.

Enter Second Servant.

Alph. No, no, sir; I'm none of these 'Come-
in-sirs;
None of those visitants: Bid your wise master
Come out; I have to talk unto him; go, sir!
Serv. Your worship may be welcome.
Alph. Sir, I will not;
I come not to be welcome. Good my three
ducats,
My pickled sprat a-dny, and no oil to't,
And once a-year a cotton coat! leave prating,
And tell your master I am here.
Serv. I will, sir.—
This is a strange old man. [*Exit.*
Alph. I welcome to him?
I'll be first welcome to a pest-house. Sirrah,
Let's have your valour now ens'd up, and
quiet;
When an occasion calls, 'tis wisdom in you,
A servingman's discretion: If you do draw,

*Enter Leonardo, and Sanchio (carried by two
servants in a chair).*

Draw but according to your entertainment;
Five nobles' worth of fury.

Leo. Signor Alphonso,
I hope no discontent from my will giv'n,
Has made you shun my house: I ever lov'd
you!¹⁵

And credit me, amongst my fears 'tis greatest
To minister offences.

Alph. Oh, good signor,
I know you for Italian breed, fair-tong'd!
Spare your apologies; I care not for 'em;
As little for your love, sir: I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and
sleep

Without dependences, or hopes upon you.

I come to ask my daughter.

Leo. Gentle sir! [be,

Alph. I am not gentle, sir; nor gentle will
Till I have justice, my poor child restor'd
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with,
Young signor Smooth-face; he that takes up
wenches

With smiles and sweet behaviours, songs,
and sonnets;

Your high-fed jennet, that no hedge can hold:
They say you bred him for a stallion.

Sanc. Fy, signor! there be times, and
terms of honour

To argue these things in, decidements able
To speak ye noble gentlemen, ways punctual,
And to the life of credit; you're too rugged.

Alph. I am too tame, sir.

Leo. Will you hear but reason?

Alph. No, I will hear no reason: I come
not lither

To be popt off with reason; reason then.

Sanc. Why, signor, in all things there
must be method; [tion.

You choke the child of Honour else, Discre-
Do you conceive an injury?

¹⁴ *The son of whose base dealings—*] The oddness of the phrase, *the son of base dealings*, and the length of the line, make me mightily inclined to believe the original might have been expressed thus:

'To him, whose son's base dealings has undone me.'

Symson.

Although the text is somewhat licentious, it is probably genuine, and, we think, preferable to Symson's variation.

¹⁵ *I ever lov'd you.*] These words are only in first folio, from which we have recovered them.

Alph. What then, sir?
Sanc. Then follow it in fair terms; let your sword bite, When time calls, not your tongue.
Alph. I know, sir,
 Both when and what to do, without directions,
 And where, and how; I come not to be to-
 tor'd; [signor!]
 My cause is no man's but mine own. You,
 Will you restore my daughter?
Leo. Who detains her?
Alph. No more of these slight shifts!
Leo. You urge me, signor, [err'd—
 With strange injustice: Because my son has
Sanc. Mark him. [low
Leo. Out of the heat of youth, does't fol-
 I must be father of his crimes?
Alph. I say still, [daughter,
 Leave off your rhet'rick, and restore my
 And suddenly; bring in your rebel too,
 Mount-dragon, he that mounts without com-
 mission,
 That I may see him punish'd, and severely;
 Or, by that holy Heav'n, I'll fire your house!
 And there's my way of honour.
Sanc. 'Pray give me leave.
 Was not man made the oddest creature?
Alph. Well, sir?
Sanc. Should not his mind then answer to
 his making, [be,
 And to his mind his actions? If this ought to
 Why do we run a blind way from our worths,
 And cancel our discretions, doing those things
 To cure offences, are the most offences?
 We've rules of justice in us; to those rules
 Let us apply our nugs: You can consider
 The want in others of these terminations,
 And how unfurnish'd they appear.
Alph. Hang others! [speets!
 And, where the wrongs are open, hang re-
 I come not to consider.
Leo. Noble sir,
 Let's argue coolly, and consider like men.
Alph. Like men?
Leo. You are too sudden still.
Alph. Like men, sir? [mour.
Sanc. It is fair language, and allied to hu-
Alph. Why, what strange beast would your
 grave reverence
 Make me appear? Like men?
Sanc. Taste but that point, sir,
 And you recover all.
Alph. I tell thy wisdom,
 I am as much a man, and as good a man—
Leo. All this is granted, sir.
Alph. As wise a man—
Sanc. You are not tainted that way.
Alph. And a man [man.
 Dares make thee no man; or at best, a base
Sanc. Fy, fy! here wants much carriage.
Alph. Hang much carriage!
Leo. Give me good language.
Alph. Sirrah signor, give me my daughter.
Leo. I am as gentle as yourself, as free
 born—

Sanc. Observe his way.
Leo. As much respect ow'd to me—
Sanc. This hangs together nobly.
Leo. And for civil, [daughter!
 A great deal more, it seems. Go look your
Sanc. There you went well off, signor.
Leo. That rough tongue
 You understand at first. You never think, sir,
 Out of your mightiness, of my loss; here I
 stand,
 A patient anvil to your burning angers,
 Made subject to your dangers; yet my loss
 Who shall bring home my son? [equal:
Alph. A whipping bundle.
Leo. Why, is your daughter whorish?
Alph. Ha, thou dar'st not—
 By Heav'n, I know thou dar'st not—
Leo. I dare more, sir,
 If you dare be uncivil.
Alph. Laugh too, pigeon?
Sanc. A fitter time, for Fame's sake! two
 weak nurses [cunning,
 Would laugh at this. Are there no more days
 No ground but this to argue on? No swords
 left,
 Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies?
 Alas! it shews too weakly.
Alph. Let it shew! [sirrah?
 I come not here for shows. Laugh at me,
 I'll give you cause to laugh.
Leo. You are as like, sir,
 As any man in Spain.
Alph. By Heav'n, I will;
 I will, brave Leonardo!
Leo. Brave Alphonso,
 I will expect it then.
Sanc. Hold ye there both!
 These terms are noble.
Alph. You shall hear shortly from me.
Sanc. Now discreetly.
Alph. Assure yourself you shall. Do you
 see this sword, sir?
 He has not cast his teeth yet.
Sanc. Rarely carried! [signor,
Alph. He bites deep, most times mortal;
 I'll bound him at three; fair and home.
Sanc. Still nobly. [you.
Alph. And at all those that dare maintain
Sanc. Excellent!
Leo. How you shall please, sir, so it be fair;
 tho' certain
 I'd rather give you reason.
Sanc. Fairly urg'd too! [reason
Alph. This is no age for reason: prick your
 Upon your sword's point—
Sanc. Admirably follow'd!
Alph. And there I'll hear it. So, 'till I
 please, live, sir. [Exit.
Leo. And so, farewell! you're welcome.
Sanc. Th' end crown all things.
 Signor, some little business past, this cause
 I'll argue,
 And be a peace between ye, if't so please you,
 And by the square of honour to the utmost.
 I feel the old man's master'd by much passion,

And too high rack'd, which makes him over-
shoot all
His valour should direct at, and hurt those
That stand but by as bleachers. This he must
know too,

As necessary to his judgment; doting women
Are neither safe nor wise adventurers, con-
ceive me,

If once their wills have wander'd: Nor is't
A time to use our rage; for why should I
Bite at the stone, when he that throws it
wrongs me?

Do not we know that women are most wares,
Tho' clos'd in their carriage? Don't all men
know,

Search all the compass of the globe can hold
If their affections be a fault? Shall I then covet
The follies of a shrew-fool, that by nature
Must seek her like, by reason be a woman?
Sunk a toll ship, because the sails defy me?
No, I disdain that folly; he that ventures
Whist they are fit to put him on, has found
out

The everlasting motion in his scabbard¹⁶.
I doubt not to make peace. And so, for this
My last love and remembrance! [time,
Lo, Your poor servant! [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Diego, Philippo, and Theodosia.

Phil. Where will our horses meet us?

Diego. Fear not you, sir;
Some half-mile hence my worship's man will
stay us,

[jovial;
How is it with my young bloods? Come, be
Let's travel like a merry flock of wild geese,
Every tongue talking.

Phil. We are very merry.

But do you know this way, sir?

Theod. Is't not dangerous?

Metelinks these woody thickets should har-
bour knaves.

Diego. I fear none but fair wenches; those
are thieves

May quickly rob me of my good conditions,
If they cry *stand* once. But the best is, *signors*,

They cannot bind my hands; for any else,
They meet an equal knave, and there's my
passport.

I've seen fine sport in this place; had these
trees tongues,

[tho';
They'd tell ye pretty matters: Don't you fear
There are not every day's delights.

Phil. What sport, sir? [sports.

Diego. Why, to say true, the sport of all
Phil. What was't? [you know

Diego. Such turning-up of taffaces! and

To what rare whistling tunes they go, far be-
yond

A soft wind in the shrouds; such *stand* there,
And *down* i' th' other place! such supplica-
tions

And sub-divisions for those toys their honour!
One, 'As you are a gentleman,' in this bush;
And 'Oh, sweet sir, what mean you? There's
a bracelet,

'And use me, I beseech you, like a woman!'
And her petition's heard; another scratches,
And cries she'll die first, and then swoons;

but certain [after.
She's brought to life again, and does well
Another, 'Save mine honour, oh, mine hon-
our!

[kitchen;
'My husband serves the duke, sir, in his
'I have a cold pie for you; fy, fy, fy, gen-
tlemen!

'Will nothing satisfy you? where's my hus-
band?' [hand?

Another cries, 'D'y'e see, sir, how they use
'Is there no law for these things?' [me!

Theod. And, good mine host,
Do you call these fine sports?

Diego. What should I call 'em?
They've been so call'd these thousand years
and upwards.

Phil. But what becomes o' th' men?
Diego. They're stript and bound,

Like so many Atlantes, with fig-leaves afore
And there's their innocence. [ew,

Theod. 'Would we had known this,
Before we reach'd this place!

Phil. Come, there's no danger;
These are but sometimes chances.

Enter Incubo¹⁷.

Diego. Now we must through.

Theod. Who's that?

Diego. Stand to it, signors!

Phil. No, it needs not;

I know the face, 'tis honest.

Inc. What, mine host,

Mine everlasting honest host?

Diego. Mass, Badly?

Now, in the name of an ill reckoning,

What make you walking this round?

Inc. A pox of this round,

And of all business too, thro' woods! and,

They've rounded me away a dozen ducats,

Besides a fair round clock: Some o' 'em

knew me,

Else they had cas'd me like a cony too, [me,

As they have done the rest, and I think roasted

For they began to baste me soundly. My

young signors,

You may thank Heav'n, and heartily, and

You set not out so early; y' had been smok'd d
else,

¹⁶ He that ventures, &c.] This is rather obscure; but signifies, 'He that will draw his sword as often as women's conduct gives him cause, will never let it rest in the scabbard.'

¹⁷ Enter Bailiff.] The former editions make strange confusion with Incubo's character, calling him in some scenes by his name, and in others Bailiff, as if they were two distinct characters. This error is now corrected.

By this true hand ye had, sirs, finely smock'd;
Had ye been women, smock'd too.

Theod. Heav'n defend us!

Jac. Nay, that had been no prayer; there
were those [too].

That run that prayer out of breath, yet foul'd
There was a friar, now you talk of prayer,
With an huge bunch of beads, like a rope of
onions,

(I'm sure as big) that, out of fear and prayer,
In half-an-hour wore 'em as small as huggles;
Yet he was dead too.

Phil. At what hour was this?

Jac. Some two hours since, [now?]

Theod. D' you think the passage sure

Jac. Yes, a rope take 'em (as it will) and
bless 'em!

They've done for this day sure.

Phil. Are many rid'd?

Jac. At the least a dozen,

And there left bound.

Theod. How came you free?

Jac. A courtesy [quoth

They use, out of their ruggedness, to be-
To one, that, when they give a sign from far,
(Which is from out of danger) he may pre-
sently

Release the rest! As I met you, I was going,
Having the sign from yonder bill to do it.

Theod. Alas, poor men!

Phil. Nine most, 'pray we pity 'em.

Diego. Let me along for cancelling! where
are they?

Jac. In every bush, like black-birds; you
can't miss 'em.

Diego. I need not stalk unto 'em. [Exit.

Jac. No, they'll stand you, [der
My busy life for yours, sir. You would won-
To see the several tricks and strange beha-
viours

Of the poor rascals in their miseries: [ing,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weep-
A third is monstrous angry he can laugh,
And cries, 'Go to! this is no time;' he laughs
still;

A fourth exhorts to patience; him a fifth man
Curses for tameness; him a friar schools;
All hoot the friar; here one stings a bullail;
And there a little curate confutes him:

And in this hussey-woosley way, that would
make a dog

Forget his dinner, or an old man fire,
They rub out 'for their ransoms. Amongst
the rest,

There is a little boy robb'd, a fine child,
It seems a page: I must confess my pity
(As 'tis a hard thing in a man of my place
To shew compassion) sturr'd at him; so finely,
And without noise, he carries his selctions,
And looks as if he had but dream'd of losing.

*Enter Diego, and Leocadia and others as
robbed.*

This boy's the glory of this robbery;
The rest but shame the action. Now ye may
hear 'em.

Diego. Come, lads, 'tis holy-day; hang
cloaths; 'tis hot,
And sweating agues are abroad.

1 *Porter.* It seems so;
For we have met with rare physicians
To cure us of that malady.

Diego. Fine footing, [Friar,
Light and deliver; now, my boys! Master
How does your holiness? Bear up, man! what,
A cup of neat sack now, and a toast? ha,
Fame?

A warm plaster to your belly, father!

There were a blessing now!

Friar. You save your mind, sir.

Diego. Where's my fine boy, my pointer?

Jac. There's the wonder.

Diego. A rank whore scratch their sides
till the pox folow

For robbing thee! thou hast a thousand ways
To rob thyself, buy; dice, and a chamber-
Lace. You are deceiv'd, sir. [devil.

Diego. And thy master too, boy.

Phil. A sweet-faced boy, indeed! what
rogues were these, [hearty?

Wint barbarous, braush slaves, to strip this

Theod. Come hither, my boy. Alas! he's
cold: Mine host,

We must entreat your cloak.

Diego. Can you entreat it?

Phil. We do presume so much; you've
other garments.

Diego. Will you entreat those too?

Theod. Your male must too

To the next town; you say 'tis near: In pity,
You cannot see this poor boy perish; I know
You have a better soul. We'll satisfy you.

Diego. 'Tis a strange foolish trick I have,
but I can't help it; [tious;

I'm ever cov'erd with mine own commend-
It is deterr'd then I shall be robb'd too,

To make up vantage to this dozen. Here, sir;
Heav'n has provided you a simple garment

To set you off; 'pray keep it handsoner
Than you kept your own; and let me have it
render'd,

Brush'd and discreetly folded.

Jac. I thank you, sir.

Diego. Who wants a doublet?

2 *Foss.* I.

Diego. Where will you have it?

2 *Foss.* From you, sir, if you please.

Diego. Oh, there's the point, sir.

Phil. My honest friends, I'm sorry for
your fortunes;

But that's but poor relief: Here are ten da-
And to your distribution, holy sir, [cuts;

I render 'em, and let it be your care
To see 'em, as your wants are, well divided.

Diego. Plain dealing now, my friends; and,
father friar,

Set me the saddle right! no wringing, Friar,
Nor tithing to the church! these are duties;

Scour me your conscience! if the devil tempt
Off with your cord, and swing him! [you,

Friar. You say well, sir.

All. Heav'n keep your goodness!

Theod. Peace keep you! Farewell, friends!

Diego. Farewell, light-horse-men!

[*Exeunt the robbed.*]

Phil. Which way travel you, sir?

Inc. To the next town.

Theod. Do you want any thing?

Inc. Only discretion to travel at good hours, And some warmth to moderate this matter; For I am most outrageous, cruel hungry.

Diego. I have a stomach too, such as it is, Would pose a right good pasty; I thank Heav'n for't.

Inc. Cheese, that would break the teeth of a new handsaw, I could endure now like an ostrich¹⁷; or salt That Cæsar left in pickle. [beef,

Phil. Take no care;

We'll have meat for you, and enough. I'll th' mean time, [us;

Keep you the horse-way, lest the fellow miss We'll meet you at the end o' th' wood.

Diego. Make haste then.

[*Exeunt Diego and Inc.*]

Theod. My pretty sir, till your necessities Be full supplied, so please you trust our friend— We must not part. [ships!

Leoc. You've pull'd a charge upon you; Yet such a one as ever shall be thankful.

Phil. You've said enough. May I be bold To ask you,

Whence province you were bred in? and of what parents? [luzin,

Leoc. You may, sir: I was born in Andalus— My name Francisco, son to don Henriques De Cardenas.

Theod. Our noble neighbour!

Phil. Son to don Henriques? [sir, I know the gentleman: And, by your leave, I know he has no son.

Leoc. None of his own, sir, [brother Which makes him put that right upon his Don Sancho's children: One of which I am, And therefore do not much err.

Phil. Still you do, sir, For neither has don Sancho any son: A daughter, and a rare one, is his heir, Which, tho' I never was so blest to see, Yet I have heard great good of.

Theod. Urge no further!

He is ashamed, and blushes.

Phil. Sir,

If 't might import you to conceal yourself, I ask your mercy, I have been so curious.

Leoc. Alas! I must ask yours, sir, for these lies; [ing

Yet they were useful ones; for by the claim— Such noble parents, I believ'd your bounties Would shew more gracious. The plain truth is, gentlemen,

I am don Sancho's steward's son, a wild boy, That for the fruits of his unhappiness Is fain to seek the wars.

Theod. This is a lie too,

If I have any cars.

Phil. Why?

Theod. Mark his language,

And you shall find it of too sweet a relish For one of such a breed. I'll pawn my hand, This is no boy.

Phil. No boy? what would you have him?

Theod. I know no boy: I watch'd how fearfully,

And yet how suddenly, he cur'd his lies, The right wit of a woman; now I'm sure—

Phil. What are you sure?

Theod. That 'tis no boy; I'll burn in't.

Phil. Now I consider better, and take counsel,

Methinks he shews more sweetness in that Than his fears dare deliver. [face,

Theod. No more talk on't!

There hangs some great weight by it; soon I'll tell you more. [at night

Phil. Come, sir, whate'er you are, With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps In any need you have.

Leoc. All my poor service [ers.

Shall be at your command, sir, and my pray—

Phil. Let's walk apace; hunger will cut their throats else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Rodorigo and Marc-Antonio¹⁸; two chairs set out.

Rod. Call up the master.

¹⁷ *Cheese*—

I could endure now—] What my host means is plain and easy, viz. That he could digest cheese which would break a handsaw's teeth, his stomach being as strong as that of an ostrich. But I believe no dictionary of our language will furnish us with such a sense of the word *endure*. I have therefore taken the liberty to substitute what I really believe was the original reading, viz. *endure*, or *endew*. 'Tis a term in falconry which Bloome explains thus: *Endew*, is when an hawk digesteth her meat, that she not only dischargeth her gorge thereof, but likewise cleanseth her pannel. *Symson*.

We enter this variation too forced to have place in the text.

¹⁸ *Enter Rodorigo, Marc-Antonio, and a Ship-master.*] But if the latter entered with the two former, what occasion for Rodorigo's ordering him to be called up? The direction in the folio of 1647 is more ridiculous still; because these three persons are placed at the head of the scene as in the octavo, and yet the Master is made to answer, *within*. *Symson*.

Mr. Symson is here very severe on the Editors who preceded him, and yet seems more reprehensible himself; for (in his edition) he omits the Master's *entrance*, yet mentions his *departure*; he calls it 'ridiculous' for the first folio to make him speak *within*, and yet allows him to *speake*, though neither *within* nor *present*.

Master [within]. Here, sir.

Rod. Honest master,

Give order all the galleys with this tide
Fall round, and near upon us; that the next
wind

We may weigh off together, and recover
The port of Barceloun, without parting.

Master [within]. Your pleasure's done, sir.

Rod. Signor Marc-Antonio,
Till meat be ready, let's sit here, and pre-
Our stomachs with discourses. [pare

Marc. What you please, sir.

Rod. Pray you answer me to this doubt.

Marc. If I can, sir.

Rod. Why should such plants as you are,
Pleasure's children,
That owe their blushing years to gentle ob-
jects,

Tenderly bred, and brought up in all full-
Desire the stubborn wars? [ness,

Marc. In those 'tis wonder, [honour:
That make their ease their god, and not their
But, noble general, my end is other;

Desire of knowledge, sir, and hope of tying
Discretion to my time, which only shews me,
And not my years, a man, and makes that
more

Which we call handsome; the rest is but
boy's beauty,

And with the boy consum'd.

Rod. You argue well, sir.

Marc. Nor do I wear my youth, as they
wear breeches, [ger,
For object, but for use; my strength for dan-
(Which is the liberal part of man) not dulli-
The wars must be my mistress, sir. [nace:

Rod. Oh, signor,
You'll find her a rough wench.

Marc. When she is won once,
She'll show the sweeter, sir.

Rod. You can be pleas'd though,
Sometimes to take a tamer?

Marc. 'Tis a truth, sir;

So she be handsome, and not ill-condition'd.

Rod. A soldier should not be so curious.

Marc. I can make shift with any for a
hent, sir.

Rod. Nay, there you wrong your youth too;
and however

You're pleas'd 't appear to me, which shews
well, signor, [ty;

A tougher soul than your few years can testi-
Yet, my young sir, out of mine own experi-
ence

When my spring was, I'm able to confute you,

And say, y'had rather come to th' shock of
eyes,

And boldly march up to your mistress' mouth,
Than to the cannon's.

Marc. That's as their liking is, sir.

Rod. There be trenches
Fitter and warmer for your years, and safer,
Than where the bullet plays.

Marc. There's it I doubt, sir.

Rod. You'll easily find that faith. But
come, be liberal;

What kind of woman could you make best
wars with?

Marc. They're all but heavy marches.

Rod. Fy, Marc-Antonio!

Beauty in an more reverence?

Marc. In the sex, sir,

I honour it, and next to honour, love it,
For there is only beauty; and that sweetness,
That was first infant for modesty, sever it,
And put it in one woman, it appears not;
'Tis of too rare a nature, she too gross
To mingle with it—

Rod. This is a mere heresy.

Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for
that gloss

That cozens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward shew of things well set, no more;
For heav'nly beauty is as Heav'n itself, sir,
Too excellent for object, and what's seen
Is but the veil then, airy clouds¹⁹: Grant this,
It may be seen, 'tis but like stars in twinklings.

Rod. 'Twas no small study in their libra-
ries

Brought you to this experience. But what
think you [beauty?

Of that fair red and white, which we call
Marc. Why, 'tis our creature, sir; we give
it 'em [tain

Because we like those colours; else 'tis cer-
A blue face with a motley nose would do it,
And be as great a beauty, so we lov'd it:
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,
Is a fair mind.

Rod. By this rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.

Marc. Except the dull end, doing.

Rod. Then all to you seem equal?

Marc. Very true, sir,

And that makes equal dealing: I love any
That's worth love.

Rod. How long love you, signor?

Marc. 'Till I have other business.

Rod. Do you never
Love stedfastly one woman?

¹⁹ ——— what is seen

Is but the veil then, airy clouds;— The monosyllable *then* seems not to have any good authority for standing here, as having nothing to which it refers. I suspect a corruption as well in the sense, as in the printing, and that it stood originally thus:

'——— what is seen

'Is but the veil. thin, airy clouds,' &c. *Symson.*

The variation is not amiss; but the old text is good sense, and we believe genuine. *Then* is very naturally placed here, and follows up the argument; which is, 'Beauty is invisible; what is seen *then* is but the veil.'

Marc. 'Tis a toil, sir,
Like riding in one road perpetually;
It offers no variety.

Rod. Right, youth! [think]
He must needs make a soldier. Nor do you
One woman can love one man?

Marc. Yes, that may be, [fant,
Tho' it appear not often; they're things igno-
And therefore apted to that superstition
Of doting fondness. Yet, of late years, signor,
That world's well mended with 'em; fewer
are found now [all

That love at length, and to the right mark;
Stir now, as the time stirs; fame and fashion
Are ends they aim at now, and to make that
That wiser ages held ambition: [love
They that cannot reach this may love by index;
By every day's surveying who best promises;
Who has done best, who may do, and who
mended

May come to do again; who appears neatest
Either in new-stamped cloaths, or courtesies,
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor
love they these things

Longer than new are making, nor that suc-
cession

Beyond the next fair feather. Take the eity,
There they go to't by gold-weight, no gain
from 'em,

All they can work by fire and water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at; if there be love,
'Tis shew'd ye by so dark a light, to bear out
The bracks and old stains in't, that ye may
purchase [less.

French velvet better cheap; all loves are end-

Rod. 'Faith, if you have a mistress, 'would
she heard you!

Marc. 'Twere but the vent'ring of my place,
or swearing

I meant it but for argument, as schoolmen
Dispute high questions.

Rod. What a world is this, [arc,
When young men dare determine what those
Age and the best experience ne'er could aim
at!

Marc. They were thick-eye'd then, sir;
now the print is bigger,

And they may read their fortunes without

Rod. Did you ne'er love? [spectacles.

Marc. 'Faith, yes, once after supper,

And the fit held till midnight.

Rod. Hot, or shaling?

Marc. To save truth, both.

Rod. How did you rid it?

Marc. Thus, sir;

I laid my hand upon my heart, and bless'd me,
And then said over certain charms I'd learn'd
Against mad dogs (for love and they're all
nue);

Last, thought upon a windmill, and so slept;
And was well ever after.

Rod. A rare physician!

What would your practice gain you?

Marc. The wars ended,
I mean to use my art, and have these fools

Cut in the head like cats, to save the king-
Another inquisition. [Joa

Rod. So old a soldier,
Out of the wars, I never knew yet practis'd.

Marc. I shall mend every day. But, noble
general,

Believe this, but as this you nam'd, discourses.

Rod. Oh, you're a cunning gamester.

Marc. Mirths and toys

To enen time withal; for, o' my troth, sir,

I can love; I think, well too, well enough;

And think as well of women as they are,

Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful,

And some few worth a service: I'm so honest,

I wish 'em all in Heaven; and you know how

hard, sir, [things.

'Twill be to get in there with their gent fur-

Rod. Well, Marc-Antonio, I'd not lose thy

For the best galley I command. [company

Marc. 'Faith, general,

If these discourses please you, I shall fit you

Once every day.

Rod. Thou canst not please me better.

Hark, they call [Knock within.

Below to dinner: You're my cabin guest;

My bosom's, so you please, sir.

Marc. Your poor servant! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Host and his Wife.

Host. Let 'em have meat enough, woman,
half a hen; [too;

There be old rotten pilchards, put 'em off

'Tis but a little new assenting of 'em,

And a strong onion, that countends the stink.

Wife. They call for more, sir.

Host. Knock a dozen eggs down;

But then beware your wenchies.

Wife. More than this too.

Host. Worts, worts, and make 'em por-
ridge; pop 'em up, wench;

But they shall pay for cullies.

Wife. All this is nothing;

They call for kid and partridge.

Host. Well remember'd;

Where's the falconer's half dog he left?

Wife. It stinks, sir;

Past all hope that way.

Host. Run it o'er with garlick,

And make a Roman dish o't.

Wife. Pray you be patient, [men,

And get provision in: These are fine gentle-

And liberal gentlemen; they've *unde quare*;

No mangy muleteers, nor pinching posts,

That feed upon the purings of musk-melons

And radishes, as lag and tough as rafters.

Will you be stirring in this business? Here's

your host,

Mine old host of Ossuna, as wise as you are,

That is, as knavish; if you put a trick,

Take heed he do not find it.

Host. I'll be wagging. [Exit.

Wife. 'Tis for your own commodity. Why,

wenchies!

Serv. [within.] Anon forsooth.

Wife. Who makes a fire there? and who gets in water? [worship]

Let Oliver go to the justice, and beseech him
We may have two spits going; and, do you
hear, Druce?

Let him invite his worship, and his wife's
To the left meat tomorrow. [worship,

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Where's this kitchen?

Wife. 'E'en at the next door, signor. What,
We meet but seldom. [old don?

Inc. 'Prithce be patient, hostess;

And tell me where the meat is.

Wife. Faith, master Baily,

How have you done? and how, man—

Inc. Good sweet hostess,

What shall we have to dinner?

Wife. How does your woman?

And a fine woman she is, and a good woman.

Lord, how you bear your years!

Inc. Is't veal or mutton,

Beef, bacon, pork, kid, pheasant? or all these?

And are they ready all?

Wife. The hours that have been

Between us two, the merry hours: Lord!

Inc. Hostess,

Dear hostess, do but hear! I am hungry.

Wife. You're merrily dispos'd, sir.

Inc. Monstrous hungry, [hither

And hungry after much meat! I've brought

Right worshipful to pay the reckoning;

Money enough too with 'em; desire enough

To have the best meat, and of that enough

too:

Come to the point, sweet wench; and so I
kiss thee.

Wife. You shall have any thing, and in-
Ere you can lick your ears, sir. [stantly,

Inc. Portly meat,

Bearing substantial stuff, and fit for hunger,
I do beseech you, hostess, first; then some
light garnish, [rets,

Two pheasants in a dish; if you have leve-
(Rather for way of ornament, than appetite)

They may be look'd upon, or larks; for fish,
As there's no great need, so I would not wish
you

To serve above four dishes; but those full
You have no cheese of Parm? [unes.

Wife. Very odd, sir.

Inc. The less will serve us; some ten pound.

Wife. Alas, sir,

We have not half these dainties.

Inc. Pence, good hostess,
And make us hope you have.

Wife. You shall have all, sir—

Inc. That may be got for money.

Enter Diego and a Boy.

Diego. Where's your master? [quor

Bring me your master, Bay! I must have li-
fit for the myrmidons; no dashing now, child,
No rousings by candle-light! I know all;
Strike me the oldest snick, a piece that carries
Point-blank to this place, Boy, and batters.

Hostess,

I kiss thy hands, thro' which many a round
And things of moment have had motion.

Wife. Still mine old brother.

Diego. Set thy eyelids open,

For I must enter, and advance my colours.

I've brought thee dons indeed, wench, dons

with daunts, [Bacchus,

And these dons must have dainty wine, pure
That bleeds the life-blood. What, is your
cure ended?

Inc. We shall have meat, man.

Diego. Then we will have wine, man,

And wine upon wine, cut and drawn with
wine.

Wife. Ye shall have all, and more than all.

Inc. All well then?

Diego. Away, about your business! you
with her,

For old acquaintance sake, to stey your sto-
mach! [Errant Wife and Incubo,

And, Boy, be you my guide, at inferos;

For I will make a full descent in equipage.

Boy. I'll show you rare wine.

Diego. Stungie yet?

Boy. Divine, sir.

Diego. Oh, divine Boy! march, march,
my child. Rare wine, boy?

Boy. As any is in Spain, sir.

Diego. Old, and strong too?

Oh, my fine boy! clear too?

Boy. As chrystal, sir, and strong as truth.

Diego. Away, boy!

I am enamour'd, and I long for dalliance.

Stay no where, child, not for thy father's

blessing,

I charge thee, not to save thy sister's honour,

Nor to close thy dam's eyes, were she a-

dyng,

Till we arrive; and, for thy recompense,

I will remember thee in my will.

Boy. You have said, sir. [Exeunt.

¹¹ *All, well then*] Symposion reads, 'All's well then.'

¹² *Boy.* As any is in Spain, sir.

Diego. Old and strong too?] Symposion would read,

B. J. 'As any in Spain, sir, old and strong too.'

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Philippa and Host.

Phil. **M**INE Host, is that apparel got you spoke of?

You shall have ready money.

Host. 'Tis come in, sir;

He has it on, sir, and I think it will be fit; and, o' my credit, it was never worn but once, sir, and for necessity pawn'd to the man I told you of.

Phil. 'Pray hargain for't, And I will be the paymaster.

Host. I will, sir. [please;

Phil. And let our ment be ready when you I mean as soon.

Host. It shall be presently.

Phil. How far stands Barcelona?

Host. But two leagues off, sir; You may be there by three o'clock.

Phil. I'm glad on't. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Theodasia and Leocadia.

Theod. Signor Francisco, why I draw you hither [me,

To this remote place, marvel not; for, trust My innocence yet never knew ill dealing; And as you have a noble temper, start not into offence, at any thing my knowledge, And for your special good, would be inform'd Nor think me vainly curious. [of;

Leoc. Worthy sir, The courtesies you and your noble brother, Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,

I mean in want, so freely shower'd upon me, So truly, and so timely minister'd, Must, if I should suspect those minds that made 'em,

Either proclaim me an unworthy taker, Or worse, a base believer. Speak your mind, sir, [vaunt.

Freely, and what you please; I'm your servant.

Theod. Then, my young sir, know, since our first acquaintance,

I woe'd by circumstances that deceive not, I clear some doubts I have (nay, blush not, signor!)

I have beheld you narrowly. More blushes? Sir, you give me so much light, I find you A thing confess'd already. Yet more blushes? You would ill cover an offence might sink you, That cannot hide yourself. Why do you shake so?

I mean no trouble to you. This fair hand Was never made for hardness, nor those eyes (Come, do not hide 'em) for rough objects.

Hark ye,

You have betray'd yourself; that sigh confirms me.

Another? and a third too? Then I see These boy's cloaths do but pinch you. Come, be liberal;

You've found a friend that has found you; disguise not

That lowden soul that labours to be open.

Now you must weep, I know it, for I see

Your eyes down-laden to the lids; another

Manifest token that my doubts are perfect:

Yet I have found a greater; tell me this,

Why were these holes left open? there was an error, [you?

A foul one, my Francisco! Have I caught

Oh, pretty sir, the custom of our country

Allows men none in this place. Now the show'r comes.

Leoc. Oh, signor Theodoro!

Theod. This sorrow shews so sweetly,

I cannot chuse but keep it company.

Take truce and speak, sir: And I charge your goodness,

By all those perfect hopes that point at virtue,

By that remembrance these fair tears are shed for,

If any sad misfortune have thus form'd you,

That either care or counsel may redeem,

Pain, purse, or any thing within the power

And honour of free gentlemen, reveal it,

And have our labours.

Leoc. I have found you noble,

And you shall find me true: Your doubts are certain,

Nor dare I more dissemble; I am a woman,

The great example of a wretched woman.

Here you must give me leave to shew my sex,— [credit

And now, to make you know how much your Has won upon my soul, so't please your

patience,

I'll tell you my unfortunate sad story.

Theod. Sit down and say on, lady.

Leoc. I am born, sir,

Of good and honest parents, rich, and noble,

And, not to lie, the daughter of don Sanchio,

If my unhappy fortune have not lost me;

My name call'd Leocadia, e'en the same

Your worthy brother did the special honour

To name for beautiful, and without pride

I have been often made believe so, signor;

But that's impertinent! Now to my sorrows:

Not far from us a gentleman of worth,

A neighbour, and a noble visitor,

Had his abode, who often met my father

In gentle sports of clace, and river-hawking,

In course and riding; and with him often

brought

A son of his, a young and hopeful gentleman,

⁹³ *Minds that made 'em.*] i. e. did 'em. *Sympton,*

Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection;
A sprightly man, of understanding excellent,
Of speech and civil 'haviour no less powerful;
And of all parts, else my eyes lied, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaint-
Nearer into affection; from affection {ance
Into belief.

Theod. Well?

Leoc. Then we durst kiss.

Theod. Go forward! [less man,

Leoc. But oh, man, man, unconstat, care-
Oh, subtle man, how many are thy mischiefs!
Oh, Marc-Antonio, I may curse those kisses!

Theod. What did you call him, lady?

Leoc. Marc-Antonio;

The name to me of misery.

Theod. 'Pray, forward!

Leoc. From these we bred desires, sir; but
lose me, Heav'n,
If mine were lustful!

Theod. I believe,

Leoc. This nearness [honour,
Made him importunate: When, to save mine
(Love having full possession of my powers)
I got a contract from him.

Theod. Seal'd?

Leoc. And sworn too; [upon me,
Which since, for some offence Heav'n laid
I lost amongst my monies in the robbery
(The loss that makes me poorest): This won
from him,

Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I 'pointed him a bye-way to my chamber
The next night at an hour—

Theod. 'Pray stay there, lady!—

And when the night came, came he? kept he
touch with you? [wishes?

(Be not so shame-fu'd!) had ye both your
Tell me, and tell me true, did he enjoy ye?
Were ye in one another's arms abed? the
contract [you?

Confirm'd in full joys there? did he lie with
Answer to that! ha? Did your father know
this,

The good old man, or kindred, privy to't?²⁴
And had you their consents? did that night's
Ma' a you a mother? [promise

Leoc. Why d'you ask so nearly?

Good sir, does it concern you any thing?

Theod. No, lady;

Only the pity why you should be us'd so
A little stabs me. But did he keep his promise?

Leoc. No, no, signor;

Alas, he never came, nor never meant it!
My love was fool'd, since number'd to no end,
My expectation floated; and guess you, sir,
What dur unto a cunning maid this was,
What a base breaking-off?

Theod. All well then.—Lady,

Go forward in your story.

Leoc. Not only fail'd, sir,

(Which is a curse in love; and may he find it
When his affections are full-wing'd and ready
To stoop upon the quarry, then when all
His full hopes are in 's arms!) not only thus, sir,
But more injurious, faithless, treacherous,
Within two days Fame gave him far remov'd
With a new love; which, much against my
conscience,

But more against my cause, which is my hell,
I must confess a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable sweetness, daughter
Unto another of our noble neighbours;

The thief call'd Theodosta, whose perfection
I'm bound to ban for ever, curse to wrinkles,
As Heav'n I hope will make 'em soon, and
aches; [wench,

For they have robb'd me, poor unhappy
Of all, of all, sir, all that was my glory, [vel.
And left me nothing but these tears, and tra-
Upon this certain news, I quit my father,

(And, if you be not milder in construction,
I fear mine honour too) and like a page
Stole to Ossuna; from that place to Sevil;
From thence to Barcelona I was travelling
When you o'er-took my misery, in hope to
hear of

Gallies bound up for Italy; for never
Will I leave off the search of this bad man,
This filcher of affections, this love-peddler!
Nor shall my curses cease to blast her beau-
ties, [ture,

And make her name as wandring as her as-
Till, standing face to face before their lusts,
I call Heav'n's justice down.

Theod. This shews too angry;

Nor can it be her fault she is belov'd:

If I give o'eat, must they that eat it sorfeit?

Leoc. She loves again, sir, there's the mis-
chief of it,

And in despite of me, to drown my blessings,
Which she shall dearly know—

Theod. You are too violent. [devotion

Leoc. Sh' has devils in her eyes, to whose
He offers all his service.

Theod. Who can say

But she may be forsaken too? He that once
wanders [mise,

From such a perfect sweetness as you pro-
Has he not still the same rule to deceive?

Leoc. No, no; they are together, love to-
gether,

Past all deceit of that side; sleep together,
Live, and delight together; and such deceit
Give me in a wild desert!

Theod. By your leave, lady,

I see no honour in this cunning.

Leoc. Honour? [none;

True, none of her part; honour? she deserves
'Tis ceas'd with wandring ladies, such as she is,
So bold and impudent.

Theod. I could be angry,

²⁴ Or kindred privy to't? I can't help thinking but that or is corrupted for were. Symphon.

²⁵ Dor.] i. e. balk, disappointment. If the reader would see an account of the several
sorts of dors, I will refer him to Ben Jonson, [Whalley's edit. vol. i. p. 383, 384.] Symphon.

Extremely angry now, beyond my nature,
[Aside.]

An 'twere not for my pity: What a man
Is this, to do these wrongs!—Believe me, lady,
I know the maid, and know she is not with
him—

Leoc. I would you knew she were in Heaven!

Theod. And so well know her, that I think
you're cozen'd.

Leoc. So I say, sir.

Theod. I mean, in her behaviour; for, trust
my faith,

So much I dare adventure for her credit,
She's never yet delighted to do wrong.

Leoc. How can she then delight in him?
Dare she think

(Be what she will, as excellent as angels)
My love so fond, my wishes so indulgent,
That I must take her prewings* stoop at
that

Sh' has tir'd upon? No, sir; I hold my
(Wash but these sorrows from it) of a sparkle
As right and rich as hers, my means as equal,
My youth as much untown; and, for our
And weight of virtue—

Theod. Do not tisk her so far.

Leoc. By Heav'n she's cork, and clouds!
light, light, sir, vapour! [ceais,
But I shall find her out, with all her witch-
Her paintings, and her pouncings; for 'tis art,
And only art preserves her, and mere spells
That work upon his pow'rs. Let her but
shew me

A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour
(And writes but sixteen years) in spite of sor-
rows,

An unbathe'd body, smiles that give but shin-
And wrinkle not the face! Besides, she's little,
A demy dame, that makes no object.

Theod. Nay,

Then I must say you err; for, credit me,
I think she's taller than yourself.

Leoc. Why, let her!

It is not that shall mate me; I but ask
My hands may reach unto her.

Theod. Gentle lady,

'Tis now ill time of further argument;
For I perceive your anger void of counsel,
Which I could wish more temperate.

Leoc. Pray forgive me,

If I have spoke uncivily: They that look on
See more than we that play; and I beseech
you

Impute it love's offence, not mine; whose
If you have ever lov'd, and found my crosses,
You must confess are seldom tied to patience:
Yet I could wish I had said less.

Theod. No harm then;

You've made a full an-ends. Our company

You may command, so please you, in your
travels,

With all our faith and furtherance; let it be
Leoc. You make too great an offer. [so.

Theod. Then it shall be.

Go in, and rest yourself; our wholesome diet
Will be made ready straight. But hark you,
lady!

One thing I must entreat; your leave and suf-
That these things may be open to my brother,
For more respect and honour.

Leoc. Do your pleasure. [means,

Theod. And do not change this habit, by no
Unless you change yourself.

Leoc. Which must not yet be.

Theod. It carries you conceal'd and safe.

Leoc. I'm counsel'd. [Exit,

Enter Philippo.

Phil. What's done?

Theod. Why, all we doubted; 'tis a woman,
And of a noble strain too: Guess!

Phil. I cannot.

Theod. You have heard often of her.

Phil. Stay; I think not. [cadia,

Theod. Indeed you have; 'tis the fair Leoc-
Daughter unto don Sanchio, our noble neigh-
Phil. Nay?

Theod. 'Tis she, sir, o' my credit.

Phil. Leocadia?

Pish! Leocadia it must not be.

Theod. It must be, or be nothing.

Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder: Leoc-

Theod. The very same. [cadia?

Phil. The damsel Leocadia?

I guess'd it was a woman, and a fair one.
I see it thro' her slaps, transparent, plain;
But that it should be she! tell me directly.

Theod. By Heav'n's, 'tis she.

Phil. By Heav'n, then, 'tis a sweet one.

Theod. That's granted too.

Phil. But hark you, hark you, sister!

How came she thus disguis'd?

Theod. I'll tell you that too; [too,

As I came, on the self-safe ground, so us'd

Phil. By the same man?

Theod. The same too.

Phil. As I live, [ones!

You lovers have fine fancies, wondrous fine

Theod. Pray Heav'n, you never make one!

Phil. Faith, I know not:

But, in that mind I am, I'd rather duble;
'Tis a more Christian trade. Pray tell me one
thing;

Are not you two now monstrous jealous
Of one another?

Theod. She is much of me,

And has run'd at me most unmercifully,
and to my face; and, o' my conscience,

* Take her prewings; stop at that

Sh' has tir'd upon! Mr. Elwood, with whom I had the good fortune to agree, reads
stoop for stop, which is undoubtedly the true lection, and is a term in falconry that needs
no explanation. Symson.

Very fortunate indeed, since STOOP is the lection of the first folio.

Had she but known me, either she or I,
Or both, had parted with strange faces,
She was in such a fury.

Phil. Leocadia?

Does she speak handsomely?

Theod. Wondrous well, sir,

And all she does becomes her, e'en her anger.

Phil. How seem'd she when you found her?

Theod. Had you seen

How sweetly fearfully her pretty self*

Betray'd herself; how woe her sorrow shew'd,

And in what handsome phrase she put her story;

And as occasion stirr'd her how she started,

Tho' roughly, yet most aptly, into anger;

You would have wonder'd.

Phil. Does she know you?

Theod. No,

Nor must not by no means.

Phil. How stands your difference?

Theod. I'll tell you that some fitter time;
but, trust me,

My Mare-Antonio has too much to answer.

Phil. May I take knowledge of her?

Theod. Yes, she's willing.

Phil. Pray use her as she is, with all respects then;

For she's a woman of a noble breeding.

Theod. You shall not find me wanting.

Phil. Which way bears she?

Theod. Our way, and to our end.

Phil. I am glad on't. Hark you!

She keeps her shape?

Enter Leocadio.

Theod. Yes, and I think, by this time,

Has new'd her old—

Phil. She's here; By Heaven, a rare one!

An admirable sweet one! what an eye!

Of what a full command she bears! how gracious

All her aspect shews! Bless me from a fellow
I am not well o' th' sudden.

Leoc. Noble friends,

Your meat and all my service waits upon ye.

Phil. You teach us manners, lady; all
which service

Must now be mine to you, and all too poor

Flash not we know you; for, by all our faults,

With us your honour is in sanctuary,

And ever shall be.

Leoc. I do well believe it:

Will you walk nearer, sir?

[*Exit.*]

Theod. She shews still fairer,

Younger in every change, and clearer, neater:

I know not; I may fool myself, and finely

Nourish a wolf to eat my heart out. Certain,

As she appears now, she appears a wonder,

A thing amazes me; what would she do then

In woman's helps, in ornaments apt for her,

And deckings to her delicacy? Without all doubt,

She would be held a miracle; nor can I think
He has forsaken her, say what she please;
I know his curious eye: Or, say he had,
Put case he could be so boy-blind and foolish,
Yet still I fear she keeps the contract with her,
Not stol'n, as she affirms, nor lost by negligence;

She'd love herself first, 'tis her life; and there
All my hopes are dispatch'd. Oh, noble Love,
That thou couldst be without this jealousy,
Without this passion of the heart, how
heav'nly

Wouldst thou appear upon us! Come what
may come,

I'll see the end on't: And since chance has
cast her

Naked into my refuge, all I can

She freely shall command, except the morn,
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo and Pedro.

Leo. Don Pedro, do you think assuredly

The galleys will come round to Barcelona

Within these two days?

Pedro. Without doubt.

Leo. And think you

He will be with 'em certainly?

Pedro. He is, sir;

I saw him at their setting off.

Leo. Must they needs

Touch there for water, as you say?

Pedro. They must, sir,

And for fresh meat too; few or none go by it.
Beside, so great a fleet must needs want
triumphing,

If they have met with foul seas; and no har-
bour

On this side Spain is able, without danger,

To moor 'em, but that haven.

Leo. Are the wars

His only end?

Pedro. So he professes.

Leo. Bears he

Any command amongst 'em?

Pedro. Good regard

With all; which quickly will prefer him.

Leo. Pray, sir, tell me,

And as you are a gentleman be liberal.

Pedro. I will, sir, and most true.

Leo. Who saw you with him?

Pedro. None but things like himself;

young soldiers,

And gentlemen desirous to seek honour.

Leo. Was there no woman there, nor none

disguis'd

That might be thought a woman? In his lan-

guage,

Did he not let slip something of suspicion

Touching that wanton way?

Pedro. Believe me, sir,

I neither saw, nor could suspect that face

That might be doubted woman's; yet I'm

sure

* *How sweetly fearful her pretty self.* We have ventured to assist this verse, by the addition of a syllable.

Aboard him I see all that past: And 'tis impossible

Among so many high-set bloods there should be

A woman, let her close herself within a cocle,
But they would open her: He must not love
Within that place alone; and therefore surely
He would not be so foolish, had he any,
To trust her there. For his discourse, 'twas
ever

About his business, war, or mirth, to make us
Relish a can of wine well; when he spoke
private,

'Twas only the remembrance of his service,
And hope of your good prayers for his health,
And so I gave him to the seas. [sir;

Leo. I thank you,

And now am satisfied. And, to prevent
Suspicious that may nourish dangers, signor,
(For I have told you how the mad Alphonso
Chafes like a stag i'th' toil, and heeds his fury
'Gainst all, but his own ignorance) I'm deter-
For peace sake and the preservation [min'd,
Of my yet-untouch'd honour, and his cure,
Myself to seek him there, and bring him back,
As testimony of an unsought injury
By either of our actions; that the world
And he, if he have reason, may see plainly
Opinion is no perfect guide, nor all fables
Founders of truths. In the mean time, this
courtesy

I must entreat of you, sir; be myself here,
And as myself command my family.

Pedro. You lay too much trust on me.

Leo. 'Tis my love, sir.

I will not be long from you. If this question
Chance to be call'd upon ere my return,
I leave your care to answer. So, farewell, sir!

Pedro. You take a wise way; all my best
endeavours

Shall labour in your absence. Peace go with
you! [Exit *Leo.*

A noble honest gentleman, free-hearted,
And of an open faith, much loving and much
lov'd,

And father of that goodness only Malice
Can truly stir against; what dare befall

'Till his return I'll answer.

[Exit.

Enter Alphonso and Servant.

Alph. Walk off, sirrah;

But keep yourself within my call.

Serv. I will, sir.

Alph. And stir my horse, for taking cold.
—Within there! [signor!

How, people! you that dwell there! my brave
What, are ye all asleep? is't that time with ye?
I'll ring a little louder.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. Sir, who seek you?

Alph. Not you, sir. Where's your master?

Pedro. I serve no man

In way of pay, sir.

Alph. Where's the man n' th' house then?

Pedro. What would you have with him, sir?

Alph. Do you stand here, sir,

To ask men questions when they come?

Pedro. I would, sir,

Being his friend, and hearing such alarms,
Know how men come to visit him.

Alph. You shall, sir:

'Pray tell his Mightiness here is a gentleman,
By name Alphonso, would entreat his con-
ference

About affairs of state, sir. Are you answer'd?

Enter Sanchio carried.

Pedro. I must be, sir.

Sanc. Stay; set me down. Stay, signor!

You must stay, and you shall stay.

Alph. Meaning me, sir? [you.

Sanc. Yes, you, sir; you I mean; I mean

Alph. Well, sir?

Why should I stay?

Sanc. There's reason.

Alph. Reason, sir?

Sanc. Ay, reason, sir; [first.
My wrong is greatest, and I will be serv'd

Call out the man of fame.

Alph. How serv'd, sir?

Sanc. Thus, sir.

Alph. But not before me?

Sanc. Before all the world, sir,

As my case stands.

Alph. I've lost a daughter, sir.

Sanc. I've lost another, worth five score
of her, sir.

Alph. You must not tell me so.

Sanc. I have; and, hark ye, [low;
Make it up five score more. Call out the fel-
And stand you by, sir.

Pedro. This is the mad morris.

Alph. And I stand by?

Sanc. I say, stand by, and do it.

Alph. Stand by, among thy lungs?

Sanc. Turn presently,

And say thy prayers; thou art dead.

Alph. I scorn thee!

[dost!
And scorn to say my prayers more than thou
Mine is the most wrong, and my daughter

And mine shall first be righted. [dearest,

Sanc. Shall be righted?

Pedro. A third may live, I see. 'Pray hear
me, gentlemen.

Sanc. Shall be?

Alph. Ay, shall be righted.

Sanc. Now?

Alph. Now.

Sanc. Instantly?

Alph. Before I stir.

Sanc. Before me?

²² *Lungs.* Probably this is an accidental corruption of the word *loons*, (i. e. *low people*) derived from the Irish *lun*, *sluggish*. See Dr. Percy's *Reliqués of Antient Poetry*, Glossary to vol. i.

Alph. Before any.

Sanc. Dost thou consider what thou sayst?

Hast thou friends here

Able to quench my anger, or persuade me
(After I've beaten thee into one main bruise³⁰,
And made thee spend thy state in rotten nipples)

Thou canst at length be quiet? Shall I kill
Divide thee like a rotten pounpion, [thee?
And leave thee stinking to posterity?
There's not the least blow I shall give, but
does this.

Urge me no further: I am first.

Alph. I'll hang first!

No, goodman Glory, 'tis not your bravadoes,
Your punctual honour, nor soldadoship—

Sanc. Set me a little nearer.

Alph. Let him sally!— [tinn³¹,
Lin'd with your quirks of carriage and discre-
Can blow me off my purpose. Where's your
credit, [arguing,

With all your school-points now? your decent
And apt time for performing? where are these
toys,

These wise ways and most honourable courses,
To take revenge? How dar'st thou talk of kill-
ing,

Or think of drawing any thing but squirts,
When lechery has dry-foundered thee?

Sanc. Nearer yet!

That I may spit him down!—Thou lookest
like a man.

Pedro. I would he thought so, sir,

Sanc. 'Prithee do but take me,

And fling me upon that puppy.

Alph. Do, for Heaven's sake,

And see but how I'll hug him.

Sanc. Yet take warning!

Pedro. 'Faith, gentlemen, this is a needless
quarrel.

Sanc. And d'you desire to make one?

Pedro. As a friend, sir,

To tell you all this anger is but lost, sir;

For Leonardo is from home.

Alph. No, no, sir!

Pedro. Indeed he is.

Sanc. Where dare he be, but here, sir,

When men are wrong'd, and come for satis-
factions?

Pedro. It seems he has done none, sir; for
his business,

Clear of those cares, hath carried him for
some time

To Barcelona: If he had been guilty,
I know he would have stay'd, and clear'd all
difference,

Either by free confession, or his sword.

Sanc. This must not be!

Pedro. Sure as I live, it is, sir.

Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever!—Barcelona?
Why, 'tis the key for Italy, from whence
He stole first hither.

Sanc. And having found his knneries
Too gross to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the same way back again: I
believe too

The good grass gentleman, for his own ease,
Has taken one o' th' fillics. Is not his stuff
sold?

Alph. I fear his worship's shoes too, to
escape us;

I do not think he has a dish within doors,
A louse left of his lineage.

Pedro. You're too wide, sir.

Alph. Or one poor wooden spoon.

Pedro. Come in and see, sir.

Alph. I'll see his house on fire first!

Pedro. Thou be pleas'd,

Sir, to give better censure.

Sanc. I will after him,

And search him like conceal'd land, but I'll
have him;

And, tho' I find him in his shrift, I'll kill him.

Alph. I'll bear you company.

Sanc. 'Pray have a care then,

A most especial care, indeed a fear,
You do not anger me.

Alph. I will observe you;

And if I light upon him handsomely—

Sanc. Kill but a piece of him; leave some,
For your poor friends! [Alphonso,

Pedro. I fear him not for all this.

Alph. Shall we first go home,

³⁰ *One main bruist.*] The variation was recommended by Theobald. The mention of *rotten apples* (esteemed beneficial in *bruises*) induces us to think him right.

³¹ *Sanc.* *Lin'd with your quirks.*] I have given to the speakers here, what I think they may justly claim, though Mr. Theobald only makes a query about it, viz. their proper speeches, which all the former editions seem to have confounded; after—*soldadoship*—Alphonso is interrupted by old Sanchio, who says,

Set me a little nearer, let him sally.—After which Alphonso goes on to complete his passionate speech that was broke off at—not your *soldadoship*—thus,

'*Lin'd with your quirks of carriage,*' &c.

After which follows naturally enough,

Sanc. 'Nearer yet.'

First folio reads thus:

Sanc. 'Set me a little nearer.'

Alph. 'Let him sally.'

S. 'Lin'd with,' &c.

Sympon's variation, therefore, about which thus much is said, is merely omitting the *S.* which by some accident (and palpably accident) was placed at the beginning of the last line.

(For it may prove a voyage) and dispose
Of things there? Heav'n knows what may
Sanc. No; [follow!]

I'll kill him in this shirt I've on: Let things
Govern themselves! I'm master of my honour
At this time, and no more; let wife, and land,
Lie lay²³ 'till I return!

Alph. I say Amen to't:
But what care for our moories?

Sanc. I'll not spend
Above three shillings, 'till his head be here;
Four is too great a sum for all his fortunes.
Come, take me up instantly.

Alph. Farewell to you, sir!
And if your friend be in a feather-bed,
Sew'd up to shroud his fears, tell him 'tis
folly;

For no course but his voluntary hanging
Can get our pardons. [Exeunt.]

Pedro. These I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiscretions
Would suffer 'em; two of the old seditions!
Wheo they want enemies, they are their own
foes!

Were they a little wiser, I should doubt 'em;
'Till when, I'll ne'er break sleep, nor suffer
hunger,

For any harm he shall receive: For 'tis as
If he be guilty, to turn these two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and
live still,

As 'tis to tell five pound; a great deal sooner.
And so I'll to my meat, and then to hawking.
[Exit.]

²³ Lie lay.] This passage is a confirmation of a correction I made in *The Scornful Lady*:
Though Mr. Theobald makes an unhappy query whether we should not read, 'lie follow:'
But this is the same thing; *lay*, as you may see in note ²⁴ upon *The Scornful Lady*, being
follow. Sympton.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Marc-Antonio and a Gentleman.

Marc. SIR, this is compliment; I pray you
leave me.

Gent. Sir, it is not.

Marc. Why, I would only see
The town.

Gent. And only that I come to shew you.

Marc. Which I can see without you.

Gent. So you may,
Plainly, not safely: For such difference
As you have seen betwixt the sea and earth
When waves rise high, and land would beat
'em back,

As fearful of invasion; such we find
When we land here at Barcelona.

Marc. Sir— [fearing]

Gent. Besides, our gen'l of the galleys,
Your hasty nature, charg'd me not return
Without you safe.

Marc. Oh, sir, that Rodorigo
Is noble, and he does mistake my temper:
There is not in the world a mind less apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em. Has he seen
me

In all this voyage, in the which he pleases

Enter Eugenio, with divers Attendants.
To call me friend, let slip a hasty word?—
Slight, sir! yonder is a lady wou'd;
For properness beyond comparison,
And sure her face is like the rest; we'll see't.

Gent. Why, you are hasty, sir, already.

Know you

What 'tis you go about?

Marc. Yes; I would see
The woman's face.

Gent. By Heav'n, you shall not do't!
You do not know the custom of the place:
To draw that curtain here, tho' she were mean,
Is mortal.

Marc. Is it? Earth must come to earth
At last; and, by my troth, I'll try it, sir.

Gent. Then I must hold you fast. By all
the snith

That can be plac'd in man, 'tis an attempt
More dangerous than death; 'tis death and
I know the lady well. [shame!]

Marc. Is she a lady?

I shall the more desire to see her, sir.

Gent. She is Aluaso's wife, the Governor,
A noble gentleman.

Marc. Then let me go:

If I can win her, you and I will govern
This town, sir, fear it not, and we will alter
These barbarous customs then; for every lady
Shall be seen daily, and seen over too²⁴.

Gent. Come, do not jest, nor let your
passions bear you

To such wild enterprizes! Hold you still;
For, as I have a soul, you shall not do't!
She is a lady of unblemish'd fame,
And here to offer that affront, were base.
Hold on your way; and we will see the town,
And overlook the ladies.

²⁴ And seen over too.] Sympton thinks it probable we should read, 'seen o'ert too;' i. e.
open. But the last line of the next speech, 'And overlook the ladies,' seems to confirm the
old reading.

Marc. I am school'd,
And promise you I will.—But, good sir, see!
She will pass by us now: I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.

Gent. 'Sfoot, are you mad?
'I will be as ill as th' other.

1 Attend. What's the matter?
What would that fellow have?

Gent. Good sir, forbear.

1 Attend. It seems you are new landed;
would you beg
Any thing here?

Marc. Yes, sir, all happiness
To that fair lady, as I hope.

Gent. Marc-Antonio! [would beg
Marc. Her face, which needs no hiding, I
A sight of.

Gent. Now go on; for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.

1 Attend. Surrah, you
Shall see a fitter object for your eyes,
Than a fair lady's face.

Eug. For Heaven's sake, raise not
A quarrel in the streets for me!

1 Attend. Slip in then;
This is your door.

Eug. Will you needs quarrel then?

1 Attend. We must, or suffer [speak.
This outrage. Is't not all your minds, sirs?

All. Yes.

Eug. Then I do beseech ye, let my lord

Enter three or four Soldiers.

Nut think the quarrel about me; for 'tis not.
[*Erit.*

Gent. See, happily some of our galley sol-
Are come ashore. [diers

1 Attend. Come on, sir! you shall see
Faces enough.

Enter certain Townsmen.

Gent. Some one of you call to
Our General! the whole roar of the town
Comes in upon us.

Marc. I have seen, sir, better
Perhaps, than that was cover'd; and will yet
See that, or spoil yours. [They fight.

Enter Philippo, Theodosia, and Leocadia.

Phil. Ou! why start you back?

Theod. Alas, sir, they are fighting.

Leoc. Let's be gone.—

See, see, a handsome man struck down!

Gent. Ho, General!

Look out! Antonio is in distress.

Theod. Antonio?

Leoc. Antonio? 'Tis he.

Rod. [within.] Ho, Governor!—Make a
shot into the town!

I'll part you. Bring away Antonio [A shot.
Into my cabin. [*Ere. Attend. and Townsmen.*

Gent. I will do that office:

I fear it is the last that I shall do him.

[*Exeunt Soldiers and Gentleman, with
Marc-Antonio.*

Theod. The last? why, will he die?

Leoc. Since I have found him,
Happiness leave me, when I leave him! [*Erit.*

Phil. Why, Theodosia!

My sister! wake! Alas, I griev'd but now
To see the streets so full, and now I grieve
To see them left so empty: I could wish
Tumult himself were here, that yet at least
Amongst the band I might espy some face
So pale and fearful, that would willingly
Embrace an errand for a cordial,
Or *aqua-vita*, or a cup of sack,
Or a physician. But to talk of these—
She breathes! Stand up! oh, Theodosia!
Speak but as thou wert woe: give but a sigh,
Which is but the most unhappy piece of life,
And I will ever after worship sadness,
Apply myself to grief, prepare and build
Altars to sorrow!

Theod. Oh, Philippo, help me! [arms.

Phil. I do: These are my arms, Philippo's
Thy brother's arms, that hold thee up.

Theod. You help me

To life; but I would see Antonio
That's dead. [thou?

Phil. Thou shalt see any thing. How dost

Theod. Better, I thank you.

Phil. Why, that's well. Call up

Thy senses, and uncloud thy cover'd spirits.
How now?

Theod. Recover'd. But Antonio?

Where is he?

Phil. We will find him. Art thou well?

Theod. Perfectly well, saving the miss of
him.

And I do charge you here, by our alliance,
And by the love which would have been be-
twixt us,

Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,
Mingled with twenty thousand hopes and
doubts,

Which you may think plac'd in a lover's heart,
And in a virgin's too when she wants help,
To grant me your assistance to find out
This man, alive or dead! and I will pay you,
In service, tears, or prayers, a world of wealth;
But other treasure I have none. Alas!
You men have strong hearts; but we feeble
maids

Have tender eyes, which only given be
To blind themselves, crying for what they see.

Phil. Why dost thou charge me thus? Have
I been found

Slow to perforce, what I could not imagine
Thy wishes were? Have I at any time
Tender'd a business of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? Have I not been,
As if I were a senseless creature, made
To serve thee without power of questioning?
If so, why fear'st thou?

Theod. I am satisfied. [cadia?

Phil. Come then, let's go.—Where's Leo-

Theod. I know not, sir.

Phil. Where's Leocadia?

Theod. I do not know.

Phil. Leocadia!

This tumult made the streets as dead as night;
A man may talk as freely! what's become
Of Leocadia?

Theod. She's run away.

Phil. Be gone, and let us never more be-
hold

Each other's face, till we may, both together,
Fasten our eyes on her! Accursed be
Those tender cozening names of Charity,
And Natural Affection! they have lost
Me, only by observing them, what cost,
Travel, and fruitless wishes, may in vain
Search thro' the world, but never find again.

Theod. Good sir, be patient! I have done
no fault

Worthy this banishment.

Phil. Yes; Leocadia,

The lady so distress'd, who was content
To lay her story, and to lay her heart
As open as her story to yourself;
Who was content that I should know her sex,
Before dissembled, and to put herself
Into my conduct; whom I undertook
Safely to guard; is in this tumult lost!

Theod. And can I help it, sir?

Phil. No; 'would thou couldst!

You might have done, but for that zeal'd reli-
gion

You women bear to swoonings: You do pick
Your times to faint, when somebody is by
Bound or by untire, or by love, or service,
To raise you from that well-dissembled death:
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by herself,
Where sickness would no more forbear than
And I will quit the rest for her. [here,

Theod. I know not

What they may do, and how they may dis-
but, by my troth, I did not. [seemle;

Phil. By my troth,

'Would I had tried! 'would I had let thee lain,
And follow'd her!

Theod. I would you had done so,

Rather than been so sorry. Where's Antonio?

Phil. Why dost thou vex me with these
questions?

I'll tell thee where; he's carried to the galleys,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and
row

With knotted ropes, and pizles; if he swoon,
He has a dose of biscuit.

Theod. I am glad

He is alive.

Phil. Was ever man thus troubled?

Tell me where Leocadia is!

Theod. Good brother,

Be not so hasty, and I think I can:

You found no error in me, when I first

Told you she was a woman; and, believe me,
Something I have found out which makes me
think,

Nay almost know so well, that I durst swear
She follow'd hurt Antonio.

Phil. What do we

*Enter the Governor, two Attendants, and the
Townsmen.*

Then lingering here? We will aboard the gal-
And find her. [hes,

Gov. Made he a shot into the town?

1 Attend. He did, sir.

Gov. Call back those gentlemen.

1 Attend. The Governor

Commands you back.

Phil. We will obey him, sir. [He is

Gov. You gave him cause to shoot, I know
So far from rash offence, and holds with me
Such curious friendship—Could not one of
you

Have call'd me while 'twas doing? Such an
Before my door too? [uproar,

1 Towns. By my troth, sir,

We were so busy in the public cause,
Of our own private falling out, that we for-
got it. [soon

At home we see now you were not; but as
As the shot made us fly, we ran away
As fast as we could to seek your honour.

Gov. 'Twas gravely done! but no man tells
the cause, [differ.

Or chance, or what it was, that made you

1 Towns. For my part, sir, if there were
any that

I knew of, the shot drove it out of my head.
Do you know any, neighbours?

All. Not we, not we.

Gov. Not we? Nor can you tell?

1 Attend. No other cause, [galleys.

But the old quarrel betwix the town and the

Gov. Come nearer, gentlemen! What are
your names?

Phil. My name Philippo.

Theod. And mine Theodoro.

Gov. Strangers you are, it seems.

Phil. Newly arriv'd.

Gov. Then you are they begun this tumult,

Phil. No, sir.

Gov. Speak one of you.

1 Attend. They are not; I can quit 'em.

Theod. Yet we saw part, and an unhappy
part,

Of this debate; a long-sought friend of ours
Struck down for dead, and borne unto the
His name is Marc-Antonio. [galleys;

Phil. And another

Of our own company, a gentleman
Of noble birth, besides accompanied
With all the gifts of Nature, ravish'd hence
We know not how, in this dissention.

Gov. Get you home all, and work; and
when I hear

You meddle with a weapon any more, [you
But those belonging to your trades, I'll lay
Where your best customers shall hardly find
you. [Exeunt Townsmen.

I'm sorry, gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both strangers, by your tongues, and
looks,

Of worth; To make ye some part of amends,

If there be any thing in this poor town
Of Barcelona that you would command,
Command me!

Theod. Sir, this wounded gentleman,
If it might please you, if your power and love
Extend so far, I would be glad to wish
Might be remov'd into the town for cure:
The gallies stay not; and his wound, I know,
Cannot endure a voyage.

Gov. Sir, he shall,
I warrant you.—Go call me hither, sirrah,
One of my other servants. [*Exit 1 Attendant.*]

Phil. And besides,
The gentleman we lost, signor Francisco,
Shall he be render'd too?

Enter a Servant.

Gov. And he, sir, too. Go, sirrah, bear
this ring

To Rodrigo, my most noble friend,
The general of the gallies: Tell him this.

[*Whispers to his Servant. Exit Servant.*]

Theod. Now we shall have 'em both.

Phil. Blest be thy thoughts
For apprehending this! blest be thy breath
For uttering it!

Gov. Come, gentlemen, you shall
Enter my roof; and I will send for surgeons,
And you shall see your friends here presently.

Theod. His name was Marc-Antonio.

Gov. I know it,

And have sent word so.

Phil. Did you not forget
Francisco's name?

Gov. Nor his. You're truly welcome;
To talk about it more, were but to say
The same word often over: You are welcome.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Marc-Antonio, carried by two Soldiers;
Leocadia and the Servant following.*

Serv. This is the house, sir.

Marc. Enter it, I pray you;
For I am faint, altho' I think my wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now; I thank
you.

1 *Sold.* Heaven send you health, sir!

Serv. Let me lead you in.

Marc. My wound's not in my feet; I shall
entreat 'em,

I hope, to bear me so far. [*Exit.*]

2 *Sold.* How seriously
These land-men fled, when our general
Made a shot, as if he had been a warning
To call 'em to their hall!

1 *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em:
What a man have they now in the town
Able to maintain a tumult, or uphold
A matter out of square, if need be? Oh,
The quiet burly-buries that I've seen
In this town, when we've fought four hours
together,
And not a man amongst us so impertinent

Or modest to ask why?

But now the pillars that bare up this blessed
Town in that regular debate, and scrambling,
Are dead, the more's the pity.

2 *Sold.* Old Ignatio

Lives still.

1 *Sold.* Yes, I know him; he will do
Prettily well at a man's liver: But where
Is there a man now living in the town
That hath a steady hand, and understands
Anatomy well? If it come

To a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the spleen, why, alas! Ignatio is to seek.
Are there any such men left as I [*you*]
Have known, that would say they would hit
In this place? Is there ever a good artist,
Or a member-piercer, or a small-gut-man,
Left in the town? Answer me that.

2 *Sold.* 'Mass,

I think there be not.

1 *Sold.* No, I warrant thee.

Come, come; 'tis time we were at the gallies.
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Governor, Eugenia, Marc-Antonio,
Philippo, Theodosia, Leocadia, and Attendants.*

Gov. Sir, you may know by what I said
already,

You may command my house; but I must beg
Pardon to leave you. If the public business
Fore'd me not from you, I myself should call
it

Unmannerly; but, good sir, do you give it
A milder name. It shall not be an hour
Ere I return.

Marc. Sir, I was ne'er so poor
In my own thoughts, as that I wou'd n means
To requite this with.

Gov. Sir, within this hour. [*Exit.*]

Marc. Is this the lady that I quarrell'd for?
Oh, Lust, if wounds cannot restrain thy power,
Let shame! Nor do I feel my hurt at all,
Nor is it aught; only I was well beaten.

If I pursue it, all the civil world,
That ever did imagine the content
Found in the bond of man and wife unbroke,
The reverence due to households, or the ble-
That may be stuck upon posterity, [*wish*]
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my fore-
head,

'This is the wounded stranger, that, receiv'd
'For charity into a house, attempted'—
I will not do it.

Eug. Sir, how do you now,
That you walk off?

Marc. Worse, madam, than I was;
But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and rest a while!

Marc. Where are the surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their manner,
When they have seen the wound, especially
The patient being of worth, to go consult
(Which they are now at in another room)
About the dressing.

Marc. Madam, I do feel
Myself not well.

Theod. Alas!

Leoc. How do you, sir?

Eug. Will you drink waters?

Marc. No, good madam; 'tis not
So violent upon me, nor I think
Any thing dangerous: But yet there are
Some things that sit so heavy on my con-
science,

That will perplex my mind, and stop my cure;
So that unless I utter 'em, a scratch,
Here on my thumb, will kill me. Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the room, and come not in
Yourselves, or any other, 'till I have
Open'd myself to this most-honour'd lady!

Phil. We will not.

Theod. Oh, bless'd! he'll discover now
His love to me.

Leoc. Now he will tell the lady
Our contract.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Eug. and Marc.*]

Eug. I do believe he will confess to me
The wrong he did a lady in the streets;
But I forgive him.

Marc. Madam, I perceive
Myself grow worse and worse.

Eug. Shall I call back
Your friends?

Marc. Oh, no! but, ere I do import
What burthens me so sore, let me entreat you
(For there is no trust in these surgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My last request: But tell me truly too,
(That must be in) how far do you imagine
It will have power upon me.

Eug. Sir, I will.

Marc. For Heav'n's sake, softly! Oh! I
must needs lay
My head down easily, whilst you do it.

Eug. Do, sir.—

'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well:
Are you faint-hearted?

Marc. Oh!

Eug. Why do you sigh?
There is no danger in the world in this:
I wonder it should make a man—Sit down²³.
What do you mean? why do you kiss my
breasts?

Lift up your head; your wound may well
endure it. [*fection*]

Marc. Oh, madam, may I not express af-
(Dying affection too, I fear) to those
That do me favours, such as this of yours?

Eug. If you mean so, 'tis well: But what's
the business

Lies on your conscience?

Marc. I will tell you, madam.

Eug. Tell me, and laugh!

Marc. But I will tell you true,
Tho' I do laugh: I know, as well as you,
My wound is nothing; nor the power of earth

Could lay a wound upon me in your presence,
That I could feel: But I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wise men too, we shall deceive
'em.

Whilst they imagine I am talking here
With that short breath I have, ready to swoon
At every full point; you my ghostly mother
To hear my sad confession; you and I
Will on that bed within, prepar'd for me,
Delbate the matter privately.

Eug. Forbear!

Thou wert but now as welcome to this house
As certain cures to sick men, and just now
This sudden alteration makes thee look
Like plaguesome to infect it; if thou knew'st
How loathsome thou wilt be, thou wouldst
enter.

These walls or posts to help thee to a hurt,
Past thy dissimulation.

Marc. Gentle madam,
Call 'em not in!

Eug. I will not yet; this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue
And ears; thou canst not force me; there-
fore hear me

What I will tell thee quickly: Thou art born
To end some way more destitute than this;
Or, which is worse, to die of this hurt yet.—
Come, gentlemen!

[*Enter Leocadia.*]

Marc. Good madam!

Eug. Gentlemen!

Leoc. Madam, how is't? Is Marc-Antonio
well?

Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I see
A strange distemper in you.

Eug. I am wrought
By that dissembling man, that fellow, worth
Nothing but kicking.

[*Enter Philippo and Theodosia.*]

Leoc. Gentle madam, speak
To me alone! let not them understand
His fault! he will repent it, I dare swear.

Eug. I'll tell it you in private.

Phil. Marc-Antonio,
How do you?

Marc. Stand further off, I pray you;
Give me some air.

Theod. Good brother, will he 'scape?
The surgeons any there is no danger.

Phil. 'Scapè?
No doubt he will.

Leoc. Alas, will he not leave
This trying all?—Madam, I do beseech you
Let me but speak to him, you and these by,
And I dare almost promise you to make him
Shew himself truly sorrowful to you.
Besides, a story I shall open to you,
Not put in so good words, but in itself
So full of chance, that you will easily

²³ I wonder it should make a man sit down.] So the former editions.

Forgive my tediousness, and be well pleas'd
With that so much afflicts me.

Eug. Good sir, do.

Leoc. And I desire no interruption
Of speech may trouble me, 'till I have said
What I will quickly do.

Theod. What will she say?

Eug. Come, gentlemen, I pray you lend
your ears.
And keep your voices.

Leoc. Signor Marc-Antonio,
How do you?

Marc. Oh, the surgeons!

Leoc. Let me tell you,
Who know as well as you, you do dissemble,
It is no time to do so; leave the thoughts
Of this vain world, forget your flesh and
blood,

And make your spirit an untroubled way
To pass to what it ought.

Marc. You're not in earnest?

Why, I can walk, sir, and am well.

Leoc. 'Tis true

That you can walk, and do believe you're well:
It is the nature, as your surgeons say,
Of these wounds, for a man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, 'till his last hour, his minute:
For Heav'n's sake, sir, sit down again!

Marc. Alas,

Where are the surgeons?

Leoc. Sir, they will not come; [say,
If they should dress you, you would die, they
Ere one told twenty. Trouble not your mind,
Keep your head warm, and do not stir your
And you may live an hour. [body,

Marc. Oh, Heav'n's, an hour?

Alas, it is too little to remember
But half the wrongs that I have done: How
short

Then for contrition, and how least of all
For satisfaction!

Leoc. But you desire
To satisfy?

Marc. Heav'n knows, I do!

Leoc. Then know

That I am he, or she, or what you will,
Most wroug'd by you, your Leocadia,
(I know you must remember me)——

Marc. Oh, Heav'n!

Leoc. That lost her friends, that lost her
father's house;

That lost her fame in losing of her sex,
With these strange garments: There is no
excuse

To hinder me; it is within your power
To give me satisfaction; you have time
Left in this little piece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you, for your conscience
sake, [live

And for our fame, which I would fain have
When both of us are dead, to celebrate
That contract, which you have both seal'd
and sworn,

Yet ere you die; which must be hastily,
Heav'n knows.

Marc. Alas, the sting of conscience
To death-ward for our faults! Draw nearer
all,

And hear what I, unhappy man, shall say.
First, madam, I desire your pardon; next,
(I feel my spirits fail me!) gentlemen,
Let me shake hands with you, and let's be
friends;

For I have done wrong upon wrong so thick,
I know not where, that every man methinks
Should be mine enemy; forgive me both!
Lastly, 'tis true (oh, I do feel the power
Of death seize on me!) that I was contracted
By seal and oath to Leocadia;

(I must speak fast, because I fear my life
Will else be shorter than my speech would be)
But 'tis impossible to satisfy
You, Leocadia, but by repentance,
Tho' I can dyingly and boldly say
I know not your dishonour; yet that was
Your virtue, and not mine, you know it well;
But herein lies the impossibility;
(Oh! Theodosia, Theodosia!)

I was betroth'd to Theodosia.

Before I ever saw thee; Heav'n forgive me!
She is my wife this half-hour whilst I live.

Theod. That's I, that's I! I'm Theodosia.
Hear me a little now, who have not suffer'd
Disgrace at all methinks, since you confess
What I so long have sought for. Here is with
Philippo too, my brother. [me

Marc. I am glad;

All happiness to him! Come, let me kiss thee,
Beg pardon of that maid for my offence;
And let me further, with a dying breath,
Tell in thine ear the rest of my desires.

Eug. I am afraid they will all four turn
If we hold longer talk. [women,

Leoc. Alas, there is
No hope for me; that's Theodosia,
And that her brother. I am only sorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will search
Over the world, as careless of my fortunes
As they of me, 'till I can meet a curse
To make these almost-killing sorrows worse!
[Exit.

Theod. Sir, as I live, she lieth, only to draw
A just confession from you, which she bath;
A happy one for me! Ask of this lady,
Ask of my brother.

Eug. Sir, she did dissemble;

Your wound is nothing.

Phil. Leocadia's gone! [Exit.

Theod. Rise up, and stir yourself; 'tis but
amazement

And your imagination that afflicts you;
Look you, sir, now!

Marc. I think 'tis so, indeed.

Theod. The surgeons do not come, because
they swear

It needs no dressing.

Eug. You shall talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.

Marc. Where's your brother,
And Leocadia?

Eng. Within belike.

Marc. I feel myself, methinks, as well as ever. [give]

Eng. Keep then your mind so too; I do forgive the fault you did to me; but here is one Must not be wrong'd hereafter.

Marc. Neither shall she:

When I make jests of oaths again, or make My last play with religion; when I leave To keep true joys for her, and yet within Myself true sorrow for my passed deeds; May I want grace when I would fain repent, And find a great and sudden punishment!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Philippo, Diego, and Incubo.

Phil. WHERE is mine host? did not he see him neither?

Diego. Not I, i' faith, sir.

Phil. Nor the muletter? [sleep,

Inc. Nay, he's past seeing, unless it be in's By this time; all his visions were the pots, Three hours since, sir.

Phil. Which way should she take?

Nay, look you now! d'you all stand still? Good heav'n!

You might have lighted on him. Now, this instant! [him,

For love's sake, seek him out! Whoever finds I will reward his fortune as his diligence.

Get all the town to help that will be hir'd;

Their pains I'll turn to annual holiday,

If it should chance but one bring word of her! Pray you, about it!

Inc. Her, sir? who do you mean?

Phil. I had forgot myself; the page, I That came along with us. [meant,

Diego. He you gave the cloaths to?

Phil. I gave the cloaths to, rascal?

Diego. Nay, good sir!

Phil. Why dost thou mention or upbraid my courtesies,

Slave?

Diego. For your honour, sir.

Phil. Wretch! I was honour'd, [death! That she should wear 'em (he, I would say)

Go, get and find him out, or never see me.

I shall betray my love, ere I possess it.

Some star direct me, or ill planet strike me! [Exit.

Inc. Best to divide.

Diego. I'll this way.

Inc. And I this.

Diego. I, as you, find him for a rial!

Inc. 'Tis done. [pic-house;

Diego. My course is now directly to some I know the pages' compass.

Inc. I think rather

The smock side o' th' town, the surer harbour At his years to put in.

Diego. If I do find [now.

The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth *Inc.* I by the tail; yet I as you!

Diego. No more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Dear Leocadia, where canst thou be fled

Thus, like a spirit, hence? and in a moment? What cloud can hide thee from my following search,

If yet thou art a body? Sure she hath not Ta'en any house: She did too late leave one Where all humanity of a place receiv'd her, And would, if she had stay'd, have help'd to right

The wrong her fortune did her. Yet she must Be enter'd somewhere, or be found; no street, Lane, passage, corner, turn, hath 'scap'd enquiry.

If her despair had ravish'd her to air, She could not yet be rarified, so, But some of us should meet her: Tho' their eyes [would

Perhaps be leaden, and might turn, mine Strike out a lightning for her, and divide

A mist as thick as ever darkness was, Nay, see her thro' a quarry: They do lie,

Lie grossly, that say Love is blind; by him, And heav'n, they lie! he has a sight can pierce Thro' ivory, as clear as it were horn, And reach his object.

Enter Incubo.

Inc. Sir, he's found, he's found!

Phil. Ha? where? But reach that happy note again, And let it relish truth, thou art an angel.

Inc. He's here; fast by, sir; calling for a To go aboard the galleys. [boat

Phil. Where, where? Hold thee! [Exit.

Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I'd nought to shew for't, [word:

If he had had the wit t' have gone from's These direct men, they are no men of fashion; Talk what you will, this is a very snell.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Leonardo, with a Surgeon.

Leo. Upon your art, sir, and your faith t' assist it, [aid?

Shall I believe you then his wound's not mor-

Surg. Sir, 'tis not worth your question, less
your fear: [ce]pt

Leo. You do restore me, sir; I pray y' ne-
This small remembrance of a father's thanks,
For so assur'd a benefit.

Surg. Excuse me! [lieve

Leo. Sir, I can spare it, and must not be-
But that your fortune may receive t; except
You'd lin' me think you live not by your
practice.

Surg. I crave your pardon, sir; you teach
me manners. [require,

Leo. I crave your love and friendship; and
As I have made now both myself and hosi-
ness [me,

A portion of your care, you will but bring
Under the person of a call'd assistant,
To his next opening; where I may but see
him,

And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me: For I am loth,
Since here I have not to appear myself,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpose.

Surg. Neither [you
I hope will be your need, sir: I shall bring
Both there, and off again, without the ha-
zard. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philipoo and Leocadia.

Phil. Will you not hear me?

Leoc. I have heard so much [tonio,
Will keep me deaf for ever! No, Marc-An-
After this sentence, I may hear no more:
Thou hast pronounced me dead!

Phil. Appeal to Reason:
She will relieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her absence: Hear me say
A sovereign message from her, which in duty,
And love to your own safety, you ought hear.
Why do you strive so? whither would you fly?
You cannot wrest yourself away from care,
You may from counsel; you may shift your
place,

But not your person; and another clime
Makes you no other.

Leoc. Oh!

Phil. For passion's sake,
(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you)
If you will sigh, sigh here; if you would vary
A sigh to tears, or outcry, do it here!
No shade, no desert, darkness, nor the grave,
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I.
Only but hear me speak!

Leoc. What would you say?

Phil. That which shall raise your heart,
or pull down mine,
Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own;
We must have both one balsam, or one
wound.

For know, lov'd fair, since the first provi-
dence

Make me your rescue, I have read you thro',
And with a wond'ring pity looked on you;
I have observ'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it e'en with sympathy

Of a like red and paleness in mine own;
I knew which blush was Anger's, which was

Love's, [Truth;
Which was the eye of Sorrow, which of
And could distinguish honour from disdain
In every change; and you are worth my study.
I saw your voluntary misery

Sustain'd in travel: A disguised mind,
Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost;
Neglected, where you hop'd most, or put by;
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart:

And tho' it were my sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to
triumph,

My care for you so drown'd respect of her;
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But studied your release; and for that day
Have I made up a ransom, brought you health,
Preservative 'gainst chance, or injury,
Please you apply it to the grief; myself.

Leoc. Humph! [a cure.

Phil. Nay, do not think me less than such
Antonio was not; and, 'tis possible,
Philippa may succeed: My blood and house
Are as deep-rooted, and as fairly spread,
As Marc-Antonio's; and in that all seek,
Fortune hath given him no precedence;
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incense as much as he; I ever durst
Walk with Antonio by the self-same light
At any feast, or triumph, and ne'er car'd
Which side my lady or her woman took
In their survey; I durst have told my tale
Tho' his discourse new ended. [two,

Leoc. My repulse—

Phil. Let not that torture you, which
makes me happy;
Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no
shame!

'Twas no repulse; it was your dowry rather*:
For then methought a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then out-
reach'd,

In one example did proclaim you rich:
Nor do I think you wretched, or dis-grac'd,
After this suff'ring, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need; but rather know
You are the charge and business of those
powers,

Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes.
Read trivial lessons, and half lines to slugs;
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.

* 'Twas no repulse, I was your dowry rather.] The sense seems to require us to read either,
It was, or I was; for how was he her dowry, or repulse?

Leor. 'Tis well you think so.

Phil. You shall think so too;
You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.

Leor. Good sir, no more! you have too fair a shape

To play so foul a part in as the tempter:
Say that I could make peace with Fortune,
who,

Who should absolve me of my vow yet? ha?
My contract made?

Phil. Your contract?

Leor. Yes, my contract:

Am I not his? his wife?

Phil. Sweet, nothing less?

Leor. I have no name then?

Phil. Truly then, you have not:

How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's husband?

Leor. Oh, tho' he dispense

With his faith given, I cannot with mine.

Phil. You do mistake, clear soul; his pre-
contract

Doth anoul yours, and you have giv'n no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity;
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's; sweet, you do:
Believe me, who daren't urge dishonest things!
Remove that scruple therefore, and buttake
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
And weigh them with your safeties; Think
but whither

Now you can go; what you can do to live;
How near you ha' barr'd all ports to your own
succour,

Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any, who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation,
And think you wot the man you personate;
Would not regard this shift, which love put on
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice;
So should you live the snoder of each sex,
And be the child of error and of shame;
And, which is worse, even Marc-Antony
Would be call'd just, to turn a wonderer off,
And fame report you worthy his contempt;
Where if you make new choice, and settle
here,

There is no further tumult in this flood,
Each current keeps his course, and all suspi-
cions

Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid?

Go home a wife; Alone? and in disguise?

Go home a waited Leocadia:

Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
Transform all mischiefs, as you are trans-
form'd;

Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
And all his loud grief to a silent welcome;
Unfold the riddles you have made. What
say you?

Enter Sanchio carried, Alphonso, and Servants.

Now is the time; delay is but despair;
If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so!

Leor. I am; but how, I rather feel than
know.

Sanc. Come, sir; you're welcome oow to
Take off my hood. [Barcelona.]

Phil. Who be these? Stay; let's view 'em!

Alph. 'Twas a long journey; are you not
weary, sir?

Sanc. Weary? I could have rid it in mine

Leor. Alas! [anaww.]

Phil. What ail you, dear?

Leor. It is my father.

Phil. Your father? which?

Leor. He that is carried: Oh,

Let us make hence!

Phil. For love's sake, good my heart!

Leor. Into some house, before he see me.

Phil. Dear,

Be not thus fringed.

Leor. Oh, his wrath is tempest.

Phil. Sweet, take your spirit to you, and
stay. Be't he,

He cannot know you in this habit; and me
I'm sure he less knows, for he over saw me.

Alph. Ha! who is that? my son Philippo?

Phil. Sir!

Alph. Why, what make you here? Is this
Sulamanca? [too;

And that your study? ha?—Nay, stay him
We'll see him, by his leave.

Serv. You must not strive, sir.

Alph. No, sir; come near.

Sanc. My daughter? Leocadia?

Alph. How, sir! your daughter?

Sanc. Yes, sir; and as sure [run

As that's your son. Come hither! What now?

Outo' your sex? breech'd? Was it not enough

At once to leave thy father, and thine honour,

Unless th' hadst quit thyself too?

Phil. Sir, what fault

She can be urg'd of? I must take on me

The guilt and punishment.

Sanc. You must, sir? How

If you shall not, tho' you must? I deni not

With boys, sir, I: You have a father here

Shall do me right.

Alph. Thou art not mad, Philippo?

Art thou Marc-Antonio, son to Leocardo?

Our business is to them. [Leocadia slips out.]

Sanc. No, no, no, no!

I'll ha' the business now, with you, none else.

'Pray you let's speak in private.—Curry me
to him.— [lum.]

Your son's the ravisher, sir; and here I find

I hope you'll give me cause to thank you unble,

And do me right, with your sword, sir, as be-
comes

One gentleman of honour to another:

²⁷ She can be urg'd of. The oddness of the construction here inclines me to think that we should read, 'urg'd with.' *Symson.*

(If often occurs in old authors in the sense of with.)

All this is fair, sir; here's the sea fast by;
Upon the sands we will determine. [on't;
'Tis that I call you to; let's make no days
I'll lend your way.—To the sea-side, rascals!

Phil. Sir,
I would beseech your stay; he may oot fol-
low you.

Sanc. No?—Turn.—I'll kill him here
then.—Slaves, rogues, blocks, [bevo
Why do you not bear me to him? Ha! you
Acquainted with my motions, logs, so long,
And yet not know to time 'em?

Phil. Were you, sir,

Not impotent—

Alph. Hold your peace, boy!

Sanc. Impotent? [father's.
'Death, I'll cut his throat first, and then his
Alph. You must provide you then a sharper
razor [sword.

Than is your tongue; for I not fent your
Sanc. 'Heart, bear me to either of 'em!

Phil. 'Pray, sir, your patience.

Enter Governor and Attendants.

Alph. My curse light on thee, if thou stay

Phil. Hold! [hun!

Gov. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen?
whint tumult

Is this you raise i' th' street? before my door?
Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here?

Sanc. Yes, and to use it. Bear me up t' him,
Thus, at a traitor's heart! [rogues.

Alph. Truer than thine.

Gov. Strike, strike; some of the people
disarm 'em;

Kill 'em, if they resist.

Phil. Nay, generous sir,

Let not your courtesy turn fury now.

Gov. Lay hold upoo 'em; take away their
weapons!

I will be worth an answer, ere we part.

Phil. 'Tis the Governor, sir.

Alph. I yield myself.

Sanc. My sword? Whint think'st thou of
me? 'pray thee, tell me.

1 *Attend.* As of a gentleman.

Sanc. No more?

1 *Attend.* Of worth,

And quality.

Sanc. Ao I should quit my sword,
There were small worth or quality in that,
friend;

'Pray thee learn thou more worthnood quality,
Than to deonnd it.

Gov. Force it, I say!

1 *Attend.* The Governor,

You hear, commands.

Sanc. The Governor shall pardon me.

Phil. How! Leondin gone again? [Exit *Phil.*

Sanc. He shall, friend,

I' th' point of honour, by his leave; so tell
him:

His person and authority I acknowledge,
And do submit me to it; but my sword,
He shall excuse me, were he fifteen gover-
nors;

That and I dwell together, and must yet,
'Till my hands part, assure him.

Gov. I say, force it!

Sanc. Stay, hear me! Hast thou ever read
Caranza's?

Understandest thou honour, noble Governor?

Gov. For that we'll have more lit dispute.

Sanc. Your name, sir?

Gov. You shall know that too, but on
colder terms; [it.

Your blood and brain are now too hot to take
Sanc. Force my sword from me? This is an

Gov. Bring 'em away! [infront.

Sanc. You'll do me reparation? [Exit.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. I have forever lost her, and am lost,
And worthily; my taimeness hath undone me!
She's gone hence, ashamed of me; yet I seek
Will she be ever found to me again, [her:
Whom she saw stand so poorly, and dare no-
thing [drawn

In her defence here, when I should have
This sword out, like a meteor, and have shot it
In both our parents' eyes, and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent fingers? Oh, I'm worthy,
Ou whom this loss and scorn should light to
death;

Without the pity that should wish me better,
Either alive, or in my epitaph. [Exit.

Enter Leonardo and Marc-Antonio.

Leo. Well, son, your father is too near him-
self;

And hath too much of nature, to put off
Any affection that belongs to you:
I could have only wish'd you had acquainted
Her father, whom it equally concerns,
Tho' you'd presum'd on me; it might have
open'd

As easier gate and path to both our joys:
For tho' I am none of those flinty fathers,
That, when their children do but natural
things,

Turn rock and offence straight, yet, Marc-
All are not of my quarry. [Antonio,

Marc. 'Tis my fear, sir;
And if hereafter I should e'er abuse
So great a piety, it were my malice.

Enter Attendants.

Attend. We must entreat you, gentlemen,
to take

Another room; the Governor is coming
Here, on some business.

* *Caranza.*] Caranza was an author who wrote a Treatise on the Duello; he is often men-
tioned in our Author and Ben Jonson with ridicule. See Every Man in his Humour, and
The New Inn, by the latter. R.

Enter Governor, Sanchio, Alphonso, and Attendants.

Marc. We will give him way. *[believe],*

Sanc. I will have right, sir, on you (that if there be any marshal's court in Spain.

Gov. For that, sir, we shall talk.

Sanc. Pox! do not slight me,

Thou' I'm without a sword.

Gov. Keep to your chair, sir.

Sanc. Pox! let me fall, and hurl my chair, slaves, at him!

Gov. You're the more temper'd man, sir; let me entreat

Of you, the manner how this brawl fell out.

Alph. Fell out? I know not how, nor do I care much;

But here we came, sir, to this town together, Both in one business, and one wrong, engag'd, To seek out Leonardo, an old Genoese—— I ha' said enough; there! would you more?

—False father

Of a false son, call'd Marc-Antonio, [father, Who had stole both our daughters; and which Conspiring with his son in treachery, It seem'd, to fly our satisfaction, Was, as we heard, come private to this town, Here to take ship for Italy!

Leo. You heard *[falshood:*

More than was true then, by the fear, or And tho' I thought not to reveal myself *[Parlon my manners in't] to you, for some Important reasons; yet, being thus character'd And challeng'd, know I dare appear, and do, To who dares threaten.*

Marc. I say he's not worthy The name of man, or any honest preface, That dares report or credit such a slander. Do you, sir, say it?

Alph. Sir, I do say it.

Gov. Hold!

Is this your father, signor Marc-Antonio? You're ill requited me, thus to conceal him From him would honour him, and do him service.

Enter Eugenia.

Leo. 'Twas not his fault, sir.

Eug. Where's my lord?

Gov. Sweet heart!

Eug. Know you these gentlemen? they are all the fathers

Unto our friends.

Gov. So it happens, my dove.

Sanc. Sir, I say nothing: I do want a sword; And 'till I have a sword I will say nothing.

Eug. Good sir, command these gentlemen their arms;

Entreat 'em as your friends, not as your pri- Where be their swords? *[soners.*

Gov. Restore each man his weapon.

Sanc. It seems thou hast not read Caranza, fellow:

I must have reparation of honour, As well as this; I find that wounded.

Gov. Sir,

I did not know your quality; if I had, 'Tislike I should have done you more respects.

Sanc. It is sufficient, by Caranza's rule.

Eug. I know it is, sir.

Sanc. Have you read Caranza, lady?

Eug. If you mean him that writ upon the He was my kinsman. *[duel,*

Sanc. Lady, then you know,

By the right noble writings of your kinsman, My honour is as dear to me as the king's.

Eug. 'Tis very true, sir.

Sanc. Therefore I must crave

Leave to go on now with my first dependance^a.

Eug. What! ha' you more?

Gov. None here, good signor.

Sanc. I will refer me to Caranza still.

Eug. Nuy, love, I prithee let me manage With whom is't, sir? *[this!*

Sanc. With that false man Alphonso.

Eug. Why, he has th' advantage, sir, in *[legs.*

Sanc. But I In truth, and hand, and heart, and a good sword.

Eug. But how if he won't stand you, sir?

Alph. For that,

Make it no question, lady; I will stick My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.

Sanc. Oh, wouldst thou wouldst!

Alph. I'll do it!

Sanc. Let me kiss him.

I fear thou wilt not yet.

Eug. Why, gentlemen,

If you'll proceed according to Caranza, Methinks an easier way were two good chairs; So you would be content, sir, to be bounl, 'Cause he is lame: I'll fit you with like weapons,

Pistols and poniards, and ev'n end it, if

The difference between you be so mortal

It cannot be ta'en up.

Sanc. Ta'en up? take off

This head first!

Alph. C'mme, bind me in a chair.

Eug. Yes, do.

Gov. What mean you, dove?

Eug. Let me alone; *[done,*

And set 'em at their distance: When you've Lend me two poniards; I'll have pistols ready Quickly. *[Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phil. She's not here.—Marc-Antonio, Saw you not Leocadia?

Marc. Not I, brother.

Phil. Brother, let's speak with you. You were false unto her.

Marc. I was, but have ask'd pardon: Why d'you urge it?

Phil. You were not worthy of her!

Marc. May-be I was not;

But 'tis not well, you tell me so.

^a My first dependance.] Dependance is here used technically, in the language of the duello.

Phil. My sister
Is not so fair—
Marc. It skills not.
Phil. Nor so virtuous.
Marc. Yes, she must be as virtuous.
Phil. I would fain—
Marc. What, brother?
Phil. Strike you.
Marc. I shall not bear strokes,
Thou' I do these strange words.
Phil. Will you not kill me?
Marc. For what, good brother?
Phil. Why, for speaking well
Of Leocadia.
Marc. No, indeed.
Phil. Nor ill
Of Theodossia?

*Enter Eugenia, Leocadia, Theodossia, and
Servant with two pistols.*

Marc. Neither.
Phil. Fare you well then! [too
Eug. Nay, you shall have as noble seconds
As ever duellists had. Give 'em their weapons:
Now, St. Iago!

Sanc. Are they charg'd?
Eug. Charg'd, sir?
I warrant you.
Alph. 'Would they were well charg'd!
Sanc. I like a sword much better, I confess.
Eug. Nay, wherefore stay you? Shall I
mend your mark?
Strike one another thorough these?
Phil. My love!
Alph. My Theodossia!
Sanc. I ha' not the heart.
Alph. Nor I.
Eug. Why, here is a dependence ended.
Unbind that gentleman. Come, take here to
you [feast
Your sons and daughters, and be friends! A
Wants you within, is better than your fray.
Lovers, take you your own; and all forbear,
Under my roof, either to blush or fear!
My love, what say you? could Caranzn him-
Carry a business better? [self
Gav. It is well.
All are content, I hope; and we well eas'd,
If they for whom we've done all this be
pleas'd. [Exeunt omnes,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE:

A TRAGEDY.

The Commendatary Verses by Gardiner attribute this Play to Fletcher alone. It was revived in the reign of King Charles II. as Langhaine asserts; and a prologue, then spoken before it, was printed in a book called Covent-Garden Drillery, p. 14. Since that time, we believe, it has been entirely banished from the stage. This Tragedy was first printed in the folio of 1647.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERRAND, *Tyrant of Naples.*
 VIROLET, *a noble Gentleman, studious of his Country's Freedom.*
 BRISONET, } *Confederates with Virolet.*
 CAMILLO, }
 RUVERE, *a Villain, Captain of the Guard.*
 VILLIO, *a Court Fool.*
 CASTRUCCIO, *a Parasite.*
 PANDULPHO, *Father to Virolet.*
 DUKE of SESSÉ, *Enemy to Ferrand, proscribed, and turned Pirate.*
 ASCANIO, *Nephew to Ferrand.*
 BOY, *Servant to Virolet.*

Master.
 Gunner.
 Boutevaine.
 Chirurgion.
 Sailors.
 Doctor.
 Citizens.

Guard, Soldiers, and Servants.

JULIANA, *first Wife to Virolet.*
 MARTIA, *Daughter of the Duke of Sessé, second Wife to Virolet.*

SCENE, *Naples.*

ACT I.

Enter Virolet and Boy.

Virolet. **BOY!**

Boy. Sir?

Vir. If my wife seek me, tell her that
 Designs of weight, too heavy for her know-
 Exact my privacy. [ledge,

Boy. I shall, sir.

Vir. Do thou;

And leave me to myself.

Boy. 'Tis a raw morning,
 And, would you please to interpret that for
 duty [wish

Which you may construe boldness, I could
 (To arm yourself against it) you would use
 More of my service.

Vir. I have heat within here,
 A noble heat, good boy, to keep it off;
 I shall not freeze. Deliver my excuse,
 And you have done your part.

Enter Juliana.

Boy. That is prevented;
 My lady follows you.

Vir. Since I must be cross'd then,
 Let her perform that office.

Boy. I obey you.

[Frit.

Vir. Prithee to-bed: To be thus fond's
 more tedious

Than if I were neglected.

Jul. 'Tis the fault then

Of love and duty, which I would fall under,
 Rather than want that care which you may
 challenge

As due to my obedience.

Vir. I confess

This tenderness argues a loving wife,
 And more deserves my heart's best thanks
 than anger.

Yet I must tell you, sweet, you do exceed
 In your affection, if you would engross me
 To your delights alone.

Jul. I am not jealous:

If my embraces have distasted you,
 (As I must grant you every way so worthy
 That 'tis not in weak woman to deserve you,
 Much less in miserable me, that want

Those graces some more fortunate are stor'd
(with)

Seek any whom you please, and I will study,
With my best service, to deserve those favours
That shall yield you contentment.

Vir. You're mistaken.

Jul. No, I am paticut, sir; and so, good
I will not be offensive. [morrow]

Vir. Hear my reasons.

Jul. Tho' in your life a widow's bed receives me,

For your sake I must love it. May she prosper
That shall succeed me in it, and your midor
Last longer to her!

Vir. By the love I bear,
First to my country's peace, next to thyself,
(To whom compar'd, my life I rate at nothing)
Stood here a lady that were the choice abstract

Of all the beauties Nature ever fashin'd,
Or Art gave ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art, obedient and loving,
I should content and loath her!

Jul. I do believe you.

How I am bless'd in my assur'd belief
This is unfeign'd! And why this sadness then?

Vir. Why, Juliana?

Believe me, these my sad and dull retirements,
My often, nay, almost continued fasts,
(Sleep banish'd from my eyes, all pleasures
strangers)

Have neither root nor growth from any cause
That may arrive at woman. Shouldst thou be
(As Chastity forbid!) false to my bed,
I should lament my fortune, perhaps punish
Thy falsehood, and then study to forget thee:
But that which, like a never-emptied spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my swelling grief,
Is what my country suffers; there's a ground
Where sorrow may be plant'd, and spring up
Thro' yielding rage, and womanish despair,
And yet not shame the owner.

Jul. I do believe it true;
Yet I should think myself a happy woman,
If, in this general and timely mourning,
I might or give to you, or else receive,
A little lawful comfort.

Vir. Thy discretion

In this may answer for me: Look on Naples,
The country where we both were born and
Naples, the Paradise of Italy, [bred;
As that is of the earth; Naples, that was
The sweet retreat of all the worthiest Ro-

mans,

When they had shar'd the spoils of the whole
world;

This flourishing kingdom, whose inhabitants,
For wealth and bravery, liv'd like petty kings;
Mute subject now to such a tyranny,
As that fair city that receiv'd her name
From Constantine the Great, now in the power
Of barbarous infidels, may forget her own,
To look with pity on our miseries;
So far in our calamities we transcend her:
For since this Arragonian tyrant, Ferrand,
Sciz'd on the government, there's nothing left
us

That we can call our own, but our afflictions.

Jul. And hardly those; the king's strange
cruelty

Equals all precedents of tyranny.

Vir. Equals, say you?

He has out-gone the worst: Compar'd to him,
Nor Phalaris, nor Dionysius,
Caligula, nor Nero can be mention'd.

They yet as kings abus'd their regal power,
This as a merchant; all the country's fat
He wholly does engross unto himself:

Our oils he buys at his own price, then sells
them

To us at dearer rates; our plate and jewels,
Under a feign'd pretence of public use,
He borrows; which denied, his instruments
force.

The races of our horses he takes from us,
Yet keeps them in our pastures; rapes of
nuns,

And virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for religion,
It is a thing he dreams not of.

Jul. I've heard

(How true it is I know not) that he sold
The bishoprick of Thrent to a Jew,
For thirteen thousand ducats.

Vir. I was present,
And saw the money paid. The day would
leave me

Ere I could number out his impious actions,
Or what the miserable subject suffers:

And can you entertain, in such a time,
A thought of dalliance? Tears, and sighs,
and groans,

Would better now become you.

Jul. They indeed are

The only weapons our poor sex can use,
When we are injur'd; and they may become
us:

But for men, that were born free, men of rank,

¹ Equals, say you? Amended by Symphon.

² The races of our horses he takes from us,

Yet keeps them in our pastures.] Seward supposes the word *races* corrupt, and says,

'The old folio reads *races*, so that the present reading is probably only a conjecture. But
'as it has possession I would not disturb it, only offer the following conjectures to the
'reader's choice. The *choicest*, or the *bravest*, or the *rarest*, or the *racers* of our horses.

'The Neapolitan horses are light; and if this last is not thought too stiff, it seems to bid fair
'for having been the original.' There is something rather hard in the text; but the Poet
seems to mean, that the tyrant takes from his subjects the use of the horses, which he
obliges them to maintain. The labour of a horse may in poetry be called his *race*.

(That would be register'd fathers of their country,
And to have on their tombs, in golden letters,
The noble stile of 'Tyrant-killers' written)
To weep like fools and women, and not like wise men

To practise a redress, deserves a name
Which fits not me to give.

Fir. Thy grave reproof,

If what thou dost desire were possible
To be effected, might well argue it
As wise as loving; but if you consider,
With what strong guards this tyrant is defended,

Ruffians, and male-contents drawn from all quarters,

That only know to serve his impious will;
The citadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor city; the invincible strength
Nature, by Art assisted, gave this castle;
And above all his fear; admitting no man
To see him, but unarm'd, it being death
For any to approach him with a weapon;
You must confess, unless our hands were cannons,

To batter down these walls; our weak breath
mines,

To blow his forts up; or our curses lightning,
To force a passage to him, and then blast him;

Our power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our misfortunes.

Jul. Walls of brass resist not
A noble undertaking; nor can Vice
Raise any bulwark, to make good the place
Where Virtue seeks to enter: Then to fall
In such a brave attempt, were such an honour
That Brutus, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead father in you, and my brothers,

Nay, all the ancestors I am deriv'd from,
(As you, in being what you are, are all these)
I'd rather wear a mourning garment for you,
And should be more proud of my widowhood,
You dying for the freedom of this country,
Than if I were usur'd I should enjoy
A perpetuity of life and pleasure
With you, the tyrant living.

Fir. Till this minute, [woman,
I never heard thee speak! Oh, more than
And more to be lov'd! can I find out
A cabinet to lock a secret in,
Of equal trust to thee? All doubts and fears,
That scandalize your sex, be far from me!
Thou shalt partake my near and dearest
counsels,

And further them with thine.

Jul. I will be faithful.

Fir. Know then, this day (stand Heav'n
propitious to us)
Our liberty begins.

Jul. In Ferrand's death?

Fir. 'Tis plotted, love, and strongly; and,
believe it,

For nothing else could do it, 'twas the thought
How to proceed in this design, and end it,
That made strange my embraces.

Jul. Curs'd be she

That's so indulgent to her own delights,

That, for their satisfaction, would give

A stop to such a glorious enterprise!

For me, I would not for the world I had been
Guilty of such a crime: Go on, and prosper!

Go on, my dearest lord! I love your honour
Above my life; nay, yours. My prayers go
with you;

Which I will strengthen with my tears. The
wrongs

Of this poor country, edge your sword! oh,
may it

Pierce deep into this tyrant's heart! and then
When you return, bath'd in his guilty blood,
I'll wash you clean with fountains of true joy.
But who are your assistants? tho' I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wish
You had no sharer in it. [Knock.

Fir. Be not curious.

They come; however you command my bow-
To them I would not have you seen. [som,

Jul. I'm gone, sir.

Be confident; and may my resolution
Be present with you! [Exit.

Fir. Such a masculine spirit,
With more than woman's virtues, were a
dower

To weigh down a king's fortune.

Enter Brissonet, Camillo, and Ronrero.

Bris. Good day to you!

Cam. You are an early stirrer.

Fir. What new face

Bring you along?

Ronr. If I stand doobted, sir,
As by your looks I guess it, you much injure
A man that loves, and truly loves, this country,
With as much zeal as you do; one that hates
The prince by whom it suffers, and as deadly;
One that dares step as far to gain my freedom,
As any he that breathes; that wears a sword
As sharp as any's.

Cam. Nay, no more comparisons.

Ronr. What you but whisper, I dare speak
aloud, [too,

Stood the king by; have means to put in act
What you but coldly plot: If this deserve then
Suspicion in the best, the boldest, wisest,
Pursue your own intents; I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-strip you—

Bris. Be assur'd, sir,
A confidence like this can never be
Allied to treachery.

Cam. Who durst speak so much,
But one that is, like us, a sufferer,
And stands as we affected?

* A conscience like this, &c.] That this passage is corrupt will not admit of a doubt. We have ventured to substitute the word *confidence* for *conscience*.

Fir. You are cozen'd,
And all undone! Ev'ry intelligencer
Speaks treason with like licence. Is not this
Rouvere, that hath for many years been
train'd

In Ferrand's school, a man in trust and fa-
voured too, and highly? [*vour,*

Cam. Grant all this,

The thought of what he was, being as he is
now, [*off,*

A man disgrac'd, and with contempt thrown
Will spur him to revenge, as swift as they
That never were in favour.

Fir. Poor and childish! [*certain;*

Bris. His regiment is east, that is most
And his command i'th' castle given away.

Cam. That on my knowledge.

Fir. Grosser still! What shepherd
Would yield the poor remainder of his flock
To a known wolf, tho' he put on the habit
Of a most faithful dog, and bark like one,
As this but only talks?

Cam. Yes, he has means too. [*know it!*

Fir. I know it to my grief, weak men, I
To make his peace, if there were any war
Between him and his master, by betraying
Our innocent lives.

Rouv. You're too suspicious, [*per:*
And I have borne too much, beyond my tem-
Take your own ways! I'll leave you.

Fir. You may stay now; [*for.*
You have enough, and all indeed you wish'd
But one word, gentlemen: Have you disco-
To him alone our plot? [*ver'd*

Bris. To him, and others
That are not his devotion.

Fir. Worse and worse!

For were he only conscious of our purpose,
Tho' with the breach of hospitable laws,
In my own house I'd silence him for ever:
But what is past my help is past my care.
I have a life to lose.

Cam. Have better hopes.

Rouv. And when you know, with what
charge I have further'd

Your noble undertaking, you will swear me
Another man; the guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our noblest youths,
Attir'd like virgins, such as hermits would
Welcome to their sad cells, prepar'd a masque,
As done for the king's pleasure.

Fir. For his safety
I rather fear; and as a pageant to
V'sher our ruin.

Rouv. We, as torch-bearers,

Will wait on these; but with such art and
cunning

I have convey'd sharp poniards in the wax,
That we may pass, tho' search'd, thro' all his
guards

Without suspicion, and in all his glory

Oppress him, and with safety.

Cam. 'Tis most strange—

Fir. To be effected.

Rouv. You are doubtful still. [*if you*

Bris. But we resolv'd to follow him; and
Desist now, Virolet, we'll say 'tis fear,
Rather than providence.

Cam. And so we leave you— [*Ereunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. To your wise doubts, and to my bet-
ter counsels.

Oh! pardon me, my lord, and trust me too;
Let me not, like Cassandra, prophesy truths,
And never be believ'd, before the mischief;
I have heard all, know this Rouvere a villain,
A villain that hath tempted me, and plutt'd
This for your ruin, only to make way

To his hopes in my embraces; at more leisure,
I will acquaint you wherefore I conceal'd it
To this last minute; if you stay, you're lost,
And all prevention too late. I know,

And 'tis to me known only, a dark cave
Within this house, a part of my poor dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the center,

'Till this rough blast be o'er. Where there is air,
More than to keep in life, Ferrand will find
So curious his fears are. [*you;*

Fir. 'Tis better fall
Than hide my head now, 'twas thine own
My friends engag'd too. [*advice*

Jul. You stand further bound,
Than to weak men that have betray'd them-
selves,

Or to my counsel, tho' then just and loyal:
Your fancy hath been good, but not your
judgment

In choice of such to side you. Will you leap
From a steep tower, because a desperate fool
Does it, and trusts the wind to save his hazard?
There's more expected from you; all men's
eyes

Are fix'd on Virolet, to help, not hurt them:
Make good their hopes and ours! You have
sworn often,

That you dare credit me, and allow'd me wise,
Altho' a woman; e'en kings in great actions
Wait opportunity, and so must you, sir,
Or lose your understandings.

* *His master, betraying.*] I have inserted by in the text against the authority of all the editions. This passage is deficient without. *Symson.*

† *Lose your understanding.*] This place seems to want an helping hand. I would propose reading *undertaking*. 'Kings wait opportunity to perform their designs in, and so must you, otherwise you will lose your undertaking.' For 'tis not the *understanding* but *undertaking* which would be lost. *Symson.*

The text is right, and only means, 'It would be madness to think you must not, like others, be guided by the opportunity.' His answer confirms this. 'Lose your understanding' may, without violence, be taken in this sense.

Fir. Thou art constant;
I an uncertain fool, a most blind fool:
Be thou my guide.

Jul. If I fail to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May constancy forsake me!

Fir. I've my safety. [Exit.

Enter Castruccio and Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus?

Cast. Peace, thou art a fool. [ship,

Vil. But if I were a flatterer, like your wor-
I should be wise, and rich too:

There are few else that prosper, how'ds ex-
They hold an equal place there. [cepted,

Cast. A shrewd knave!

But oh, the king, the happy king!

Vil. Why happy?

In bearing a great burthen?

Cast. What bears he,

That's borne on princes' shoulders?

Vil. A crown's weight, [ore
Which sets more heavy on his head than th'
Slaves dig out of the mines, of which 'tis
made. [that heavy

Cast. Thou worthily art his fool, to think
That carries him i' th' air: The reverence due
To that most sacred gold makes him ador'd,
His footsteps kiss'd; his smiles to raise a
beggar.

To a lord's fortune; and, when he but frowns,
The city quakes—

Vil. Or the poor cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I should say. I am of a fool
Grown a philosopher, to hear this parasite.

Cast. The delicates he's serv'd with, see
and envy—

Vil. I'd rather have an onion with a sto-
Than these without one. [much,

Cast. The celestial music,
Such as the motion of the eternal spheres
[Music.

Yields Jove when he drinks nectar—

Vil. Here's a fine knave!

Yet hath too many fellows.

Cast. Then the beauties,
That with variety of choice embraces
[These pass over.

Receiv' his age—

Vil. Help him to crouch rather,
And the French cringe; they're excellent
surgeons that way.

Cast. Oh, majesty! let others think of Hea-
While I contemplate thee. [ven,

Vil. This is not atheism,

But court observance.

Cast. Now the god appears,
Usher'd with earthquakes.

Vil. Base idolatry! [Flourish.

Enter Ferrand, Guard, Women, and Servants.

Fer. These meats are poison'd! hang the
cooks!—No more, [To the music.

On forfeit of your fingers! do you envy me
A minute's slumber?—What are these?

1 Guard. The ladies
Appointed by your majesty.

Fer. To th' purpose!

For what appointed?

1 Guard. For your Grace's pleasure.

Fer. To suck away the little blood is left
me,

By my continual cares! I am not apt now:

Enjoy them first, taste of my diet once;

And, your turns serv'd, for fifty crowns
a-piece

Their husbands may redeem them.

Women. Great sir, mercy!

Fer. I'm deaf. Why stare you? Is what
we command

To be disputed? Who's this? Bring you the
T' upbraid me to my face? [dead

Cast. Hold, emperor!

Hold, mightiest of kings! I am thy vassal,

Thy foot-stool, that durst not presume to
On thy offended face. [look

Fer. Castruccio, rise.

Cast. Let not the lightning of thy eye con-
sume me,

Nor hear that musical tongue in dreadful
That speaks all mercy. [thunder,

Vil. Here's no flattering rogue!

Cast. Ferrand, that is the father of his
The glory of mankind— [people,

Fer. No more, no word more!

And while I tell my troubles to myself,
Be statues without motion or voice:

Tho' to be flatter'd is an itch to greatness,
It now offends me.

Vil. Here's the happy man!

But speak who dares.

Fer. When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could eat and sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible
To others, my guards can't keep fear from me;
It still pursues me; oh, my wounded con-
science!

The bed I would rest in is stuff'd with thorns;
The ground's strew'd o'er with adders, and
with aspicks,

Where-e'er I set my foot: But I am in,
And what was got with cruelty, with blood
Must be defended. Tho' this life's a hell,
I fear a worse hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ruyvere and Guard.

Ruyv. My lord!

Fer. Welcome, Ruyvere! welcome, my
golden plummet,

With which I sound mine enemies' depths
and dangers!

Hast thou discover'd?

Ruyv. All as you could wish, sir,
The plot, and the contrivers; was unde one
Of the conspiracy.

Fer. Is Vireolet in?

⁶ *His smiles to raise a beggar.*] Sympon reads, 'His smiles do raise a beggar.'

Rom. The head of all: He only scented me; And, from his fear that I play'd false, is fled; The rest I have in fetters.

Fer. Death and hell!

Next to my mortal foe, the pirate Sesse, I aim'd at him! He's virtuous, and wise, A lover of his freedom and his country's; Dangerous to such as govern by the sword, And so to me.—No track which way he went? No means to overtake him?

Rom. There's some hope left; But with a rough hand to be seiz'd upon.

Fer. What is't?

Rom. If any know or where he is, Or which way he is fled, it is his wife: Her, with his father, I have apprehended, And brought among the rest.

Fer. 'Twas wisely order'd: Go fetch them in, and let my executioners Appear in horror with the rack. [*Exit Rom.*]

Fil. I take it, signor, This is no time for you to flatter, or me To fool in.

Cast. Thou art wise in this: Let's off; It is unsafe to be near Jove when he Begins to thunder.

Fil. Good morality! [*Exeunt Fil. & Cast.*]

Fer. I that have pierc'd into the hearts of men;

Forced them to lay open with my looks Secrets, whose least discovery was death; Will read, for what concerns my life, the Of a weak woman's faith. [*fortress*]

Enter Romere, Guard, and Executioners with a rack, Camillo, Brissonet, Pandulpho, and Juliana.

Cam. Whate'er we suffer, [*eyer* The weight that loads a traitor's heart, sit Heavy on thine!

Bris. As we are caught by thee, Fall thou by others!

Rom. Pish! poor fools, your curses Will ne'er reach me.

Jul. Now, by my Violet's life, Father, this is a glorious stage of murder! Here are fine properties too², and such speculators

As will expect good action! To the life Let us perform our parts; and we shall live When these are rotten. ³Would we might begin once!

Are you the master of the company? Truth, you are tedious now.

Fer. She does deride me. [*Inble*

Jul. Thee and thy power! If one poor syl- Could win me an assurance of thy favour, I would not speak it; I desire to be The great example of thy cruelty,

To whet which on, know, Ferrand, I alone Can make discovery where my Violet is, Whose life I know thou aim'st at: But if tortures

Compel me to't, may hope of Heav'n forsake I dare thy worst. [*me!*

Fer. Are we condemn'd?

Jul. Thou art,

Thou and thy ministers! My life is thine; But in the death the victory shall be mine.

Pand. We've such a mistress here to teach us courage,

That cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are slow! [*She is put on the rack.* Begin the scene. Thou miserable fool,

For so I'll make thee—

Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach; [*ed.* I'm happy in my sufferings, thou most wretch-

Fer. So brave? I'll tame you yet. Pluck harder⁴, villains!

Is she insensible? no sigh nor groan?

Or is she dead?

Jul. No, tyrant! thm' I suffer More than a woman, beyond flesh and blood,

'Tis in a cause so honourable, that I scorn, With any sign, that may express a sorrow,

To shew I do repent.

Fer. Confess yet, and Thou shalt be safe.

Jul. 'Tis wrapt up in my soul, From whence thou canst not force it.

Fer. I will be

Ten days n-killing thee.

Jul. Be twenty thousand;

My glory lives the longer.

Rom. 'Tis a miracle!

She tires the executioners, and me.

Fer. Unloose her; I am conquer'd.—I must take

Some other way.—Reach her my chair, in Of her invincible fortitude. [*honour*

Rom. Will you not

Dispatch the rest?

Fer. When I seem merciful, Assure thyself, Romere, I am most cruel.—Thou wonder of thy sex, and of this nation, That hast chang'd my severity to mercy, Not to thyself alone, but to thy people, (In which I do include these men) my ene- Unbind them. [*mics!*

Pand. This is strange!

Fer. For your inter- Against my life, which you dare not deny, I only ask one service.

Cam. Above hope! [*Sesse,*

Fer. There rides a pirate near, the Duke of My enemy and this country's, that in bonds Holds my dear friend Ascanio: Free this friend,

² — properties.] A term much used at the play-houses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation. *Symphon.*

⁴ Pluck hard, villains.] The measure here as well as sense call for the alteration, which both Mr. Theobald and myself had lighted on, and which I have thought proper to stand in the text. *Symphon.*

Or bring the pirate's head, besides your pardon,

And honour of the action, your reward
Is forty thousand ducats: And because
I know that Violet is as bold as wise,
Be he your general. As pledge of your faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old man
And this most constant matron stay with me,
Of whom, as of myself, I will be careful.
She shall direct you where her husband is.
Make choice of any ship you think most
They are rigg'd for you. [useful]

[*Exeunt Guard, with Juliana and Pandulpho.*]

Bris. We with joy accept it.

Cam. And will proclaim king Ferrand merciful.
[*Exeunt Bris. and Cam.*]

Ross. The mystery of this, my lord? or
Change'd in your nature? [are you]

Fer. I'll make thee private to it:
The lives of these weak men, and desperate
woman, [them ;
Would no way have secur'd me, had I took
'Tis Violet I aim at ; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter Sesse,
And he prove conqueror, I am assur'd
They'll find no mercy ; if that they prove
victors,
I shall recover, with my friend, his head
I must desire of all men.

Ross. Now I have it. [all ;
Fer. I'll make thee understand the drift of
So we stand sure, thus much for those that
fall ! [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Boatswain and Gunner.

Boats. LAY her before the wind ; up with
her canvas,
And let her work ! the wind begins to whistle.
Clap all her streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean !
Let her bestride the billows 'till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads ! Ho, below
there !

Sailors [within]. Ho, ho !

Boats. Lay her North-East, and thrust her
mizen out ;

The day grows fair and clear, and the wind
courts us.

Oh, fur a lusty sail now, to give chase to !

Gun. A stubborn bark, that would but
bear up to us,

And change n broadside bravely !

Boats. Where's the Duke ?

Gun. I have not seen him stir to-day.

Boats. Oh, Gunner, [loud !
What bravery dwells in his age, and what va-
And to his friends, what gentleness and
bounty !

How long have we been inhabitants at sea
Gun. Some fourteen years. [here ?

Boats. By fourteen lives I swear then,
This element ne'er nourish'd such a pirate,
So great, so fearless, and so fortunate,
So patient in his want, in act so valiant !
How many sail of well-mann'd ships before us,
As the bonito does the flying fish,
Have we pursued and scour'd, that, to out-
strip us, [on !
They have been fain to hang their very shirts
What galleys have we bang'd, and sunk, and
taken, [fiancee,
Whose only fraughts were fire and stern de-
And nothing spoke but bullet in all these !
How like old Neptune have I seen our gene-
ral

Standing i' th' poop, and tossing his steel tri-
dent, [him !

Commanding both the sea and winds to serve

Gun. His daughter too (which is the ho-
nour, Boatswain,

Of all her sex) that martial maid——

Boats. A brave wench ! [begun,

Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new
Has she leap'd down, and took my linstock
from me,

And crying, ' Now fly right, ' fr'd all my
chasers !

Then, like the image of the warlike goddess,
Her target brac'd upon her arm, her sword
drawn,

And anger in her eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hail'd the bark ; I've wonder'd,

Boatswain,
That in a body made so delicate,

So soft for sweet embraces, so much fire,
And manly soul, not starting at a danger——

Boats. Her noble father got her in his fury,
And so she proves a soldier.

Gun. This too I wonder at,
Taking so many strangers as he does,
He uses them with that respect and coolness,
Not making prize, but only borrowing
What may supply his want ; nor that for
nothing ; [of,

But renders back what they may stand in need
And then parts lovingly : Where, if he take
His countryman, that should be nearest to
him,

And stand most free from danger, he sure
pays for't ; [bark,

He drowns or hangs the men, ransacks the
Then gives her up a bonfire to his fortune.

Boats. The wrongs he has receiv'd from
that dull country [elty ;
(That's all I know) have purchas'd all his cru-
We fare the better. Cheerly, cheerly, boys !

The ship runs merrily; my captain's melancholy,
And nothing cures that in him but a sea-sight:
I hope to meet a sail, boy, and a right one.

Gun. That's my hope too; I'm ready for the pastime.

Boats. I'll mean time, let's bestow a song upon him,

To shake him from his dumps, and bid good day to him.

Ho, in the hold!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.

Boats. To th' main-top, Boy!

As thou ken'st a ship that dares defy us,
Here's gold.

Boy. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Boats. Come, sirs, a quintet levet,

[*Trump, a levet.*

To waken our brave general! Then to our labour!

Enter Duke of Sesse (above), and Martia like an Amazon.

Duke. I thank you, loving mates, I thank you all!

There's to prolong your mirth; and good morrow to you!

Mart. Take this from me; you're honest, valiant friends,

And such we must make much of. Not a sail stirring?

Gun. Not any within ken yet.

Boats. Without doubt, lady,

The wind standing so fair and full upon us,
We shall have sport anon. But, noble general,

Why are you still so sad? You take our edge
You make us dull and spiritless.

[*off;*

Duke. I'll tell ye,

Because I will provoke ye to be fortunate;
For when you know my cause, 'twill double arm you:

This woman never knew it yet, my daughter;
Some discounts she has.

Mart. 'Pray, sir, go forward.

Duke. These fourteen years, I've stored it here at sea^a,

Where the most curious thought could never find it.

[*mates.*

Boats. Call up the Master, and all the

Enter (below) Master and Sailors.

Duke. Good morrow!

Master. Good morrow to our general, a good one!

And to that noble lady all good wishes!

Mart. I thank you, Master.

Duke. Mark me! thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have discover'd,
'Till full revenge had woo'd me; but, to satisfy

[*then.*

My faithful friends, thus I cast off my bur-
In that short time I was a courtier,
And follow'd that most hated of all priuers,
Ferrand, the full example of all mischiefs,
(Compell'd to follow to my soul a stranger)
It was my chance one day to play at chess,
For some few crowns with a minion of this king,

[*sure;*

A mean poor man, that only serv'd his plea-
Removing of a rook, we grew to words,
From this to hotter anger: To be short,
I gnt a blow.

Mart. How, how, my noble father!

Duke. A blow, my girl; which I had soon repaid,

And sunk the slave for ever, had not odds
Thrust in betwixt us. I went away disgrac'd—

Mart. For honour's sake, not so, sir!

Duke. For that time, wench;

But call'd upon him, like a gentleman, [lour,
By many private friends; knock'd at his va-
Court'd his honour hourly to repair me;
And tho' he were a thing my thoughts made
slight on,

And only worth the fury of my footman,

Still I pursued him nobly—

Mart. Did he 'scape you? [*coldly?*

My old brave father, could you sit down so

Duke. Have patience, and know all. Pur-
sued him fairly,

'Till I was laugh'd at, scorn'd, my wrongs
made May-games;

By him unjustly wrong'd should be all justice;
The slave protected: Yet at length I found him,

[*buried,*

Found him, when he suppos'd all had been
And what I had receiv'd durst not be ques-
tion'd;

And then he fell, under my sword he fell,
For ever sunk; his poor life, like the air

Blown in an empty bubble, burst, and left him,
No noble wind of memory to raise him.

But then began my misery! I fled,

The king's frowns following, and my friends'
despair:

No hand that durst relieve; my country fear-
basely and weakly fearful of a tyrant, [ful,

Which made his bad will worse, stood still
and winder'd,

Their virtues bed-rid in 'em. Then, my girl,
A little one, I snatch'd thee from thy nurse,

The model of thy father's miseries,

And some small wealth was fit for present
enriage,

And got to sen, where I profess'd my anger,

^a I have stored it here at sea.] Thus the octavo, and it may be right; the edition of 1647 gives it thus,

'I've stowed here at sea.'

I conjecture we should read with a small addition, *stowed*. So a little lower the Master says,
'Down with 'em, stow 'em in.' *Symson.*

And will do, whilst that base ungrateful country,

And that bad king, have blood or means to quench me.

Now ye know all.

Master. We know all, and admire all:

Go on, and do all still, and still be fortunate!

Mart. Had you done less, or lost this noble anger,

You had been worthy then men's empty pities, And not their wonders. Go on, and use your justice,

And use it still with that fell violence

It first appear'd to you! If you go less,

Or take a doting mercy to protection,

The honour of a father I disclaim in you,

Call back all duty, and will be prouder of

The infamous and base name of a whore, Than daughter to a great duke and a coward.

Duke. Mine own sweet Martin, no; thou know'st my nature;

It cannot, must not be.

Mart. I hope it shall not.

But why, sir, do you keep alive still young

Ascanio, prince of Rossana, king Ferdinand's

Most beloved one, you took two months ago?

Why is not he hung overboard, or hang'd?

Duke. I'll tell thee, girl:

It were a mercy in my nature now,

So soon to break the thread of his afflictions¹⁰;

I am not so far reconcil'd yet to him,

To let him die; that were a benefit.

Besides, I keep him as a bait and diet,

To draw on more, and nearer to the king:

I look each hour to hear of his misdeeds;

And a hot welcome they shall have.

Mart. But hark you!

If you were over-weigh'd with odds—

Duke. I find you: [ing,

I would not yield; no, girl; no hope of yield-

Nor fling myself one hour into their mercies,

And give the tyrant hope, to gain his kingdom.

No; I can sink, wench, and make shift to die;

A thousand doors are open, I shall hit one.

I am no niggard of my life; so it go nimbly,

All ways are equal, and all hours, I care not.

Mart. Now you speak like my father!

Master. Noble general,

If by our means they inherit aught but hangs,

The mercy of the main-yard light upon us!

No;

We can sink too, sir, and sink low enough,

To pose their cruelties to follow us; [way,

And he that thinks of life, if the world go that

A thousand cowards suck his bones!

Gun. Let the worst come, I can unbreech a cannon, and without much help

Turn her into the keel; and when sh' has split it,

Every man knows his way, his own prayers, And so good night, I think!

Master. We've liv'd all with you,

And will die with you, general.

Duke. I thank you, gentlemen.

Boy [above]. A sail, a sail!

Master. A cheerful sound!

Boy. A sail!

Boats. Of whence? of whence, Boy?

Boy. A lusty sail!

Mart. Look right, and look again.

Boy. She plows the sea before her,

And foams i' th' mouth.

Boats. Of whence?

Boy. I ken not yet, sir.

Duke. Oh, may she prove of Naples!

Master. Prove the devil,

We'll spit out fire as thick as she.

Boy. Hooy!

Master. Brave Boy? [Master;

Boy. Of Naples, Naples; I think of Naples,

Methinks I see the arms.

Master. Up, up another,

And give more certain signs! [Exit Sailor.

Duke. All to your business!

And stand both right and true—

Boats. Hang him that halts now!

Boy. Sh' has us in chase.

Master. We'll spare her our main-top-sail;

She shall not look us long, we are no starters.

Down with the fore-sail too! we'll spoon be-

fore her. [honour

Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my

Load me but these two minions in the chase

there¹¹;

And load 'em right, that they may bid fair

welcome,

And be thine eye, and level, as thy heart is!

Gun. Madam, I'll scratch 'em out; I'll piss

'em out else.

Sailor [above]. Hooy!

Duke. Of whence now?

Sailor. Of Naples, Naples, Naples!

I see her top-sail, how she quarters Naples.

I hear her trumpets.

Duke. Down! She's welcome to us!

[Reënter Master, Boats, Gun, Sailors.

Every man to his charge! Man her i' th' bow

well, [sparing.

And place your rakers right¹². Daughter, be

¹⁰ Break the bed of his afflictions.] Corrected by Symphon.

¹¹ — in the chase.] The chase of a sword is no news, but I fancy that of a ship will be so to every curious reader. Chase is applicable either to the prow or stern of a ship, and 'tis no matter in which of these acceptations we understand it here. Symphon.

We have no doubt but Symphon has here hit on the right word, but not on its true acceptation; for no part of a vessel, we believe, bears the name of the chase. The chase, in the sea dialect, is a vessel pursued.

¹² Place your rakers.] i.e. the guns with which the enemy's vessel is to be raked. Falkner, in his Marine Dictionary, says, 'Raking a ship is the act of cannonading a ship on the stern,

or

Mart. I swear I'll be above, sir, in the thickest,
And where most danger is I'll seek for honour.
They have begun! hark, how their trumpets call us!

Hark, how the wide-mouth'd cannons sing amongst us!

Hark, how they sail! out of our shells for shame, sir!

Duke. Now fortune and my cause!

Mart. Be bold and conquer! [*Exeunt.*
[*Charge, trumpets and shot within.*

Enter Master and Boatwain.

Master. They'll board us once again; they're tough and valiant.

Boats. Twice we have blown 'em into th' air like feathers,
And made 'em dance.

Master. Good boys! fight bravely, manly!
They come on yet; clap in her stern, and yoke 'em!

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You shall not need; I have provision for 'em;

Let 'em board once again; the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your pikes; away, be valiant!
I have a second course of service for 'em,
Shall make the bowels of their bark ache, boy!
The Duke fights like a dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Ex.*

[*Charge, trumpets, pieces go off.*

Enter Master, Boatwain following.

Master. Down with 'em! stow 'em in!

Boats. Cut their throats!

'Tis brotherhood to fling 'em into th' sea.
The Duke is hurt, so is his lovely daughter
Martia. We have the day yet.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. 'Pox fire 'em! [*flw.*
They have smok'd us; never such plums yet

Boats. They've rent the ship, and bor'd a hundred holes;

She swims still lustily.

Master. She made a brave fight; and
She shall be cur'd, and make a braver yet.

Gun. Briog ussume cans up; I am hot as fire.

Enter Boy with three cans.

Boats. I am sure I am none o' th' coolest.

Gun. My cannons rung like bells. Here's to my mistress!

The dainty sweet brass minion split their fore-
She never fail'd. [*mast;*

Master. Ye did all well and truly,
Like faithful honest men.

Boats. But is she rich, Master?

[*Trumpet, flourish.*

Enter Duke, Martia, Violet, and Sailors.

Master. Rich for my captain's purpose
howsoever,

And we are his. How bravely now he shews,
Heated in blood and anger! How do you, sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope?

Duke. No, Master;

But only wear the livery of fury.—
I'm hurt, and deep.

Master. My mistress too?

Mart. A scratch, man; [*sir,*
My needle would ha' done as much.—Good
Be provident and careful!

Duke. Prithee, peace, girl;

This wound is not the first blood I have
blush'd in. [*ye,*

Ye fought all like tall men; my thanks among
That speaks not what my purse means, but
my tongue, soldiers.—

Now, sir, to you that sought me out, that
found me,

That found me what I am, the tyrant's tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his
You're welcome to your death! [*folly,*

Fir. I do expect it; [*it.*

And therefore need no compliment, but wait
Duke. Thou bor'st the face once of a noble
gentleman,

Rack'd in the first file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful spirit shew'd and pointed
Thy country's love; one that advanc'd her
honour,

Not tainted with the base and servile uses
The tyrant ties men's souls to. Tell me, Vio-
let, [*credit—*

If shame have not forsook thee, with thy
Fir. No more of these racks! what I am,
I am.

I hope not to go free with poor confessions;
Nor if I shew ill, will I seem a monster,
tly making my mind prisoner! Du your worst:
When I came out to deal with you, I cast it.
Only those base inflictions fit for slaves,
Because I am a gentleman—

Duke. Thou'rt none!

Thou wast while thou stood'st good; thou'rt
now a villain,

And agent for the devil!

Fir. That tongue lies!

Give me my sword again, and stand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a gentleman,

A man as fair in honour—Rate your prisoners?
How poor and like a pedagogue it shews,

How far from nobleness! 'Tis fair, you may
kill us; [*guage—*

But to defame your victory with foul lan-

‘of head, so as that the balls shall scour the whole length of her decks; which is one of the
‘most dangerous incidents that can happen in a naval action.’

‘Yoke ‘em.] Sympson supposes this corrupt, and imagines we should read ‘rake ‘em.’
‘Yoke ‘em’ may mean, ‘lying along-side of ‘em,’ so as to fight with small arms; upon which
the Gunner says, ‘You shall not need; I have provision for ‘em.’

Duke. Go fling him overboard. I'll teach you, sirrah—

Vir. You can't teach me to die. I could kill you now.

With patience, in despising all your cruelties, And make you choke with anger.

Duke. Away, I say! [language,

Mart. Stay, sir; he has giv'n you such bold I am not reconcil'd to him yet; and therefore He shall not have his wish observ'd so nearly, To die when he please; I beseech you stay,

Duke. Do with him what thou wilt. [sir,

Mart. Carry him to th' bilboes, And clap him fast there, with the prince.

Vir. Do, lady;

For any death you give I'm bound to bless you. [Exeunt Virolet and Sailors.

Mart. Now to your cabin, sir, ('pray lean upon me) [you.

And take your rest; the surgeons wait all for Duke. Thou mak'st me blush to see thee bear thy fortunes.

Why, sure I have no hurt; I have not fanght

Master. You liced apace, sir. [sure?

Mart. You grow cold too.

Duke. I must be rul'd. No leaning!

My deepest wounds score crutches.

All. A brave general!

[Flourish trumpets, cornets. Exeunt.

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sailor. Will they not moor her?

2 Sailor. Not 'till we come to th' fort;

This is too weak a place for our defences.

The carpenters are hard at work; she swims well,

And may hold out another fight. The ship we Burns there, to give us light. [took

1 Sailor. She made a brave fight.

2 Sailor. She put us all in fear.

1 Sailor. Beshrew my heart, did she.

Her men are gone to Candy; they are pop- All but this prisoner. [per'd,

2 Sailor. Sure he's a brave fellow.

1 Sailor. A stubborn knave, but we have pull'd his bravery.

[Virolet and Ascan. discovered in the bilboes.

Look, how he looks now! Come, let's go serve Which is but bread and water. [his diet,

2 Sailor. He'll grow fat on't. [Ex. Sailors.

Asca. I must confess I have endur'd much Ev'n almost to the ruin of my spirit; [misery,

But ten times more grows my affliction, To find my friend here.

Vir. Had we serv'd our country, Or honesties, as we have serv'd our follies,

We had not been here now.

Asc. 'Tis too true, Virolet. [safety

Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your

Pointed at more than Ferrad's will, a base one! [tion,

Since service for mine own, some for my na- Some for my friend; but I am rightly pail,

That durst adventure such a noble office, From the most treacherous command of mis- You know him now. [chief:

Asc. And when I nearer knew him, [me,

Then when I waited, Heav'n be witness with (And, if I lie, my miseries still load me!)

With what tears I have woo'd him, with what prayers, [dangers,

What weight of reasons I have laid, what (Then, when the people's curses flew like storms, [him)

And every tongue was whetted to defame To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his slaughters,

His fell oppressions! I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all mankind that knew him. These confessions [may:

Do no good to the world, to Heav'n they Let's study to die well; we've liv'd like cox-combs. [too!

Asc. That my misfortune should lose you

Vir. Yes; [ter;

And not only me, but many more, and bet- For my life, 'tis not this; or might I save yours, [me go!

And some brave friends I have engag'd, let It were the meritorious death I wish for;

But we must hang, or drown like whelps.

Asc. No remedy?

Vir. On my part, I expect none. I know the man,

And know he has been nettled to the quick I know his nature. [too;

Asc. A most cruel nature!

Vir. His wrongs have bred him up; I cannot blame him. [seorned,

Asc. He has a daughter too, the greatest And most insulter upon misery—

Vir. For those, they're toys to laugh at, not to lead men.

A woman's mirth or anger, like a meteor, Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack be- hind it:

Our miseries would seem like masters to us, And shake our manly spirits into fevers,

If we respected those; the more they glory, And raise insulting trophies on our ruins,

The more our virtues shine in patience.

Sweet prince, the name of Death was never terrible [rent

To him that knew to live; nor the loud tor- Of all afflictions, singing as they swim,

A gill of heart, but to a guilty conscience: Whilst we stand fair¹⁴, tho' by a two-edg'd storm

¹⁴ Whilst we stand fair; but by a two-edg'd storm.] So reads the first folio; the text is from the second.—The image meant to be conveyed in this and the two following lines is intelligible; but there is some confusion (perhaps corruption) in the expression: How can they fall, whilst they stand fair? Though is preferable to but, in the present text; yet perhaps something is lost, signifying, that 'whilst we flourish, our state is particularly honourable; but if we even fall, even our fall is glorious.'

We find untimely falls, like early roses,
Bent to the earth, we bear our native sweet-
Asc. Good sir, go on. [ness.]

Fir. When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes across us,
How sweetly do we shew when sleep steals
on us! [er's.]

When we grow great, but our affection great-
And struggle with this stubborn twin, born
with us,

And tug and pull, yet still we find a giant:
Had we not then the privilege to sleep
Our everlasting sleep, he'd make us idiots.
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more than lives; and tho' their tombs
want tongues, [losses.]

Yet have they eyes that daily sweat their
And such a tear from stone no time can value.
To die both young and good are Nature's
curses,

As the world says; ask Truth, they're boun-
teous blessings; [tures.]
For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full vir-
And fix ourselves new stars, crown'd with
our goodness.

Asc. You're double arm'd me.—Hark!
what noise is this?

[*Strange music within, hubbys.*]

What horrid noise? Is the sea pleas'd to sing
A hideous dirge to our deliverance?

Fir. Stand fast now.

[*Within strange cries, horrid noise, trumpets.*
Asc. I am fix'd.

Fir. We fear ye not; [him.]

Let death appear in all shapes, we smile on

Enter Martia.

Asc. The lady now!

Fir. The face o' th' masque is alter'd.

Asc. What will she do?

Fir. Do what she can, I care not.

Asc. She looks on you, sir.

Fir. Rather she looks thro' me;

But yet she stirs me not.

Mart. Poor wretched slaves,

Why do ye live? or, if ye hope for mercy,
Why do not ye howl out, and fill the hold
With lamentations, cries, and base submis-
sions. [sions.]

Fir. Madam, you are mistaken;

We are no slaves to you, but to blind For-
tune; [tain.]

And if she had her eyes, and durst be cer-
tain our friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor ask so base a mercy;
If you see any thing in our appearance,
Worthy your sex's softness and your own
glory,

Do it for that, and let that good reward it!
We cannot beg.

Mart. I'll make you beg and bow too.

Fir. Madam, for what?

[*But our afflictions greater.*] Affection, as I read, or passion, is the stubborn to in born
with us, which would make us idiots, if we gave way to it, rather than free ourselves from its
tyranny by the sleep of death. *Seward.*

Mart. For life; and, when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your base-
ness. [a favour.]

Asc. Madam, 'tis true, there may be such
And we may ask it too, ask it with honour;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank
you,

Tho' it be death; but when we beg a base
And beg it of your scorn— [life.]

Fir. You're raven'd, woman;
Your handsomeness may do much, but not
But for your glorious hate— [this way.]

Mart. Are ye so stubborn?

'Death, I will make you bow!

Fir. It must be in your bed then;

There you may work me to humility.

Mart. Why, I can kill thee.

Fir. If you do it handsomely,

It may be I can thank you; else—

Mart. So glorious?

Asc. He's cruelly now works.

Mart. Yet woot thou?

Fir. No.

Mart. Wilt thou for life's sake?

Fir. No; I know your subtlety.

Mart. For honour's sake?

Fir. I will not be a pageant;

My mind was ever firm, and so I'll lose it.

Mart. I'll starve thee to it!

Fir. I'll starve myself, and cross it.

Mart. I'll lay thee on such miseries—

Fir. I'll wear 'em, [lets.]

And with that wantonness you do your brace—

Mart. I'll be a mouth a-killing thee.

Fir. Poor lady!

I'll be a mouth a-dying then: What's that?
There's many a calesture outdoes your cru-
elty. [body.]

Mart. How might I do in killing of his
To save his noble mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor, with a rich cap and mantle.

Sailor. Madam?

Mart. Unbolt this man, and leave those
things behind you; [Violet released.]
And so away!—Now put 'em on.

[*Exit Sailor.*]

Fir. To what end?

Mart. To my end, to my will.

Fir. I will.

Mart. I thank you.

Fir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more;

I'll tell you,

I am a servant to your courtesy,
And so far will be woo'd; but if this triumph
Be only aim'd to make your mischief glorious,
Lady, you've put a richer shroud upon us,
Which my strong mind shall suffer in.

Mart. Come hither,

And all thy brav'ry put into thy carriage;

For I admire thee.

Fir. Whither will this woman?

Are. Take heed, my friend!

Mart. Look as thou scorn'dst my cruelty;
I know thou dost.

Vir. I never fear'd nor flatter'd.

Mart. No; if thou hadst th' hadst died,
and I had gloried.

[*er,*
I suffer now; and thou, which art my prison-
Hast nobly won the free power to despise me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy nobleness;
And, for thy manly sufferance, am thy servant.

Vir. Good lady, unlock me not.

Mart. By Heav'n, I love thee! [thee!
And, by the soul of love, am one piece with
Thy mind, thy mind, thy heart, thy manly
mind, [fortune,
(That, like a rock, stands all the storms of
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot
reach thee)

That lovely mind I dote on, not the body:
That mind has rubb'd me of my liberty;
That mind has darken'd all my lewdery,
And into poor despis'd things turn'd my
angers.

[me;
Receive me to your love, sir, and instruct
Receive me to your bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bless the hour I knew you!
Vir. Is this a new way?

Mart. If you doubt my faith,
First, take your liberty, (I'll make it perfect)
Or any thing within my power.

[riage?
Vir. I love you:
But how to recompense your love with mar-
riage, I have a wife.

Mart. Dearest than I am?
That will adventure so much for your safety?
Forget her father's wrongs, quit her own
honour,

Pull on her, for a stranger's sake, all curses?
Vir. Shall this prince have his freedom
too? else all

I live is gone, all my friends perish.
Mart. He shall.

Vir. What shall I do?
Mart. If thou despise my courtesy,

When I am dead for grief I am forsaken,
And no soft hand left to assuage your sor-
rows, [cities!

Too late, but too true, curse your own crew.
Are. Be wise, if she be true! no thread is
left else,

To guide us from this labyrinth of mischief;
Nor no way for our friends.

Vir. Thus then I take you;
I bind you to my life, my love!

Mart. I take you, [vant.
And with the like bond tie my heart your ser-

We're now almost at harbour; within this
hour, [ready,

In the dead watch, I'll have the long-boat
And when I give the word, be sure you enter.

I'll see ye furnish'd both immediately,
And like yourselves¹⁶; some trusty oars shall
wait you;

The watch I'll make my own; only my love
Requires a stronger vow, which I'll admini-
strate Before we go.

Vir. I'll take it, to confirm you. [fettors,
Mart. Go in; there are the keys, unlock his
And arm ye nobly both. I'll be with you
And so, this loving kiss. [presently;

Are. Be constant, lady. [Exeunt.

*Enter Duke (by torch-light), Master and
Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow so angry, sir, your wound
goes backward. [you)

Duke. I'm angry at the time, (at none of
That sends but one poor subject for revenge:
I would have all the court, and all the vil-
lainy

Was ever practis'd under that foul tyrant
Ferrand¹⁷, and nil to quench my wrath!

Master. Be patient;
Your Grace may find occasion every hour
(For certain they will seek you) to satisfy,
And to the full, your anger.

Duke. 'Death, they dare not! [hunger,
They know that I command Death, feed his
And when I let him loose—

Surg. You'll never heal, sir,
If these extremes dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your spirits out with this wild anger.

Duke. Thou liest! I am not old; I am as
lusty

And full of manly heat as then, or thou
Master. No more of that! [art—

Duke. And dare seek out a danger,
And hold him at the sword's point, when thou
tremblest

And creep'st into thy box of salves to save
thee.— [to-night!

Oh, Master, I have had a dreadful dream
Methought the ship was all on fire, and my
lov'd daughter, [suddenly

To save her life, leap'd into th' sea; where
A stranger snatch'd her up, and swam away
with her;

Master. 'Twas but the heat o'th' fight, sir.
Boats. [within.] Look out! what is that?

Sailor. [within.] The long-boat, as I live!

Boats. Ho, there, i'th' long-boat! ho!

Sailor. She claps on all her oars¹⁸.

¹⁶ And like yourself.] The grammar of this passage requires a change of numbers to keep
Martia from uttering nonsense. *Symson.*

¹⁷ Was ever practis'd under that foul Ferrand

Tyrant.] These two last words have changed their places; we must read as I have
altered the place. *Symson.*

¹⁸ She claps on all her oars.] These words stand in the first copy as a stage-direction; but
are not inserted at all in the two following editions. *Symson*, we think with judgement,
supposes they were originally a part of the text.

Duke. What noise is that?

Master. I hear, sir— [Exit.

Boats. The devil, or his dam. Hail her again, boys.

Sailor. The long-boat! ho, the long-boat!

Duke. Why the long-boat?

Where is the long-boat?

Boats. She's stole off.

Enter Master.

Duke. Who stole her?

Oh, my prophetick soul!

Master. Your daughter's gone, sir,

The prisoners, and six sailors: Rogues!

Duke. Mischief! six thousand plagues sail with 'em!

They're in her yet; make out.

Master. We've ne'er a boat.

Enter Gunner.

Gunner. Who knew of this trick?

Duke. Weigh anchors, nod away!

Boats. We ha' no wind, sir;

They'll bent us with their oars.

Duke. Thou sink 'em, Gunner!

Oh, sink 'em, sink 'em, sink 'em, claw 'em,

As ever thou hast lov'd me! [Gunner,

Gun. I'll do renson;

But I'll be hmg'd before I hurt the lady.

[Exit.

Duke. Who knew of this?

[A piece or two go off.

Master. We stand all clear.

Duke. What devil

Put this base trick into her tail? My daughter,

And run away with rogues! I hope she's sunk,

[A piece or two go off.

Or torn to pieces with the shot. Rots find her!

The leprosy of whore stick ever to her!

Oh, she has ruin'd my revenge!

Enter Gunner.

Gun. She's gone, sir;

I cannot reach her with my shot.

Duke. Rise, winds!

Blow 'till ye burst the air, and swell the seas,

That they may sink the stars! Oh, dance

her, dance her! [her,

She's impudently wanton; dance her, dance

Mount her upon your surges, cool her, cool

her!

She runs hot like a whore; cool her, cool her!

Oh, now a shot to sink her!—Come, cut

cables!

I will away; and where she sets her foot,

Altho' it be in Ferrond's court, I'll follow her;

And such a father's vengeance shall she suf-

fer—

Dare any man stand by me?

Master. All, sir.

Boats. All, sir.

Gun. And the same cup you taste—

Duke. Cut cables then; [is,

For I shall never sleep, nor know what peace

Till I have pluck'd her heart out.

Sailor [within]. All o'main there!

[Exeunt

" Gun. *Who knew of this trick?*] This speech seems, both from the text and measure, to be (though we have not ventured to remove it) an accidental interpolation. It is the Duke's speech a little after.

ACT III.

Enter Ferrond, Ronvere, Castruccio, Villio, and Guard.

Ronv. YOU are too gentle, sir.

[Flourish cornets.

Fer. You are too careless!

The creatures I have made no way regard me:

Why should I give you names, titles of honour,

Rob families to fill your private houses,

For your advancement draw all curses on me,

Wake tedious winter-nights to make them

That for me break no slumber? [happy

Ronv. What we can,

We dare do.

Fer. Why is your sovereign's life then

(to which you live, and in whose fall your

honours,

Your wealth, your pomp, your pride, and all

must suffer)

No better guarded? Oh, my cruel stars,

That mark'd me out a king, raising me on

This pinnacle of greatness, only to be

The nearer blasting!

Villio. What think you now, Castruccio?

Is not this a merry life?

Cast. Still thou art cozen'd:

It is a glorious royal discontentment!

How bravely it becomes him!

Fer. To be made

The common butt, for every slave to shoot at!

No peace, no rest I take, but their alarms

Beat at my heart! Why do I live, or seek then

To add a day more to these glorious troubles?

Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,

Is but the summing up of fears and sorrows?

What power has my command, when from

my bosom

Ascanio, my most dear and lov'd Ascanio,

Was snatch'd, spite of my will, spite of my

succour,

And by mine own proud slave retain'd most miserable?

And still that villain lives to nip my pleasures,
It being not within my power to reach him.

Ronv. Time may restore all this: And would you hear

Whose counsel never fail'd you——

Fer. Tell me no more!

I faint beneath the burthen of my cares,
And yield myself most wretched.

Ronv. On my knees

I beg it, mighty sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Fer. Speak, speak; and I thus low, such is my fortune,

Will hear what thou canst say.

Villio. Look but on this;

Has not a man that has but means to keep
A hawk, a greyhound, and a hunting nag,
More pleasure than this king?

Cast. A dull fool still!

Make me a king, and let me scratch with care,
And see who'll have the better; give me rule,
Command, obedience, pleasure of a king,
And let the devil roar: The greatest corrosive
A king can have, is of more precious tickling,
And, handled to the height, more dear delight,
Than other men's whole lives, let 'em be safe too.

Villio. Think of the mutinous people.

Cast. Hang the people!

Give me the pleasure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their wives and states at my discretion,
And peg 'em when I please, let the slaves
Inmule.

Villio. But say they should be vex'd, and rise against thee?

Cast. Let 'em rise, let 'em rise; give me the bridle here,

And see if they can crack my girths: Ah, Villin,
Under the sun there's nothing so voluptuous
As riding of this monster, 'till he founder:

Fer. Who's that so loud?

Cast. I'm dumb.—Is not this rare?

Kings' looks make Pythagoreans; is not this
A happiness, Villio?

Villio. Yes, to put to silence

A fawning sycophant.

Fer. Thou speak'st truth in all;

[*To Ronvere.*

And mercy is a vice, when there needs rigor,
Which I with all severity will practise;
And since, as subjects they pay not obedience,
They shall be forc'd as slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and, with the means,
my fears.

Go you, the fatal executioners

Of my commands, and in our name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private conferences in the city:

To feast a neighbour, shall be death; to talk,
As they meet in the streets, to hold discourse
By writing, may by signs. See this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to those
That dare repine at this, to me true service.

1 Guard. This makes for us.

2 Guard. Ay, now we have employments;
If we grow not rich, 'twere at we should be
beggars. [*Exit Guard.*

Fer. Ronvere!

Ronv. My lord?

Cast. Thou enemy to majesty,
What think'st thou of a king?

Villio. As of a man

That hath power to do ill.

Cast. Of a thing rather

That does divide an empire with the gods.
Observe but with how little breath he shakes
A populous city, which would stand unmov'd
Against a whirlwind.

Villio. Then you make him more
Than him that rules the winds.

Cast. For me, I do profess it,
Were I offer'd to be any thing on earth,
I would be mighty Ferrand.

Fer. Ha! who names me?

Deliver thy thoughts, slave, thy thoughts,
and truly,
Or be no more!

Cast. They rather will disserve

Your favour, than your fury. I admire
(As who does not, that is a loyal subject?)
Your wisdom, power, your perfect happiness,
The most bless'd of mankind!

Fer. Didst thou but feel

The weighty sorrows that sit on a crown,
Thou shouldst find one in the streets,
Castruccio, [*up*]
Thou wouldst not think it worth the taking
But since thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou shalt ere long taste of it.

Cast. But one day,
And then let me expue!

Fer. Go to my wardrobe,
And of the richest things I wear cull out
What thou think'st fit. Do you attend him,
sirrah.

Vil. I warrant you I shall be at his elbow;
The fool will never leave him.

Cast. Made for ever!

[*Exit with Vil. A shout within.*

Fer. What shout is that? Draw up our
guards.

Enter Violet, Ascanio, and a Servant.

Ronv. Those rather

Speak joy than danger.

Fer. Bring her to my house:
I would not have her seen here.

* What think'st thou of a kingdom? Verse and context equally require us to read *king for kingdom*.

* Ron. Bring her to my house,

I would not have her seen here.] This is evidently a direction of Violet's relating to Martia, and to him it should be restored.

Secord.

Fer. My Ascanio!
The most desir'd of all men, let me die
In these embraces, how wert thou redeem'd?

Asc. Sir, this is my preserver.

Fer. At more leisure
I will enquire the manner, and the means:
I cannot spare so much time now from my
More strict embraces. Violeto, welcome too!
This service weighs down your intended
treasure.

You long have been mine enemy; learn now
To be my friend, and loyal; I ask no more,
And live as free as I errand. Let him have
The forty thousand crowns I gladly promis'd
For my Ascanio's freedom; and deliver
His father and his wife to him in safety.
Something hath pass'd which I am sorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my
Ascanio,

And reap the harvest of my winter-travels.
My best Ascanio, my most lov'd Ascanio!

[*Flourish cornets. Exc. Fer. and Ascanio.*]

Vir. My lord, all former passages forgot,
I am become a suitor.

Ross. To me, Violeto?

Vir. To you; yet will not beg the courtesy,
But largely pay you for it.

Ross. To the purpose.

Vir. The forty thousand crowns the king
hath given me,

I will bestow on you, if by your means
I may have liberty for a divorce
Between me and my wife.

Ross. Your Juliano?

That for you hath endur'd so much, so nobly?

Vir. The more my sorrow; but it must be so.

Ross. I will not hinder it.—Without bribe,
For mine own ends, I would have further'd
I will use all my power. [this—

Vir. 'Tis all I ask.—

Oh, my cousin's fate, that ever man should hate
Himself for being belov'd! or be compell'd
To cast away a jewel kings would buy,
Tho' with the loss of crown and monarchy!

[*Exit.*]

Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, and Gunner.

Duke. How do I look?

Master. You are so strangely alter'd,
We scarce can know you; so young again,
and utterly

From that you were, figure, or any favour,
Your friends cannot discern you.

Duke. I have none, [sic!]

None but my fair revenge, and let that know
You're finely alter'd too.

Boats. To please your humour:

²⁰ *Master.* The next fair open weather

Methinks this Jew,

If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,

And decay'd ladies, that have lost their fleeces

On every bush, he might pick a pretty living.]

'The next fair open weather,' has confounded the sense of this passage in all the editions.
—Simpson puts a period at *weather*.

But we may pass without disguise; our living
Was never in their element.

Gun. This Jew sure,

That alter'd you, is a mad knave.

Duke. Oh, a most excellent fellow!

Gun. How he has new'd your head, has
rubl'd the snow off,

And run your head into a peak of twenty!

Boats. Stop! all the crannies in your face.

Master. Most rarely!

Boats. And now you look as plump, your
eyes as sparkling,
As if you were to leap into a lady's saddle.

Has he not set your nose awry?

Duke. The better.

Boats. I think it be the better, but 'tis
awry sure;

North and by East, ay, there's the point it
stands in;

Now half a point to the Southward.

Duke. I could laugh,

But that my business requires no mirth now:
Thou art a merry fellow.

Boats. I would the Jew, sir,

Could steer my head right; for I've such a
swimming in't,

Ever since I went to sea first—

Master. Take wine, and purge it.

Boats. I've had a thousand pills of such, a
thousand,

A thousand pottle-pills,

Gun. Take more.

Boats. Good doctor,

Your patient is easily persuaded.

Master. Methinks this Jew ²⁰

If he were truly known to founder'd courtiers,
And decay'd ladies, that have lost their fleeces
On every bush, the next fair open weather,
He might pick a pretty living.

Boats. The best of all our gallants now he
glad of him; [der,

For, if you mark their marches, they are ten-
Sift, soft, and tender; then but observe their
bodies, [geon,

And you shall find them cemented by a sur-
Or some physician, for a year or two,

And then to th' tub again, for a new pickle.
This Jew might live a Gentle here.

*Enter two Citizens at opposite doors, saluting
afar off.*

Duke. What are these?

Stand close and mark.

Boats. These are no men; they're motians.

Duke. What sad and ruthless faces!

Boats. How they duck!

This senseless, silent courtesy, methinks,

Shews like two Turks saluting one another,
Upon two French porters' backs.

Duke. They are my countrymen, [rant.
And this some fore'd infliction from the ty-
What are you? why is this? why move thus
silent,

As if you were wandring shadows? why so sad?
Your tongues seald up? Are ye of several
countries,

You understand not one another?

Gun. That's an Englishman;
He looks as tho' he had lost his dog.

Duke. Your habits

Shew ye all Neapolitans; and your faces
Deliver you oppressed things: Speak boldly!
Do you groan and labour under this stiff yoke?

Master. They shake their heads and weep.
Duke. Oh, misery!

Give plenteous sorrows and no tongues to
shew 'em?

This is a studied cruelty.

1 *Cit.* Begone, sir, [self.
(It seems you are a stranger) and save your-

2 *Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much
we wonder

To hear you speak so openly and boldly,
The king's command being publish'd to the
contrary:

'Tis death here, above two to talk together;
And that must be but common salutation
neither,

Short, and so part.

Boats. How should a man buy mustard,
If he be forc'd to stay the making of it?

Sold. [within.] Clear all the streets before
the king!

1 *Cit.* Get off, sir,

And shift as we must do. [Exeunt Citizens.

Duke. I'll see his glory. [Flourish.

Master. Stand fast now, and like men.
[Colours.

*Enter Castruccio (as King, with a Guard)
and Vittio.*

Cost. Begin the game, sir,

And pluck me down the row of houses there!
They hide the view o'th' hill! and sink those
Their ships are foul, and stink. [merchants;

Master. This is a sweet youth!

Cost. All that are taken to assemblies,
Their houses, and their wives, their wealths,
are forfeit,

Their lives at your devotion. Villains, knaves,
I'll make you bow and shinke! I'll make you
kneel, rogues!—

How brave 'tis to be a king!

Gun. Here's fine tumbling!

Cost. No man shall sit i'th' temple near
another.

Boats. Nor lie with his own wife.

Cost. Ah, upon pain

Of present death, forget to write!

Boats. That's excellent;

Carriers and footposts will be arrant rebels.

Cost. No character, or stamp, that may
deliver

This man's intention to that man i'th' country.

Gun. Nay, an you cut off, 'After my hearty
commendations.

'Your friend and Oliver,' no more!

Cost. No man smile, [sing,
And wear a face of mirth! That fellow's cur-
And hides a double heart; he's your prize;
smoke him.

*Enter Violet, Rouvert, Ascanio, and Martia,
passing over.*

Duke. What base abuse is this?—Ha! 'tis
her face sure.

My prisoners with her too?—By Heav'n, vile
Now is my time! [where?]

Master. Do what you will.

Duke. Sing, hold yet!

My country shall be serv'd first; let her go!
We'll have honour for her, to make her trem-
ble.

Now shew ourselves, and bless you with your
valours.

Guard. Here's a whole plump of rogues.

Duke. Now for your country!

[Exeunt Violet, &c.

Cost. Away with 'em, and hang 'em! know
I say no mercy!

Duke. Be it so; upon 'em!

Guard. Treason, 'reason, treason!

Boats. Cut the slave's tu engets!

Gun. Down with the bullheefs!

Duke. Hold, hold, I command you! Gods,
look here!

Cost. A miserable thing; I am no king, sir.

Duke. Sirrah, your fool's face has preserv'd
your life.

Wear no more king's coats; you have scap'd a
Boats. Is't not the king? [sneering.

Duke. No, 'tis a prating rascal;

The puppy makes him mirth.

Cost. Yes, sir, I am

A puppy.

Boats. I beseech you let me hang him;

I'll do't in my belt straight.

Cost. As you're honourable!

It is enough, you may hang me.

Gun. I'll hang a squib at his tail [lard.
That shall blow both his buttocks, like a pe-

Cost. Do any thing; but do not kill me,
gentlemen.

Enter Citizens.

Boats. Let's flea him,

And have him fly-blown!

Cit. Away, and save your lives!

The king himself is coming on: If you stay,
You're lost for ever! Let not so much noble-
Wilfully perish. [ues

* Wild shore] I have a small suspicion here that *wild* is the true reading, but I have not
ventured to disturb the text. *Symson.*

Duke. How near?
 2 *Cat.* He's here behind you.
Duke. We thank you. Vanish! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferraud and Rancere. Flourish cornets.

Fer. Double the guards, and take in men that dare!
 These slaves are frightened. Where are the proud rebels? [*'em?*]

To what protection fled? What villain leads Under our nose disturb our rest?

Ranc. We shall hear; [*tors—*]
 For such a search I've sent, to hunt the traitor.
Fer. Yet better men, I say! We stand too open. [*glory?*]

Tell now, Castruccio? How d' you like our Cast? I must confess, 'twas somewhat more than my match, sir.

This open glory agrees not with my body;
 But if it were i' th' castle, or some strength,
 Where I might have my swinge—

Vil. You have been swing'd, brother;
 How these delights have tickled you! You itch yet.

Will you walk out again in pomp?

Cast. Good fool!

Vil. These rogues must be rebuk'd, they are too saucy, [*sir,*]

These peremptory knives. Will you walk out,
 And take the remnant of your coronation?
 The people stay to see it.

Fer. Do not vex him;
 It's his grief enough in's bones. You shall to th' citadel,

And like myself command: There use your But take heed to your person. [*pleasure;*]

Vil. The more danger,
 Still the more honour, brother.

Cast. If I reign not then, [*fool,*]
 And like a king—And thou shalt know it,
 And thou shalt feel it, fool.

Vil. Fools still are free men;
 I'll sue for a protection, 'till thy reign's out.

Fer. The people have abus'd the liberty
 I late allow'd; I now proclaim it stricter:
 No men shall walk together, nor salute;
 For they that do shall die.

Ranc. You hit the right, sir;
 That liberty cut off, you're free from practice.

Fer. Renew my guards.

Ranc. I shall.

Fer. And keep strict watches.
 One hour of joy I ask!

Ranc. You shall have many.
 [*Exeunt. Flourish cornets.*]

Enter Pandulpho and Juliana, led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.

1 *Guard.* You're now at liberty, in your own house, lady.
 And here our charge takes end.

Pand. 'Tis now a custom,
 We must e'en wooe those men deserve worst of us; [*drink!*]

And so we thank your labours; there's to For that and mischief are your occupations,
 And to mean well to no man your chief 'st harvests.

2 *Guard.* You give liberally; we hope, sir, ere't be long.

To be oftner acquainted with your bounty;
 And so we leave you.

Pand. Do, for I dote not on ye.

Jul. But where's my husband? What should I do here, [*ty,*]

Or what share have I in this joy call'd Liberty? Without his company? Why did you flatter me, [*nour'd?*]

And tell me he was return'd, his service ho—
 1 *Guard.* He is so, and stands high in the king's favour,

His friends redeem'd, and his own liberty.
 From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his service

To his own wish rewarded: So farewell, lady! [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Pand. Go persecute the good, and hunt, ye hell-hounds,

Ye leeches of the time, suck 'till ye burst, slaves!

How does my girl?

Jul. Weak yet, but full of comfort.

Pand. Sit down, and take some rest.

Jul. My heart's whole, further;
 That joys and leaps, to bear my Violett.

My dear, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.

Pand. Those rude hands, and that bloody will that did this,

That durst upon thy tender body print
 These characters of cruelty, hear me, Heaven!—

Jul. Oh, sir, be sparing.

Pand. I'll speak it, tho' I burst;
 And tho' the air had ears, and serv'd the tyrant, [*justice!*]

Out it should go. Oh, hear me, thou great
 The miseries that wait upon their mischiefs,

Let them be numberless! and no eye pity
 Them, when their souls are loaden, and in labour,

And wounded thro' and thro' with guilt and horror, [*'em!*]

As mine is now with grief! let me laugh at
 Then, when their monstrous sins, like earthquakes, shake 'em,

And those eyes, that forgot Heaven, would look upward,

(The bloody laments of the conscience beating)
 Let Mercy fly, and day, struck into darkness,

Leave their blind souls, to hunt out their own horrors!

Jul. Enough, enough! we must forget, dear father;

* You hit the right, sir.] The most usual expression is *white*, but I have been unwilling to make any alteration. *Symson.*

For then we're glorious forms of Heaven's,
and live,

When we can suffer, and as soon forgive.—
But where's my lord? Methinks I've seen
this house,

And have been in't before.

Pand. Thine own house, jewel.

Jul. Mine, without him; or his, without
my company,

I think it cannot be; it was not wont, father.

Pand. Some business with the king (let it
be good, Heaven!)
Retains him sure.

Enter Boy.

Jul. It must be good and noble;

For all men, that he treats with, taste of
virtue: [nour's,

His words and actions are his own, and Ho-
Not bought, nor compell'd from him.

Pand. Here's the Boy;

He can confirm us more. How sad the child
looks! [master?

Come hither, Lucio; how, and where's thy

Jul. Speak, gentle Boy.

Pand. Is he return'd in safety? [rable,

Jul. If not, and that thou know'st is mis-
Our hopes and happiness declin'd for ever,

Study a sorrow excellent as thy master,
Then if thou canst live, leave us.

Boy. Noble madam,

My lord is safe return'd; safe to his friends,
and fortune,

Safe to his country; entertain'd with honour;
Is here within the house.

Jul. Do not mock me! [mind,

Boy. But such a melancholy hangs on's
And in his eyes inhabit such sad shadows!

But what the cause is—

Pand. Go tell him we are here, Boy;
There must be no cause now.

Jul. Hast thou forgot me?

Boy. No, noblest lady.

Jul. Tell him I am here; [him,

Tell him his wife is here; sound my name to
And thou shalt see him start; speak *Juliana*,

And, like the sun that labours thro' a tem-
pest,

How suddenly he will disperse his sadness!

Pand. Go, I command thee, instantly;
And charge him on his duty—

Jul. On his love, Boy.

I'd fain go to him.

Pand. Away, away; you're foolish.

Jul. Bear all my service, sweet Boy—

Pand. Art thou here still?

Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that shall
become thee. [Exit Boy,

Pand. I th' house, and know we're here?

Jul. No, no, he did not;

I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His love had less than wings, (had he but
seen me)

His strong affection any thing but fire,
Consuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
'Till he had met my flame, and made one
body?

If ever Heaven's high blessings met in one
And there erected to their holy uses [man,
A sacred mind fit for their services,
Built all of polish'd honour, 'twas in this man:
Misdoubt him not.

Pand. I know he's truly noble;
But why this sadness, when the general cause
Requires a jubilee of joy?

Jul. I know not.

Enter Virolet and Boy.

Pand. Pray Heaven you find it not!

Jul. I hope I shall not.

Oh, here he comes, and with him all my hap-
piness!— [nearly;

He stays and thinks; we may be too human-
'Pray give him leave. [They stand off.

Pand. I do not like this sadness.

Vir. Oh, hard condition of my misery!
Unheard-of plagues! when to behold that
woman,

That chaste and virtuous woman, that pre-
serv'd me,

That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions,
Must be more terrible than all my dangers!

Oh, Fortune, thou hast robb'd me of my
sinking,

The noble building of a man demolish'd,
And flung me headlong on a sin so base

Man and mankind condemn; e'en beasts
abhor it;

A sin more dull than drink, a shame beyond
it; [it;

So foul, and far from faith, I dare not name
But it will cry itself out loud, Ingratitude:

Your blessing, sir!

Pand. You have it in abundance;

So is our joy to see you safe.

Vir. My dear one!

Jul. If I have not forgot me yet: Oh, take
me to you, sir!

²¹ For then we're glorious forms of Heaven's; and live.] If we are glorious forms of Heaven; then we live such to be sure; though by *live* here joined to are one would imagine the Poets designed to mix different senses to these two verses, and be understood thus, — we must forget, for then we not only are, but continue or remain to be, 'glorious forms of Heaven when,' &c. Yet I suspect (and Mr. Seward too) that the line might be wrote originally thus:

'For then we glorious forms of Heaven live!'

live here answering to the Latin *vivo*, which oftentimes is no more than *rem*. Symphon.

The proposed line is a vile one. *Live* in the text is used emphatically, and the meaning of this line and the next is, 'We then truly enjoy life, when we pardon injuries, as Heaven forgives our iniquities.'

Vir. Must this be added to encrease my misery, ^{[goodness?}
That she must weep for joy, and lose that
My Juliana, e'en the best of women,
Of wives the perfectest! Let me speak this,
And with a modesty declare thy virtues,
Chaster than crystal on the Scythian elixirs,²³
The more the proud winds court, the more
the purer.

Sweeter in thy obedience than a sacrifice;
And in thy mind a saint, that even yet living,
Producest miracles; and women daily,
With crooked and lame souls creep to thy
goodness, ^{[examples.}

Which having touch'd at, they become ex-
The fortitude of all their sex is fable²⁴,
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up glo-
And admiration, in the age behind us, ^{[ry,}
Out of their celebrated urns are started,
To stare upon the greatness of thy spirit;
Would'rog what new martyr Heaven has
begot, ^{[stories:}

To fill the times with truth, and ease their
Being all these, and excellent in beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the noblest build-
ings)

Thou hast undone thy husband, made him
A miserable man, my Juliana, ^{[wretched;}
Th' hast made thy Violet.

Jul. Now goodness keep me!
Oh, my dear lord— ^{[iog?}

Pand. She wrong you? what's the mean-
Weep not, but speak, I charge you on nic-
edience;

Your father charges you! She make you mi-
That you yourself confess— ^{[scorable?}

Vir. I do, that kills me;
And far less I have spoke her than her merit.

Jul. Is some sort of weakness, or of ig-
For sure my will— ^{[norance;}

Vir. No, 'tis a sin of excellence.
Forgive me, Heav'n, that I profane thy bless-
ings!

Sit still, I'll shew you all. ^{[Krit.}

Pand. What means this madness?
(For sure there is no taste of right man in it.)
Grieves he our liberty, our preservation?
Or has the greatness of the deed he has done
Made him forget for whom, and how, he did
it, ^{[fit?}

And looking down upon us, scorn the bene-
Well, Violet, if thou be'st proud, or treco-
berous—

Jul. He cannot, sir, he cannot; he will
shew us,
And with that reason ground his words—

Enter Violet, Martia, Ronvere, and Lawyer.

Pand. He comes.—
What masque is this? what admirable beauty?
'Pray Heav'n his heart be true!

Jul. A goodly woman!
Vir. Tell me, my dear, and tell me with-
out flattery;

As you are nobly honest, speak the truth!
What think you of this lady?

Jul. She's most excellent.
Vir. Might not this beauty, tell me, (it's a
sweet one)

Without more setting-off, as now it is,
Thinking no greater mistress than mere Na-
Stagger a constant heart? ^{[ture,}

Pand. She's full of wonder!
But yet, yet, Violet—

Vir. 'Pray by your leave, sir!
Jul. She would amaze—

Vir. Oh, would she so? I thank you.
Say, to this beauty she have all additious,
Wealth, noble birth—

Pand. Oh, hold there!
Vir. All virtues,

A mind as full of candor as the truth is,
Ay, and a loving lady—

Jul. She must needs ^{[much.}
(I'm bound in conscience to confess) deserve

Vir. Nay, say beyond all these, she be so
pious,

That e'en nn slaves condemn'd she shower
her benefits,

And melt their stubborn bolts with her soft
What thank you then? ^{[pity;}

Pand. For such a noble office,
At these years I should dote myself. Take
heed, boy!

Jul. If you be he that have receiv'd these
blessings,

And this the lady, love her, honour her!
You cannot do too much to shew your grati-
tude; ^{[der.}

Your greatest service will shew off too skeu-
Vir. This is the lady, lady of that bounty,

That wealth, that noble name, that all, I
spoke of;

The prince Ascanio, and myself, the slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, still guarded by
her goodness;

²³ *Chaster than crystal, &c.*] Shakespeare has a passage similar to this: speaking of Valeria in *Coriolanus*, act v. scene 3, he says,

'—— The noble sister of Poplicola,

'The moon of Rome; chaste as the isle,

'That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,

'And hangs on Dian's temple.' *R.*

²⁴ *Is fable.*] Though a slight corruption has quite changed the word, yet as it has left some sense remaining, it has escaped the observation of former editors; but *fiable* being in proper antithesis to *fortitude*, is undoubtedly the true reading. *Seward.*

Not so undoubtedly: 'To fill the times with truth,' a few lines lower, seems to confirm *fiable* here.

And of our liberties you taste the sweetness.
E'en you she has preserv'd too, lengthen'd
your lives.

Jul. And what reward d' you purpose? It
must be a man one.

If love will do't, we'll all so love her, serve

Vir. It must be my love. [her—

Jul. Ha!

Vir. Mine, my only love,
My everlasting love.

Pand. How!

Vir. Pray, have patience! [der'd,
The recompense she ask'd, and I have ren-
-was to become her husband. Then I vow'd it,
And since I've made it good.

Pand. Thou durst not!

Vir. Done, sir.

Jul. Be what you please, this happiness yet
stays with me—

You have been mine. Oh, my unhappy for-

Pand. Nay, break and die! [true!

Jul. It cannot yet: I must live,
'Till I see this man blest in his new love;

And then—

Pand. What hast thou done? thou base
one, tell me!

Thou barren thing of honesty, and honour,
What hast thou wrought? Is not this she,

[look on her,

Look on her with the eyes of gratitude,
And wipe thy false tears off) is not this she,

That three times on the rack, to guard thy
safety,

When thou stood'st lost, and naked to the
tyrant;

Thy aged father here, that shames to know
thee,

Engag'd i' th' jaws of danger; was not this she,
That then gave up her body to the torture,

That tender body, that the wind sings thro'?

And three times, when her sinews, crack'd
and tortur'd,

The beauties of her body turn'd to ruins,
Even then, within her patient heart she lock'd
thee,

Then hid thee from the tyrant, then preserv'd
And canst thou be that slave— [thee:

Mart. This was but duty;

She did it for her husband, and she nought it *;

Sh' has had the pleasure of him many an hour;
And if one minute's pain cannot be suffer'd—

Mine was above all these, a nobler venture!
(I speak it boldly) for I lost a father,

She has one still *; I left my friends, sh' has
many;

Exp'd my life and honour to a cruelty,
That if it had seiz'd on me—racks, and tor-
-tures?

Alas, they're triumphs to't! and had it hit,

For this man's love, it should have shew'd a
triumph. [him,

Twice lost, I freed him; Rossana lost before
His fortunes with him, and his friends be-
hind him;

Twice was I rack'd myself for his deliverance,
In honour first and name, which was a torture

The hangman never heard of; next at sea,
To our escape, where the proud waves took
pleasure

To toss my little boat up like a bubble,
Then like a meteor in the air he hung,

Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of
darkness;

The cannon from my incensed father's ship
Ringing our knell, and still as we peep'd up-
ward

Beating the raging surge, with fire and bullet,
And I stood fix'd for this man's sake, and
scorn'd it:

Compare but this!

Vir. 'Tis too true. On, my fortune!
That I must equally be bound to either!

Jul. You have the better, and the nobler
lady;

And now I'm forc'd a lover of her goodness:
And so far have you wrought for his deliver-
-ance,

That is my lord, so lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I stagger in my title.

But how with honesty, (for I'm poor, lady,
In all my dutious service but your shadow,
Yet would be just) how with fair fame and
credit,

I may go off? I would not be a strumpet—
Oh, my dear sir, you know—

Vir. Oh, Truth, thou knowest too!

Jul. Nor have the world suspect I fell to
mischief.

Law. Take you no cure for that; here's
that has done it;

A fair divorce! 'tis honest too.

Pand. The devil!

Honest? to put her off?

Law. Most honest, sir;

And in this point most strong.

Pand. The cause, the cause, sir?

Law. A just cause too—

Pand. As any is in Hell, Lawyer!

Law. For harrenness; she never brought
him children.

Pand. Why art not thou divorc'd? thou
canst not get 'em;

Thy neighbours, thy rank neighbours—Oh,
base juggling!

Is she not young?

Jul. Women at my years, sir,
Have met that blessing; 'tis in Heav'n's high

Law. You never can have any. [power—

* — his happiness, &c.] The omission of a single letter has made nonsense of this in
all the former editions. *Scard.*

* Ought it.] Ought seems to be used here as the perfect tense of owe.

* He has one still—he has many.] Martin is pleading that her merits are superior to those
of Juliana; it was therefore a gross mistake to let her stand in this line. *Scard.*

Pand. Why, quick Lawyer?

My philosophical Lawyer?

Law. The rack has spoil'd her;

The distentions of those parts hath stopp'd
all fruitfulness.

Pand. Oh, I could curse!

Jul. And am I grown so miserable, [ed?
That mine own piety²⁵ must make me wretch-
No cause against me, but my love and duty?
Farewell sir! Like Obedience, thus I leave
you;

[sir;
My long farewell!—I do not grudge; I grieve,
And if that be offensive, I can die; [him:
And then you're fairly free.—Good lady, love
You have a noble and an honest gentleman;
I ever found him so, the world has spoke him,
And let it be your part still to deserve him!
Love him no less than I have done, and serve
him, [my ashes.

And Heav'n shall bless you: You shall bless
I give you up the house, the name of Wife,
Honour, and all respect I borrow'd from him,
And to my grave I turn. One farewell more!
Nothing divide your loves, not want of chil-
dren, [fruitful!

Which I shall pray against, and make you
Grow like two equal flames! rise high and
glorious,

And in your honour'd age burn out together!
To all I know, farewell!

Rom. Be not so griev'd, lady!

A nobler fortune—

Jul. Away, thou parasite! [greatness!
Disturb not my sad thoughts. I hate thy

Rom. I hate not you. I'm glad she's off
these hinges.

Come, let's pursue. [Ere. Rom. and Law.

Pand. If I had breath to curse thee,
Or could my great heart utter—Farewell,
villain!

Thy house nor face again— [Erit.

Mart. Let 'em all go;

And now let us rejoice. Now freely take me,
And now embrace me, Viret! give the rites
Of a brave husband to his love.

Vir. I'll take my leave too.

Mart. How! take your leave too?

Vir. The house is furnish'd for you;

You're mistress, may command.

Mart. Will you to bed, sir?

Vir. As soon to Hell; to any thing I hate
most!

You must excuse me! I have kept my word:
You are my wife, you now enjoy my fortune,
Which I have done to recompense your bounty:
But to yield up those chaste delights and plea-
sures,

Which are not mine, but my first vow's—

Mart. You jest! [those

Vir. You will not find it so.—To give you
I have divorc'd, and lost with Juliana,
And all fires of that nature—

Mart. Are you a husband? [flames,

Vir. To question hers²⁶, and satisfy your
That held an equal beauty, equal bounty,
Good Heav'n forgive? No, no, the strict for-
bearance

Of all those joys, like a full sacrifice,
I offer to the sufferings of my first love.
Honour, and wealth, attendance, state, all
duty,

Shall wait upon your will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted mind, (you must give leave,
My weary trunk must wander. [lady)

Mart. Not enjoy me?

Go from me too?

Vir. For ever thus I leave you:

And, howsoe'er I fare, live you still happy!
[Erit,

Mart. Since I am scorn'd, I'll hate thee,
scorn thy gifts too,

Thou miserable fool, thou fool to pity!
And such a rude, demolish'd thing, I'll leave
thee, [now,

In my revenge—For, foolish love, farewell
And anger, and the spite of woman, enter!
That all the world shall say, that read this
story,

My hate, and not my love, begot my glory!
[Erit,

²⁵ Mine own pity.] Corrected in 1750.

²⁶ To question hers, and satisfy your flames,

That held an equal beauty, equal bounty;—

Good Heaven, forgive.] If the reader can affix any clear idea to the old text, he will do more than I can. The sense required seems to be an exclamation at the thought of quitting his former wife's chaste embraces to satisfy Martia's flames. As her supposed barrenness was the cause alleged, my conjecture makes good sense, and keeps very close to the track of the letters,

'To jest on hers, and satisfy your flames.' *Scowd.*

Any person who considers the text fully, will, we believe, think that the old reading, concluded with a point of interrogation, is right; 'Can Heaven forgive my rejecting her love, and satisfying yours? No, no, &c.

ACT IV.

Enter Duke, Boatwain, Master & Gunner.

Duke. **H**E that fears death, or tortures, let him leave me! [conquest.
The stops that we have met with crown our
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rarest spirits. Can we be
daunted?

We that have smil'd at sea at certain ruins,
Which men on shore, but hazarded, would
shake at?

We that have liv'd free, in despite of Fortune,
Laugh'd at the out-stretch'd arm of Tyranny.
As still too short to reach us, shall we faint
now?

[per,
No, my brave mates, I know your fiery tem-
And that you can, and dare, as much as men.
Calamity, that severs worldly friendships,
Could ne'er divide us; you are still the same,
The constant followers of my banish'd for-
tunes.

The instruments of my revenge, the hands
By which I work, and fashion all my projects.

Master. And such we will be ever.

Gunn. 'Slight, sir, cram me
Into a cannon's mouth, and shoot me at
Proud Ferrand's head; may only he fall with
My life I rate at nothing. [me,

Boats. Could I but get
Within my sword's length of him, and if then
He 'scape me, may th' account of all his sins
Be added unto mine!

Master. 'Tis not to die, sir,
But to die overreng'd, that staggers me:
For were your ends serv'd, and our country
We would fall willing sacrifices. [free,

Duke. To rise up
Most glorious martyrs.

Boats. But the reason why
We wear these shapes?

Duke. Only to get access. [him,
Like honest men, we never shall approach
Such as his fears; but thus attir'd like

Switzers,
And fashioning our language to our habits,
(Bold, bloody, desp'rate) we may be admitted
Among his guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thousand others, out-do Proteus
In various shapes, but I will reach his heart,
And seal my anger on't.

Enter Ronere and the Guard.

Master. The lord Ronere!

Boats. Shall we begin with him?

Duke. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you see me begin,
With all care imitate.

Gunn. We are instructed.

Boats. 'Would we were at it once!

Ronv. Keep a strict watch, [night
And let the guards be doubled: Thus last
The king had fearful dreams.

Duke. 'Tis a good omen
To our attempts.

Ronv. What men are these? What seek you?

Duke. Employment.

Ronv. Of what nature?

Duke. We are soldiers:

We have seen towns and churches set on fire,
The kennels running blood, coy virgins rav-
ish'd,

The altars ransack'd, and the holy relics,
Yea, and the saints themselves, made lawful
spoils [are past,

Unto the conquerors; but these good days
And we made beggars by this idle peace,
For want of action. I am, sir, no stranger
To the government of this state; I know the
king

Needs men, that only do what he commands,
And search no further: It is the profession
Of all our nation, to serve faithfully, [us,
Where they're best paid; and if you entertain
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in act.

Ronv. A goodly perwance!

Master. And if you have an enemy, or so,
That you would have dispatch'd—

Gunn. They're here can fit you. [man—

Boats. Or if there be an itch, tho' to a

Duke. You shall see

Our consciences in your purse-strings.

Ronv. Gentlemen,

I like your freedom. I am now in haste;

But wait for my return.—I like the rascals;

They may be useful.

Duke. We'll attend you, sir. [intent:

Ronv. Do, and be confident of entertain-
I hope you will deserve it.

[*Exit Ronv. and Guard.*

Duke. Oh, no doubt, sir.

Thus far we're prosperous: We'll be his guard,
'Till tyranny and pride find full reward. [*Exit.*

Enter Pandulpho and Juliana.

Pand. My blessing? No; a father's heavy
Pursue and overtake him! [curse

Jul. Gentle sir!

Pand. My name, and finally, end in myself,
Rather than live in him!

Jul. Dear sir, forbear!

A father's curses hit far off, and kill too;
And, like a murdering-piece²⁰, aim not at one,

²⁰ *Murdering-piece.*] Such a piece, Dr. Warburton observes, as assassins use, with many
barrels. So in *Hamlet*, act iv. scene 5, the King says,

— 'Oh, my dear Gertrude, this,

'Like to a murdering-piece, in many places

'Gives me superfluous death!'

Mr. Steevens remarks, that this passage in Fletcher confirms Dr. Warburton's explanation. *R.*

But all that stand within the dangerous level.
Some bullet may return upon yourself too,
Tho' against Nature, if you still go on
In this unnatural course.

Pand. Thou art not made
Of that same stuff as other women are:
Thy injuries would teach Patience to blas-
Yet still thou art a dove. [pneue,

Jul. I know not malice:
But, like an innocent, suffer.

Pand. More miraculous! [news,
I'll have a woman chronicled, and for good—
Which is the greatest wonder. Let me see,
I have no son t' inherit after me;

His I disclaim. [heir:
What then? I'll make thy virtues my sole
Thy story I'll have written, and in gold too,
In prose and verse, and by the ablest doers.²¹
A word or two of a kind step-father
I'll have put in; good kings and queens shall
buy it.

And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remem-
ber'd,
That have undone their husbands and their
families,

What will our story do? It shall be so,
And I will straight about it. [Exit.

Jul. Such as love
Goodness for glory, have it for reward;
I love mine for itself. Let Innocence
Be written on my tomb, tho' ne'er so humble,
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my vows.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Fore me, you are not modest,
Nor is this court-like! Would you take it well,
If she should rudely press into your closet,
When from your several boxes you chuse
To make a this-day's face with? [pneut,

Jul. What's the matter?

Boy. 'Pray know her pleasure first.

Jul. To whom speak you, Boy?

Boy. Your ladyship's pardon.—That proud
lady thief,

That stole away my lord from your embraces,
(Wrinkles at two-and-twenty on her cheeks
for't,

Or merc'ry unallay'd make blisters on it!)
Would force a visit.

Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any else that I call mine? No more!
Attend her with all reverence and respect:
The want in you of manners, my lord may
Construe in me for malice. I will teach you
How to esteem and love the beauty he dotes
on.

Enter Martia.

Prepare a banquet.—Madam, thus my duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchsafe your ser-
In honouring her house. [vant,

Mart. Is this in scorn?

Jul. No, by the life of Violet! (Give me
leave

To swear by him, as by a saint I worship,
But am to know no further; my heart speaks
that.) [doting

My servants have been rude, and this boy,
Upon my sorrows, hath forgot his duty:
In which, that you may think I have no share,
Sirrah, upon your knees, desire her pardon.

Boy. I dare not disobey you.

Mart. Prithee, rise:

My anger never looks so low. I thank you,
And will deserve it; if we may be private—
I came to see and speak with you.

Jul. Be gone. [Exit Boy.

Good madam, sit.

Mart. I rob you of your place then.

Jul. You have deserv'd a better, in my bed;
Make use of this too. Now your pleasure, lady.
If in your breast there be a worthy pity,
That brings you fur my comfort, you do
nobly;

But if you come to triumph in your conquest,
Or tread on my calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other excellencies. Let it suffice,
That you alone enjoy the best of men,
And that I am forsaken.

Mart. He the best?

The scum and shame of mankind!

Jul. Violet,

Lady?

Mart. Blest in him? I would my youth had
Chosen consuming fevers, bed-ridden age,
For my companions, rather than a thing,
To lay whose baseness open would e'en poison
The tongue that speaks it.

Jul. Certainly from you

At no part he deserves this: And I'll tell you,
Durst I pretend but the least title to him,
I should not hear this!

Mart. He's an impudent villain,
Or a malicious wretch; to you ungrateful,
To me beyond expression barbarous.
I more than hate him! From you he deserves
A death most horrid; from me, to die for ever,
And know no end of torments.—Would you
have comfort? [you,

Would you wash off the stain that sticks upon
In being refus'd? would you redeem your
fame, [this,

Shipwreck'd in his base wrongs? If you desire
It is not to be done with slavish suffering,
But by a noble anger making way

²¹ *Ablest doers.*] The English word *doers* here, is a literal translation of the Greek *poietai*, which means not only simply a *maker* or *doer*, but a *maker of verses*: The custom of using English words in a Greek and a Latin sense, was highly in vogue in our Authors' time; Spenser has not only taken the liberty to do so with the one, but the other too: So Shepherd's Calendar, June, Colin says to Hobbinol,

'The god of shepherds Tityrus is dead,

'Who taught me, homely as I can, to make.' *Symphon.*

Thi most brave revenge, we may call Justice.
Our injuries are equal; join with me then,
And share the honour.

Jul. I scarce understand you;
And know I shall be most unapt to learn
To hate the man I still must love and honour.

Mart. This foolish dotage in soft-hearted
women

Makes proud men insolent: But, take your
I'll run another course. [way;

Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his offence.

Mart. He has denied
The rites due to a wife.

Jul. Oh me most happy!
How largely am I paid for all my sufferings!
Most honest Violeto, thou just performer
Of all thy promises! I call to mind now,
When I was happy in those joys you speak of,
In a chaste bed, and warrant'd by law too,
He oft would swear, that if he should sur-
vive me, [woman

(Which then I knew he wish'd not) never
Should taste of his embraces; this one act
Makes me again his debtor.

Mart. And was this [tendr'd?
The cause my youth and beauty were con-
If I sit down here—Well!

Jul. I dare thy worst! [him
Plot what thou canst, my piety shall guard
Against thy malice. Leave my house, and
quickly! [Virtue,

Thou wilt infect these innocent walls. By
I will inform him of thy bloody purpose,
And turn it on thine own accursed head;
Believe't I will! [Exit.

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed against him.
I'll set myself to sale, and live a strumpet,
Forget my birth, my father, and his honour,
Rather than want an instrument to help me
In my revenge. The captain of the guard!
Best Opportunity courts me.

Enter Romeré.

Rom. Sunk and troubled?
How brave her anger shews! How it sets off
Her maternal beauty! Under what happy star
Was Violeto born, to be belov'd and sought-
to,

By two incomparable women?—Noblest lady,
I've heard your wrongs, and pity them; and if
The service of my life could give me hope
To gain your favour, I should be most proud
To be commanded.

Mart. 'Tis in you, my lord,
To make me your glad servant.

Rom. Name the means.

Mart. 'Tis not preferment, jewels, gold, or
courtship:

He that desires to reap the harvest of
My youth and beauty, must begin in blood,
And right my wrongs.

Rom. I apprehend you, madam,
And rest assur'd 'tis done: I am provided

Of instruments to fit you. To the king
I'll instantly present you; if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less
than man,
That, to achieve your favour, would not do
Deeds fiends would fear to put their agents
to. [Exit.

Enter Firolet, reading.

Fir. Quod invitus facis, non est scelus. 'Tis
an axiom.

Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd; with that, above her life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy husband;
Was full of children, her afflictions,
That I begot; that when our age must perish,
And all our painted fruitless turn to ashes,
Then shall they stand and propagate our ho-
nours.

Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange beauty, 'twas an useful one—
How? to my last? If it be so, I'm sinful,
And guilty of that crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair course of virtue,
This pious course, to save my friends, my
country, [ment,

That e'en then had put on a mourning gar-
And wept the desolation of her children, [you,
Her noblest children? Did not she thrust me
And to my duty clap the spur of honour?
Was there a way, without this woman, left
me [woman?

To bring 'em off? the marrying of this wo-
If not, why am I stung thus? why tormented?
Or, had there been a wild desire join'd with it,
How easily both these, and all their beauties,
Might I have made mine own! Why am I
touch'd thus,

Having perform'd the great redemption
Both of my friends and family? surely done it,
Without base and lascivious ends? Oh, Hea-
ven, [chief,

Why am I still at war thus? why this a sui-
That Honesty and Honour had propounded,
Ay, and absolv'd my tender will, and chid me,
Nay, then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana and Boy.

Boy. He's here, madam;
This is the melancholy walk he lives in,
And chases ever to encrease his sadness.

Jul. Stand by. [ble!

Fir. 'Tis she! How I shake now and trem-
The virtues of that mind are torments to me.

Jul. Sir, if my hated face shall stir your
anger,

Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you,
My love and fair obedience left behind me,
Your pardon ask'd, I shall return and bless
you. [you.

Fir. Pray stay a little! I delight to see
May not we yet, tho' Fortune have divided us,
And set an envious stop between our plea-
sures, [thus?
Look thus one at another? sigh and weep

And read in one another's eyes the legends,
And wonders, of our old loves? Be not
fearful;

Tho' you be now a saint, I may adore you!
May I not take this hand, and on it sacrifice
The sorrows of my heart? White seal of
virtue!

Jul. My lord, you wrong your wocolock.

Vir. Were she here,

And with her all-severe eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name Juliana,
And to the reverence of that name bow thus;
I might sigh Julian, she was mine once,
But I too weak a guard for that great trea-
sure;

And whilst she has a name, believe me, lady,
This broken heart shall never want a sorrow.

Jul. Forget her, sir; your honour now
command's you;

You are another's, keep those griefs for her;
She richly can reward 'em. I'd have spoken
with you.

Vir. What is your will? for nothing you
can ask, [ings]
So full of goodness are your words and mean-
ings Must be denied: Speak boldly.

Jul. I thank you, sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd;
That I desire: For I shall tell a story,
So far from seeming truth, yet a most true
one;

So horrible in nature, and so horrid;*
So beyond wickedness, that, when you hear it,
It must appear the practice of another,
The cast and malice of some one you've
wrong'd much;

And me you may imagine, me accuse too,
Unless you call to mind my daily sufferings,
The infinite obedience I have borne you,
That hates all name and nature of revenge,
My love, that nothing but my death can sever,
Rather than hers I speak of.

Vir. Juliana,

To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,
After my full experience of your virtues,
Were to distrust a Providence; to think you
can lie,

Or, being wrong'd, seek after foul reparings,
To forge a creed against my faith.

Jul. I most do so, for it concerns your
life, sir; [prosper!]
And if that word may stir you, hear, and
I should be dumb else, were not you at stake
here.

Vir. What new friend have I found²², that
dares deliver

This laden trunk from his afflictions?
What pitying hand, of all that feels my mi-
sery, brings such a benefit? [series,

Jul. Be wise and manly;

And with your honour fall, when Hear's
shall call you,
Not by a hellish mischief.

Vir. Speak, my blest one!

How weak and poor I am, how she is from
Jul. Your wife— [me!]

Vir. How's that?

Jul. Your wife—

Vir. Be tender of her;

I shall believe else—

Jul. I must be true. Your ear, sir!

For 'tis so horrible; if the air catch it,
Into a thousand plagues, a thousand monsters;
It will disperse itself, and fight resistance.

[ll'aspers:
Vir. Still seek my life with you? make you
her agent?

Another love? Oh, speak but truth!

Jul. Be patient,

Dear as I love you, else I leave you wretched.

Vir. Forward! 'Tis well; it shall be wel-
come to me!

I've liv'd too long, suffer'd too many days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;

Now when I come to reap it with my service,
And hoot for that my youth and honour sits
at,

The sun sets on my fortune, red and bloody,
And everlasting night begins to close me:

'Tis time to die.

Enter Martin and Ronere.

Jul. She comes herself.

Ron. Believe, lady,
(And on this angel-hand your servant seals it)
You shall be mistress of your whole desires;
And what you shall command.

Mart. Ha, minion! [forward,
My precious dame, are you there? Nay, go
Make your complaints, and pour out your
feign'd pities, [sill,
Slave-like to him you serve²³; 'Tis the same
And what I purpose, let the world take witness,
Shall be so finish'd, and to such example,
Spite of your poor preventions—My dear
gentleman!

My honourable man, are you there too?
You and your hot desire? Your mercy, sir!
I had forgot your greatness,
Jul. 'Tis not well, lady.

Mart. Lord, how I hate this fellow now!
how desperately
My stomach stands against him! this base
This gelded fool! [fellow,

Jul. Did you ne'er hear of modesty?

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and so
believ'd it;

Thou bloodless, brainless fool!

Vir. How!

Mart. Thou despis'd fool,

* So horrible in nature, and so horrid.] This is so wretched and tautological a line, that I
can't think it our Authors'. *Symon.*

²² What few friends have I found, that dare deliver.] So reads Mr. Symon.

²³ All the books read, 'slave, like to him.' *Symon.*

Thou only sign of man, how I condemn thee!
 Thou woven worthily in a piece of arras,
 Fit only to enjoy a wall! thou hast
 Beaten to use! Have I preserv'd a beauty,
 A youth, a love, to have my wishes blasted?
 My dotings, and the joys I came to offer,
 Must they be lost, and slighted by a dormouse?

Jul. Use more respect, and, woman, 'twill
 become you;

At least, less tongue.

Mart. I'll use all violence;

Let him look for it!

Jul. Dure you stain those beauties,
 Those heav'nly stamps, that raise men up to
 wonder, [she

With harsh and crooked motions? Are you
 That over-did all ages with your honour,
 And in a little hour dare lose this triumph?
 Is not this man your husband?

Mart. He's my halter! [thus,
 Which (having sued my pardon) I fling off
 And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
 Which I will nourish, to the desolation
 Not only of his folly, but his friends,
 And his whole name!

Vir. 'Tis well! I have deserv'd it;
 And, if I were a woman, I would rail too.

Mart. Nature ne'er promis'd thee a thing
 so noble. [freely;

Take back your love, your vow; I give it
 I poorly scorn it; gaze now where you please!
 That, that the dullness of thy soul neglected,
 Kings sue for now. And mark me, Violet!
 Thon image of a man, observe my words well!
 At such a bloody rate I'll sell this beauty,
 This handsomeness thou scorn'st and fling'st
 away,

Thy proud ungrateful life shall shake at!
 I take your house;

The petty things you left me, give another;
 And last, take hence your trinket²⁵! Fare
 you well, sir!

Ross. You have spoke like yourself; you're
 a brave lady! [*Ere Ross and Mart.*

Jul. Why do you smile, sir?

Vir. Oh, my Juliana, [me
 The happiness this woman's scorn has giv'n
 Makes me a man again; proclaims itself,
 In such a general joy, thro' all my miseries,
 That now methinks—

Jul. Look to yourself, dear sir,
 And trifle not with danger that attends you;
 Be joyful, when you're free.

Vir. Did you not hear her? [dom;
 She gave me back my vow, my love, my free-
 I am free, free as air! And tho' tomorrow
 Her bloody will meet with any life, and sink it,
 And in her execution tear me piecemeal,
 Yet have I time once more to meet my wishes,
 Once more t' embrace my best, my noblest,
 And time that's warrant'd. [truest;

Jul. Good sir, forbear it!

Tho' I confess, equal with your desires
 My wishes rise, as covetous of your love,
 And to as warm alarms spur my will too:
 Yet pardon me; the seal o' th' church dividing
 us,

And hanging like a threatening flame between
 We must not meet; I dare not. [us,

Vir. That poor disjointing,
 That only strung necessity thrust on you,
 Not crime, nor studied cause of mine, how
 sweetly

And nobly I will bind again and cherish!
 How I will recompense one dear embrace
 now,

One free affection! How I burn to meet it!
 Look now upon me.

Jul. I behold you willingly,
 And willingly would yield, but for my credit.
 The love you first lud was preserv'd with
 honour, [purchase

The lust shall not cry *where*; you shall not
 From me a pleasure, that have equally
 Lov'd your fair fame as you) at such a rate
 Your honesty and Virtue must be bankrupt.
 If I had lov'd your lust, and not your lustre,
 The glorious lustre of your matchless good-
 ness, [me,

I would compel you now to bed²⁶.—Forgive
 me, sir! How fondly still I love you!
 Yet nobly too: Make the way straight before
 me,

And let but holy Hymen once more guide me,
 Under the axe, upon the rack again,
 E'en in the bed of all afflictions,
 Where nothing sings our nuptials but dire
 sorrows, [you,

With all my youth and pleasure I'll embrace
 Make tyranny and death stand still affrighted,
 And at our meeting souls amaze our mis-
 chiefs:

Till when, high Heaven defend you, and
 Peace guide you!

Be wise and nunnly, make your fate your own,
 By being master of a providence
 That may control it.

Vir. Stay a little with me:
 My thoughts have chid themselves. May I
 not kiss you?

Upon my truth I'm honest.
Jul. I believe you; [cies,

But yet what that may raise in both our fan-
 What issues such warm parents breed—

Vir. I obey you,
 And take my leave as from the saint that
 keeps me.

I will be right again, and once more happy
 In thy unimitable love.

Jul. I'll pray for you;
 And when you fall, I have not long to follow.
 [*Ereunt.*

²⁵ *Trinket* here means the divorce he had procured a little above. *Symson.*

²⁶ *Would compel you now to be!* Corrected (for a correction we must call it, since the
 be! can be supposed nothing but an erratum) in 1750.

Enter Duke, Master, Bootswain, and Gunner, at one door; Martia and Rousere at another.

Duke. Now we have got free credit with the captain—

Master. Soft, soft! he's here again. Is not that lady—

Or have I lost mine eyes? a salt ricum seizes But I should know that face. [*exit*;

Boats. Make him not madder!

Let him forget the woman; steer a-larboard.

Master. He will not kill her.

Boats. Any thing he meets;

He's like a harrier now, he hums, and buzzes Nothing but blood and horror.

Master. I would save the lady;

For such another lady—

Boats. There's the point; [*tle.*

And you know there want women of her met-

Master. 'Tis true; they bring such children

now, such demi-lunecs,

Their father's socks will make them christ-
ning cloaths,

Gun. No more! they view us.

Duke. You shall play awhile,

And sun yourself in this felicity, [*still.*

You shall, you glorious whore! I know you

But I shall pick an hour when most securely—
I say no more.

Rous. D'you see those? those are they
Shall act your will.—Come hither, my good
fellows! [*fellows?*

You're now the king's—Are they not goodly

Mart. They've done enough, if they have

stout heart to it.

Master. Still the old wench!

Duke. 'Pray, captain, let me ask you

What noble lady's that? 'Tis a rude question;
But I desire to know.

Rous. She's for the king, sir;

Let that suffice for answer.

Duke. Is she so, sir?

In good time may she curse it! Must I

Breed lackies for his Grace?

Rous. What wouldst thou do

To merit such a lady's favour—

Duke. Any thing.

Rous. That can supply thy wants, and
raise thy fortunes? [*dare execute:*

Duke. Let her command, and see what I
I keep my conscience here. If any man

Oppose her will, and she would have him
humbled,

Whole families between her and her wishes—
Master. We have seen bleeding throats,

sir, cities sack'd,

And infants stuck upon their pikes—

Boats. Houses o' fire, and handsome mo-
thers weeping.

Duke. Which we have heap'd upon the
pale like sacrifices. [*tions?*

Churches and altars, priests, and all devo-
Tumbled together into one rude chaos.

Gun. We know no fear, sir, but want of
employment. [*preach,*

Duke. Nor other faith hat what our parses
To gain our ends we can do any thing,

And turn our souls into a thousand figures;
But when we come to do—

Mart. I like these fellows. [*this hour*

Rous. Be ready, and wait here!—Within
I'll shew you to the king, and he shall like ye;

And if you can devise some entertainment
To fill his mirth, such as your country uses,

Present it, and I'll see it grac'd.

After this comic scene we shall employ you;
For none must die.

Duke. What is he, sir? Speak boldly!

For we dare boldly do.

Rous. This lady's husband;

His name is Violet.

Duke. We shall dispatch it.

[*Exeunt Mart. and Rous.*
Oh, damned, damned thing! A base whore
first,

And then a murderer! I'll look to you,
Boats. Can she be grown so strange?

Duke. She has an itch;

I'll scratch you, my dear daughter, I'll so
claw you! [*now'd?*

I'll curry your hot hide! Married and lo-
And turn those holy blessings into brothels?

Your beauty into blood? I'll hunt your hot-
I'll hunt you like a train! [*ues,*

Master. We did all pity her.

Duke. Hang her! she is not worth man's
memory; [*stories—*

She's false and base, and let her fright all
Well, tho' thou be'st mine enemy, I'll right

And right thee nobly. [*thet,*

Boats. Faith, sir, since she must go,
Let's spare as few as may be.

Duke. We'll take all,
And like a torrent sweep the slaves before us.

You dare endure the worst?
Master. You know our hearts, sir;

And they shall bleed the last, ere we start
from you. [*that,*

Gun. We can but die; and ere we come to
We shall pick out some few examples for us.

Duke. Then wait the first occasion; and,
like Curtius,

I'll leap the gulph before you, fearlessly leap it:
Then follow me like men! And if our virtues

May buy our country up, and set her shining
In her first state, our fair revenges taken,

We have our noble ends, or else our names.
[*Exeunt.*

²⁷ *And infants stuck upon their pikes.]* If I may be allowed liberty, I would propose reading either

‘—— upon these, or the, or our, pikes.’ *Symson.*

²⁸ *Priests and all devotions.]* Devotions here means the same as devoted, or holy things.
Symson.

ACT V.

Enter Ascanio and Martia above.

Mart. AS you are noble, keep me from discovery,
And let me only run a stranger's fortune!
For when the king shall find am his daughter
He ever holds most ominous, and hates must,
With what eyes can he look, how entertain
But with his frowns and cruelities? *[sings,]*
Asc. I have found you; *[best:]*
Suspect not! I am bound to what you like
What you intend, I dare not be so curious
To question now; and what you are lies hid
here.

Enter Ferrand and Ronvere above.

The king comes. Make your fortune; I shall
joy in't.

Ronv. All things are ready, sir, to make
you merry;

And such a king! you shall behold him now.

Fer. I long for't, far I've need of mirth.

Ronv. The lady, sir! *[beauty,]*

Fer. Now, as I am a king, a sprightly
A goodly sweet aspect! My thanks, Ronvere,
My best thanks!—On your lips I seal your
wishes;

Be what you can imagine, mine, and happy.
And now, sit down and smile. Come, my As—
And let this monarch enter. *[canto,]*

*Enter Duke, Master, Bontadiu, Gumer,
and Sabor.*

Ronv. These are the Switzers,
I told your Grace of.

Fer. Golly promising fellows,
With faces to keep fools in awe! I like 'em.
Go guard the presence well, and do your duty
Tomorrow I shall take a further view. *[ties;]*

Duke. You shall, sir, *[mounted;]*
Or I shall lose my wall. How the whore's
How she sits thro' d! Thou blazing maddy
metror, *[flashes,]*

That fright'st the under world with lustful
How I shall dash thy flames! Away; no word
more!

*[Exeunt Duke and his company.
Flourish cornets.]*

*Enter Villio, Contruccio, Doctor, and a
Guard.*

Fer. Now, here he comes in glory. Be
merry, masters! *[Meat brought in.]*

A banquet too? *[Meat brought in.]*

Ronv. Oh, he must sit in state, sir!

Asc. How rarely he is usher'd! Can he
think now

He is a king indeed?

Ronv. Mark but his countenance.

Cast. Let me have pleasures infinite, and
to the height;
And women in abundance, many women!

Enter Ladies.

I will disport my Grace; stand there, and
lung for me! *[first]*

What have ye brought me here? Is this a
Fit for a prince? a mighty prince? Are these

These preparations, ha? *[things,]*

Doctor. May't please your Grace—

Cast. It does not please my Grace! Where
are the marchpanes,

The eustards double-royal, and the subtilties?

Why, what weak things are you to serve a
prince thus?

Where be the delicacies o' th' earth and air?

The hidden secrets of the sea? Am I a plow-
man,

You papine up with porridge? Hang the cooks!

Fer. Oh, most kingly! what a majestic

Cast. Give me some wine. *[singer!]*

Asc. He cools again now.

Cast. Fool, *[pomp!]*

Where are my players? Let me have all in

Let 'em play some love-matter, to make

The ladies ligh! I'll be with you anon, ladies!

You black eyes, I'll be with you!—Give me

some wine, I say;

And let me have a man-que of cuckolds enter,

Of nine own cuckolds; and let them come in,

Peeping and rejoicing, just as I kiss their wives,

And somewhat glorying. Some wine, I say!

Then, for an excellent night-piece, to show

My glory to my fives and minions,

I will have some great castle burnt.

Villio. Hark you, brother!

If that be to please these ladies, ten to one

The first first takes upon your own; look to

Then you may shew a night-piece. *[that!]*

Cast. Where's this wine? *[turd?]*

Why, shall I chok? D'ye long all to be tor-

Doctor. Here, sir. *[Doctor!]*

Cast. *[tastes.]* Why, what is this? Why,

Doctor. Wine and water, sir.

'Tis sovereign for your heat; you must en-

dure it. *[first, sir.]*

Villio. Most excellent to cool your night-

Doctor. You're of a high and chaucer con-

And you must love allays *[flexuous,]*

Cast. Shall I have no sheer wine then?

Doctor. Not for a world; I tender your

dear life, sir;

And he's no faithful subject—

Villio. No, by no means. *[quarter,]*

Of this you may drink, and ne'er hang, nor

Nor never whip the fool; this liquor's sacre-

ful.

²⁰ You're of a high, &c.] The humour of this scene is borrowed from one of the like kind in Don Quixotte. R.

Cast. I'll sit down and eat then: Kings,
when they're hungry,
May eat, I hope?
Doctor. Yes, but they eat discreetly.
Cast. Come, taste this dish, and cut me
I like sauce well. [liberally;
Doctor. Fy, it is too hot, sir;
Too deeply season'd with the spice; away
with't!
You must acquaint your stomach with those
Are temperately nourishing. [diets
Cast. But 'pray stay, Doctor,
And let me have my meat again.
Doctor. By no means:
I have a charge concerns my life.
Cast. No meat neither?
Do kings never eat, Doctor?
Doctor. Very little, sir,
And that too very choice.
Villio. Your king ne'er sleeps, brother;
He must not sleep, his cares still keep him
waking: [noise;
Now he that eats and drinks much is a dor-
The third part of a wafer's a week's diet.
Cast. Appoint me something then.
Doctor. There!
Cast. This I feel good, [Take away.
But it melts too suddenly; yet—how! that
gone too?
Ye are not mad! I charge you——
Doctor. For your health, sir;
A little quickens nature, much depresses.
Cast. Eat nothing, for my health? that's a
new diet. [savour!
Let me have something! something has some
Why, thou uncourteous Doctor, shall I hang
thee?
Doctor. 'Tis better, sir, 'thn I should let
My death were nothing. [you surfeit:
Villio. To lose a king were terrible.
Cast. Nay, then I'll carve myself; I'll stay
no ceremonies. [rising,
This is a partridge-pie; I'm sure that's non-
Or Galen is an ass. 'Tis rarely season'd!
Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark
there!
Villio. What ails thy Grace? [Take away.
Cast. Retrieve those partridges;
Or, as I am a king——
Doctor. 'Pray, sir, be patient;
They're flown too far. [you,
Villio. These are breath'd pies, an't please
And your hawks are such buzzards——
Cast. A king, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing?

Villio. What think you of a pudding?
A pudding royal?
Cast. To be royally starv'd.
Whip me this fool to death! he is a blockhead.
Villio. Let 'em think they whip me, as we
think you a king;
'Twill be enough.
Cast. As for you, dainty Doctor——
[The table taken away.
All gone, all snatch'd away, and I unsatisfied,
Without my wits⁴, being a king and hungry?
Saffer but this thy treason? I tell thee,
Doctor,
I tell it thee in earnest, and in anger:
I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is
hungry⁵. [sar.
Villio. A hungry Grace is fittest to no meal,
Doctor. Some two hours hence you shall
see more: But still, sir,
You must retain a strict and excellent diet.
Villio. It sharpens yuu, and makes your
wit so poignant,
Your very words will kill.
Doctor. A hit of mormalade,
No bigger than a pea——
Villio. And that well butter'd, [rited,
The air thrice purified, and three times spi-
Becomes a king: Your rare conserve of no-
Breeds an offence. [thing
Cast. Am I turn'd king Camelion,
And keep my court i' th' air?
Fer. They vex him cruelly.
Asc. In two days more they'll starve him.
Fer. Now the women!
There's no food left but them.
Asc. They'll prove small nourishment;
Yet h' has another stomach, and a great one,
I see by's eye.
Cast. Ill have mine own power here,
Mine own authority; I need no tutor.
Doctor, 'tis no diet.
Doctor. It may be, sir.
Villio. By'r lady, it may turn to a dry diet;
And how thy Grace will ward that——
Cast. Stand off, Doctor!
And talk to those that want faith.
Fer. Hot and mighty.
Asc. He will cool apace, no doubt.
Cast. Fair, plump, and red, [dead;
A forehead high, an eye revives the
A lip like ripest fruit, inviting still.
Vil. But oh, the rusky well, below the hill!
Take heed of that, for tho' it never
fail, [a tale.
Take heed, I say, for thereby hangs

⁴ *The table taken away.*] These words have hitherto been printed as part of the text. There can be no doubt, we think, of their being merely a stage-direction.

⁵ *Without my wits.*] The Editors of 1750 suppose this passage corrupt, and for *wits* would read *will*.

⁶ *I'm damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.*] A slight transposition will set this place right.

⁷ *My Grace is very hungry——*

To which answers Villio, right enough,

⁸ *A hungry Grace is fittest to no meal.* Symphon.

Cast. I'll get ye all with-child!
Ed. With one child, brother?
 So many men in a blue coat?
Cast. Had I fed well,
 And drank good store of wine, ye had been
 blest all, [greedily!
 Blest all with double births. Come, kiss me
 And think no more upon your foolish hus-
 bands;
 They're transitory things; a king's flame
 meets you!
Doctor. Vanish away! [*Ere. women*
Cast. How! they gone too? My guard there!
 Take me this devil Doctor, and that fool there,
 And sew 'em in a sack! Bring back the wo-
 men,
 The lovely women! Drown these rogues, or
 hang 'em!
Asc. He is in earnest, sir.
Fer. In serious earnest,
 I must needs take him off.

*Enter Duke, Master, Boatswain, Gunner,
 and Sailors.*

Duke. Now, now be free!
 Now liberty! now, countrymen, shake from
 The tyrant's yoke! [ye

All. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

Guard. Treason, treason, treason!

Fer. We are betray'd! Fly to the town,
 cry treason, [cannio!

And raise our faithful friends! Oh, my As-
Asc. Make haste! we have way enough.

Guard. Treason, treason!

[*Ereunt Fer. Asca. and Guard.*

Duke. Spare none! put all to th' sword!—
 A vengeance shuke thee!

Art thou turn'd king again?

Cast. I am a rascal:
 Spare me but this time, if e'er I see king more,
 Or nice believe in king—

Duke. The ports are ours,
 The treasure and the port. Fight bravely,
 gentlemen!

Cry to the town, cry Liberty and Honour!

[*Some go off crying Liberty and Freedom.*
 Waken their persecuted souls; cry loudly!

We'll share the wealth among ye.

Cast. Do you hear, captain?

If e'er you hear me name a king—

Duke. You shall not.

Cast. Or, tho' I live under none, obey him—

Gun. This rogue again?

Duke. Away with him, good Gunner.

Cast. Why, look ye, sir; I'll put you to no
 I'll never eat. [charge;

Gun. I'll take a course you shall not.

Come, no more words.

Cast. Say nothing when you kill me.

Enter Boatswain.

Boats. He's ta'en to th' tower's strength.

Duke. Now stand sure, gentlemen!

We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us;

The rest o' th' castle's ours.

Within. Liberty, Liberty!

Duke. What, is the city up?

Boats. They're up and glorious, [tents

And rolling like a storm they come; their

Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom.

The women are in arms too.

Duke. Let 'em come all.

Honour and Liberty!

All. Honour and liberty! [*Ereunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. This woman's threats, her eyes, e'en
 red with fury,

Which, like prodigious meteors, foretold
 Assur'd destruction, are still before me.

Besides, I know such natures unacquainted

With any mean, or in their love, or hatred;

And she that dar'd all dangers to possess him,

Will check at nothing, to revenge the loss

Of what she held so dear. I first discover'd

Her bloody purposes, which she made good,

And openly profess'd 'em: That in me

Was but a cold affection; charity

Commands so much to all; for Violet,

Methinks, I should forget my sex's weakness,

Rise up, and dare beyond a woman's strength;

Then do, not counsel. He is too secure;

And, in my judgment, 'twere a greater service

To free him from a deadly enemy,

Than to get him a friend. I undertook too

To cross her plots; oppos'd my piety

Against her malice; and shall virtue suffer?

No, Martin; wert thou here equally arm'd,

I have a course, spite of thy masculine breed-
 ing,

That would assure the victory. My angel

Direct and help me!

Enter Violet, like Ronvere.

Vir. The state in combustion,
 Part of the citadel forc'd, the treasure seiz'd

on;

The guards, corrupted, arm themselves against

* *A king's fame meets you.*] The reader is left to interpret *fame* here in what sense he
 pleases; but I rather think that *fame* is the true reading; the mistaking of one for the
 other was easy, and so probably gave occasion to this slight corruption. *Symson.*

* *Duke.* He's ta'en to th' tower's strength;

Now stand sure, gentlemen,

We have him in a pen, he cannot scape us,

The rest o' th' castle's ours; Liberty, liberty!

What, is the city up?] This strange jumble has hitherto been printed as one
 speech, and given to the Duke. Symson recommends giving the first line to the Boatswain;
 And surely the words 'Liberty, liberty!' in the fourth line, are an exclamation *within*.

Their late protected master; Ferrand fled
 too, [tower,
 And with small strength, into the castle's
 The only Aventure that now is left him?
 And yet the undertakers, my, performers,
 Of such a brave and glorious enterprise,
 Are yet unknown: They did pruned like men,
 I like a child; and had I never trusted
 So deep a practice unto shallow fools,
 Besides my soul's peace in my Julian,
 The honour of this action had been mine,
 In which, accus'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. Ronvere? 'tis he; a thing, next to
 the devil,

I most detest, and like him terrible; [too,
 Martin's right-hand; the instrument, I fear
 That is to put her bloody will into act.
 Have I not will enough, and cause too mighty?
 Weak women's fear, fly from me!

Fir. Sure this habit, [died,
 This likeness to Ronvere, which I have stu-
 Either admits me safe to my design,
 Which I too cowardly have halted after,
 And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my glory,
 Or sinks me and my miseries together;
 Either concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing;
 Some mischief is now hatching;
 To the full meditation of his wickedness,
 I'll sink his cursed soul. Guide my hand,
 Heaven, [tune,

And to my tender arm give strength and for-
 That I may do a pious deed, all ages
 Shall bless my name for, all remembrance

Fir. It shall be so. [crown me!

Jul. It shall not! Take that token,

[*Subs him.*
 And bear it to the lustful arms of Martin!
 Tell her, for Violet's dear sake, I sent it.

Fir. Oh, I am happy! let me see thee,
 that I

May bless the hand that gave me liberty!
 Oh, courteous hand! Nay, thou hast done
 most nobly,
 And Heaven has guided thee; 'twas their
 great justice. [thine!

Oh, blessed wound, that I could come to kiss
 How beautiful and sweet thou shew'st!

Jul. Oh!

Fir. Sigh not, [balsams
 Nor weep not, dear! shed not those sovereign
 Into my blood, which must recover me;
 Then I shall live, again to do a mischief

Against the mightiness of love and virtue.
 Some base unhallo'd hand shall rob thy
 Help me; I faint. So. [right of—

Jul. Oh, unhappy wench! [virtue,
 How has my zeal abus'd me! You that guard
 Were ye asleep? or do ye laugh at innocence,
 You suffer'd this mistake? Oh, my dear Vi-
 rolet!

An everlasting curse follow that form
 I struck thee in! his name be ever blasted!
 For his accursed shadow has betray'd
 The sweetness of all youth, the softness,
 The honour, and the valour, wither'd for ever
 The beauty and the bravery of all mankind!
 Oh, my dull devil's eyes!

Fir. I do forgive you;
 By this, and this, I do. I know you were
 cozen'd; [at,
 The shadow of Ronvere, I know, you studi'd
 And not at me; but 'twas most necessary
 I should be struck; some hand above di-
 rected you;

For Juliana could not shew her justice,
 Without depriving high Heaven of his glory,
 On any subject fit for her, but Violet.
 Forgive me too, and take my last breath,
 sweet one! [ther.

This the new marriage⁴ of our souls to-
 Think of me, Julian; but not often,
 For fear my faults should burthen your af-
 Pray for me, for I faint. [fections.

Jul. Oh, stay a little,
 A little, little, sir! [*Offers to kill herself.*

Fir. Fy, Julian! [der'd?

Jul. Shall I not live the virtue I have nam-

Fir. Hold, or thou hast my peace! Give
 me the dagger;

On your obedience, and your love, deliver it!
 If you do thus, we shall not meet in Heaven,
 sweet; [tentious,

No guilty blood comes there: Kill your in-
 And then you conquer. There, where I am
 Would you not meet me, dear? [going,

Jul. Yes.

Fir. And still love me?

Jul. And still behold you.

Fir. Live then, 'till Heaven calls you:
 Then, ripe and full of sweetness, you rise
 sainted;

Then I, that went before you to prepare,
 Shall meet and welcome you, and duly court
 you,

With hymns of holy love⁵. Gods! I go out!

⁴ Or any subject.] Amended by Symphon.

⁵ This the new marriage.] Symphon says, We should certainly read *'tis for this*; 'or the sentence will be as much nonsensical as elliptical.' This, for *this* is, is a common ellipsis, and by no means nonsensical.

⁶ With hymns of holy love.—*I go out*:] The colon at the end of the line seems greatly to injure the sense of this passage, as the — to have swallowed up a word which is requisite to complete both that and the measure: I imagine we should fill up and point thus:

'With hymns of holy love—'fore I go out

'Give me your hand' &c.

The judicious reader will easily see the reason of both. Symphon.

We rather imagine 'the judicious reader' will see no reason for either.—The ideal delicacy

Take noble courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.

1 *Cit.* Our great preserver! [bondage.
You have enfranchis'd us from wretched

2 *Cit.* An't might be known, to whom we
owe our freedom,

We to the death would follow him.

3 *Cit.* Make him king,
The tyrant once remov'd.

Duke. That's not my end:

'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful friends, nor hope of
spoil.

For when we did possess the tyrant's treasure,
By force extorted from you, and employ'd
To bind you with most miserable thralldom,
We did not make it ours; but with it purchas'd
The help of these, to get you liberty,
That for the same price kept you in subjec-
tion.

Nor are we Switzers, worthy countrymen,
But Neapolitans. Now eye me well;
And tho' the reverend emblems of mine age
(My silver locks) are shorn, my beard cut
off⁵⁰,

Partaking yet of an odulterate colour; [face,
Tho' fourteen years you have not seen this
You may remember it, and call to mind
There was a Duke of Sesse, a much-wrong'd
prince,

Wrong'd by this tyrant Ferraod.

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he. Long live the Duke of Sesse!
Duke. I thank you.

The injuries I receiv'd, I most confess,
Made me forget the love I ow'd this country,
For which, I hope, I've given satisfaction,
In being the first that stirr'd to give it free-
dom;

And, with your loves and furtherance, will
call back [ple.

Long-banish'd Pence, and Plenty, to this pen-

2 *Cit.* Lend where you please, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

*Enter Pandulpho, the bodies of Violeto and
Juliana upon a bier.*

Duke. What solemn funeral's this?

Pand. There rest a while,

And if't be possible there can be added
Wings to your swift desire of just revenge,
Hear (if my tears will give way to my words)
In brief a most sad story.

⁵⁰ ——— my beard cut off.

[Partaking yet of an adulterate colour.] This is a glaring contradiction indeed; for, if his beard was cut off, the colour of it could not possibly be adulterate: If we do but remember what we are told of this Duke's having his beard run into a peak of twenty, we may read the passage thus, with Mr. Sewall,

' ——— my beard cut sharp,'

Or, as I think nearer the traces of the letters, thus,

' ——— my beard cut half.'

'Tis well known that *dying* of beards was a frequent custom in our Poets' time. *Symptom.*

The Duke's meaning (more familiarly than accurately expressed) is, 'Though my beard is diminished, and in colour adulterated, to hide my age, yet you may remember,' &c.

Duke. Speak, what are they?

I know thee well, Pandulpho.

Pand. My best lord! [come!

As far as sorrow will give leave, most wel-

This Violeto was, and but a son of mine,

I might say, the most hopeful of our geanty;

And, tho' unfortunate, never ignoble:

But I'll speak him no further. Look on this,

This face, that in a savage would move pity,

The wonder of her sex! and having said

'Tis Juliana, Eloquence will want words

To set out her deservings. This bless'd lady,

Thot did endure the rack to save her husband,

That husband, who, in being forc'd to leave

her, [sic

Endur'd a thousand tortures; hy what prac-

I know not, (but 'twas sure a cunning one)

Are made, the last I hope, but sad examples

Of Ferraod's tyranny. Convey the bodies

hence!

Duke. Express your sorrow

In your revenge, not tears, my worthy sol-

diers!

That fertile earth, that teem'd so many

children

To feed his cruelty, in her wounded womb

Can hardly now receive 'em.

Boats. We are cold;

Cold walls shan't keep him from us!

Gun. Were he cover'd

With mountains, and room only for a bullet

To be sent level at him, I would speed him.

Muster. Let's scode this petty tower! At

sea we're falcons,

And fly unto the main-top in a moment:

What theo can stop us here?

1 *Cit.* We'll tear him piece-meal!

2 *Cit.* Or eat a passage to him!

Duke. Let Discretion

Direct your anger: That's a victory,

Which is got with least loss; let us make ours

such! [here,

And therefore, friends, while we hold parly

Raise your scalado on the other side;

But, enter'd, wreak your sufferings.

[*Exeunt Sailors and Soldiers.*

1 *Cit.* In our wrongs

There was no mean——

2 *Cit.* Nor in our full revenge

Will we know any.

Duke. Be appeas'd, good man! [To *Pand.*

No sorrow can redeem them from Death's

prison;

What his inevitable hand hath seiz'd on,
The world cannot recover. All the comfort
That I can give to you, is to see vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the author's head,
Of which their ashes may be sensible,
That have fall'n by him. [Sound a parley.

*Enter Ferrand, Martia, Ascanio, and Rons-
vere above.*

Pond. They appear. [traitors
Fer. 'Tis not that we esteem rebellious
Worthy an answer to their proudest summons,
That we vouchsafe our presence, or t' ex-
change

One syllable with 'em; but to let such know,
Tho' circled round with treason, all points
bent

As to their center at my heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, villainy; and in this weak
tower

Ferrand commands as absolute as when
He trust upon your necks, and as much scorns
you. [thru'

And when the sun of majesty shall break
The clouds of your rebellion, every beam,
Instead of comfortable heat, shall send
Consuming plagues among you, and you call
That government which you term'd *tyrannous*,
Hear after, *gentle*.

Duke. Flatter not thyself
With these deluding hopes, thou cruel beast!
Thou art i' th' toils, and the glad huntsman
prouder,

By whom thou'rt taken, of his prey, than if
(Like thee) he should command, and spoil
his forest.

Fer. What art thou?

Duke. To thy horror, Duke of Sesse.

Fer. The devil!

Duke. Reserv'd for thy damnation.

Fer. Why shakes my love?

Mart. Oh, I am lost for ever! [hand
Mountains divide me from him! Some kind
Prevent our fearful meeting! or lead me
To the steep rock, whose rugged brows are
bent

Upon the swelling main; there let me hide me:
And as our bodies then shall be divided,
May our souls never meet!

Fer. Whence grows this, sweetest?

Mart. There are a thousand furies in his
looks;

And in his deadly silence more loud horror,
Than when in hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whose shrieks are greater. Wretched
It is my father. [unc!]

Duke. Yes, and I will own her, sir,
'Till my revenge. It is my daughter, Ferrand,
My daughter thou hast whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in't! [pleasure
To know she's thine, affords me more true
Than the act gave me, when e'en at the height,
I crack'd her virgin zone. Her shame dwell
on thee,

And all thy family! May they never know

VOL. II.

A female issue, but a whore! Ascanio,
Ronsvere, look cheerfully; be thou a man too,
And learn of me to die! That we might fall,
And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom,
Nay, the whole world, and make a second
chaos!

And if from thence a new beginning rise,
Be it recorded this did end with us,
And from our dust hath emborn!

Rons. I liv'd wit' you, [me
And will die with you; your example makes
Equally hold.

Asc. And I resolv'd to bear
Whate'er my fate appoints me.

Duke. They are ours:

Now to the spoil!

Boats. Pity the lady; to all else be deaf.
[Exit.

Within. Kill, kill, kill!

[Alarums, flourish trumpets, retreat.

*Enter Duke, with Ferrand's head; the Citi-
zens, Master, Pontacian, Gunner, Soldiers
bringing in Ascanio and Martia.*

Duke. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel
ends;

And the best sacrifice to Heav'n for peace
Is tyrant's blood, and those that stuck fast
to him,

Flesh'd instruments in his commands to mis-
With him despatch'd. [chief,

Boats. They're all cut off.

Duke. 'Tis well.

All. Thanks to the Duke of Sesse!

Duke. Praise that to Heaven,
And for a general joy give general thanks:
For blessings ne'er descend from Heaven, but
when

A grateful sacrifice ascends from men.
To your devotion! leave me: There's a
scene

Which I would act alone. Yet you may stay;
For wanting just spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The rest forbear me!

Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

Mart. I would I were as far beneath the
center,

As now I stand above it. How I tremble!

Thrice happy they that died! I dying live

To stand the whirlwind of a father's fury.

Now it moves toward me.

Duke. Thou—I want a name

By which to stile thee: All articulate sounds
That do express the mischief of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or shall be, are weak
To speak thee to the height. Witch! Parricide!

For thou, in taking leave of modesty,
Hast kill'd thy father, and his honour lost;
He's but a walking shadow to torment thee.

To leave and rob thy father, then set free
His toes, whose slavery he did prefer
Above all treasure, was a strong defiance,
To cut off e'en the surest bonds of mercy;

After all this, (having given up thyself,
Like to a sensual beast, a slave to lust)

To play the whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me!)

To find out none to quench thy appetite
But the most cruel king, whom next to hell
Thy father hated, and whose black embraces
Thou shouldst have fled from, as the whips
of furies!

What canst thou look for?

Enter Pandulpho, and the bodies borne on the bier.

Mart. Death! and 'tis not in you
To hurt me further. My old resolution,
Take now the place of fear! In this I liv'd,
In this I'll die, your daughter.

Pand. Look but here!
You had, I know, a guilty hand in this;
Repent it, lady.

Mart. Juliana dead?
And Virelet?

Pand. By her unwilling hand.

Mart. Fates, you are equal!—What can
now fall on me.

That I will shrink at? Now unmov'd I dare
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee
To ask your pardon: Let your rage run higher
Than billows rais'd up by a violent tempest,
And be, as that is, deaf to all entreaties!
They're dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my desires are sum'd up.

Duke. Impudent too?

Die in it, wretch!

Boats. Stay, sir! [*Boatswain kills her.*]

Duke. How dar'st thou, villain, [*time?*]
Snatch from my sword the honour of my ju-
Boats. I never did you better service, sir;
Yet have been ever faithful. I confess
That she deserv'd to die; but by whose hand?
Not by a father's. Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you
done it:

In me 'tis murder, in you 'twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witness that I love
And in that love I did it. [you!]

Duke. Thou art noble;
I thank thee for't. The thought of her die
with her!

Asc. My turn is next; since she could find
What am I to expect? [no mercy,

Cit. With one voice, sir,
The citizens salute you with the stile
Of King of Naples.

Duke. I must be excus'd;
The burden is too heavy for my shoulder;
Bestow it where 'tis due. Stand forth, Asca-
nio!

It does belong to you; live long and wear it:
And, warn'd by the example of your uncle,
Learn that you are to govern men, not beasts;
And that it is a most improvident head,
That strives to hurt the limbs that do sup-
port it!

Give burial to the dead. For me, and mine,
We will again to sea, and never know
The place, which in my birth first gave me woe.

[*Flourish trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*]

THE MAID IN THE MILL:

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills ascribe this Comedy to Fletcher alone. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. Langhaine says, it was revived by the Company at the Duke's Theatre after the Restoration; but we do not know of any representation of it since that period, or that there ever was any alteration of it.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PHILIPPO, <i>King of Spain.</i>	VERTIGO, <i>a French Tailor.</i>
OTRANTE, <i>a Spanish Count, in love with Florimel.</i>	FRANIO, <i>a Miller, supposed Father to Florimel.</i>
JULIO, <i>a Nobleman, Uncle to Antonio.</i>	BUSTOPHA, <i>Franio's Son, a Clown.</i>
BELLIDES, <i>Father to Ismenia, Enemy to Julio.</i>	PEDRO, <i>a Songster.</i>
LISAURO, <i>Brother to Ismenia, Bellides' Son.</i>	Lords attending the King in progress.
TERZO, <i>Kinsman to Lisauro, and Friend to Bellides.</i>	Constable, Officers, and Servants.
ANTONIO, <i>in love with Ismenia, an Enemy to Martino, Friend to Antonio, and his secret</i>	ISMENIA, <i>Daughter to Bellides, Mistress of Antonio.</i>
GERASTO, <i>Friend to Otrante.</i>	AMINTA, <i>Cousin to Ismenia, and her private Competitrix in Antonio's Love.</i>
PEDRO, } <i>two Courtiers.</i>	FLORIMEL, <i>Daughter to Julio, stolen from him a Child.</i>
MONCADO, }	GILLIAN, <i>Franio's Wife.</i>
GOSTANZO, } <i>three Gentlemen, Friends to</i>	Country Maids.
GIRALDO, }	
PHILIPPO, }	

SCENE, Spain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Lisauro, Terzo, Ismenia, and Aminta.

Lisauro. LET the coach go round! we'll walk along these meadows, And meet at port again. Come, my fair sister, These cool shades will delight you.

Aminta. 'Pray be merry:

The birds sing as they meant to entertain you; Ev'ry thing smiles abroad; methinks the river, As he steals by, curls up his head, to view you: Ev'ry thing is in love.

Isma. You'd have it so.

You, that are fair, are easy of belief, cousin; The theme slides from your tongue—

Aminta. I fair? I thank you! [me. Mine is but shadow when your sun shines by]

Isma. No more of this; you know your worth, Aminta.

Where are we now?

Aminta. Hard by the town, Ismenia

Terzo. Close by the gates.

Isma. 'Tis a fine air.

Lis. A delicate;

The way so sweet and even, that the coach Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleasures. Methinks I'm very merry.

Isma. I am sad. [cousin.

Aminta. You're ever so when we entreat you,

Isma. I have no reason. Such a trembling Over my heart methinks— [here,

Aminta. Sure you are fasting, [Isma? Or not slept well to-night; some dream, Is-

Isma. My dreams are like my thoughts, honest and innocent;

Yours are unhappy. Who are these that coast You told me the walk was private. [us?]

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Terzo. 'Tis most commonly.

¹ *Coast us, &c.*] See note ²² on The Loyal Subject.

Ism. Two proper men! It seems they have some business;

With me none sure. I do not like their faces; They are not of our company.

Terzo. No, cousin.—

Lisaura, we are doz'd.

Lis. I find it, cousin.

Ant. What handsome lady?

Mart. Yes, she's very handsome;

They're handsome both.

Ant. Martino, stay; we're cozzen'd. [fire.

Mart. I will go up: A woman is no wild-

Ant. Now, by my life, she's sweet. Stay, good Martino!

They're of our enemies, the house of Bellides; Our mortal enemies.

Mart. Let them be devils, [ward.

They appear so handsomely, I will go for- If these be enemies, I'll ne'er seek friends more.

Ant. Prithce, forbear! the gentlewomen—

Mart. That's it, man,

That moves me like a gin. 'Pray ye stand off.—Ladies—

Lis. They're both our enemies, both hate us equally;

By this fair day, our mortal foes!

Terzo. [I know 'em.]

And come here to affront! How they gape at They shall have gaping work. [us!

Ism. Why your swords, gentlemen?

Terzo. 'Pray you stand you off, cousin;

And good now leave your whistling! We're abus'd all!

Back, back, I say!

Lis. Go back!

Ant. We are no dogs, sir,

To run back on command.

Terzo. We'll make ye run, sir. [ladies,

Ant. Having a civil charge of handsome

We are your servants! 'Pray ye no quarrel, There's way enough for both. [gentlemen.

Lis. We'll make it wider.

Ant. If you will fight, arm'd from this saint, have at ye!

Ism. Oh, me unhappy! Are ye gentlemen, Discreet, and civil, and in open view thus—

Amin. What will men think of us! Nay, you may kill us. [gentlemen!

Mercy o' me! thro' my petticoat? what bloody

Ism. Make way thro' me, y'had best, and

kill an innocent! [too!

Brother! why, cousin! by this light, I'll die This gentleman is temperate; be you mer-

Alas, the swords! [sciful!

Amin. You had best run me thro'!

'Twill be a valiant thrust.

Ism. I faint amongst ye.

Ant. 'Pray ye ben't fearful! I have done, sweet lady;

My sword's already aw'd, and shall obey you.

I come not here to violate sweet beauty;

I bow to that.

Ism. Brother, you see this gentleman,

This noble gentleman.

Lis. Let him avoid then,

And leave our walk!

Ant. The lady may command, sir;

She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.

Ism. What a sweet nature this man has!

Dear brother,

Put up your sword.

Terzo. Let them put up, and walk then.

Ant. No more loud words! there's time enough before us. [ties.

For shame put up! do honour to these beau-

Mart. Our way is this; we will not be denied it.

Terzo. And ours is this, we will not be cross'd in it. [out;

Ant. Whate'er your way is, lady, 'tis a fair And may it never meet with rude hands more, Nor rough uncivil tongues!

[Exit *Ant.* and *Mart.*

Ism. I thank you, sir,

Indeed I thank you nobly! A brave enemy!

Here's a sweet temper now! This is a man, brother;

This gentleman's anger is so nobly seated, That it becomes him; yours proclaim ye

monsters. [un't;

What if he be our house-foe? we may brag We've ne'er a friend in all our house so hon-

ourable:

I'd rather from an enemy, my brother, Learn worthy distances and modest defer-

ence,

Than from a race of empty friends loud I'm hurt between ye, [nothings.

Amin. So am I, I fear too.

I'm sure their swords were between my legs.

Dear cousin,

Why look you pale? where are you hurt?

Ism. I know not;

But here methinks.

Lis. Unlace her, gentle cousin.

Ism. My heart, my heart! and yet I bless the hurt.

Amin. Is it so dangerous?

Ism. Nay, may, I faint not.

Amin. Here is no blood that I find; sure 'tis inward.

Ism. Yes, yes, 'tis inward; 'twas a subtle

The hurt not to be cur'd, I fear. [weapon;

Lis. The couch there!

* You had best run me thro' the belly.] So first folio.

* And modest difference.] The variation of orthography was made by Symson; and though we have admitted it, we are not clear but *difference*, in the old sense of *distinctions*, is right.

* I'm sure their swords were between my legs.] These words are retrieved from the first folio.

Amin. May be a fright.
Im. Aminta, 'twas a sweet one;
 And yet a cruel.
Amin. Now I find the wound plain:
 A wondrous handsome gentleman——
Im. Oh, no deeper!
 'Prithce be silent, wench; it may be thy case.
Amin. You must be search'd; the wound
 will rancle, cousin.—
And of so sweet a nature——
Im. Dear Aminta,
 Make it not sorer!
Amin. And on my life admires you.
Im. Call the coach, cousin.
Amin. The coach, the coach!
Terzo. 'Tis ready. Bring the coach there!
Lia. Well, my brave enemies, we shall yet
 meet ye,
 And our old hate shall testify——
Terzo. It shall, cousin. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ant. Their swords! alas, I weigh 'em not,
 dear friend;
 The indiscretion of the owners blunts 'em;
 The fury of the house affrights not me,
 It spends itself in words. Oh me, Martino!
 There was a two-edg'd eye, a lady carried,
 A weapon that no valour cou avoid,
 Nor art, the hand of spirit, put aside.
 Oh, friend, it broke out on me, like a bullet
 Wrapt in a cloud of fire; that point, Martino,
 Dazzled my sense⁵, and was too subtle for me;
 Shot like a comet in my face, and wounded
 (To my eternal ruin) my heart's valour.
Mart. Methinks she was no such piece.
Ant. Blaspheme not, sir!
 She is so far beyond weak commendation,
 That impudence will blush to think ill of her.
Mart. I see it not, and yet I had both eyes
 open,
 And I could judge; I know there is no beauty
 'Till our eyes give it 'em, and make 'em hand-
 some:
 What's red and white, unless we do allow 'em?
 A green face else; and methinks such au-
 other——
Ant. Pence, thou lewd heretick! thou
 judge of beauties?
 Thou hast an excellent sense for a sign-post,
 friend.
 Didst thou not see, (I'll swear thou art stone-
 blind else⁶,

As blind as Ignorance) when she appear'd first,
 Aurora breaking in the East? and thro' her
 face,
 (As if the Hours and Graces had strew'd roses)
 A blush of wonder flying? when she was
 frighted
 At our uncivil swords, didst thou not mark
 How far beyond the purity of snow
 The soft wind drives, whiteness of innocence,
 Or any thing that hears celestial paleness,
 Sh' appear'd o' th' sudden? Didst thou not
 see her tears
 When she entranced? Oh, thou reprobate!
 Didst thou not see those orient tears flow'd
 from her,
 The little worlds of love? A set, Martino,
 Of such sanctified heads, and a holy heart to
 I could live ever a religious hermit. [love,
Mart. I do believe a little; and yet, me-
 She was o' th' lowest stature, [thinks,
Ant. A rich diamond,
 Set neat and deep! Nature's chief art, Martino,
 Is to reserve her models curious,
 Not easiberson.e and great; and such an one,
 For fear she should exceed upon her matter,
 Has she fraud'd this. Oh, 'tis a spark of
 beauty!
 And where they appear so excellent in little,
 They will but flame in great; extention spoils
 'em.
 Martino, learn this; the narrower that our eyes
 Keep way unto our object, still the sweeter
 That comes unto us: Great bodies are like
 countries, [em.
 Discovering still, toil and no pleasure finds
Mart. A rare cosmographer for a small
 island!
 Now I believe she's handsome.
Ant. Believe heartily;
 Let thy belief, th' long a-coming, save thee.
Mart. She was, certain, fair.
Ant. But hark you, friend Martino!
 Do not believe yourself too far before me;
 For then you may wrong me, sir.
Mart. Who bid you teach me? [tonio?
 D'you shew me meat, and stitch my lips, An-
 Is that fair play?
Ant. Now if thou shouldst abuse me—
 And yet I know thee for an arrant wench,
 A most immoderate thing; thou canst not love
 long.
Mart. A little serves my turn; I fly at all
 But I believe—— [guines;
Ant. How if we never see her more?
 She is our enemy.

⁵ Dazzled my sense.] Seward thinks it would be keeping closer to the metaphor to read, 'baffled my fence;' but the old reading carries on the metaphor best. Dazzled is much more applicable to the point of a two-edged eye, which he immediately after compares to a comet.

⁶ Didst thou not see (I'll swear thou art soon blind else).] Amended in 1750.

⁷ They will but flame in great.] If this be genuine, flame, when applied to beauty, must be a term of contempt, whereas it is, I believe, universally applied to it as a term of excellence. I verily think the original was, not flame, and then the reason that follows is just, 'because extention spoils 'em.' Seward.

Mart. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive, she hates our whole
Ant. Yet, good Martino— [house.
Mart. Come, come; I've mercy on you:
You shall enjoy her in your dream, Antonio,
And I'll not hinder. Tho', now I persuade
myself—

Enter Aminta with a letter.

Ant. Sit with persuasion down, and you
deal honestly;
I will look better on her.

Mart. Stay; who's this, friend?

Ant. Is't not the other gentlewoman?

Mart. Yes. A letter! [tonio,
She brings no challenge sure? If she do, An-
I hope she'll be a second too; I'm for her.
Amin. A good hour, gentlemen!

Ant. You're welcome, lady! [us
'Tis like our late rude passage has pour'd oo
Some reprehension.

Amin. No, I bring no anger;
Tho' some deserv'd it.

Ant. Sure we were all to blame, lady:
But, for my part, in all humility,
And with no little shame, I ask your par-
dons! [ties.

Indeed I wear no sword to fright sweet beau-
Amin. You have it; and this letter. 'Pray
you, sir, view't,
And my commission's done.

Mart. Have you none for me, lady?

Amin. Not at this time.

Mart. I am sorry for't; I can read too.

Amin. I'm glad: But, sir, to keep you in
your exercise,
You may chance meet with one ill written.

Mart. Thank you!
So't be a woman's, I can pick the meaning;
For likely they're but one end.

Amin. You say true, sir. [Exit.

Ant. Martin', my wishes are come home
and loaden, [py!
Loaden with brave return; most happy, hap-
I am a bless'd man! Where's the gentle-
woman?

Mart. Gone, the spirit's gone; what o'ews?

Ant. 'Tis from the lady;
From her we saw; from that same miracle!
I know her name now. Read but these three
lines; [holy.

Read with devotion, friend! the lines are
Mart. [reading.] 'I dare not chide you
in my letter, sir; [me

'Twill be too gentle: If you please to look
'In the West-street, and find a fair stone
window

'Carv'd with white Cupids, there I'll enter-
tain you: [Isenia.

'Night and discretion guide you. Call me
Ant. Give't me again! Come, come; fly,
fly! I'm all fire!

Mart. There may be danger.

Ant. So there is to drink,
When men are thirsty; to eat hastily,
When we are hungry; so there is in sleep,
friend,

Obstructions then may rise and smother us;
We may die laughing-choak'd; e'en at devo-
An apoplexy*, or a sudden palsy, [tious,
May strike us down.

Mart. May-be, a train to catch you.

Ant. Theo I am caught; and let Love
answer for't!

'Tis not my folly, but his infamy;
And if he be ador'd, and dare do vile things—

Mart. Well, I will go.

Ant. She is a lady, sir,
A maid, I think, and where that holy spell
Is flung about me, I ne'er fear a villaiy.
'Tis almost night; away, friend!

Mart. I am ready:

I think I know the house too.

Ant. Then we're happy. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Isenia and Aminta.

Is. Did you meet him?

Amin. Yes.

Is. And did you give my letter?

Amin. Tu what end went I?

Is. Are you sure 'twas he?

Was it that gentleman?

Amin. D'you think I was blind?

I went to seek no carrier, nor no midwife.

Is. What kind of man was he? Tho' he
mayst be deceiv'd, friend.

Amin. A man with a ooze oo's face; I
think he had eyes too;

And hands, for sure he took it.

Is. What an answer!

Amin. What questions are these to one
that's hot and troubled! [cousin,

Do you think me a babe? Am I not able,
At my years and discretion, to deliver

A letter handsomely? is that such a hard
thing?

Why every wafer-woman will undertake it:
A sempster's girl, or a tailor's wife, wou'd
miss it:

A Paritan hostess, cousin, would scorn these
My legs are weary. [question.

Is. I'll make 'em well again.

Amin. Are they at supper?

Is. Yes, and I'm not well, [ish.
Nor desire no company. Look out! 'tis dark.

Amin. I see nothing yet. Assure yourself,
Isenia,

If he be a man, he will not miss.

Is. It may be he is modest,
And that may pull him back from seeing me;
Or has made some wild construction of my
I blush to think what I writ. [casiness:

* We may die laughing, choak'd e'en at devotions:
An apoplexy, &c.] Corrected by Seward.

Amin. What should you blush at?
Blush when you act your thoughts, not when
you write 'em; [cousin,
Blush soft between a pair of sheets, sweet
Thou' he be a curious-carried gentleman, I
can't think

He's so unnatural to leave a woman,
(A young, a nuble, and a beauteous woman)
Leave her in her desires: Men of this age
Are rather prone to come before they're sent
for.

Hark! I hear something: Up to th' chamber,
You may spoil all ease. [cousin!

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ism. Let me see! They're gentlemen:
It may be they.

Amin. They are they. Get you up,
And like a loud-star draw him!

Ism. I'm shame-fac'd! [Exeunt Ladies.

Ant. This is the street.

Mart. I'm looking for the house.

Give, close, 'pray you close!—Here.

Ant. No, this is a merchant's;

I know the man well.

Mart. And this a potheary's: I've lain
here many times,
For a poscress in my beds.

Ant. Have you not past it?

Mart. No, sure; [yet.
There is an house of mark that we have scap'd

Ant. What place is this?

Mart. Speak softer! may be spies.

If my, this; a goodly window too, [dark;
Carv'd fair above! that I perceive. 'Tis
But she has such a lustre—

*Enter Ismenia and Aminta above, with a
taper.*

Ant. Yes, Martino;

So radiant she appears—

Mart. Else we may miss, sir.

The night grows vengeance black: 'Pray
Heav'n she shiue clear!

Hark, hark! a window, and a candle too?

Ant. Step close. 'Tis she! I see the cloud
disperse;

And now the beauteous planet—

Mart. Ha! 'tis indeed.

Now, by the soul of love, a divine creature!

Ism. Sir, sir!

Ant. Most blessed lady!

Ism. 'Pray you stand out.

Amin. You need not fear; there's nobody
now stirring.

Mart. Beyond his commendation I am
infinite strangely taken. [taken,

Amin. I love that gentleman;

Methinks he has a dainty nisable body:

I love him heartily.

Ism. 'Tis the right gentleman;

But what to say to him?—Sir—

Amin. Speak.

Ant. I wait still;

And will do till I grow another pillar,
To prop this house, so it please you.

Ism. Speak softly;

And 'pray you speak truly too.

Ant. I never lied, lady.

Ism. And do not think me impudent to ask
you—

I know you are an enemy, (speak low!)

But I would make you a friend.

Ant. I'm friend to beauty;

There is no handsomeness I dare be foe to.

Ism. Are you married?

Ant. No.

Ism. Are you betroth'd?

Ant. No, neither.

Ism. Indeed, fair sir?

Ant. Indeed, fair sweet, I am not.

Most beauteous virgin, I am free as you are.

Ism. That may be, sir; then you are mis-
For I am bound. [rable,

Ant. Happy the bonds that hold you!

'Tis do you put them on yourself for pleasure?

Sure they be sweeter far than liberty:

There is no blessedness but in such bondage.

Give me that freedom, madam, I beseech you,

(Since you have question'd me so cunningly)

To ask you whom you're bound to; he must
be certain [beauty:

More than human, that bounds in such a

Happy that happy clime! such links are
heav'nly.

Ism. 'Pray you don't mock me, sir.

Ant. 'Pray you, lady, tell me.

Ism. Will you believe? and will you keep
it to you?

And not scorn what I speak?

Ant. I dare not, madam;

An oracle, what you say I dare swear to.

Ism. I'll set the candle by, for I shall blush
now.

Fy, how it doubles in my mouth! It must
'Tis you I'm bound to. [out.

Ant. Speak that word again!

I understand you not.

Ism. 'Tis you I'm bound to.

Ant. Here is another gentleman.

Ism. 'Tis you, sir,

Amin. He may be lov'd too.

Mart. Not by thee; first curse me!

Ism. And if I knew your name—

Ant. Antonio, madam.

Ism. Antonio, take this kiss; 'tis you I'm
bound to.

Ant. And when I set you free, may Heav'n
forsake me!

Ismenia—

Ism. Yes, now I perceive you love me;

You've learn'd my name.

Ant. Hear but some vows I make to you;

Hear but the protestations of a true love.

* And like a loud-star.] Amended in 1750.

** Carv'd far above.] Varied in 1750.

Isa. No, no, not now: Vows should be
cheerful things, [irony:]
Done in the clearest light, and noblest testi-
No vow, dear sir! tie not my fair belief
To such strict terms: Those men have broken
credits, [irony:]
Loose and dismember'd faiths, my dear An-
That splinter 'em with vows. Am I not too
Correct me when you please. [bold?]

Ant. I'd rather bear you,
For so sweet musick never strook mine ears.
Will you believe now? [yet.]

Isa. Yes.

Ant. I'm yours.

Isa. Speak louder;

If you answer the priest so low, you'll lose
your wedding

Mart. 'Would I might speak! I'd hollow.

Ant. Take my heart;

And if it be not firm and honest to you,
Hear'n—

Isa. Peace; no more! I'll keep your heart,
and credit it:

Keep you your word. When will you come
again, friend?

For this time we have woo'd indifferently:
I would fain see you, when I dare be bolder.

Ant. Why, any night. Only, dear noble
mistress,

Pardon three days! My uncle Julio
Has bound me to attend him upon promise,

Upon expectation too: We have rare sports
there,

Rare country sports; I would you could but
Dare you so honour me? [see 'em]

Isa. I dare not be there;

You know I dare not; no, I must not, friend.

Where I may come with honourable free-
dom, I'm ill too; we in love— don—

Ant. You flout me.

Isa. Trust me, I do not; I speak truth,
I'm sickly,

And am in love; but you must be physician.

Ant. I'll make a plaister of my best af-
fection.

Isa. Be gone! we've supp'd: I hear the
people stir.

Take my best wishes! Give me no cause,
To curse this happy night. [Antonio]

Ant. I'll lose my life first.

A thousand kisses!

Isa. Take ten thousand back again!

Mart. I'm dumb with admiration! Shall
we go, sir? [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Isa. Dost thou know his uncle?

Amin. No, but I can ask, cousin.

Isa. I'll tell thee more of that. Come,
let's to bed both;

And give me laudronic dreams, Love, I be-
seech thee!

Amin. It has giv'n you a handsome subject.

Isa. Pluck-to the windows! [Exeunt.]

¹¹ This scene naturally reminds us of a similar one in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*; to which this, with all its beauties, must be allowed to be much inferior.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Bustopha.

Bust. THE thund'ring seas, whose wat'ry
fins

Washes the whiting-mops¹²,

The gentle whale whose feet so fell

Flies o'er the mountains' tops—

Fra. [within.] Boy!

Bust. The thund'ring—

Fra. Why, boy Bustopha!

Bust. Here I am. The gentle whale—

Enter Fraudio.

Fra. Oh, are you here, sir? where's your
sister?

Bust. The gentle whale flies n'er the moun-
tains' tops—

Fra. Where's your sister, man?

Bust. Washes the whiting-mops—

Fra. Thou liest! she has none to wash.
Mops?

The boy is half way out of his wits sure.

Sirrah, who am I?

Bust. The thund'ring seas—

Fra. Mad, stark mad!

Bust. Will you not give a man leave to cool?

Fra. Yes, and 'less too, [father?]

Ere I have done with you, sirrah. Am I your
Bust. The question is too hard for a child;

ask me [you]

Any thing that I have learn'd, and I'll answer

¹² *Whiting-mops.*] A sort of fish so called; our Authors have the same term in *The Martial Maid*, act II. scene 2.

¹³ ——— they will tread you their measures like

¹⁴ *Whiting-mops,* &c.

So in *The Guardian* of Philip Massinger, Camillo says,

¹⁵ If it were a fish day,

¹⁶ I have a stomach and would content myself

¹⁷ With this pretty *whiting-mop*; meaning Mirtilla.

Sympton.

Fra. Is that a hard question? Sirrah, am not I your father?

Bust. If I had my mother-wit I could tell

Fra. Are you [you. A thief?

Bust. So far forth as the son of a miller.

Fra. Will you be hang'd?

Bust. Let it go by eldership.

The gentle whale—

Fra. Sirrah, lay by your foolish study there, And beat your brains about your own affairs; or—

Bust. I thank you!

You'd have me go under the sails, and beat My brains about your mill? a natural father You are!

Fra. I charge you go not to the sports to-day:

Last night I gave you leave; now I recant.

Bust. Is the wind turn'd since last night?

Fra. Murry is it, sir:

Go no farther than my mill; there's my command upon you.

Bust. I may go round about then as your mill does. [cried

I will see your mill gelded, and his stones In steaks, ere I deceive the country so!

Have I not my part to study? How shall

The sports go forward, if I be not there?

Fra. They'll want their fool indeed, if thou be'st not there.

Bust. Consider that, and go yourself.

Fra. I have fears, sir, that I cannot utter: You go not, nor your sister; there's my charge.

Bust. The price of your golden thumb¹² can't hold me. [Hounds in full cry.

Fra. Ay¹³, this was sport that I have tightly lov'd!

I could have kept company with the hounds—

Bust. You are fit for no other company yet.

Fra. Run with the hare,

And been in the whore's tail? faith!

Bust. That was

Before I was born: I did ever mistrust

I was a bastard, because *lapis* is

In the singular number with me.

Enter Otrante and Gerasto.

Otr. Leave thou that game, Gerasto, and chase here;

Do thou but follow it with my desires, Thou'lt not return home empty.

Ger. I'm prepar'd,

My lord, with advantages: And see Yonder's the subject I must work upon.

Otr. Her brother? 'tis: Methinks it should be easy:

That gross compound¹⁴ cannot but diffuse The soul, in such a latitude of ease,

As to make dull her faculties, and lazy.

What wit, above the least, can be in him,

That reason ties together?

Ger. I have prov'd it, sir,

And know the depth of it: I have the way

To make him follow me a huckney-pace,

With all that flesh about him; yes, and drag

[*Cry of Hounds.*

His sister after him. This baits the old one;

Rid you him, and leave me to the other.

[*Exit.*

Otr. 'Tis well.—Oh, Franio, the good day to you! [ing;

You were not wout to hear this musick stand—

The beagle and the hagle you have lov'd,

In the first rank of huntsmen.

Bust. The dogs cry

Out of him now¹⁵.

Fra. Sirrah, leave your barking;

I'll bite you else

Bust. Cur! Cur!

Fra. Slave, dost call me dog?

Otr. Oh fy, sir!

He speaks Latin to you; he would know

Why you'll bite him.

Bust. *Responde, cur!* You see

His understanding, my lord.

Fra. I shall have

A time to carry you for this!—But,

My lord, to answer you; the days have been

I must have footed it before this hornpipe,

Tho' I had hazard'd my mill a-fire,

And let the stones grind empty: But those

dancings

¹² *Golden thumb.*] In Chaucer's character of the Miller are the following lines:

'Wel coude he steele corn, and tolle it twye,

'And yit he had a thumb of gold, parde!'

Dr. Morell and Mr. Tyrwhit both suppose, that Chaucer alluded to the old proverb, 'Every honest Miller has a thumb of gold;' to which they reply in Somersetshire, 'None but a cuckold can see it.' To the same proverb our Author evidently refers in Bustopho's speech. See Ray's Proverbs. R.

¹³ *Fra. I, this was sport, &c.*] Without the stage direction which Mr. Seward and I have affixed here, this abrupt speech would not be understood by any reader. Symphon.

¹⁴ *That gross compound.*] The sense and measure both seem here to be incomplete: The deficiency I would remedy thus,

'For this gross,' &c.

Mr. Seward so,

'Sure this gross.' The reader may take his choice of either. Symphon.

¹⁵ *Bust. The dogs cry out of him now.*] I read for: Without this trifling change, I see no humour in Bustopho's answer. 'The very dogs cry out against him,' does not suit the rest of his drolleries; but 'the dogs cry out for him as carrion proper for them,' is quite in his style. Symphon.

Franio's answer, 'leave your barking,' seems to confirm the old reading, 'out of him.'

Are done with me : I have good will to't still,
And that's the best I can do.

Otr. Come, come, you shall be hors'd ;
Your company deserves him ; tho' you kill
Run him blind, I care not.

Bust. He will do it [him,
[mill.
O' purpose, my lord, to bring him up to the
Fra. Do not tempt me too far, my lord.

Otr. There is
A foot i' th' stirrop ; I'll not leave you now.—
You shall see the game fall once again.

Fra. Well, my lord, I will make ready
My legs for you, and try 'em once a horse-
Sirrah ! my charge ; keep it ! [back.

Bust. Yes ; [sake,
When you puredown your dish for conscience
When your thumb's coin'd into *bona & legalis*,
When you are a true man-miller.

Otr. What's
The matter, Bustopha ?

Bust. My lord, if you [gers,
Have e'er a drunken jade that lins the stag-
That will fall twice the height of our mill
with him,

Set him o' th' back on him ; a galled jennet
That will winch him out o' th' saddle, and
break one on's necks,

Or n shank of him (there was a fool
Going that way, but the ass had better luck) ;
Or one of your brave Barbaries, that would
pass [with him:

The Straits, and run into his own country
The first Moor he met would cut his throat
For complexion's sake ; there's as deadly feud
between [white.

A Moor and a miller, as between black and
Otr. Fy, fy ! this is unnatural, Bustopha,
Unless on some strong cause.

Bust. Be judge, my lord : I've studied in
my part ; [me ;
The Julian feast's to-day, the country expects
I speak all the dumb-shows ; my sister chosen
For a nymph. ' The gentle whale whose feet
so fell.'

Cry mercy ! that was some of my part ; but
his charge is,

To keep the mill, and disappoint the revels.
Otr. Indeed, there it speaks shrewdly for
thee, the country

Expecting.
Bust. Ay, and for mine own grace too.

Otr. Yes, and being studied too, and the
main speaker too.

Bust. The main? why, all my speech lies
in the main,
And the dry ground together : ' The thun-
d'ring seas, whose—'

Otr. Nay, then thou must go ; thou'lt be
much condemn'd else.

But thou, o' th' other side, obedience.

Bust. Obedience?
But speak your conscience now, my lord ; am
Not I past asking blessing at those years?
Speak as you're a lord ; if you had a miller
to your father—

Otr. I must yield to you, Bustopha ;
Your reasons are so strong, I cannot contra-
dict.

This I think, if you go, your sister ought
To go along with you.

Bust. There I stumble now :
She is not at age.

Otr. Why, she's fifteen, and upwards.

Bust. Thereabouts.

Otr. That's woman's ripe age ; as full as
thou art

At one-and-twenty : She's ninnable, is she not?

Bust. I think not : Poor heart, she was
never tried, [not

In my conscience. 'Tis a coy thing ; she will
Kiss you a clown, not if he would kiss her—

Otr. What, man?

Bust. Not if he would kiss her, I say.

Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanerlier than I expected.—
Well, sir,

I'll leave you to your own ; but my opinion
Is, you may take her along — This is half way ;

The rest, Gerasto and I hunt my prey. [Exit.

Bust. Away with the old miller, my lord !
And the mill strikes sail presently.

Enter Pedro, with Gerasto blinded, singing.

SONG.

Ger. Come follow me, you country lasses !
And you shall see such sport as *passes* ;
You shall dance, and I will sing ;
Pedro, he shall rub the string ;
Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
Of green, and laugh 'till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimel.

Bust. Oh, sweet Diego, the sweetest Di-
ego ! Stay.—Sister Florimel !

Flor. What's that, brother ?

Bust. Didst not hear Diego ? Hear him,
and thou'lt be ravish'd.

Flor. I have heard him sing, yet unrav-
ish'd, brother.

Bust. You had the better luck, sister. I
was ravish'd [sports !

By my own consent. Come away ; for the
Flor. I have the fear of a fustler on me,
brother.

Bust. Out ! the thief is as safe as in his
mill ; he's hunting with our great landlord,
the don Otrante. Strike up, Diego.

Flor. But say he return before us, where's
our excuse ?

Bust. Strike up, Diego ! Hast no strings
to thy apron ?

Flor. Well, the fault lie upon your head,
brother.

Bust. My faults never mount so high, girl ;
they rise

But to my niddle at most. Strike up, Diego.

Ger. Follow me by the ear ; I'll lead thee
Bustopha, and pretty Florimel thy sister. [sing,

Oh, that I could see her !

Bast. Oh, Diego, there's two pities upon thee:

Great pity thou art blind; and as great a pity,
Thou canst not see.

SONG.

Ger. You shall have crowns of roses, daisies,
Buds, where the honey-maker grazes¹⁷;
You shall taste the golden thighs,
Such as in wax-chamber lies.
What fruits please you, taste, freely pull
¹Till you have all your bellies full.

Come follow me, &c.

Bast. Oh, Diego! the don was not so sweet
when he perfum'd the steeple. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Mart. Why, how now, friend? thou art
not lost again? [*wilderness;*]

Ant. Not lost? Why, all the world's a
Some places peopled more by braver beasts
Than others are; but faces, faces, man;
May a man be caught with faces?

Mart. Without wonder,
¹'Tis odds against him: May not a good face
Lend a man about by the nose? Alas,
The nose is but a part against the whole.

Ant. But is it possible that two faces
Should be so twin'd in form, complexion,
Figure, aspect, that neither wen, nor mole,
The table of the brow, the eyes' lustre,
The lips' cherry, neither the blush nor smile,
Should give the one distinction from the other?
Does Nature work in moulds?

Mart. Altogether;
We're all one mould, one dust.

Ant. Thy reason's naughtily:
I speak from the *foro*, thou the matter. Why?
Was it not ever one of Nature's glories,
Nay, her great piece of wonder, that amongst
So many millions millions of her works
She left the eye distinction, to cull out
The one from other; yet all one name, the

Mart. You must [*face?*]
Compare 'em by some other part of the body,
If the face cannot do't.

Ant. Didst ask her name?

Mart. Yes, and who gave it her;
And what they promis'd more, besides a spoon,
And what apostle's picture: She is christen'd
to—

In token whereof she's call'd Isabella;
The daughter of a country plow-swain by:
If this be not true, she lies.

Ant. She cannot;

It would be seen, a blister on her lip,
Should falsehood touch it, it is so tender.

Had her name held, 't had been Ismeuia,
And not another of her name.

Mart. Shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, if thou wilt speak truth.
Is she not wondrous like?

Mart. As two garments
Of the same fashion, cut from the same piece;
Yet, if any excel, this has the first;
And in my judgment 'tis so.

Ant. It is my opinion.

Mart. Were it the face where mine eyes
should dwell,
I would please both with this, as soon as one
With the other.

Ant. And yet the other is
The case of this¹⁸. Had I not look'd upon
Ismeuia, I ne'er had stay'd beyond
Good morrow's time in view of this.

Mart. Would I could leave him here!

[*Aside.*]

'Twere a free passage to Ismeuia.
I must now blow, as to put out the fire;
Yet kindle 't more.—You not consider, sir,
The great disparity is in their bloods,
Estates and fortunes: There is the rich beauty,
Which this poor homeliness is not endow'd
There's difference enough. [*with;*]

Ant. The least of all;
Equality is no rule in Love's grammar.
That sole unhappiness is left to princes,
To marry blood: We are free disposers,
And have the pow'r to equalize their bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back;
¹'Tis a due debt from us.

Mart. Ay, sir, had you
No father, nor uncle, nor such hinderers,
You might do with yourself at your pleasure;
But as it is—

Ant. As it is? It is nothing:
Their pow'rs will come too late, to give me
The yesterday I lost¹⁹. [*back*]

Mart. Indeed, to say sooth,
Your opposition from the other part
Is of more force; there you run the hazard
Of every hour a life, had you supply;
You meet your dearest enemy in love
With all his hate about him: 'Twill be more
hard

For your Ismeuia to come home to you,
Than you to go to country Isabel.

Enter Julia.

Ant. Tush! 'tis not fear removes me.

Mart. No more! your uncle.

Jul. Oh, the good hour upon you, gentlemen!

Welcome, nephew! speak it to your friend, sir;
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his acceptance.

¹⁷ Honey-maker gazes.] Corrected in 1750.

¹⁸ And yet the other is the case of this.] Seward proposes to substitute *cause* for *case*.

¹⁹ The Yesterday I lost.] Seward here would read,
"too late, to give me back
'What Yesterday I lost.'"

Ant. I made bold, uncle,
To do't before; and I think he believes it.

Mart. 'Twas never doubted, sir.

Julio. Here are sports, dons,
That you must look on with a loving eye,
And without censure, unless it be giving
My country neighbours' loves their yearly
off'rings, [pain]

That must not be refus'd; though't be more
To the spectator, than the painful actor;
It will abide no more test than the tinsel
We clad our masks in for an hour's wearing,
Or the liv'ry lace sometimes on the cloaks
Of a great don's followers: I speak no further
Than our own country, sir.

Mart. For my part, sir, [come.
The more absurd, 't shall be the better wel-

Julio. You'll find the guest you look for.

I heard, cousin,

You were at Toledo th' other day.

Ant. Nnt late, sir.

Julio. Oh fy! must I be plainer? You
chang'd the point

With Terzo and Lisauo, two o'th' stock
Of our antagonists, the Bellides.

Ant. A mere proffer, sir; the prevention
Was quick with us: We had done somewhat
This gentleman was engag'd in't. [else.

Julio. I am the enemy
To his foe for it. That wildfire will crave
More than fair water to quench it, I suspect:
Whence it will come, I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Ant. I was about a gentle reconciliation;
But I do fear I shall go back again.

Jul. Come, come; the sports are coming
on us;

Nay, I have more guests to grace it: Wel-
come, don

Gostauco, Giraldo, Philippo! Seat, seat all!
[Music.

Enter a Cupid.

Cupid. Love is little, and therefore I pre-
sent him;

Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him²⁰.

Mart. Alas, poor Love! who are they that
can quench him?

Julio. He's not without those members;
fear him not.

Cupid. Love shoots; therefore I bear his
bow about;

And Love is blind; therefore my eyes are out.

Mart. I never heard Love give reason for
what he did before.

Enter Eustophia, for Paris.

Cupid. Let such as can see, see such as
cannot. Behold [gold:

Our goddesses all three strive for the ball of
And hero fair Paris comes, the hopeful youth
of Troy, [only joy.

Queen Hecuba's darling son, king Priam's

Mart. Is this Paris?
I should have taken him for Hector rather.

Bust. Paris at this time: 'Pray you hold
your prating!

Ant. Paris can be angry.

Julio. Oh, at this time

You must pardon him; he comes as a judge.

Mart. God's mercy on all that look upon
him, say I.

Bust. The thund'ring seas, whose wat'ry
fire washes the whiting-mops,

The gentle whale, whose feet so fell flies o'er
the mountain tops,

No roars so fierce, no throats so deep, no
howls can bring such fears, [and bears.

As Paris can, if garden from he call his dogs

Mart. Ay, those they were that I fear'd
all this while.

Bust. Yes, Jack-an-apes—

Mart. I thank you, good Paris!

Bust. You may hold your peace, and stand
further out o'th' way then:

The lines will fall where they light.
Yes, Jack-an-apes, he hath to sports, and
faces make like mirth,

Whilst bellowing bulks the horned hends do
toss from ground to earth.

Blind bear there is²¹, as Cupid blind—

Ant. That bear would be whipp'd for losing
of his eyes.

Bust. Be-whipped man may see,
But we present no such content, but nymphs
such as they be.

Ant. These are long lines.

Mart. Can you blame him, leading balls
and bears in 'cio?

²⁰ Therefore you may lament him.] The rhyme by this reading is preserved 'tis true, but I am afraid the sense is lost; for where is the congruity between *Love's being a fire*, and our lamenting of him? Besides, the next line contradicts this, which runs so,

'Alas, poor Love, who are they that can quench him?'

I imagine therefore that we should read as the line quoted gives us licence,

'—Therefore you may quench him.' Synpson.

'Alas, poor Love!' in the next line seems to refer to lamenting him. The mock drama is perhaps purposely incongruous.

²¹ Blind bear there is, &c.] Mr. Seward is of opinion that a line here is got out of its place, and that Antonio drolls upon whipping the bear before the whipping was spoke of, and proposes reading thus:

Bust. 'Blind bear there is, as Cupid blind be-whipped man may see.

Ant. 'That bear should be whipp'd for losing of his eyes.

Bust. 'But we present,' &c. Synpson.

Enter Shepherd singing, with Ismenia, Aminata, Florimel (as Juno, Pallas, Venus), and three Nymphs attending.

Bust. Go, Cupid blind, conduct the dumb;
for ladies most not speak here.

Let shepherds sing with dancing feet, and
cords of musick break here!

Now ladies fight, with heels so light;
By lot your luck must fall,
Where Paris please, to do you ease,
And give the golden ball. [Dance.]

Mart. If you play'd Paris now, Antonio,
Where would you bestow it?

Ant. I prithee, friend,
Take the full freedom of thought, but no words.

Mart. Protest there's a third, which by
her habit

Should personate Venus, and, by consequence
Of the story, receive the honour's prize:
And were I a Paris, there it should be.

Do you note her?

Ant. No; mine eye's so fix'd, I cannot
move it.

Cupid. The dance is ended; now to judge-
ment, Paris!

Bust. Here, Juno, here!—But stay; I do
esp

A pretty gleek coming from Pallas' eye:

Here, Pallas, here!—Yet stay again; me-
thinks

I see the eye of lovely Venus winks: [ey'n!
Oh, close them both; shut in those golden
And I will kiss those sweet blind cheeks of
thine.

Juno is angry; yes, and Pallas frowns:
'Would Paris now were gone from Ida's
downs!

They both are fair; but Venus has the mole,
The fairest hair, and sweetest dimple-hole:
To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one man please three ladies all together?
No; take it, Venus! toss it at thy pleasure;
Thou art the lover's friend beyond his mea-
sure.

Julio. Paris has done what man can do,
pleas'd one:

Who can do more?

Mart. Stay; here's another person.

Enter Gernato, as Mars.

Ger. Come, lovely Venus; leave this lower
orb,

And mount with Mars up to his glorious
Bust. How now? what's he? [sphere.

Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, sir.

Ger. Thy silver yoke of doves are in the
train,

And thou shalt fly thorough Apollo's beam:
I'll see thee seated in thy golden throne,
And hold with Mars a sweet conjunction.

[Exit with Florimel]

Bust. Ha! what fellow's this? he's ear-
ried away

My sister Venus: He never rehears'd
His part with me before.

Julio. What follows now,
Prince Paris?

Flor. [within.] Help, help, help!

Bust. Hue and cry, I think, sir; [mel's.
This is Venus' voice, mine own sister Flor-
Mart. What, is there some tragick act
behind? [and Venus

Bust. No, no; altogether comical; Mars
Are in the old conjunction, it seems.

Mart. 'Tis very improper then; for Venus
Never cries out when she conjoins with Mars.

Bust. That's true indeed; they are out of
their parts sure:

It may be 'tis the book-holder's fault; I'll go
see. [Exit.

Julio. How like you our country revels,
gentlemen? [sir.

All Gent. Oh, they commend themselves,
Ant. Methinks now Juno and Minerva

should take

Revenge on Paris; it can't end without it.

Mart. I did expect,
Instead of Mars, the storm-god Æolus;
And Juno proff'ring her despoils
As satisfaction to the blustering god,
To send his tossers forth.

Julio. It may so follow;

Let's not prejudicate the history!

Enter Bustophia.

Bust. Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Julio. So, here's a passion towards.

Bust. Help, help, if you be gentlemen! my
My Venus! she's stol'n away. [sister,

Julio. The story changes

From our expectation.

Bust. Help! my father

The miller will hang me close: God Mars
Is a bawdy villain! he said she should ride
upon doves:

She's hors'd, she's hors'd, whether she will or
Mart. Sore, I think he's serious. [no.

Bust. She's hors'd upon

A double gelding, and a stone-horse in
The breech of her: The poor wench cries help,
And I cry help, and none of you will help.

Julio. Speak, is it the show? or dost thou
bawl?

Bust. A pox on the ball! my sister bawls,
and I bawl! [halter

Either bridle horse and follow, or give me a
To hang myself: I cannot run so fast
As a hog.

Julio. Why, follow me! I'll fill
The country with pursuit, but I will find
The thief! My house thou abus'd? [Exit.

Bust. 'Tis my house that's

abus'd; the sister of my flesh and blood!
Oh, oh! [Exit.

1 Wench. 'Tis time we all shift for our-
If this be serious. [selves,

2 Wench. How'er, I'll be gone.

3 Wench. And I. [Exeunt.

Ant. You need not fright your beauties,
pretty souls,
With the least pale complexion of a fear.

Mart. Juno has better courage, and Minerva's more discreet.

Isa. Alas, my courage was so counterfeit,
It might have been struck from me with a feather:

Juno never had so weak a presenter.

Amin. Sure I was ne'er the wiser for Mi-
Thint I find yet about me. [nervus;

Isa. My dwelling, sir? [*Ant. whispers Isa.*
'Tis n poor yeoman's roof, scarce a league off,
That never sham'd me yet.

Ant. Your gentle pardon!
I vow my erring eyes had almost cast you
For one of the most mortal enemies
That our family has.

Isa. I'm sorry, sir,
I am so like your foe: 'Twere fit I hasted
From your offended sight.

Ant. Oh, mistake not;
It was my error, and I do confess it.
You'll not believe you're welcome; nor can I
speak it;

But there's my friend can tell you; 'pray
hear him! [employment.

Mart. Shall I tell her, sir? I'm glad of the

Ant. A kinswoman to that beauty?

Amin. A kin to her, sir;

But nothing to her beauty.

Ant. Do not wrong it;

It is not far behind her.

Amin. Her kinder parts
Are not far off, indeed, sir. [now,

Mart. Let me but kiss you with his ardour
You shall feel how he loves you.

Isa. Oh, forswear!

'Tis not the fashion with us. But would you
Persuade me that he loves me?

Mart. I'll warrant you [un't.
He dies in't; and that were witness enough

Isa. Love me, sir? Can you tell me for
what reason?

Mart. Fy! will you ask me? That which
you've about you.

Isa. I know nothing, sir.

Mart. Let him find it then!

He constantly believes you have the thing
That he must love you for; much is apparent,
A sweet and lovely beauty.

Isa. So, sir; 'pray you
Shew me one thing: Did he ne'er love before?

(I know you are his bosom counsellor.)

Nay then, I see your answer is not ready;

I'll not believe you, if you study further.

Mart. Shall I speak truth to you?

Isa. Or speak no more.

Mart. There was a smile thrown at him,
from a lady,

Whose deserts might buy him treble, and lately
He receiv'd it, and I know where he lost it;
In this face of yours: I know his heart's
within you.

Isa. May I know her name?

Mart. In your ear you may,
With vow of silence.

Amin. He'll not give over, sir;

If he speak for you, he'll sure speed for you.

Ant. But that is not the answer to my
question. [science,

Amin. You are the first, in my virgin-con-
That ever spoke love to her: Oh, my heart!

Ant. How do you?

Amin. Nothing, sir; but 'would I had

A better face! How well your pulse beats!

Ant. Healthfully;

Does it not?

Amin. It thumps prettily, methinks. [great

Isa. Alack, I hear it with much pity: How

Is your fault too, in wrong to the good lady?

Mart. You forget the difficult passage he
has to her;

A hell of feud's between the families.

Isa. And that has often Love wrought by
To peaceful reconciliation. [advantage

Mart. There impos-ible.

Isa. This way 'tis worse; it may seed again
In her unto another generation:

For where, poor lady, is her satisfaction?

Mart. It comes in me. To be truth, I love
(I'll go no further for comparison) [her

As dear as he loves you.

Isa. How if she live not?

Mart. 'Tush, be that my pains! you know
not what art

I have those ways.

Isa. Distinguish you! you have practis'd
upon me; [mania.

Well, speed me here, and you with your Is-

Mart. Go, the condition's drawn, and ready
There waits but your hand to't. [dated;

Amin. Truly you have taken

Great pains, sir. [benuty.

Mart. A friendly part, no more, sweet

Amin. They're happy, sir, have such friends
as you are:

But do you know you have done well in this?
How will his nllies receive it? She, tho' I say't,

Is of no better blood than I am.

Mart. There

I leave it; I am at furthest that way. [now;

Isa. You shall extend your vows no larger
My heart calls you mine own, and that's

enough.

Reason, I know, would have nll yet conceal'd.
I shall not leave you unsaluted long

Either by pen or person.

Ant. You may discourse [shall
With me, when you think you're alone; I

Be present with you.

Isa. Come, cousin, will you walk?

Amin. Alas, I was ready long since. In
conscience,

You would with better will yet stay behind.

Isa. Oh, Love! I never thought th' hadst
been so blind. [Exeunt.

Mart. You'll answer this, sir.

Ant. If e'er it be spoke on:

I purpose not to propound the question.

Enter Julio.

Julio. 'Tis true the poor kaave said: Some ravisher,
Some of Lust's blood-hounds, have seiz'd
upon her;

The girl is hurried, as the devil were with 'em
And help'd their speed.

Mart. It may be not so ill, sir.
A well-prepared lover may do as much
In hot blood as this, and perform it honestly.

Julio. What? steal away a virgin 'gainst
her will?

Mart. It may be any man's case; despise
nothing:

And that's a thief of a good quality,
Most comely only he brings his theft home
Tho' with a little shame. [again,

Julio. There's a charge by't
Fall'n upon me: Paris (the miller's son)
Her brother, dares not venture home again,
'Til better tidings follow of his sister.

Ant. You're the more beholding to the
mischance, sir:

Had I gone a boot-haling²³, I should as soon
Have star'd him as his sister: Marry then,
To render him back in the same plight he is
May be costly; his flesh is not maintain'd
with little.

Julio. I think the poor kaave will pine
away; he cries
All-to-be-pitied yonder.

Mart. 'Pray you, sir,
Let's go see him: I should laugh to see him
cry, sure.

Julio. Well, you're merry, sir.
Antonio, keep this charge; (I have fears
Shove me to lay it on you) 'pray forbear
The ways of your enemies, the Bellicks.
I have reason for my injunction, sir. [Exit.

Enter Aminta as a page, with a letter.

Ant. To me, sir? from whom?
Amin. A friend, I dare vow, sir,
Tho' on the enemies' part: The lady Ismenia.

Mart. Take heed; blush not too deep.
Let me advise you

In your answer; it must be done heedfully.
Ant. I should not see a masculine, in peace,
Out of that house.

Amin. Alas, I am a child, sir;
Your hates cannot last 'til I wear a sword.
Ant. Await me for your answer.

Mart. He must see her,
To manifest his shame; 'tis my advantage;
While our blood's under us, we keep above;
But then we fall, when we do fall in love.
[Exit.

²³ Boot-haling.] See note * on The Chances.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Franio.

Fra. MY lord, my lord, your bouse hath
injur'd me,
Robb'd me of all the joys I had on earth.

Julio. Where wert thou brought up, fellow?

Fra. In a mill:

You may perceive it by my loud excluims,
Which must rise higher yet.

Jul. Obstrep'rous carle²⁴,
If thy throat's tempest could o'er-turn my
house,

What satisfaction were it for thy child?
Turn thee the right way to thy journey's end:
Wilt have her where she's not?

Fra. Here was she lost,
And here must I begin my footing after;
From whence, until I meet a pow'r to punish,
I will not rest. You are not quick to grief;
Your hearing's a dead sense! Were your's
the loss,

Had you a daughter stol'n, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end should come the thief?)

You'd play the miller then, be loud and high;
But being not a sorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pity for another.

Julio. Oh, thou hast op'd a sluice was long
shut up,

And let a flood of grief in; a buried grief
Thy voice hath wak'd again, a grief as old
As likely 'tis thy child is! Friend, I tell thee,
I did once lose a daughter.

Fra. Did you, sir?
'Beseech you then, how did you bear her loss?

Julio. With thy grief trebled.

Fra. But was she stolen from you?

Julio. Yes, by devouring thieves, from
whom cannot

Ever return a satisfaction:
The wild beasts had her in her swathing
cloaths.

Fra. Oh, much good do 'em with her!

Julio. Away, rough churl²⁵!

Fra. Why, she was better, eaten, than
my child,

Better by beasts, than beastly men devour'd;
They took away a life, no honour, from her;

²³ A carle.] A churl, a clown. *Percy.*

²⁴ Tough churl.] Seward proposes reading rough, which Sympson rejects.

Those beasts might make a saint of her; but these
Will make my child a devil. But, was she, sir,
Your only daughter?

Enter Gillian.

Julio. I ne'er had other, friend.

Gil. Where are you, man? your business
lies not here! [where:
Your daughter's in the pound; I've suud
*I will cost you dear, her freedom.

Fra. I'll break it down, and free her with-
out pay! [me.

Horse-locks nor chains shall hold her from
Julio. I'll take this relief;

I now have time to speak alone with grief.

[*Exit. Gil. whispers him.*

Fra. How! my landlord? he is lord of my
lands,

But not my cattle: I'll have her again, *Gil.*
Gil. You are not mad upon the sudden now?

Fra. No, *Gil.*

I have been mad these five hours! I'll sell my
mill

And buy a roaring—I'll batter down his house,
And make a stew on't.

Gil. Will you gather up

Your wits a little, and hear me? The king's
near by, in progress;

Here I have got our supplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.

Fra. Give it me, *Gil.*

I will not fear to give it to the king, [it;
To his own hands, God bless him, will I give
And he shall set the law upon their shoulders,
And hang 'em all that had a hand in it.

Gil. Where is your son?

Fra. He shall be hang'd in fitches!

The dogs shall eat him in Lent;

There's cats' meat and dogs' meat enough
about him.

Gil. Sure the poor girl is the count's whore
by this time.

Fra. If she be the count's whore, the
whore's count [head!

Shall pay for't; he shall pay for a new maiden-

Gil. You are so virulous!—This I'm re-
solv'd;

If she be a whore once, I'll renounce her.

You know, if every man had his right, she's

None of our child, but a mere foundling;

(And I can guess the owner for a need too)

We have but foster'd her.

Fra. *Gil.* no more of that!

I'll cut your tongue out, if you tell those tales.

Hark, hark! these toasters tell us the king's
coming.

Get you gone; I'll see if I can find him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lisouro, Terso, Pedro, and Moncado.

Lis. Does the king remove to day?

Terso. So say the harbingers,

And keeps his way on to Valentia;

There ends the progress.

Pedro. He hunts this morning, gentlemen,
And dines i' th' fields: The court is all in
readiness.

Lis. Pedro, did you send for this tailor?
or you, Moncado?

This light French demi-lance that follows us?

Pedro. No, I assure ye on my word, I'm
guiltless;

I owe him too much to be inward with him.

Monc. I am not quit, I'm sure: There is a
reck'ning [suits)

(Of some four scarlet cloaks, and two lac'd
hangs on the file still, like a fearful comet,
Makes me keep off.

Lis. I'm in too, gentlemen, [dred.

I thank his faith, for a matter of three hua-

Terso. And I for two. What a devil makes
he this way?

I do not love to see my sins before me.

Pedro. 'Tis the vacation, and these things
break out

To see the court, and glory in their debtors.

Terso. What do you call him^{as} for I never
love [to;

To remember their names that I o^d mury

'Tis not genteel; I shun 'em like the plague
ever.

Lis. His name's Vertigo, (hold your heads,
and wonder!)

A Frenchman, and a founder of new fashions:

The revolutions of all shapes and habits

Run madding thro' his brains.

Enter Vertigo.

Monc. He's very brave!

Lis. The shreds of what he steals from us,
believe it, [ye!

Make him a mighty man. He comes; have at
Vert. Save ye together, my sweet gentle-

I have been looking— [men!

Terso. Not for money, sir?

You know the hard time.

Vert. Pardon me, sweet signor!

Good faith, the least thought in my heart;

your love, gentlemen,

Your love's enough for me. Money? hang

Let me preserve your love. [money!

Lis. Yes, mury shall you,

And we our credit. You would see the court?

Monc. He shall see ev'ry place.

Vert. Still I, i' faith, gentlemen?

Pedro. The cellar, and the butt'ry, and the
kitchen,

The pastry, and the pantry.

Terso. Ay, and taste too

Of ev'ry office, and be free of all too;

That he may say, when he comes home in
glory—

Vert. And I will say, i' faith, and say it
openly, [also?

And say it home too. Shall I see the king

^{as} [What did you call him for? I never love.] Corrected by Symson.

Lis. Shalt see him every day; shalt see the ladies *

In their French cloaths; shalt ride a-hunting with him; [handsomely]

Shalt have a mistress too.—We must fool To keep him in belief we honour him; He may call on us else.

Pedro. A pox upon him!

Let him call at home in his own house for salt butter.

Fert. And when the king puts on a new suit—

Terzo. Thou shalt see it first, And dissect his doublets, that thou mayst be perfect.

Fert. The wardrobe I would fain view, gentlemen,

Fain come to see the wardrobe.

Lis. Thou shalt see it, And see the secret of it, dive into it; Sleep in the wardrobe, and have revelations Of tushious five years hence.

Fert. Ye honour me, Ye infinitely honour me!

Terzo. Any thing i' th' court, sir, Or within the compass of a courtier—

Fert. My wife shall give ye thanks.

Terzo. You shall see any thing! The privy'st place, the stool, and where 'tis emptied.

Fert. Ye make me blush, ye pour your bounties, gentlemen, In such abundance.

Lis. I will shew thee presently The order that the king keeps when he comes To open view, that thou mayst tell thy neighbours [thing;

Over a shoulder of mutton, th' hast seen some— Nay, thou shalt present the king for this time—

Fert. Nay, I pray, sir!

Lis. That thou mayst know what state there does belong to't. [nuance,

Stand there, I say! and put on a sad count'- mingled with height! Be cover'd, and reserv'd; [rious,

Move like the sun, by soft decrees, and glow into your order, gentlemen, uncover'd!

The king appears. We'll sport with you a while, sir;

I'm sure you're merry with us all the year long, tailor.

Move softer still; keep in that fencing leg, Turn to no side. [monstear;

* *Shalt see the ladies*

— *shalt ride a-hunting with him.*] As him has nothing to refer to but ladies, I would alter the number, and read,

— *a-hunting with them.* *Sampson.*

Him may refer to the king, and most probably was so intended.

* *A pretty child she is.*—

A handsome mother.] Mr. Theobald proposes changing *mother* for *mother*, a word used now in Suffolk for a girl. But there is no occasion at all for this change. Sir Henry Spelman in his Glossary tells us *mother* is a corruption of the Danish word *moer*, which signifies a girl. *Vide in voce moer.* *Sampson.*

VOL. II.

Enter Franio out of breath.

Terzo. What's this that appears to him?

Lis. It has a petition, and he looks most lamentably.

Mistake him, and we're made.

Fra. This is the king, sure, [cloaths,

The glorious king! I know him by his gay

Lis. Now hear yourself, that you may say hereafter—

Fra. I have recover'd breath; I'll speak unto him presently.

May it please your gracious majesty to consider A poor man's case! [sider

Fert. What's your will, sir?

Lis. You must accept, and read it.

Terzo. The tailor will run mad upon my life for't.

Pedro. How he mumps and bristles! He'll ne'er cut cloaths again.

Fert. And what's your grief?

Alonc. He speaks i' th' nose like his goose.

Fra. I pray you read there; I'm abus'd and frump'd, sir,

By a gent man, that may do ill by authority; Poor honest men are hang'd for doing less, sir,

My child is stol'n, the count Otrante stole her!

A pretty child she is, altho' I say it,

A handsome mother; he means to make a whore of her,

A silken whore; his knaves have flech'd her from me; [offices,

He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beastly I kael for justice: Shall I have it, sir?

Enter Philipps and Lords.

Phil. What pageant's this?

Lis. The king!

Taylor, stand off! Here ends your apparition. Müller, turn round, and there address your

There, there's the king indeed. [paper;

Fra. May't please your majesty!—

Phil. Why dost thou kael to that fellow?

Fra. In good faith, sir,

I thought he had been a king, he was so gal- There's none here wears such gold. [lout;

Phil. So foolishly?

You've gotten business sure! Because I'm homely

Clad, in no glitt'ring suit, I am not look'd on. Ye fools, that wear' any cloaths, love to be

gap'd at, [you?

What are you better when your end calls on Will gold preserve ye from the grave? or jewels?

Get gold in minds, and fling away your trappings;

Unto your bodies minister warm raiments,
Wholesome and good; glitter within, and
spare not!

Let my court have rich souls! their suits I
weigh not.

And what are you that took such state upon
Are you a prince? [you]

Lis. The prince of tailors, sir;

We owe some money to him, and like your
majesty.

Phil. If it like him, 'would ye ow'd more!
Be modesters;

And you less saucy, sir; and leave this place:
Your pressing-room will make no perfect
courtier.

Go stich at home, and coven your poor
neighbours:

Shew such another pride, I'll have you whipt
for't!

And get worse cloaths; these but proclaim
your felony.

And what's your paper?

Fra. I beseech you read it

Phil. What's that? the count Otrante task'd
for a base villainy?

For stealing of a maid?

Lord. The count Otrante?

Is not the fellow mad, sir?

Fra. No, no, my lord;

I'm in my wits: I am a labouring man,
And we have seldom leisure to run mad:

We're other business to employ our heads in;
We're little wit to lose too. If we complain,

And if a heavy load lie on our shoulders,
Worse than a sack of meal, and oppress our

poverties,

We are mad straight, and whop'd²⁸, and tied
in fetters,

Able to make a horse mad, as you use us.

You're mad for nothing, and I would dare
proclaim it;

In you a wildness is a noble trick,
And cherish'd in ye, and all men must love it;

Oppressions of all sorts sit like new cloaths,
Neat's and hand-somely, upon your lordships:

And if we kick, when your honours spur us,
We're knives and jades, and ready for the

I'm a true miller. [Justice.

Phil. Then thou art a wonder.

2 Lord. I know the man reputed for a
good man,

An honest and substantial fellow.

Phil. He speaks so,

And to the point: Greatness begets much
rudeness. [son,

How dare you, sirrah, 'gainst so main a per-
A man of so much noble note and honour,

Put up this base complaint? must ev'ry pre-
sant

Upon a saucy will affront great lords?

All fellows, miller?

Fra. I have my reward, sir:

I was told, one greatness would protect an-
other,

As he must support their fellows; now I find it.
It please your Grace to have me hang'd,

I'm ready;

'Tis but a miller, and a thief dispatch'd.

Thou'lt steal bread, I steal no flesh to tempt me.

I have a wife; an't please him to have her too,
With all my heart; 'twill make my charge

the less, sir;

Sir'll hold him play awhile. I have a boy too;
He's able to instruct his honour's dogs²⁹,

Or rub his horses' heels; when't please his
lordship,

He may make him his slave too, or his bowd:
The boy is well bred, can exhort his sister.

For me, the prison, or the pillory, [off,
To lose my goods, and have mine ears cropt

Whipt like a top, and have a paper stuck
Before me, for a' commendable honesty

To his own daughter! I can endure, sir; the
miller

Has a stout heart, tough as his toll-pin.

Phil. I suspect this shrewdly!

Is it his daughter that the people call

The miller's fair maid?

2 Lord. It should seem so, sir.

Phil. Be sure you be i'th' right, sirrah.

Fra. If I be i'th' wrong, sir,

Be sure you hang me; I will ask no courtesy.
Your Grace may have a daughter, (think of

that, sir)

She may be fair, and she may be abus'd too,
(A king is not exempted from these cases)

Stol'n from your loving care——

Phil. I do much pity him.

Fra. But Heaven forbid she should be in
that venture [Grave,

That none's in at this hour. I'll assure your
the lord wants a water-mill, and means to

grind with her:

'Would I'd his stones to set! I'd fit him for it.

Phil. I follow me, miller, and let me talk
with you further;

And keep this private all, upon your loyalties!
Tomorrow morning, tho' I'm now beyond him,

And the less look'd for, I'd break my fast
with the good count.

No more; away! all to our sports; he silent!
[Exeunt.

Fra. What grace shall I have now?

Lis. Chase thine own grace,

And go to dinner when thou wilt, Vertigo;
We must needs follow the king.

²⁸ We are mad straight, and whop'd.] This slight corruption here my friend alters and amends thus with me,

'We are mad straight, and a whip'd.' Symson.

Whop'd, in vulgar language, such as the Miller might use, might mean beaten.

²⁹ Dogs.] Symson's anonymous correspondent proposes reading dogs.

Terzo. You heard the sentence.

Mons. If you stay here, I'll send thee a shoulder of venison.

Go home, go home; or, if thou wilt disguise, I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.

Pedro. Or thou shalt be special tailor to the king's monkey;

'Tis a fine place. We cannot stay.

Fert. No money,

Not so grace, gentlemen?

Terzo. 'Tis too early, tailor;

The king hasn't broke his fast yet.

Fert. I shall look for you

The next term, gentlemen.

Pedro. Thou shalt not miss us:

'Pruthee provide some cloaths. And, dost thou hear, Vertigo?

Commend me to thy wife; I want some shirts

Fert. I've chambers for you all. [too.

Laz. They are too musty;

When they are clear, we'll come.

Fert. I must be patient

And provident; I shall ne'er get home else.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante and Florisel.

Otr. 'Pruthee be wiser, wench! thou canst not scape me:

Let me with love and gentleness enjoy that That may be still preserv'd with love, and lov'd for.

If violence lay rough hold, I shall hate thee; And after I've enjoy'd thy maidenhead, Thou wilt appear so stale and ugly to me I shall despise thee, cast thee off—

Flor. I pray you, sir,

Begin it now, and open your doors to me.

I do confess I'm ugly; let me go, sir! [me? A gipsy girl; why would your lordship touch Ey, 'tis not noble! I am homely bred, [me? Course, and unfit for you; why do you flatter There be young ladies nunny, that will love you, [gentleman.

That will dote on you: You're a handsome What will they say when once they know your quality? [you!

'A lord, a midler? Take your toll-dish with

'You that can deal with gurgeons²⁹, and coarse flour, [menus.

'Tis pity you should taste what manchet Is this fit, sir, for your repute and honour?

Otr. I'll love thee still.

Flor. You cannot; there's no sympathy Between our births, our breeding, arts, conditions; [like g.

And where these are at difference, there's no This hour it may be I seem handsome to you, And you are taken with variety More than with beauty;

Tomorrow, when you have enjoyed me, Your heat and lust assuag'd, and come t' examine,

Out of a cold and penitent condition, What you have done, whom you have shar'd your love with,

Made partner of your bed, how it will vex you, [you!

How you will curse the devil that betray'd And what shall become of me then?

Otr. Wilt thou hear me? [me,

Flor. As hasty as you were then to enjoy As precious as this beauty shew'd unto you, You'll kick me out of doors, you'll whore, and ban me;

And if I prove with-child with your fairissue, Give me a pension of five pound a-year

To breed your heir withal, and so good speed

Otr. I'll keep thee like a woman. [me!

Otr. I'll keep myself, sir,

Keep myself honest, sir; there's the brave If you will marry me— [keeping!

Otr. Alas, poor Florisel!

Flor. I do confess I am too coarse and base, sir,

To be your wife; and it is fit you scorn me; Yet such as I have crown'd the lives of great ones:

To be your whore I'm sure I am too worthy, (For, by my troth, sir, I am truly base-st)

And that's my honour equal to your greatness!

Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.

Flor. Tempt me no more then: [dance.

Give me that peace, and then you give abundance I know you do but try me; you are noble;

All these are but to try my modesty:

If you should find me easy, and once coming, I see your eyes already, how they'd fright me;

I see your honest heart, how it would swell,

And burst itself into a grief against me; Your tongue in noble mager, now, e'en now, sir, [tom,

Ready to rip my loose thoughts to the bot- And lay my shame unto myself wide open.

You are a noble lord; you pity poor maids.

The people are mistaken in your courses;

You, like a father, try 'em to the uttermost;

As they do gold, you purge the dross from And make them shine. [than,

Otr. His cunning cannot help you!

I love you to enjoy you; I have stol'n you: I enjoy you now, not to be fool'd with cir-

Yield willingly, or else— [circumstance.

Flor. What?

Otr. I will force you:

I will not be delay'd! A poor base wench, That I, in courtesy, make offer to,

Argue with me?

Flor. Do not; you'll lose your labour: Do not, my lord; it will become you poorly.

Your courtesy may do much on my nature,

²⁹ *Gudgeons.* Seward would read *cutlins*, 'a word used in the West for greets or coats cleared of the husks'; and *Symson*, *garguons*, 'which is explained by the words that immediately follow.' We think the latter right.

For I am kind as you are, and as tender,
If you compel, I have my strengths to fly to,
My honest thoughts, and those are guards
about me:

I can cry too, and noise enough I dare make,
And I have curses, that will call down thun-
der;

For all I am a poor wench, Heav'n will hear
My lady you may force, but my will never!
And be sure I do not live, if you do force me,
Or have no tongue to tell your beastly story;
For if I have, and if there be a justice—

Otr. 'Pray ye go in here! I'll calm myself
for this time,
And be your friend again.

Flor. I am command'd.

[*Erit.*

Otr. You cannot scape me yet; I must
enjoy you!

I'll lie with thy wit, tho' I miss thy honesty.
Is this a wench for a boor's hungry bosom?
A morsel for a peasant's base embraces?
And must I starve, and the meat in my mouth?
I'll none of that.

Enter Gerasto.

Ger. How now, my lord? how sped you?
Have you done the deed?

Otr. No, pox upon't, she's honest.

Ger. Honest? what's that? You take her
bare denial?

Was there ever wench brought up in a mill,
and honest?

That were n wonder worth a chronicle.

Is your belief so large? What did she say to
you?

Otr. She said her honesty was all her dow-
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay, how dishonourable, it would seem in me
To oet my will; popt me i' th' mouth with
modesty—

Ger. What an impudent quenn was that!
That's their trick ever.

Otr. And then discours'd to me very
learnedly,

What fame and loud opinion would tell of
A wife she touch'd at—

Ger. Out upon her, vorkt!

[*devils!*

Was she so bold? these home-spun things are
They'll tell you a thousand lies, if you'll be-
lieve 'em,

[*dies;*

And stand upon their honours like great la-
They'll speak unhappily two good words to
cozen you,

And nutw'rdly seem saints; they'll cry down-
right also,

But 'tis for anger that you do not crush 'em.
Did she not talk of being with-child?

Otr. She touch'd at it

Ger. The trick of an errant whore, to milk
your lordship!

And theo a pension nam'd?

Otr. No, no, she scurn'd it:

I offer'd any thing; but she refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident hate.

Ger. You thought so;

You should have ta'en her then, turn'd her,
and tew'd her

[*her,*

I' th' strength of all her resolution, flatter'd
And shak'd her stubborn will; she would
have thank'd you,

She would have lov'd you infinitely: They
must seem modest,

[*or,*

It is their parts; if you had play'd your part,
And handled her as men do unman'd hawks,

Cast her, and mail'd her up in good clean
linen,

And there have coy'd her, you had caught
her heart-strings.

These tough virginities, they blow like whits
In storms and tempests.

[*thorns,*

Otr. She's beyond all this;

As cold, and harden'd, as the virgin crystal.

Ger. Oh, force her, force her, sir! she
longs to be ravish'd;

Some have no pleasure but in violence;

To be torn in pieces is their paradise:

'Tis ord'nary in our country, sir, to ravish all;

They will not give a penny for their sport
Unless they be put to't, and terribly;

And then they swear they'll hang the man
comes near 'em,

And swear it on his lips too.

Otr. Nn, no forcing;

I have another course, and I will follow it.

I command you, and do you command your
fellows,

That when ye see her next, ye disgrace and
scorn her;

[*den,*

I'll seem to put her out o' th' doors o' th' sud-
And leave her to conjecture, then seize on
Away! he ready straight.

[*her.*

Ger. We shall out fail, sir.

[*Erit.*

Otr. Florinel!

Enter Florinel.

Flor. My lord.

Otr. I'm sure you've now consider'd,
And like a wise wench weigh'd a friend's dis-
pleasure,

Repented your proud thoughts, and cast your
scorn off.

Flor. My lord, I am not proud; I was
ne'er beautiful,

Nor scorn I any thing that's just and honest.

Otr. Come, to be short, can you love yet?
You told me

Kindness would fur compel you: I'm kind to
And mean t' exceed that way.

[*you,*

Flor. I told you too, sir,

As for as it agreed with modesty,

With honour, and with honesty, I'd yield to
you.

[*love,*

Good my lord, take some other theme; for
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,

²¹ You take her bare denial.] *Sympson* reads *took*.

²² Metaphors from falconry. *Theobald*.

And on the sudden, sir, to run thro' volumes
Of his most mystick art, 'tis most impos-
sible;

Nay, to begin with lust, which is an heresy,
A foul one too; to learn that in my child-
Oh, good my lord!

[hood—
Otr. You will not out of this song?

Your modesty, and honesty? is that all?

I will not force you.

Flor. You're too noble, sir.

Otr. Nor play the childish fool, and marry
I'm yet not so.

[you:
Flor. If you did, men would imagine—

Otr. Nor will I woo you at that minute
It may be you expect.

[price
Flor. I expect your pardon,

And a discharge, my lord; that's all I look for.

Otr. No, nor fall sick for love.

Flor. 'Tis a healthful year, sir.

Otr. Look ye; I'll turn ye out o' doors,
and scorn ye.

Flor. Thank you, my lord.

Otr. A proud slight pent I found ye,

A fool, it may be too—

Flor. An honest woman,

Good my lord, think me.

Otr. And a base I leave you;

So, fare you well!

[Exit.
Flor. Blessing attend your lordship!

This is hot love, that vanisheth like vapours;
His ague's nigh, his burning fits are well
quench'd,

I thank heav'n for't.—His men! They will
not force me?

Enter Gerasto and Servants.

Ger. What dost thou stay for? dost thou
not know the way,
Thou base unprovident whore?

Flor. Good words, pray ye, gentlemen!

1 *Serv.* Has my lord sinou'd ye over,
good-wife miller?

[less?
Is your mill broken, that you stand so use-
2 *Serv.* An impudent quean! upon my life,

she's unwholesome!

[her;
Some base discarded thing my lord has found
He'd not have turn'd her off o' th' sudden else.

Ger. Now against every sack, my honest
sweetheart,

With every Smig and Smug²²—

Flor. I must be patient.

[rasen],
Ger. And every greasy guest, and sweaty
For his royal hire between his fingers, gentle-
woman!

1 *Serv.* I fear th' hast giv'n my lord the
pox, thou damned thing.

2 *Serv.* I've seen her in the stews.

[house.
Ger. The knave her father
Was bawd to her there, and kept a tipping-
You must e'en to't again: A modest function!

Flor. If ye had honesty, ye would not use
me

Thus basely, wretchedly, tho' your lord bid
But he that knows—

[ye];
Ger. Away, thou carted impudence,
You meat for every man! A little meat
Flung in your face, makes ye appear so
proud—

Flor. This is inhuman. Let these tears
persuade you

(If ye be men) to use a poor girl better!
I wrong not you, I'm sure; I call you gentle-
men.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What business is here? Away! Aren't
you gone yet?

[Exit Servants.
Flor. My lord, this is not well, altho' you
hate me,

(For what I know not) to let your people
wrong me,

Wrung me maliciously, and call me—

Otr. Peace,

And mark me what we say, advisedly, [dit!
Mark, as you live that that you call your crea-
Yield now, or you're undone; your good
name's perish'd;

Not all the world can hurt your reputation;
'Tis sunk for ever else: These people's
tongues will poison you;

[you;
Tho' you be white as innocence, they'll taint
They will speak terrible and hideous things;
And people in this age are prone to credit;

They'll let fall nothing that may brand a
woman:

Consider this, and then be wise and tremble!
Yield yet, and yet I'll save you.

Flor. How?

Otr. I'll shew you;

[more
Their mouths I'll seal up, they shall speak no
But what is honourable and honest of you,
And saint-like they shall worship you:

They're mine,
And what I charge them, Florimel—

Flor. I'm ruin'd!

Heav'n will regard me yet, they're barbarous
wretches.

Let me not fall, my lord!

Otr. You shall not, Florimel:

Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I
honour you.

Who waits there? come all in.

Enter Gerasto and Servants.

Ger. Your pleasure, sir?

Otr. Who durst say this sweet beauty is
not heavenly?

This virgin, the most pure, the most untaint-
The holiest thing—

[ed,
Ger. We know it, my dear lord:

²² — *Smig and Smug.*] The copy of 1679 and the octavo read so, but the oldest folio,
'Sim and Smog.' Perhaps the reader might not think the various reading worth a note.

Symptom,

²³ Can buy my reputation.] Corrected by Symptom.

We are her slaves; and that proud impudence
That dares disparage her, this sword, my
lord—

1 *Serv.* They are rascals base, the sons of
common women,

That wrong this virtue, or dare own a thought
But fair and honourable of her: When we
slight her, [gallies—

Hang us, or cut's in pieces; let's tug i'th'
2 *Serv.* Brand us for villains! [sums.

Flor. Why, sure I dream! these are all

Otr. Go, and live all her slaves.

Ger. We're proud to do it. [*Exe. Screens.*

Otr. What think you now? Am not I able,
Yet to preserve you? [Flornel,

Flor. I'm bound to your lordship;

You are all honour! And, good my lord, but
grant me,

Until tomorrow, leave to weigh my fortunes,
I'll give you a free answer, perhaps a pleas-
ing;

Indeed I'll do the best I can to satisfy you.

Otr. Take your good time. This kiss! 'till
then, farewell, sweet! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Martino, and Bustopha.

Mart. BY all means discharge your follower.
Ant. If we can get him off.

Sirrah, Bustopha, thou must needs run back.

Bust. But I must not, unless you send a
Or a hector at my back: I do not use [hier,
To run from my friends.

Ant. Well, go! will serve turn; I have

Bust. What, sir? [forgot—

Ant. See, if I can think on't now!

Bust. I know what 'tis now,

Ant. A pistolet of that!

Bust. Done! You're forgot

A device to send me away. You're giving
A-smocking perhaps?

Mart. His own! due, I faith, Antonio;
The pistolet is his own!

Ant. I romances it:

There 'tis! Now if you could afford out of it
A reasonable excuse to mine uncle—

Bust. Yes, I can;

But an excuse will not serve your turn: It
must be

A lie, a full lie; 'twill do no good else.

If you'll go to the price of that—

Ant. Is a lie

Dracer than an excuse?

Bust. Oh, trouble; this is

The price of an excuse; but a lie is twin mure.

Look, how many foils go to a fair fall,

So many excuses to a full lie; and less

Cannot serve your turn, let any tailor i'th'
town make it.

Mart. Why, 'tis reasonable; give him his
Let it be large enough now! [price:

Bust. I'll warrant you;

Cover him all over.

Ant. I would have proof of one now.

Bust. What, scale³⁴ my invention before-
hand? You shall

Pardon me for that! Well, I'll commend you
to your uncle, [him,

And tell him you'll be at home at supper with
Ant. By no means; I cannot come to-night,

Bust. I know that too: You do not know
When you see it. [a lie

Mart. Remember

It must stretch for all night.

Bust. I shall want stuff:

I doubt 'twill come to th' other pistolet. [sir,

Ant. Well, lay out; you shall be no loser,

Bust. It must be faced, you know; there

will be a yard

Of dissimulation at least, city measure,

And cut upon an outh or two; laid with
tables,

That must needs be, cold weather's coming;
if it had a gullown [together

Of hypocrisy, 'twould do well; and hook'd
With a couple of conceits, that's necessary.

Well, I'll bring in my bill: I'll warrant you!

As fair a lie by that time I have done withal.

As any gentleman i'th' town can swear to,

If he would betray his lord and master.

[*Erit.*

Ant. So, so, this necessary trouble's over.

Mart. I would you had bought an excuse

of him

Before he went; you'll want one for Ismenia.

Ant. Tush, there needs none, there's no

suspicion yet;

And I'll be arm'd before the next encounter,

In a fast tie with my fair Isabel.

Enter Bustopha.

Mart. Yes,

You'll find your errand is before you now.

³⁴ *Scale my invention.*] Symson substitutes *scale* for *scale*; which word we have restored on the following authority, quoted by Steevens in a note on *Corinthus*: 'In the Glossary to *Gavin Douglas's* Translation of *Virgil* the following account of the word is given. *Skul*, *skale*, to scatter, to spread, perhaps from the Fr. *escheveler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, *crines passos* *scu sparsus halaris*. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler*, *eschevel*, *skul*; but of a more general signification.'

Bust. Oh, gentlemen, look to yourselves! ye are

Men of another world else! Your enemies
Are upon you! the old house of the Bellides
Will fall upon your heads. Sigoor Lisauro—
Ant. Lisauro? [gentleman—

Bust. And don what call you him? he's a
Yet he has but a yeoman's name—Dun Tarso,
Tarso, and a dozen at their heels.

Ant. Lisauro, Terzo, nor a dozen more,
Shall fright me from my ground, nor shall my
Let 'em come on in their ablest fury. [path,

Mart. 'Tis worthily resolved; I'll stand by
you, sir.

This way! I am thy true friend.

Bust. I'll be gone, sir, [you.—
That one may live to tell what is become of
Put up, put up! Will you never learn to know
A lie from an Æsop's fables? There's a taste
for you now! [Exit.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Mart. Look, sir! what time of day is it?

Ant. I know not;

My eyes go false, I dare not trust 'em now!
I prithee tell me, Martino, if thou canst,
Is that Ismenia or Isabella?

Mart. This is the lady; forget not Isabella.

Ant. If this face may be borrow'd and
lent out,

It can shift shoulders, and take other tines,
So, 'tis mine where-e'er I find it—

Is. Be sudden:

I cannot hold out long. [Exit Aminta.

Mart. Believe't, she frowns. [on't.

Ant. Let it come, she cannot frown me off
How prettily it woos me to come nearer!
How do you, lady, since yesterday's pains?
Were you not werry? of my faith—

Is. I think you were.

Ant. What, lady?

Is. Weary of your faith; it is a burthen
That men faint under, tho' they bear little of
Mart. So! this is to the purpose. [it.

Ant. You came home

In a fair hour, I hope.

Is. From whence, sir?

Enter Aminta.

Amin. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without
To speak with you. [desires

Ant. They were

Pretty homely toys; but your presence
Made them illustrious.

Is. My cousin speaks to you.

Amin. A gentlewoman, sir; Isabella
She names herself.

Mart. So, so! it hits finely now.

Ant. Name yourself how you please, speak
what you please,
I'll hear you cheerfully.

Is. You are not well;

Request her in, she may have more acquaint-
ance

With his passions, and better cure for 'em.

Amin. She's nice in that, madam: Poor soul,
She's fearful of your displeasure. [it seems

Is. I'll quit her

From that presently, and bring her in myself.
[Exit.

Mart. How carelessly do you behave your-
self,

When you should call all your best faculties

To counsel in you! How will you answer

The breach you made with fair Ismenia?

Have you forgot the retrograde vow you took

With her, that now is come in evidence?

You'll die upon your shame; you need no more

Enemies of the house, but the lady now:

You shall have your dispatch.

Enter Ismenia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that face,

And I am satisfied, upon whose shoulders

Soe'er it grows. Juno, deliver us [de-s,

Out of this amazement! 'Beseech you, god—

Tell us of our friends; how does Ismenia?

And how does Isabella? Both in good health

I hope, as you yourself are.

Is. I'm at furthest [Aside.

In my counterfeits.—My Antonio,

I've matter against you may need pardon,

As I must crave of you.

Ant. Observe you, sir, [think you

What evidence is comt against me! What

The Hydra-headed jury will say to't?

Mart. 'Tis I am fool'd;

My hopes are pour'd into the bottomless tubs.

'Tis labour for the house of Bellides;

I must not seem so yet.—But in sooth, lady,

Did you imagine your changeable face

Had you from me? By this hand, I knew you!

Ant. I went by th' face: And by these eyes
Have been deceiv'd. [I might

Is. You might indeed, Antonio;

For this gentleman did vow to Isabella,

That he it was that lov'd Ismenia,

And not Antonio.

Mart. Good! and was not that

A manifest confession that I knew you?

I else had been unjust unto my friend.

'Twas well remember'd! there I found you

And speak your conscience now. [out;

Ant. But did he so protest?

Is. Yes, I vow to you, had Antonio

Widded Isabella, Ismenia

Had not been lost; there had been her lover.

Ant. Why, much good do you, friend!

take her to you;

I crave but one; here have I my wish full:

I am glad we shall be so near neighbours.

Mart. Take both, sir; Juno to boot, three

parts in one;

St. Hilarie bless you!! Now opportunity

as St. Hilarie bless you.] Here I think Martino's speech should end, and Antonio speak the
remainder.

My friend's faith's turning from him,
plainly appears to be Antonio's upbraidings to Martino. *Secord.*

Beware to meet with falsehood, if thou canst shun it, my friend's faith's turning from him.

Ism. Might I not justly accuse Antonio For a love-wanderer? You know no other But me, for another, and confess troth now?

Ant. Here was my guide; where-e'er I find this face

I am a lover. Marry, I must not miss This freckle then, (I have the number of 'em) Nor this dimple; not a silk from this brow; I carry the full idea ever with me. If nature can so punctually parallel, I may be cozen'd.

Ism. Well, all this is even: But now, to perfect all, our love must now Come to our enemies' hands, where neither Will ever give consent to it. [part

Ant. Most certain: For which reason it must not be put to 'em. Have we not prevention in our own hands? Shall I walk by the tree, desire the fruit, Yet be so nice²⁶ to pull, 'till I ask leave O'h' churchly gardener, that will deny me?

Ism. Oh, Antonio! *Ant.* 'Tis unumers to full to When grace is said.

Ism. That holy net's to come. *Mart.* You may ope an oyster or two before grace. [able

Ant. Are there not double vows, as valuable as well spoke as any I can utter? Heaven has heard all.

Ism. Yes; but stays the blessing, 'Till all dues be done: Heaven's not serv'd by halves:

We shall have ne'er a father's blessing here; Let us not lose the better from above!

Ant. You take up weapons at unequal force; It shews you cowardly. Hark in your ear!

Amin. Have I lost all employment? 'Would this proffer

Had been to me, tho' I had paid it with A reasonable pittance!

Mart. Have I paid [arm All thy fore-lock, Time? I'll stretch a long But I'll catch hold again, (du but look back Over thy shoulder) and have a pull at thee.

Ism. I hear you, sir; nor can I hear too much

While you speak well: You know th' accusation'd place

Of our night-parley; if you can ascend, The window shall receive you; you may find there

A corrupted churchman to bid you welcome. *Ant.* I'd meet no other man.

Ism. Aminta, you hear this, [you: *Amin.* With joy, madam, 'cause it pleases

It may be mine own case another time. Now you go the right way, ask the house out; Put it past father, or friends, to forbid it.

And then you're sure. Sir, your flymen taper

I'll light up for you; the window shall show the way to Sestos. [you

Ant. I will venture drowning.

Mart. The snail holds not; 'tis hanging rather.

You must ascend your castle by a ladder; To the foot I'll bring you.

Ant. Leave me to climb it.

Mart. If I do turn you off?

Ant. 'Till night, farewell! then better.

Ism. Best it should be;

But peevish hatred keeps back that decree. [Exit.

Mart. I never look'd so smooth as now I purpose:

And then, beware! Knave is at worst of knave When he smiles best, and the most seems to save. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Julia.

Julia. My mind's unquiet; while Antonio My nephew's abroad, my heart's not at home; Only my fears stay with me; bad company! But I cannot shut 'em off. This hatred Betwixt the house of Bellides and us Is not fair war; 'tis civil, but uncivil. We are near neighbours; were of love as near, 'Till a cross misconception ('twas no more, In conscience) put us so far asunder: I would 'twere reconciled! it has lasted Too many sun-sets. If grace might moderate,

Man should not lose so many days of peace, To satisfy the anger of one inmate. I could repent it heartily. I sent The knave to attend my Antonio too, Yet he returns no comfort to me neither.

Enter Bustopho.

Bust. No, I must not— *Julia.* Ha! he is come.

Bust. I must not; 'Twill break his heart to hear it.

Julia. How! there's bad tidings: I must observe and hear it; he'll not tell me, For breaking of my heart; it is half split already.

Bust. I have spied him: Now to knock down a don

With a lie, a silly harmless lie! 'twill be Valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.

Julia. I cannot hear him now.

Bust. Oh, the bloody days that we live in! The cruel, malicious, deadly days

That we draw breath in.

Julia. Now I hear too loud.

Bust. The children that never shall be born may rue it;

For men that are slain now, might have liv'd To have got children, that might have cur'd Their fathers.

²⁶ Yet be so nice to pull.] Symson thinks we should read 'Yet be so nice as not to pull.' So nice to pull means to scruple pulling, be so nice about it; and is right.

Julio. Oh, my posterity is ruin'd!
Bust. Oh, sweet Antonio!
Julio. Oh, dear Antonio!
Bust. Yet it was nobly done of both parts:
 When he and Lisnoro met—

Julio. Oh, death has parted 'em!
Bust. Welcome, my mortal foe! says one.
 Welcome, [doublets,
 My deadly enemy! says t'other. Off go their
 They in their shirts, and their swords stark
 naked;

Here lies Antninin, here lies Lisauro;
 He comes upon him with an embrocado,
 That he puts by with a *puncta reversa*; Li-
 sauro!

Recalls us two paces, and some six inches
 Takes his career, and then, oh— [back,

Julio. Oh!
Bust. Runs Antonio
 Quite thro'—

Julio. Oh, villain!
Bust. Quite thro' between the arm
 And the body; so that he had no hurt at that
Julio. Goodness he prais'd! [bout.

Bust. But then, at next encounter,
 He fetches me up Lisauro; Lisauro
 Makes out a lunge at him, which he thinking
 To be a passado, Antonio's foot
 Slipping down, oh, down—

Julio. Oh, now thou art lost!
Bust. Oh, but the quality of the thing;
 both gentlemen,

Both Spanish Christians: Yet one man to
Julio. Say his enemies' blood. [shed—
Bust. His hair, may come

By divers casualties, tho' he never go
 Into the field with his foe; but a man
 To lose nine ounces and two drams of blood
 At one wound, thirteen and a scruple at an-
 other, [surgeon,

And to live 'till he die in cold blood—Yet the
 That eur'd him, said if *pia mater* had not
 Been peris'd, he had been a lives man
 'Till this day.

Julio. There he concludes he is gone.
Bust. But all this is nothing: Now I come
 to the point—

Julio. Ay, the point, that's deadly; the
 ancient blow

Over the huckler ne'er went half so deep.
Bust. Yet pity bids me keep in my charity;
 For me to pull an old man's ears from his head
 With telling of a tale—Oh, foul tale! No;
 be silent, tale.

Furthermore, there is the charge of burial;
 Every one will cry *blacks, blacks*, that had
 But the least finger dipt in his blood, tho' ten
 Degrees remov'd when 'twas done, More-
 over,

The surgeon (that made an end of him) will
 be paid:

Sugar-plums and sweet-breeds! yet, I say,
 The man may recover again, and die in his bed.

Julio. What motley stuff is this? Sirrah,
 speak truth,

VOL. II.

What hath befall'n my dear Antonio?
 Restrain your pity in concealing it!
 Tell me the danger full; take off your care
 Of my receiving it; kill me that way,
 I'll forgive my death! what thou keep'st back
 from truth!

Thou shalt speak in pain; do not look to find
 A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
 Nor so much flesh unbroil'd of all that moun-
 tain, [patch'd!

As a worm might sup on; dispatch, or be dis-
Bust. Alas, sir, I know nothing, but that
 Antonio

Is a man of God's making to this hour;
 'Tis not two since I left him so.

Julio. Where didst thou leave him?
Bust. In the same cloaths he had on when
 he went from you.

Julio. Does he live?
Bust. I saw him drink.

Julio. Is he not wounded? [time;
Bust. He may have a cut i' th' leg by this
 For don Martino and he were at whole slashes.

Julio. Met he not with Lisauro?
Bust. I do not know her.

Julio. Her? Lisauro is a man, as he is.
Bust. I saw

Ne'er a man like him.
Julio. Didst thou not discourse

A fight betwixt Antonio and Lisauro?
Bust. Ay, to myself;

I hope a man may give himself the lie
 if it please him.

Julio. Didst thou lie then?
Bust. As sure as you live now.

Julio. I live
 The happier by it. When will he return?

Bust. That he sent me to tell you; within
 Ten days at furthest, [these

Julio. Ten days? he's not wont
 To be absent two.

Bust. Nor I think he will not; he said he
 would be at home

Tomorrow; but I love to speak within
 My compass, [now.

Julio. You shall speak within mine, sir,
 Within there! Take this fellow into custody!

Enter Servants.

Keep him safe, I charge you!
Bust. Safe? Do you hear? take notice

What plight you find me in; if there want but
 a collar,

Or a steak i' me, look to't!
Julio. If my nephew

Return not in his health tomorrow, thou goest
 To the rack.

Bust. Let me go to th' manger first;
 I had rather eat oats than hay. [Exit.

Enter Bellides with a letter.

Bel. By your leave, sir.
Julio. For aught I know yet, you are wel-
 come, sir. [spectacles

Bel. Read that, and tell me so; or if thy

Be not easy, keep thy nose unsaddled, and open
Thine ears: I can speak thee the contents;
I made 'em.

'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain't:
I scorn to hire my second to deliver't,
I bring't myself. Dost know me, Julin?

Julio. Bellides?

Bel. Yes; is not thy hair on end now?

Julio. Somewhat amaz'd at thy rash hardi-
ness:

How durst thou come so near thine enemy?

Bel. Durst?

I dare come nearer: Thou art a fool, *Julio*.
Julio. Take it home to thee, with a knife
to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy teeth again! and all
that's quit.

Give me not a fool more than I give thee,
Or, if thou dost, look to hear on't again.

Julio. What an encounter's this!

Bel. A nullo one!

My hand is to my words; thou hast it there:
Thrice I do challenge thee, if thou dar'st, be
Good friends with me; or I'll proclaim thee
coward.

Julio. Be friends with thee?

Bel. I'll shew thee reasons for't:

A pair of old cuxcombs, (now we go together)
Such as should stand examples of discretion,
The rules of grammar to unwilling youth
To take out lessons by; we, that should check
And quench the raging fire in others' bloods,
We strike the battle to destruction?

Read'st thou the black art? and make 'em believe
It is divinity? Heathens, are we not?

Speak thy conscience; how hast thou slept
this month,

Since this fiend haunted us?

Julio. Sure some good angel

Was with us both last night! Speak thou
truth now;

Was it not last night's motion?

Bel. Dost not think

I would not lay hold of it at first proffer?

Should I ne'er sleep again?

Julio. Take not all from me;

I'll tell the doctrine of my vision.

Say that Antonio, best of thy blood,

Or any one, the least allied to thee,

Should be the prey unto Lasauro's sword,

Or any of the house of Bellides—

Bel. Mine was the just inversion; on, on!

Julio. How would thine eyes have emptied
thee in sorrow,

And left the conduit of Nature dry!

Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,
And broke the glasses! with thine own curses

Have torn thy soul, left thee a statue

To propague thy next posterity!

Bel. Yes, and thou causer! (so it said to me.)

2 Light of love.] Thenbald is for reading, 'light love.'

3 To ~ is a jewel (some say) inestimable,

But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight.] What the Poets designed to say seems to
be this, viz. 'That the jewel of love being hung at the ear, is unseen by them that aimed at
there.'

They fight but your mischiefs; the young men
were friends,

As is the life and blood congregate,
And curded in one body; but this is yours,
An inheritance that you have gather'd for 'em,
A legacy of blood to kill each other

Throughout your generations. Was't not so?

Julio. Word for word.

Bel. Nay, I can go further yet.

Julio. 'Tis far enough: Let us atone it here,
And in a reconciled circle fold

Our friendship new again.

Bel. The sign's to Gemini; [again,

An auspicious house! 't has join'd both ours
Julio. You can't proclaim me coward now,
don Bellides.

Bel. No; thou'rt a valiant fellow; so am I:
I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the last leg

I have to stand on, or breath or life left.

Julio. This is the salt unto humanity,
And keeps it sweet.

Bel. Love! oh, life stinks without it.—

I can tell you news.

Julio. Good has long been wanting.

Bel. I do suspect, and I have some proof
(So far as a love-epistle comes to) [on't,

That Antonio (your nephew) and my daughter
Ismenia are very good friends before us.

Julio. That were a double wall about our
Which I could wish were builded. [houses,

Bel. I had it from

Antonio's intimate, don Martino:

And yet, methought, it was no friendly part
To shew it me.

Julio. Perhaps 'twas his consent:

Lovers have policies as well as statesmen;
They look not always at the mark they aim at.

Bel. We'll take up cudgels, and have our
bout with 'em.

They shall know nothing of this union;
And, till they find themselves most desperate,

Succour shall never see 'em.

Julio. I'll take your part, sir.

Bel. It grows late; there's a happy day
past us.

Julio. The example I hope to all behind it.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter *Aminia* above, with a taper.

Aminia. Stand fair, light of Love²! which
epithet and place

Adds to thee honour, to me 'twould be shame.
We must be weight in love, no grin too light;

Thou art the inward-mark; but if Love be blind,
(As many that can see have so reported)

What benefit canst thou be to his darkness?

Love is a jewel (some say) inestimable³,

But hung at the ear, deprives our own sight,

And so it shines to others, not ourselves.
 I speak my skill; I have only heard on't,
 But I could wish a nearer document.
 Alas, the ignorant desire to know!
 Some say, Love's but a toy, and with a but—
 Now, methinks, I should love it ne'er the
 worse; [with:]
 A toy is harmless sure, and may be play'd
 It seldom goes without his adjunct, *pretty*,
 'A pretty toy,' we say; 'tis metre to joy too.
 Well, here may be a mad night yet, for all this!
 Here's a priest ready, and a lady ready;
 A chamber ready, and a bed ready; [done.]
 'Tis then but musing unready, and that's soon
 My lady is my cousin; I myself;
 Which is nearest then? My desires are mine;
 Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
 It may be ventur'd in a wurer cause.
 I must go question with my conscience:
 I have the word; centinel, do thou stand;
 Thou shalt not need to call, I'll be at hand.
 [Exit.]

Enter Antonio and Martino.

Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, think'st thou, friend?

Mart. I heard not one bark, sir.

Ant. There are that hire [fellows
 And bark not, man; methought I spied two
 That turn'd two streets together walk'd aloof,
 And wore their eyes suspiciously upon us.

Mart. Your jealousy, nothing else; or
 such perhaps
 As are afraid as much of us; who knows
 But about the like business? but, for your
 fear's sake.

I'll advise not a treit one courtesy.

Ant. What is that, friend?

Mart. I will not be denied, sir;

Change your upper garments with me.

Ant. It needs not.

Mart. I think so too; but I will have it so,
 If you dare trust me with the better, sir.

Ant. Nay then—

Mart. If there should be danger towards,
 There will be the main mark, I'm sure.

Ant. Here thou tak'st from me—

Mart. Tush! the general
 Must be safe, howe'er the battle goes.
 See you the beacon yonder?

Ant. Yes; we're near shore.

Enter two Gentlemen, with weapons drawn;
they set upon Martino; Antonio pursues
them out in rescue of Martino.

Mart. Come, land, land! you must clam-
 ber by the cliff;

Here are no stairs to rise by.

Ant. Ay! are you there?

[Fight, and *Exeunt*.]

Enter Aminta above, and Martino returned
again ascends.

Amia. Antonio?

Mart. Yes. Iscenia?

Amia. Thine own.

Mart. Quench the light; thine eyes are
 guides illustrious.

Amia. 'Tis necessary. [Exit.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Your legs have sav'd your lives,
 whoe'er ye are.

Friend! Martin! where art thou? not hurt,
 I hope!

Sure I was farthest i'th' pursuit of 'em.

My pleasures are forgotten thro' my fears!

The light's extinct! it was discreetly done;

They cou'd not but have notice of the broil,

And fearing that might call up company,

Have carefully prevented, and clos'd up:

I do commend the deed. Oh, but my friend,

I fear he's hurt! Friend! friend! It cannot be

So mortal, that I should lose thee quite, friend!

A groan! any thing that may discover thee!

Thou art not sunk so far, but I might hear

thee.

I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canst fall:

Friend! don't Martin! I must answer for thee,

(Twins in my cause thou fell'st) if thou be'st

down.

Such dangers stand betwixt us and our joys,

That, should we forethink ere we undertake,

We'd sit at home, and save.—What a night's

here!

Purpos'd for so much joy, and now dispos'd

To so much wretchedness! I shall not rest in't!

If I had all my pleasures there within,

I should not entertain 'em with a smile.

Good-night to you! Mine will be black and

sad;

A friend cannot, a woman may be bad.
 [Exit.]

there; but as this is not possible to be made of the words as they stand, I imagine the line
 might originally run thus,

'Love is a jewel—'

'But hung at th' ear is depriv'd our own sight.' *Symson.*

We think the Poet designed to compare love to a jewel, whose lustre is seen by the rest
 of the world, and not by the wearer. The mode of phrase in the text is peculiar, but we
 believe genuine; and what editor has a right to alter it?

Ant. Your legs have sav'd, &c.] The error of giving this speech to Martino corrected
 by Symson.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Ismenia and Aminta.

Ism. Oh, thou false—
Amia. On your daring'st! he's mine
 Soul and body mine, church and chamber
 Totally mine.
Ism. Darest thou face thy falsehood?
Amia. Shall I not give a welcome to my
 wishes,
 Come home so sweetly? Farewell, your com-
 Till you be calmer, woman!
Ism. Oh, what a heap
 Of misery has one night brought with it!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Where is he? Do you turn your shame
 from me?
 You're a blind adulteress! you know you are.
Ism. How's that, Antonio?
Ant. Till I have vengeance,
 Your sin's not pardonable! I will have him,
 If hell hide him not! you've had your last of
 him.
Ism. What did he speak? I understood
 him not!
 He call'd me a foul name; it was not mine;
 He took me for another's sure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Ha! are you there?
 Where is your sweetheart? I have found you,
 To my house! wilt league with mine enemy?
 You'll shed his blood, you'll say: Ha! will
 you so?
 And fight with your heels upwards? No, mi-
 I have a husband for you, (since you're so
 rank)
 And such a husband as thou shalt like him,
 Whether thou wilt or no: Antonio?
Ism. It thunders with the storm now.
Bel. And to-night
 I'll have it dispatch'd; I'll make it sure, I!
 By tomorrow this time thy maidenhead
 Shall not be worth a chicken*, if it were
 Knock'd at an out-cry. Go! I'll ha' you
 before me:
 Shough, shough! up to your coop, pea-hen!
Ism. Then I'll try my wings.
Bel. Ay? are you good at that? stop, stop
 thief! stop there!

SCENE II.

Enter Otrante, and Florimel singing.

Flor. Now having leisure, and a happy wind,
 Thou mayst at pleasure cause the
 stones to grind;
 Sails spread, and grist here ready to
 be ground;
 Fy, stand not idly, but let the mill go
 round!

Otr. Why dost thou sing and dance thus?
 why so merry?

Why dost thou look so wantonly upon me?
 And kiss my hands?

Flor. If I were high enough,
 I'd kiss your lips too.

Otr. Do! this is some kindness; [still.
 This tastes of willingness; nay, you may kiss
 But why o' th' sudden now does the fit take
 you,

Unoffer'd, or uncompell'd? why these sweet
 E'en now you would have blush'd to death
 to kiss thus:
 'Prithee, let me be prepar'd to meet thy kind-
 I shall be unfurnish'd else to bold thee play,
 wench:

Stay now a little, and delay your blessings!
 If this be love, methinks it is too violent:
 If you repent you of your strictness to me,
 It is so sudden, it wants circumstance.

Flor. Fy, how dull!

How long shall I pine for love?

How long shall I sue in vain?

How long, like the turtle-dove,
 Shall I heavily thus complain?

Shall the sails of my love stand still?

Shall the grist of my hopes be un-
 ground?

Oh fy, oh fy, oh fy!

Let the mill, let the mill go round!

Otr. 'Prithee be calm a little! [strange,
 Thou mak'st me wonder; thou that wert so
 And read such pious rules to my behaviour
 But yesternight; thou that wert made of
 modesty,

Shouldst in a few short minutes turn thus
Flor. You are too cold.

Otr. I do confess I freeze now!

I am another thing, all over me.

It is my part to woo, not to be courted:

* *Shall not be worth a chicken.* In this place the unknown gentleman reads thus,
 "— worth a chequin,"

and adds that Sir Isaac Newton in his tables of gold and silver coins says, *segrin, chequin*,
 or *zuckern*, is a gold Venetian coin, worth nine and sixpence. It may be so; but yet my
 friend will, I hope, pardon me if I have not altered the line according to his direction; for I
 am not sure that there is not a double entendre couched under this word, which will be lost
 by his proposed correction of the text. *Symptom.*

We apprehend the old man's meaning is, 'Thy maidenhead shall not be worth a chicken,
 which (on a great demand for viands) has been killed without fattening.'

Unfold this riddle; 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o' th' instant, ere I can expect,
Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A separation of your honest carriage
From the desires of youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation—

Flor. I will tell you,
And tell you seriously, why I appear thus,
To hold you no more ignorant and blinded:
I have no modesty; I'm truly wanton;
I'm that you look for, sir: Now, come up
roughly! [ness]

If my strict face and counterfeited stayed-
Could have won on you, I had caught you
that way,

And you should ne'er have come t' have
known who hurt you. [me!]

'Prithee, sweet count, be more familiar with
However we are open in our natures,
And apt to more desires than you dare meet
with,

Yet we affect to lay the gloss of good on't.
I saw you touch'd not at the bait of Clinstity,
And that it grew distasteful to your palate
To appear so holy; therefore I take my true
shape: [me.]

Is your bed ready, sir? you shall quickly find

On the bed I'll throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid,
Shall we be afraid

To try the rights that belong to love?

No, no; there I'll woe thee with a crown,
Crown our desires;

Kindle the fires, [prove,

When love requir's we should wanton
We'll kiss, we'll sport, we'll laugh, we'll
play;

If thou can'st short, for thee I'll stay;

If thou unskillful art, on the ground

I'll kindly teach;—we'll have the mill go
round.

Otr. Are you no maid?

Flor. Alas, my lord, no, certain;

I'm sorry you're so innocent to think so.

Is this an age for silly maids to thrive in?

It is so long too since I lost it, sir,

That I have no belief I ever was one:

What should you do with maids' heads? you

hate 'em;

They're peevish, pettish things, that hold no

game up,

No pleasure neither; they are spurt for sur-
geons;

I'll warrant you I'd fit you beyond maiden-
A fair and easy way men travel right in,

And with delight, discourse, and twenty plea-
sures,

They enjoy their journey; and men creep
thro' hedges. [peer,

Otr. I'm metamorphos'd! Why do you ap-
pear, beyond belief thus wanton?

Flor. Because I would give you pleasure
beyond belief.

Think me still in my father's mill,

Where I have oft been found-a

Thrown on my back,

On a well-hill'd sack,

While the mill has still gone round-a:

'Prithee, sirrah, try thy skill;

And again let the mill go round-a!

Otr. Then you have traded?

Flor. Traded? how should I know else

how to live, sir,

And how to satisfy such lords as you are,

Our best guests and our richest?

Otr. How I shall now!

You take no base men?

Flor. Any that will offer;

All manner of men, and all religions, sir,

We touch at in our time; all states and ages,

We exempt none.

The young one, the old one,

The fearful, the bold one,

The lame one, to' ne'er so unsound,

The Jew or the Turk,

Have leave fur to work,

The whilst that he mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then?

Flor. No matter, since you have your pri-
vate pleasure,

And have it by an art excellent:

Whether I am thus, or thus, your men

can tell you. [together,

Otr. My men? defend me! how I freeze

And am on ice! Do I ate at such an orange?

After my men? I am refer'd!

Flor. Why stay you?

Why do we talk, my lord, and lose our time?

Pleasure was made for lips, and sweet en-
bracees;

Let lawyers use their tongues!—Parlon me,

Modesty! [serable.

This desperate way must help; or I am ini-

Otr. She turns, she wipes her face; she

wrecks for certain [bestly;

Some new way now she cannot be thus

She is too excellent not to be thus impudent:

She knows the element of common looseness,

The art of lewdness! That, that, that—

How now, sir?

⁴ *The art of lewdness.* However Florimel's language shows that she had heard of the elements at least of looseness, yet I think Otrante should say, that he did not believe she knew the practical part of it, and so I would read:

'Not th' art of lewdness—'

Or rather thus,

'Not th' art of lewdness.' *Art and act* being often confounded

both in Shakspeare and our Authors. *Seward.*

The rest of the speech seems to confirm the old reading.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The king, an't please your lordship,
Close at the gate. [is alighted]

Otr. The king?

Serv. And calls for you, sir;

Means to breakfast here too.

Flor. Then I'm happy!

Otr. Stolen so suddenly? Go, lock her up;
Lock her up where the courtiers may not see

her;
Lock her up closely, sirrah, in my closet.

Serv. I will, my lord. What, does she yield
Otr. Peace! [yet?]

She's either a damn'd devil, or an angel.
No noise, upon your life, dame, but all si-
lence! [*Exit Flor. and Serv.*]

Enter King, Lords, Vetigo, Lisauro, and Terzo.

Otr. Your majesty leaps too much ho-
nour on me,

With such delight to view each several corner
Of a rude pile; there's to proportion in't, sir.

Phil. Methinks 'tis handsome, and the
rooms along

Are neat, and well contriv'd; the gallery
Stands pleasantly undawet. What rooms
are these?

Otr. They're stutish ones.

Phil. Nay, I must see.

Otr. Pray you do, sir; [din.]
They're lolling-chimneys o'er a homely gar-

Phil. Fit still, and handsome; very well!
and these?

Otr. Those lead o' th' other side o' th'
house, an't like you.

Phil. Let me see these.

Otr. You may; the doors are open.—

What should this view mean? I am half sus-
Phil. This little room? [pious.]

Otr. 'Tis mean; no place for trash, sir,
For rubbish of the house.

Phil. I would see his too.
I will see all.

Otr. I beseech yur majesty! [ance—]
The savour of it, and the course appear—

Phil. 'Tis not so bad; you'd not offend
your house with:—

Come, let me see.

Otr. Faith, sir—

Phil. I faith, I will see.

Otr. My groom has the key, sir; and 'tis
ten to one— [lords!]

Phil. But I will see it. Force the lock, my
There be smiths enough to mend it: I perceive
You keep some rarethings here, you would
not shew, sir.

Florina discovered.

Terzo. Here's a fir maid indeed!

Phil. By my faiths she;

A handsome girl!—Come forward! do oot
fear, wench.

Ay, marry, here's a creature worth conceal-
Cal in the miller. [ing.]

Otr. Then I am discover'd!—

I'll confess all before the miller comes, sir;
'Twas but intention; from all act I'm clear
yet.

Enter Franio.

Phil. Is this your daughter?

Fra. Yea, an't please your highness,
This is the shape of her; for her substance,
sir, [alde,
Whether she be now honourable or dishonour-
Whether she be a white rose, or a crenel, is
the question.

I thank my lord, he made bold with my filly;
If she be for your pace, you had best pre-
serve her, sir; [handsomely!]

She's tender-mouth'd; let her be broken
Phil. Mad, were you stol'n?

Flor. I went not willingly, [boldly].
An't please your Grace; I was ne'er bred so

Phil. How has he us'd you?

Flor. Yet, sir, very nobly.

Phil. Be sure you tell truth. And be sure,
my lord,
You have not wrong'd her; if you have, I
tell you,

You've lost me, and yourself too! Speak
again, wench. [a mad]

Flor. He has not wrong'd me, sir; I'm yet
By all that's white and innocent, I am, sir!

Only I suffer'd under strong temptations,
The heat of youth; but Heaven deliver'd
me.—

My lord, I am no whore, for all I feign'd it,
And feign'd it cunningly, and made you loath
me; [wise]

'Twas time to out-do you; I had been robb'd
I had been miserable; but I forgive you.

Phil. What recompense for this?

Otr. A great one, sir;
First a repentance, and a hearty one.

I forgive me, sweet!

Flor. I do, my lord.

Otr. I thank you! [Florinel!]

The next, take this, and these; all I have,
Fra. No, good my lord, these often cor-
rupt maidens;

I dare not touch at these, they're lime for vir-
But if you'll give me— [gins]

Otr. Any thing in my power,
Or in my purchase.

Flor. Take heed, noble sir!

You'll make me a bold asker.

Otr. Ask me freely. [you;]

Flor. Ask you? I do ask you, and I deserve
I've kept you from a crying sin would dama-
you [dit]

To men and time; I have preserv'd your cre-
That would have died to all posterity;
Curses of maids shall never now afflict you,
Nor parents' bitter tears make your name
barren.

If he deserves well that redeems his country,
And as a patriot be remember'd nobly,
Nay, set the highest; may oot I be worthy

To be your friend, that have preserv'd your honour?

Otr. You are, and thus I take you; thus I seal you

Mine own, and only mine.

Phil. Count, she deserves you:

And let it be my happiness to give you!

[*Gives her to Otrante.*

I've giv'n a virtuous maid now, I dare say it; 'Tis more than blood. I'll pay her portion,

And it shall be worthy you. [sir;

Fra. I'll sell my mill,

I'll pay some too! I'll pay the fidlers,

And we'll have all i' th' country at this wedding. [her,

'Pray let me give her too: Here, my lord, take

Take her with all my heart, and kiss her freely.

'Would I could give you all this hand has stul'n too, [whiter.

In portion with her! 'twould make her a little

The wind blows fair now; get me a young miller!

Vert. She must have new cloaths.

Tirzo. Yes.

Vert. Yes, marry must she.

If't please ye, madam, let me see the state of your body;

I'll fit you instantly.

Phil. Art not thou gone yet?

Vert. An't please your Grace, a gown, a handsome gown now,

An orient gown—

Phil. Nay, take thy pleasure of her.

Vert. Of cloth of tissue—I can fit you, madam: [body!

(My lords, stand out o' th' light!) a curious The nestest body in Spain this day—with

embroider'd flowers,

A cliquant petticoat of some rich stuff,

To catch the eye: I have a thousand fashions.

Oh, sleeve, oh, sleeve! I'll study all night,

To magnify your sleeve. [madam,

Otr. Do, superstitious tailor,

When you've more time.

Flor. Make me no more than woman, and I'm thine. [help,

Otr. Sir, happily my wardrobe, with your May fit her instantly; will you try her?

Vert. If I fit her not, your wardrobe cannot:

But if the fashion be not there, you may her.

Enter Antonio, Constable, and Officers.

Ant. Is my offence so great, ere I be con- To be torn with rascals? If it be law, [vict,

Let 'em be wild horses rather than these.

Phil. What's that?

Con. This is a man suspected of murder, if it please your Grace.

Phil. It pleases me not, friend; but who suspects him?

Con. We that are your highness' extraordinary officers, [in peace.

We that have taken our oaths to maintain you

Phil. 'Twill be a great charge to you.

Con. 'Tis a great charge indeed;

But then we call our neighbours to help us, This gentleman

And another were fallen out (yet that's more Than I am able to say, for I heard no words Between 'em, but what their weapons spoke, clash, and elatter) [verment,

Which we seeing, came with our bills of go- And first knock'd down their weapons, and then the men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the peace?

Con. Yes, na't like your Grace,

We knock'd 'em down, to keep the peace:

This we laid hold on, [do

The other we set in the stocks That I could By mine own power, without your majesty.

Enter Aminta.

Phil. How so, sir?

Con. I am a shoemaker by my trade.

Amint. Oh, my husband!

Why stands my husband as a man endanger'd?

Restore him me, as you are merciful!

I'll answer for him.

Ant. What woman is this?

What husband? Hold thy bawling! I know thee for no wife.

Amint. You married me last night.

Ant. Thou liest! I neither was

In church nor house last night, nor saw I thee, A thing that was my friend, I scorn to name now,

Was with Ismenia, like a thief, and there He violated a sacred trust: This thou mayst know, Aminta.

Amint. Are not you he?

Ant. No, nor a friend of his:

'Would I had killed him! I hope I have.

Amint. That was my husband, royal sir, that man,

That excellent man!

Enter Bellides.

Ant. That villain, that thief! [taken!

Bel. Have I caught you, sir? Well over- This is mine enemy. Pardon, my sovereign!

Phil. Good charity, to crave pardon for your enemy! [rudeness.

Bel. Mine own pardon, sir, for my joy's In what place better could I meet my foe, And both of us so well provided too? [him,

He with some black blood-thirsty crime upon That (ere the horse-leech burst) will sack him I with a second accusation, [dry;

Enough to break his neck, if need should be; And then to have e'en Justice' seif to right us!!

* Justice self to right us] Is from the most ancient edition: the octavo has it,

* Justice it self; &c.

The reading in the text completes the measure here, and I wish I could have done the same by

How should I make my joys a little civil,
They might not keep this noise?

Ant. Here is some hope:

Should th' axe be dull, the halter is preparing.

Phil. What is your accusation, sir? We've heard the former.

Enter Julio.

Bel. Mine, my lord? A strong one.

Julio. A false one, sir,
At least malicious; an evidence
Of hatred and despite: He would accuse
My poor kinsman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking saw, the stealing of his daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak, Antonio, didst thou ever see her?

Ant. Yes, sir; I have seen her.

Bel. Ah, ha, friend Julio!

Julio. He might; but how? With an un-
heedful eye,

An accidental view, as men see multitudes,
That the next day dare not precisely say
They saw that face, or that, amongst 'em all.
Didst thou so look on her?

Bel. Guilty, guilty!

His looks hang themselves.

Phil. Your patience, gentlemen!

I pray you tell me if I be in error;
I may speak often when I should but hear:
'This is some show you would present us with,
And I do interrupt it. 'Pray you speak,
(It seems no more) is't any thing but a show?

Bel. My lord, this gentlewoman can shew
you all,

So could my daughter too, if she were here:
By this time they are both immodest enough.
She is fled me, and I accuse this thief for't.
Don Martino his own friend, is my testimony;
A practis'd night-work!

Phil. That Martino's the other
In your custody; he was forgotten:
Fetch him hither.

Con. We'll bring the stocks and all else,
An't please your Grace!

Enter Bustopha and Ismenia.

Amin. That man's my husband certain,
Instead of this: Both would have deceiv'd,
and both

Beguil'd⁴¹.

Bust. Soho, miller, miller! look out, miller!
Is there ne'er a miller amongst you here, gen-
tlemen?

Terno. Yes, sir, here is a miller amongst
gentlemen,

A gentleman miller.

Bust. I should not be far off then;

There went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin
between us.

Will you to work, miller? here is a maid
Has a sack full of news for you: Shall your
stones walk?

Will you grind, miller?

Phil. This your son, Franio?

Fra. My ungracious, my disobedient,
My unnatural, my rebel son, my lord.

Bust. Ey! your hopper runs over, miller.

Fra. This villain
(Of my own flesh and blood) was necessary
To the stealing of my daughter.

Bust. Oh mountain,

Shalt thou call a molehill a scab upon the face
of the earth?

Tho' a man be a thief, shall
A miller call him so? Oh, egregious!

Julio. Remember, sirrah, who you speak
before. [grain]

Bust. I speak before a miller, a thief in
For he steals corn: He that steals a wench,
Is a true man to him.

Phil. Can you prove that? [ing.]
You may help another cause that was in pleas-

Bust. I'll prove it strongly. He that steals
• corn, steals [steals]

The bread of the commonwealth; he that
A wench, steals but the flesh. [flesh?]

Phil. And how [steals]
Is the bread-stealing more criminal than the

Bust. He that steals bread, steals that
which is

Lawful every day; he that steals flesh, steals
nothing from the fasting day:

Ergo, to steal the bread is the arranter theft.
Phil. This is to some purpose.

Bust. Again, he

That steals flesh steals for his own belly full;
He that steals bread, robs the guts of others:

Ergo, the arranter thief the bread-stealer.
Again, he that steals flesh, steals once, and

gives over;

Yes, and often pays for it; the other
Steals every day, without satisfaction.

To conclude, bread-stealing is the more ca-
pital erme;

For what he steals, he puts it in at the head;
He that steals flesh (as the Dutch author says)

by the assistance of all the copies through the rest of the play; for great part of it is so far
from being verse, that it has no pretence to any such thing, and indeed in a multitude of
places is neither better nor worse than *prose run mad*. *Synpson.*

This justice to the measure has been attempted in this edition.

⁴¹ Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.] What, deceiv'd and beguil'd too? Aminta
purposed no such tautology, but only that she and Martino were two designing cheats, and
had been as well fitted for their purposed knavery. But as the old reading does not, any
cannot, make out this sense, I suspect we should write thus,

'Both (i. e. of us) would have deceiv'd, and both are beguil'd.' *Synpson.*

The old reading bears the same sense.

Puts it in at the foot (the lower member).

Will you go as you are now, miller?

Phil. How has this satisfied you, don Bel-
lides? [ous!

Bel. Nothing, my lord; my cause is seri-
ous! I claim a daughter from that loving thief
there.

Ant. I would I had her for you, sir!

Bel. Ha, ha, Julio!

Julio. How said you, Antonio! Wish you;
you had his daughter? [body

Ant. With my soul I wish her; and my
shall perish, but I will enjoy my soul's wish.
I would have slain my friend for his deceit,
But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.

Julio. Will you vex my soul forth? no
other choice [girl!

But where my hate is rooted? Come hither,
Whose pretty mind art thou?

Is. The child of a poor man, sir.

Julio. The better for it. With my sove-
reign's leave,

I will wed thee to this man, will he, nill he.

Phil. Pardon me, sir, I'll be no love-
enforcer;

I use no power of mine unto those ends.

Julio. Wilt thou have him?

Is. Not unless he love me. [henatics!

Ant. I do love thee: Farewell, all other
I settle here. You are Ismenia.

[Aside to Ismenia.

Is. The same I was; better, nor worse,
Antonio.

Ant. I shall have your consent here, I am
sure, sir.

Bel. With all my heart, sir; nay, if you
accept it,

I'll do this kindness to mine enemy,

And give her as a father.

Ant. She'll thank you as a daughter;

Will you not, Ismenia?

Bel. How! Ismenia?

Is. Your daughter, sir.

Bel. Is it possible?—

Away, you feeble-witted things! You thought
You'd caught the old ones! You wade, you
wade [here!

In shallow fords; we can swim, we: Look
We made the match; we are all friends, good
friends: [fool.

Thin, thin! Why, the fool knew all this, this
Bust. Keep that to yourself, sir; what I
knew I knew:

This sack is a witness. Miller, this is not for
your thumbing. [day

Here's gold lace; you may see her in her holi-
cloth if you will; I was her wardrobe-man.

Enter Martino, Aminto, Constable and Officers.

Ant. You beguill'd me well, sir.

Mart. Did you speak to me, sir?

Ant. It might seem to you, Martino;
Your conscience has quick ears.

Mart. My sight was

Vol. II.

A little dim i' th' dark indeed; so was
My feeling cozen'd; yet I am content:

I am the better understander now;

I know my wife wants nothing of a woman!

There you're my junior.

Ant. You're not hurt?

Mart. Not shrewdly hurt; [flesh.

I have good flesh to heal, you see, good round
These cherries will be worth chopping, crack
stones and all;

I should not give much to boot to ride

In your new, and you in my old ones now.

Ant. You mistake the weapon: Are you
not hurt?

Mart. A little scratch; but I shall claw't
off well enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gil. I can no longer own what is not mine,
With a free conscience. My liege, your
pardon.

Phil. For what?—Who knows this woman?

Fra. I best, my lord; I've been acquainted
with her

Twice forty summers, and as many winters,
Were it spring again: She's like the gout; I
can get

No cure for her.

Phil. Oh, your wife, Franio? [painful

Fra. 'Tis 'oh, my wife' indeed, my lord; a
Stitch to my side; 'would it were pick'd out!

Phil. Well, sir,

Your silence!

Bust. Will you be

Older and sadder every day than other?

The longer you live the older still? Must
his majesty [tongue?

Command your silence, ere you'll hold your
Phil. Your reprehension runs into the same

'Pray, sir, will you be silent? [fault:

Bust. I have told him

Of this before now, my liege; but age

Will have his course, and his weaknesses—

Phil. Good sir,

Your forbearance.

Bust. And his frailties, and his follies,

As I may say, that cannot hold his tongue

Ere he be bidden—

Phil. Why, sirrah!

Bust. But I believe [him:

Your majesty will not be long troubled with
I hope that woman has something to confes-
Will hang them both.

Phil. Sirrah, you'll pull your destiny upon
If you cease not, the sooner. [you,

Bust. Nay, I have done, my liege; yet
It grieves me that I should call that man fa-
ther,

That should be so shameless, that being con-
To hold his tongue— [manded

Phil. To th' porter's lodge with him.

Bust. I think your Grace! I have a friend
there.

Phil. Speak, woman!

If any interruption meet thee more, it shall
Be punish'd sharply.

Gil. Good my liege, (I dare not)

Ask you the question why that old man weeps.

Phil. Who? count Julio? I observ'd it not.
You hear the question, sir; will you give the
cause?

Julio. Oh, my lurd, it hardly will get pas-
(It is a sorrow of that greatness grown)
'Less it dissolve in tears, and come hy parcels.

Gil. I'll help you, sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy: You lost a daugh-
ter

Julio. 'Twas that recounted thought brought
forth these sorrows.

Gil. She's found again. Knew you this
maule, sir?

Julio. Ha?

Gil. Nay, leave your wonder; I'll explain
it to you.

This did enwrap your child, whom ever since
I have call'd mine, when nurse Amaranta,
In a remove from Mura to Corduba,
Was seiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear;
She was the ravin's prey, as I leav'n so would!
He with his booty fill'd, forsook the babe:
All this was in my sight; and so long I saw,
Until the cruel creature left my sight;
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To rescue the sweet lamb: I did it, sir;
And ever since I have kept back your joy,
And made it mine. But age hath wearied me,
And bids me back restore unto the owner
What I unjustly kept these fourteen years.

Julio. Oh, thou hast ta'en so many years
from me, [me.
And made me young as was her birth-day to
Oh, good my liege, give my joys a pardon!
I must go pour a blessing on my child,
Which here would be too rude and trouble-
some. [Exit.

Phil. Franio, you knew this before?

Bust. Oh, oh! Item for you, miller!

Fra. I did, my liege; I must confess I did;
And I confess, I ne'er would have confess'd,
Had not that woman's tongue begun to me.
We poor ones love, and would have com-
forts, sir, [sir;
As well as great. This is no strange fault,
There's many men keep other men's children,
As tho' they were their own.

Bust. It may stretch

Further yet; I beseech you, my liege, let
This woman be a little further examin'd;
Let the wards of her conscience be search'd⁴⁴;
I would know how she came by me; I am
A lost child, if I be theirs: Though I have
Been brought up in a mill, yet I had ever
A mind, methought, to be a greater man.

Phil. She will resolve you sure.

Gil. Ay, ay,

Boy; thou art mine own flesh and blood, born
Of mine own body.

Bust. 'Tis very unlikely

That such a body should bear me! There's no
Trust in these millers. Woman, tell the truth!
My father shall forgive thee, whatsoever
He was, were he knight, squire, or captain;
He should not be. [less

Gil. Thou art mine own child, boy.

Bust. And was the miller my father?

Gil. Wouldst thou make

Thy mother a whore, knave?

Bust. Ay, if she make me

A bastard. The rack must make her con-
fess, my lurd;
I shall never come to know who I am else.
I have a worshipful mind in me sure; me-
I do scorn poor folks. [thinks

Enter Otranto, Florinel, Julio, &c.

Phil. Here comes the brightest glory of
the day;

Love yok'd with love, the best equality,
Without the level of estate or person⁴⁵.

Julio. You both shall be rewarded boun-
tifully;

We'll be n-kin too; brother and sister
Shall be clung'd with us ever. [cousin

Bust. Thank you, uncle! My sister is my
Yet at the last cast: Farewell, sister-foster!
If I had known the civil law would have
Allowed it, thou hadst had another manner
Of husband than thou hast; but much good
do thee! [so—

I'll dance at thy wedding, kiss the bride, and
Julio. Why, how now, sirrah? [ter.

Bust. 'Tis lawful now, she's none of my sis-
It was a miller and a lord

That had a scabbard and a sword,

He put it up in the country word,

The miller and his daughter.

⁴⁴ Let the words of her conscience be search'd.] Symphon reads *wounds* for *words*. We think *wards* is as much more congruous to the sense, as it is nearer the trace of the letters.

⁴⁵ Level of estate or person.] In the business of match-making, generally the chief consideration turns not on the quality of the persons, but the quantity of their means. If so, then possibly the Poets made the king express himself thus:

'Without the level of estate, or portion.'

So in this very play, act ii. scene 2, Martino says to Antonio,

'You not consider, sir,

'The great disparity is in their bloods,

'Estates, and fortunes.'

Unless the reader will say that *person* above may mean the quality of blood. On that supposition indeed the line may stand without any alteration. Symphon.

As it undoubtedly should do, spite of hypercriticism.

She has a face, and she can sing,
 She has a grace, and she can spring,
 She has a place with another thing,
 Tradoodle.

Fra. A knavish brother of yours, my lord.

Bast. 'Would I

Were acquainted with your tailor, noble brother!

Otr. You may; there he is! mine, newly entertained.

Fert. If you have any work for me, I can fit you, sir;

I fitted the lady.

Bast. My sister, tailor?

What fits her will hardly fit me.

Fert. Who fits her

May fit you, sir; the tailor can do both.

Bast. You have a true yard, tailor?

Fert. Ne'er a whit too long, I warraot you.

Bast. Then, tailor, march with me away!
 I scorn these robes, I must be gay;
 My noble brother he shall pay
 Tum Tailor. [*Exeunt.*]

Phil. Your recover'd friendships are sound,
 gentlemen?

Bel. At heart, at heart, my lord: The worm shall not

Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.

Phil. These lovers' unities I will not doubt of.

How happy have you made our progress then,
 To be the witness of such fair accords!

Come, now we'll eat with you, my lord
Otrante:

'Tis a charge sav'd; you must not grudge
 your guest;

'Tis both my welcome, and your wedding-feast.
 [*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA;

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this play (which was first printed in the *Globe* of 1637) to Fletcher alone. It hath not been acted within the memory of any person now living, nor do we know of any alteration of it.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VALETTA, *the Grand-master of Malta.*
 MIRANDA, *an Italian Gentleman, the Knight of Malta.*
 ASTORIUS, } *two Knights of the Order.*
 CASTRIOT, }
 MOUNTFERRAT, *a Knight of the Order, but a Villain.*
 GOMERA, *a deserving Spanish Gentleman.*
 NORANDINE, *a valiant merry Dane, Commander-in-chief of the Gallies of Malta.*
 COLONNA, *alias ANGELO, a Captive redeemed from the Gallies, and beloved of Miranda.*
 ROCCA, *Servant and Instrument to Mount-Two Bishops.* [*ferret*]
 Soldiers.

Corporal.
 Prisoners.
 Two Marshals.
 Doctor.
 One of the Esguard.
 Servants.

ORIANA, *Sister to Valetta, and Wife of Gomera.*
 VELLEDA, *Attendant on Oriana.*
 ZANTIHA, *alias ABDELLA, a Moor, Servant to Oriana.*
 LUCINDA, *a beautiful Turkish Woman, contracted to Angelo, Prisoner to Miranda.*
 Two Gentlemen.

SCENE, *Malta.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat.

Mountferrat. DARES she despise me thus?
 me, that with spoil
 And hazardous exploits, full sixteen years
 Have led (as hand-maids) Fortune, Victory,
 Whom the Maltese call my servitors?
 Tempests I have subdued, and fought them
 calm,
 Out-lighten'd light'ning in my chivalry,
 Rid (tame as Patience) billows that kick'd
 Heav'n,
 Whistled enraged Boreas 'till his gusts
 Were grown so gentle, that he seem'd to sigh,
 Because he could not shew the air my keel;
 And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
 Which, tho' they blaze, both comfort and
 invite;
 Neither by force, nor fraud, pass thro' her
 Whose guard is only blushing innocence,
 To take the least possession of her heart.
 Did I attempt her with a thread-bare name,

Un-napt with meritorious actions,
 She might with colour disallow my suit:
 But, by the honour of this Christian cross,
 (In blood of infidels so often dyed,
 Which mine own soul and sword hath fixed
 here,
 And neither favour, nor birth's privilege)
 Oriana shall confess, (altho' she be
 Valetta's sister, our Grand-master here)
 The wages of scorn'd love is baneful hate,
 And, if I rule not her, I'll rule her fate.

Enter Rocca.

Rocca, my trusty servant, welcome!
 Rocca. Sir,
 I wish my news deserv'd it! Hapless I,
 That, being lov'd and trusted, fail to bring
 The loving answer that you do expect.
 Mountf. Why speak'st thou from me? thy
 pleas'd eyes send forth
 Beams brighter than the star that ushers day;
 Thy smiles restore sick expectation. [*joins.*]
 Rocca. I bring you, Sir, her smiles, not

Mountf. Her smiles?
Why, they are presents for kings' eldest sons:
Great Solymán, that wears his hot eyes
But to peruse his deck'd seraglio,
When from the number of his concubines
He chuseth one for that night, in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not so rich as I
In this one smile, from Oriana sent.

Rocca. Sir, fare you well!

Mountf. Oh, Rocca! thou art wise,
And wouldst not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong! Aply thou conceiv'st,
If one reviving smile can raise me thus,
What trances will the sweet words which
thou bring'st

Cast me into. I felt, my dearest friend,
(No more my servant) when I employ'd thee,
That know'st to look and speak as lovers
should,

And carry faithfully thy master's sighs,
That it must work some heat in her cold heart;
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten-fold prize.

Rocca. Will you yet hear me?

Mountf. Yes:
But take heed, gentle Rocca, that thou dost
Tenderly by degrees assault mine ears
With her consent, now to embrace my love;
For thou well know'st I've been so plung'd,
so torn

With her resolved reject, and neglect,
That to report her soft acceptance now
Will stupify sense in me, if not kill.

Why shew'st thou this distemper?

Rocca. Draw your sword, [you,
And, when I with my breath have blasted
Kill me with it:

I bring you smiles of pity, not affection,
For such she sent.

Mountf. Oh! can she pity me?
Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest.

Rocca. Waken, sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it so)
Continues still; she bids you throw your pearl
Into strong streams, and hope to turn them so,
Ere her to foul dishonour; write your plaints
In rocks of coral grown above the sea;
Then hope to soften to compassion,
Or change their modest blush to love-sick
pale,

Ere work her to your impious requests.
All your loose thoughts she chides you home
again,

But with such calm behaviour, and mild looks,
She gentler denies than others grant,
For just as others love, so doth she hate.
She says, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her, and your own
faith,

That being the virgin you should now protect.
Hitherto, she professes, sh' has conceal'd
Your lustful batt'ries; but the next, she vows,
(In open hall, before the honour'd cross,

And her great brother) she will quite disclose,
Calling for justice, to your utter shame.

Mountf. Hence! find the Blackamoor that
waits upon her,
Bring her unto me; she doth love me yet,
And I must her now, at least seem to do.
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veins,
I will with blood extinguish!—Art not gone?

[Exit Rocca.

Shall my desires, like beggars, wait at door,
Whilst any others revel in her breast?
Sweet on, my spirits! Know, thou trick'd-up
toy,

My love's a violent flood, where thou art fall'n;
Playing with which tide th' hadst been gently
toss'd,

But, crossing it, thou art o'erwhelm'd and lost.

Enter Astorius and Castriot.

Cast. Monsieur, good day!

Asto. Good morrow, valiant knight!
What, are you for this great solemnity
This morn intended?

Mountf. What solemnity?

Asto. Th' investing of the martins Spaniard,
Peter Gomeru, with our Christian badge.

Cast. And young Miranda, the Italian;
Both which, with wondrous prowess and great
luck,

Have dar'd and done for Malta such high
feats,

That not one fort in it but rings their names
As loud as any man's.

Mountf. As any man's?
Why, we have fought for Malta.

Asto. Yes, Mountferrat,
No bold knight ever past you; but we wear
The dignity of Christians on our breasts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our en-
quests: [yet.

These conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd
Mountf. Astorius, you're a most indur-
gent knight,

Detracting from yourself, to add to others.
You know this title is the period
To all our labours, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where honour bangs;
Which we with sweat and agony have reach'd,
And should not then so easily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap desert.

Cast. How is this Frenchman clung'd,
Astorius!

Some sullen discontent possesses him,
That makes him envy what he heretofore
Did most ingenuously but emulate.

Mountf. Oh, furious desire, how like a
whirlwind

Thou hurriest me beyond mine honour's point!
Out of my heart, base lust! or, heart, I vow
Those flames that heat me thus, I'll burn
thee in. [Aside.

Asto. Do you observe him?

Mountf. What news of the Dane?

That valiant captain Norandue?

Cast. He fights still,

In view o'th' town; he plays the devil with
And they, the Turks with him. [*Enter*,

Mountf. They're well met then;
'Twere sin to sever 'em. Fish—woman—
memory—

'Would one of ye would leave me! [*Aside.*

Asto. Six fresh galleys

I in St. Angelo from the promontory

This morn descried, making a girdle for him;

But our Great-master doth intend relief

This present meeting. Will you walk along?

Mountf. Hum—I have read, ladies enjoy'd
have been [nauses,

The gulphs of worthiest men, buried their

Their former valour, honesty, beauty, virtue,

And sent them stinking to untimely graves.

I that cannot enjoy, by her disdain,

Am like to prove as wretched. Woman then

Clucking, or granting, is the grave of men.

[*Aside.*

Asto. He's saying of his prayers sure.

Cust. Will you go, sir? [ported

Mountf. I cry you mercy! I am so trans-

(Your pardon, noble brothers, with a business

That doth concern all Malta, that I am

(Aston you'll hear it) almost blind and deaf—

(Last neither sees nor hears aught but itself)—

But I will follow instantly. Your cross.

Asto. Not mine. [*Cross dropt.*

Cust. Nor mine; 'tis yours.

Asto. *Cust.* Good morrow, brother. [*Ere.*

Mountf. White innocent sign, thou dost

abhor to dwell [breast,

So near the dim thoughts of this troubled

And grace these graceless projects of my

heart!

Enter Zanthia, alias Abdella.

Yet I must wear thee, to protect my crimes,

If not for conscience, for hypocrisy;

Some churchlaine so wear cassocks. Oh, my

Zanthia,

My pearl, that scorns a stain! I much repent

All my neglects; let me, Ixion like,

Embrace my black cloud, since my Judas is

So wrathful, and averse: Thou art more soft

And full of dalliance than the fairest flesh,

And far more loving.

Zant. Ay, you say so now;

But, like a property, when I have serv'd

Your turns, you'll cast me off, or hang me up

For a sign somewhere.

Mountf. May my life then forsake me,

Or, from any expected bliss, be cast to hell!

Zant. My tongue, sir, cannot lisp to meet

you so,

Nor my black cheek put on a feigned blush,

To make me seem more modest than I am.

This ground-work will not bear adult'rate red,

Nor artificial white, to cozen love. [teeth,

These dark cheeks are not purchas'd, nor these

For ev'ry night they are my bedfellows;

No bath, no blanching water, smoothing oils,

Doth mend me up; and yet, Mountferrat,
know,

I am as full of pleasure in the touch

As e'er a white-fac'd puppet of 'em all,

Juicy, and firm; unfledge them of their tires,

Their wires, their partlets, pins, and perriwigs,

And they appear like bald-cootes, in the nest;

I can as blithly work in my love's bed,

And deck thy fair neck with these jetty chains,

Sing thee asleep, being wearied; and, refresh'd,

With the same organ, steal sleep off again.

Mountf. Oh, my black swan, sleeker than

cygnet's plush,

Sweeter than is the sweet of pomander,

Breath'd like curl'd Zephyrus, cooling linon-

trees, [grove!

Straight as young pines, or cedars in the

Quickly descend, lovers' best canopy,

Still Night, for Zanthia doth enshroud me

Beyond all continuance! Perpetrate, dear

wench,

What thou hast promis'd, and I vow by Heav'n,

Malta, I'll leave in it my honours here,

And in some other country, Zanthia make

My wife, and my best fortune.

Zant. From this hope,

Here is an answer to that letter, which

I lately shew'd you, sent from Tripoly,

By the great basha, which importunes her

Love unto him, and treachery to the island;

Which will she undertake, by Mahomet

The Turk there vows, on his blest Alcoran,

Marriage unto her: This the Master knows,

But is resolv'd of her integrity,

As well he may, sweet lady; yet, for love,

For love of thee, Mountferrat, (oh! what

chains

Of deity, or duty can hold love?)

I have this answer fram'd, so like her hand

As if it had been moulded off, returning

The basha's letter safe into her pocket.

What you will do with it, yourself best knows.

Farewell! keep my true heart, keep true your

vows. [*Exit.*

Mountf. Till I be dust, my Zanthia, be

confirm'd. [*lips.—*

Sparrows, and doves, sit coupling 'twixt thy

It is not love, but strong libidinous will

That triumphs o'er me; and to satiate that,

What did'st reuce 'twixt this Moor, and her fair

dame?

Night makes their hues alike, their use is so;

Whose hand's so subtle he can colours name,

If he do wink, and touch 'em? Last being

blind,

Never in women did distinction find. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* But 'faith dost thou think my lady

Was never in love?

2 *Gent.* I rather think she was ever

[*Silken than cygnet's plush.*] So first folio. — *Symson.*

In love; in perfect charity*, I mean,
With all the world.

1 *Gent.* A most Christian answer,
I promise you. But I mean in love
With a man. {have her

2 *Gent.* With a man? what else? wouldst
In love with a beast?

1 *Gent.* You are somewhat quick;
But if she were, it were no precedent:
Did you never read of Europⁿ
The fair, that leapt a bull, that leapt the sea,
That swam to land, and then leapt her?

2 *Gent.* Oh, heavens! a bull?

1 *Gent.* Yes, a white bull.

2 *Gent.* Lord! how could she sit him?

Where did she hold? {time,

1 *Gent.* Why, by the horn; since which
No woman, almost, is contented 'till
She have a horn of her own to hold by.

2 *Gent.* Thou

Art very knavish.

1 *Gent.* And thou very foolish.

But, sirrah, why dost thou not marry?

2 *Gent.* Because

I would be no man's looking-glass.

1 *Gent.* As how?

2 *Gent.* As thus; there is no wife (if she
Be good and true, will honour and obey)
But must reflect the true countenance of
Her husband upon him: If he look and upon
her,

She must not look merrily upon him; if he
Look merrily, she must not sorrowfully;
Else she is a false glass, and fit for
Nothing but breaking: His anger must be
Her discontent, his pleasure her delight:
If he weep, she must cry;
If he laugh, she must shew her teeth;
If he be sick, she must not be in health;
If he eat candles, she must eat pottage; she
Must have no proper passion of her own!
And is not this a tyranny?

1 *Gent.* Yes, 'faith! {then
Marriage may well be call'd a yoke! Wives
Are but like superficial lines in geometry,
That have no proper motion of their own,

But as their bodies (their husbands) move. Yet
I know some wives, that are never freely
niggy,

Nor truly pleas'd, but when they're furthest
Their husbands. {off

2 *Gent.* That's because the moon
Governs 'em; which hath most light and shines
Brightest, the more remote it is from the sun;
And, contrary, is more sullen, dim, and shews
Least splendor, when it is nearest.

1 *Gent.* But if I were to marry,
I would marry a fair effeminate fool.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* Because I would lead the blind
whither I list. {for moon,

2 *Gent.* And I the wisest man I could get
Because I had rather follow the clear-sighted
Bless me from a husband that sails by his

1 *Gent.* Why? {wife's compass!}

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis ten to one but she
Breaks his head in her youth; and, when she
is old, {too!}

She'll never leave 'till she has broke his back

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy knights have we
here in Malta? {allegiance}

That when they are dub'd take their oath of
To live poor, and chastly, ever after?

2 *Gent.* Faith,

Many knights in other nations (I have heard)
Are as poor as ours; marry, where one of 'em
Has taken the oath of chastity, we want
A new Columbus to find out.

Enter Zanthia.

Zant. Hist, wenches!
My lady calls; she's entering the terrace,
To see the show.

1 *Gent.* Oh, black pudding!

2 *Gent.* My little labour in vain! {Exeunt.}

SCENE III.

*Enter above, Oriana, Zanthia, and two Gen-
tlewomen; beneath, Valetta, Mountferrat,
Astorius, Costriot, Gonnara, Miranda, At-
tendants of Knights, &c.*

Mountf. Are you there, lady?

* 2 *Gent.* I rather think she was ever in love, in perfect charity.

1 *Gent.* I mean, with all the world.

2 *Gent.* A most Christian answer, I promise you; but, &c.

2 *Gent.* With a man? {Corrected in 1750.}

3 *Broke his back to—*

But what scurvy knight have you here in Malta, &c.

Enter Zanthia.

Zant. Hist, wenches: my lady calls, she's ent'ring

The terrace, to see the show.

1 *Gent.* Oh black pudding.

2 *Gent.* My little labour in vain.

1 *Gent.* But what scurvy knights have we here in Malta, that, &c.} This confusion and repetition appear in all the editions but the present. We apprehend there can be no doubt but Zanthia's entry, and the five following lines, should be removed to the conclusion of the scene, which hitherto ended with the words, *Columbus to find out*. The &c. (with the senseless variation of the words) induces us to think, that the first occurrence of the reiterated line was meant as a direction for the performer to pass on to that passage beginning, *But what scurvy, &c.*

Ori. Thou'rt a naughty man;
Heav'n mend thee!

Fal. Our great meeting, princely brothers,
Ye holy soldiers of the Christian-Cross,
Is to relieve our captain Norandine,
Now fighting for Valetta with the Turk;
A valiant gentleman, a noble Dane
As e'er the country bred, endanger'd now
By fresh supply of head-bound infidels.
Much means, much blood this warlike Dane
hath spent

T'advance our flag above their horned moons,
And oft hath brought in profitable conquest:
We must not see him perish in our view.
How fur off fight they?

Mr. Sir, within a league. [re-enting

Fal. 'Tis well. Our next occasion of cure
Are these two gentlemen, standing in your
(Ye noble props of Malta!) royally sight;
Descended are they both, valiant as War*,
Miranda, and Gamera: Full ten years
They've serv'd this island, perfected exploits
Matchless, and infinite; they're honest, wise,
Not empty of one ornament of man.
Most eminent agents were they in that
slaughter,

That great marvellous slaughter of the Turks,
Before St. Elme, where five and twenty thousand

Fell, for five thousand of our Christians.
These ripe considerations moving us,
Having had your allowance on their worths*,
Here we would call 'em to our brotherhood!
If any therefore can their manners tax,
Their faith, their chastity, any part of life,
Let 'em speak now.

Asto. None does.

All. None can, Great-master.

Fal. The dignity then dignify, by them*,
As their reward. Tender Miranda first
(Because he is to succour Norandine)
Our sacred robe of knight-hood, our white cross
(The holy cognizance of him we serve),
The sword, the spurs.

Mr. Grave, and most honour'd Master,
With humble duty, and my soul's best thanks
To you, and all this famous convocation,
Let me with modesty refuse acceptance

Of this high order! I, alas, am yet
Unworthy, and incapable of such honour;
That merit, which with favour you enlarge,
Is far, far short, of this propos'd reward.
Who takes upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts, and a gather'd
That time nor all occasions ever may [mind,
After disperse, or stain. Did this title here
Of knight-hood, ask no other ornaments
Than other countries, glitt'ring show, poor
pride,

A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand,
A frizzled hair, powder*, perfumes, and lust,
Drinking sweet wines, saricits, and ignorance,
Rashly and easily should I venture on't;
But this requires another kind of man.

Mountf. A staid and mature judgment!
speak on, sir.

Mr. May't please you then t'allow me
some small time

To rectify myself for that high seat,
Or give my reasons to the contrary.
I'll find mean space, to dismiss me to the aid
Of Norandine: My ships ride in the bay
Ready to disembogue, tackled, and mann'd
Even to my wishes.

Mountf. His request

Is fair and honest.

Fal. At your pleasure go. [you,

Mr. I humbly take my leave of all: Of
My noble friend Mountferrat! Gracious
mistress— [dier!
Oh, that auspicious smile duth arm your sol-
Who fights for those eyes, and this sacred
cross,

Can neither meet sad accident, nor loss!

[Exit.

Ori. The mighty master of that livery,
Conduct thee safely to these eyes again!

Mountf. Blows the wind that way?

Fal. Equally belov'd,

Equally meriting, Gamera, you
Without excuse receive that dignity, [you,
Which our promiscual chapter hath decreed

Gow. Great-master of Jerusalem's Hospital,
From whence to Rhodes this blest fraternity
Was drawn, but now among the Maltese
stands,

* *Now fighting for Valetta.*] Sympon asks, 'But was Norandine then fighting only for 'the Grand-master?' Answering himself in the negative, he supposes a corruption, and reads, 'fighting for Valetta.' We see no need for variation. the sense being, that he is fighting for Valetta, upon the safety of which town their own security depends.

* *Head-bound.*] i. e. turban'd, as in Othello. Theobald.

* *Valiant as War.*] Sympon thinks this corrupt, and says, 'We must turn the *W* upside down, and add an *s*, and so substitute *Mars* for *Wars*; or else read, *Valiant in war*; 'or, if such a liberty may be allowed, a *valiant pair*.' There needs no variation, since by *War* is understood the *genus* or *god of war*.

* *Their worthies.*] First folio. Probably wrote, 'these worthies.'

* *The dignity then dignify, by them*

Is their reward.] See first folio. Sympon proposes reading,

'_____ then dignified by them,

'*Is their reward.*'

* *A frizzled hair, powder'd, perfumes, &c.*] Mr. Seward reads with me thus,

'A frizzled hair, powder, perfumes,' &c. Sympon.

Long may it flourish, whilst Gomera serves it,
But dares not enter further!

All. This is strange!

Val. What do you object?

Gom. Nothing against it, but myself, fair
I may not wear this robe. [knights;

Val. Express your reasons:

Doth any hid sin grieve your conscience?

Asto. Are you unstedfast in religion?

Cast. Or do you intend to forsake Malta
now,

And visit your own country, fruitful Spain?

Gom. Neither, good sir?

Val. Then explicate your thoughts.

Gom. This then: I should be perjurd to
receive it.

Once in Malta, your next city here,
When I was younger, read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
T' approach it once. None but a gentleman
Can be admitted—

Val. That's no obstacle

In you.

Gom. I should be sorry that were it.—

No married man—

Mountf. You never felt that yoke.

Gom. None that hath been contracted—

Cast. Were you ever?

Gom. Nor married, nor contracted.—

None that ever

Hath vow'd his love to any womankind,
Or finds that secret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am cast; this article my heart
Objects against the title of my fame;
I am in love. Laugh not! tho' Time hath set
Some wrinkles in this face, and these curl'd
Will shortly dye into another hue, [locks
Yet, yet I am in love: (I' faith, you smile!)
What age, what sex, or what profession,
Divine or human, from the man that cries
For ulms in the highwye, to him that sings
At the high altar, and doth sacrifice,
Can truly say he knows not what is love?

Val. 'Tis honestly profess'd. With whom,
Gomera?

Name the lady, that with all advantage
We may advance your suit.

Gom. But will you, sir?

Val. Now by our holy rock, were it our
sister, [her.
Sponsor, I hold thee worthy; freely name

Gom. Be master of your word: It is she,
The matchless Oriana. [sir,

Val. Come down, lady.

You've made her blush: Let her consent, I
Make good my oath. [will

Mountf. Is't so?—Stay! I do love

So tenderly, Gomera, your bright fame*,
As not to suffer your perdition.

Gom. What means Mountferrat?

Mountf. This whole Auberge hath"—
(A guard upon this lady!) Wonder not!

Enter Guard,

Ta'en publick notice of the basha's love
Of Tripoli unto her, and consented
She should return this answer, (as he writ
For her conversion, and betraying Malta)
She should advise him betray Tripoly,
And, turning Christian, he should marry her.
All. All this was so.

Mountf. How weakly does this court then
Send vessels forth to sea, to guard the land,
T'aking such special care to save one bark,
(Or strive to add find men unto our cloak,
When they lurk in our bosoms would subvert
This state and us, presuming on their blood,
And partial indulgence to their sex?)

Val. Who can this be?

Mountf. Your sister, great Valetta!

Which thus I prove: Demand the basha's
letter. [been mov'd

Ori. 'Tis here; nor from this pocket hath
Nor answer'd, nor perus'd, by—

Mountf. Do not swear;

Cast not away your fair soul; to your treasure
Add not foul perjury!—Is this your hand?

Ori. 'Tis very like it.

Mountf. May it please the Master,
Confer these letters, and then read her answer,
Which I have intercepted. Pardon me,
Reverend Valetta, that am made the means
To punish this most beauteous treachery,
Even in your sister, since in it I save
Malta from ruin: I am bolder in't,
Because it is so palpable, and withal
Know our Great-master to this country firm
As was the Roman Marcus, who spur'd not
As dear a sister in the publick cause.

Val. I am amaz'd! attend me.

[*Reads.*] Let your forces by the next even
'be ready; my brother feasts then; put in
'at St. Michaels; the ascent at that port is
'easiest; the keys of the castle you shall
'receive at my hands. That possess'd, you
'are lord of Malta, and may soon destroy all
'by fire; than which I am hotter, 'till I em-
'brace you. Farewell! Your wife, Oriana."
From this time let me never read again.

Gentlew. 'Tis, certain, her hand.

Val. This letter too,

So close kept by herself, could not be answer'd
To every period thus, but by herself.

Ori. Sir, hear me!

* Never, good sir.] The variation proposed by Seward.

† Your bright flame.] Corrected in 1750.

‡ Auberge.] In the *Anciens et Nouveaux Statuts de l'Ordre de Saint Jean de Jerusalem*, the word *Auberge* frequently occurs; and, in the chapter *De la Signification des Termes*, is thus explained: '*Auberge* est un nom connu des Français, des Espagnols, et des Italiens, pour signifier un lieu, où l'on mange, et où l'on s'assemble Nation par Nation.' Vertot's *Histoire des Chevaliers de Malthe*, tome vi. p. 266, edit. Paris, 1761.

Fal. Peace! thou fair sweet bank of flowers,
Under whose beauty scorpions lie, and kill!
Wert thou akin to me in some new name
Dearer than sister, mother, or all blood,
I would not hear thee speak.—Bear her to prison!

So gross is this, it needs no formal course.
Prepare thyself; tomorrow thou shalt die.

Ori. I die a martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almost i' faith as innocent as born!

'Thou know'st thou'rt wicked, Frenchman;
Hear'n forgive thee! [*Exit.*]

All. This scene is strangely turned.

Fal. Yet can nature be
So dead in me!—I would my charge were off!
Mountferrat should perceive my sister had
A brother, would not live to see her die
Unfought for, since the statutes of our state
Allow, in case of accusations,
A champion to defend a lady's truth.—
Peter Gomera, thou hast lost thy wife:
Death pleads a precontract.

Gom. I've lost my tongue,
My sense, my heart, and every faculty!
Mountferrat, go not up! With reverence
To our Great-master, and this consistory,
(I have consider'd it, it cannot be)
Thou art a villain and a forger,
A blood-sucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A most unworthy wearer of our cross;
To make which good, take, if thou dar'st,
that gage,

And, arm'd at all points like a gentleman,
Meet me tomorrow morning, where the Master

And this fraternity shall design¹⁰; where I
Will cram this slander back into thy throat,
And with my sword's point thrust it to thy heart,

The very nest where lust and slander breeds.
(Pardon my passion!) I will tear those spurs
Off from thy heels, and stick 'em in thy front,
As a mark'd villain!

Mountf. This I look'd not for.—
Ten times more villain, I return my gage,
And crave the law of arms!

Gom. 'Tis that I crave!

All. It cannot be denied.

Gom. Do not I know,
With thousand gifts and importunities,
Thou often hast solicited this lady?
(Contrary to thy oath of chastity!)
Who ne'er disclosing this thy hot-rein'd lust's,

Yet tender to prevent a publick scandal,
That Christendom might justly have impos'd
Upon this holy institution,
Thou now hast drawn this practice 'gainst her
To quit her charity. [*life,*]

Mountf. Spaniard, thou liest!

Alto. No more, Gomera! thou art granted combat.

And you, Mountferrat, must prepare against
Tomorrow morning, in the valley here,
Adjoining to St. George's Port. A lady,
In case of life, 'gainst whom our witness
May have her champion. [*comes,*]

Fal. And who hath most right,
With, or against our sister, speed in fight!
[*Flourish. Exitant.*]

Monet Mountferrat. Enter Rocca.

Mountf. Rocca, the first news of Miranda's service

Let me have notice of.

Rocca. You shall. The Moor
Waits you without.

Mountf. Admit her.—Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! Gomera
Loves Oriana; she, as I should guess,
Affects Miranda; these are two dear friends,
As firm, and full of fire, as steel and flint.
To make 'em so now, one against the other—

Enter Zanthia.

Stay; let me like it better.—Zanthia,
First tell me this; did don Gomera use
To give his visits to your mistress?

Zant. Yes,
And Miranda too, but severally.

Mountf. Which did she most apply to?

Zant. 'Faith, to neither:
Yet infinitely I've heard her praise them both,
And in that inanner, that, were both one man,
I think she was in love with't.

Mountf. Zanthia,
Another letter you must frame for me
Instantly, in your lady's character,
To such a purpose as I'll tell thee straight.
Go in, and stay me! Go, my tinder-box!
Cross lines I'll cross. So, so! my after-game
I must play o'etter: Woman, I will spread
My vengeance over Malta, for thy sake!
Spaniard, Italian, like my steel and stone,
I'll knock ye thus together, wear ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilst I seem precise,
And wink, to save the sparkles from mine
eyes. [*Exitant.*]

¹⁰ And this fraternity shall design.] This word has its original signification to appoint or decree, in Latin, *designare*, from whence *designator*, an herald. *Seward.*

¹¹ Thy hot reign'd lust.] *Seward* proposes reading, 'Thy not reign'd lust.' The variation is from *Sympton's* conjecture.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*A Sea-fight within, Alarm.**Enter Norandine, Miranda, Soldiers, and Gentlemen.**Mir.* HOW is it, sir?*Nor.* 'Pray set me down! I cool, And my wounds smart.*Mir.* I hope yet,

Tho' there be many, there's none dangerous.

Nor. I know not, nor I care not much; I got 'em [geons

Like a too-forward fool; but I hope the sur- Will take an order I shan't leave 'em so.

I make the rogues more work than all the island,

And yet they give me th' hardest words for my money.

Mir. I'm glad ye are so sprightly! Ye fought bravely, [nobly;

(Go call the surgeons, soldiers;) wondrous Upon my life, I have not seen such valour,

Maintain'd so long, and to so large a ruin, The odds so strong against ye.

Nor. I thank ye, [fear!

And thank ye for your help, your timely suc- By th' mass, it came i' th' nick, sir, and well

handled, [else;

Stoutly, and strongly handled; we had duck'd My Turk had turk'd me else: But h' has well

paid for't. [me!

Why, what a sign for an almanack h' has made

*Enter Astorius.**Asto.* I'm glad to find you here, sir; of necessity [captain,

I must have come aboard else. And, brave We all joy much in your fair victory,

And all the island speaks your valour nobly. Have you brought the Turk in that you took?

Mir. He rides there.*Nor.* If he were out again, the devil should bring him:

If he truly circumcis'd me.

Asto. I've a business Which much concerns you, presently con-

cerns you; But not this place nor people: 'Pray ye draw

off, sir!

For 'tis of that weight to you—

Mir. I'll wait on you.— I must crave leave awhile; my care dwells

with you, And I must wait myself—

Nor. Your servant, sir.*Mir.* Believe I shall, and wait my love can minister—

Keep your stout heart still—

Nor. That's my best physician!

[Exit Asto.

Mir. And I shall keep your fame fair.

[Exit.

Nor. You're too noble.

A brave young fellow, of a matchless spirit! He brought me off like thunder, charg'd and

boarded,

As if he had been shot to save mine honour: And when my fainting men, tir'd with their

labour And lack of blood, gave to the Turk assu-

rance [thus,

The day was his; when I was cut in shreds And unt a core of powder left to bless us;

Then flew his sword in, then his cannon roar'd, And let fly blood and death, in storms a-

mongst 'em. [too;

Then might I hear their sleepy prophet howl And all their silver crescents then I saw

Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever Under the cross of Malta: Death so wanton

I never look'd upon, so full of revel.—

Enter Surgeon.

I will not be dress'd yet.—Methought that fellow

Was fit for no conversatinn, nor no Christian, That had not half his brains knock'd out, no

soldier.

Oh, valiant young man, how I love thy virtue!

1 *Sold.* 'Pray you, sir, be dress'd! Alas, you bleed apace yet.*Nor.* 'Tis but the sweat of honour. Alas! thou milkop,

Thou man of marchpane, canst thou fear to see [get?

A few light hurts, that blush they are no big- A few small scratches? Get ye a candle, sirrah,

(Your finger aches) and let the old wives watch thee!

Bring in the booty, and the prisoners: By heav'n, I'll see 'em, and dispose 'em first,

Before I have a drop of blood wip'd from me! go.

Surg. You'll faint, sir. [Exit Soldiers.*Nor.* No, you lie, sir, like an ass, sir! I have no such pig's heart in my belly.*Surg.* By my life, captain, These hurts are not to be jested with.*Nor.* It thou hadst 'em; They're my companions, fool, my family:

I cannot eat nor sleep without their company. Dost take me for St. Davy, that fell dead

With seeing of his nose bleed?

*Enter Soldiers with booty.**Surg.* Here they come, sir: But 'would you would be dress'd!*Nor.* Pox, dress thyself first! Thou faint'st a great deal faster. What's all

this?

14 I have no such pigs hurt in my belly.] The correction is from Symson's conjecture.

1 Sold. The money and the merchandize
we took, sir. [venture]

Nor. A goodly purchase! Is't for this we
Our liberties and lives? What can all this do?
Get me some dozen surfeits, some seven
fresh whores¹⁵.

And twenty pot-allies, and then I'm virtuous.
Lay the knights' part by, and that to pay the
soldier:

This is mine own; I think I have deserv'd it.—
Come; now look to me, and grope me like a
chambermaid;

I'll neither start nor squeak.—What's that
i' th' truss there?

2 Sold. 'Tis cloth of tissue, sir; and this
is scarlet.

Nor. I shall look redder shortly then, I
fear me,

And as a captain ought, a great deal prouder.
Can ye cure me of that crack, surgeon?

Surg. Yes, when your suit's at pawn, sir.

Nor. There's for your pluvier.

A very learned surgeon!—What's in that pack
1 Sold. 'Tis English cloth. [there?]

Nor. That's a good wear indeed,

Both strong and rich; but it has a virtue,
A twang of the own country, that spoils all;
A man shall ne'er be sober in't. Where are
the gentlemen [fortunes?]

That ventur'd with me, both their lives and
Come forward, my fair spirits! Norandine
Forgets his worth, when he forgets your va-
lours.

You've lost an eye; I saw you face all hazards;
You've one left yet, to chase your mistress.
You have your leg broke with a shot; yet,
sitting, [still]

I saw you make the place good with your pike
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants
no instruments. [arm;]

Share that amongst ye: There's an eye; no
And that will bear you up, when your legs
cannot.— [low]

Oh, where's the honest sailor? that poor fel-
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his
musquet [off]

Taught them new ways how to put their caps
That stood the fire of all the night, twice blown,
And twice I gave him drown'd?—Welcome
ashore, knave!

Give me thy hand, if they be not both lost.
'Faith, thou art welcome! my tough knave,
welcome!

Thou wilt not shrink i' th' washing.

Hold, there's a piece of scarlet; get thee hand-
And this to buy thee buttons. [some;]

Sailor. Thank you, captain.
Command my life at all hours.

Nor. Thou durst give it.—

You have deserv'd too?

3 Sold. We have seen the fight, sir. [feels,
Nor. Yes; coil'd up in a cable, like silt
Or buried low i' th' ballast: Do you call that
fighting?]

Where be your wounds? your knocks? your
want of limbs, rogues?

Art not thou he that ask'd the master-gunner
Where thou might'st lie safest? and he strait
answer'd, [cannon,

Put thy head in that hole, new bo'd with a
For it was an hundred to one, another shot
would not hit thee?

Your wages you shall have: but for rewards
Take your own ways, and get ye to the ta-
verns;

There, when ye're hot with wine, 'mongst
your admirers, [pleasures,

Take ships, and towns, and castles at your
And make the Great Turk shake at your
valours.—Bring in

The prisoners. Now, my brave Mussulmans,

Enter Prisoners and Lucinda.

You that are lords o' th' sea, and scorn us
Christians, [here?]

Which of your many lives is worth this hurt
Away to prison with 'em, see 'em safe!

You shall find we have galleys too, and slaves
too. [sir?]

1 Sold. What shall he done with this woman,
Nor. Pox take her! [Surgeons dress him.

'Twas she that set me on to fight with these
rogues!— [uow]

That ring-worm, rot it!—What can you do
With all your paintings, and your pouncings,
lady, [Cupid,

To restore my blood again? you, and your
That have made a carbonado of me—Plague
take you,

You are too deep, you rogue!—This is thy
work, woman, [stilt!—

Thou lousy woman!—Death, you go too deep
The seeing of your simpering sweetness, you
filly, [jingling,

You tit, you tomboy! what can one night's
Or two, or ten, sweetheart, and 'oh, my dear
chicken, [foremast,

Scratching my head, or fumbling with my

¹⁵ Get me — some seven fresh whores,

And twenty pot-allies, and then I'm virtuous.] The oldest copy reads thus:

'And twenty pot allies and to: and then, &c

Which would induce one to think the original might run so:

'And twenty pot allies, and two.'

Two is often mistakenly wrote too in the oldest edition, and possibly might have been so
here. *Symson.*

The meaning of the whole passage, we think, is this: 'What can all this money do? Get
'me surfeits, whores, and a score of pot-companions to cry me up!' And to, we think, is
corrupt, but not explained properly by *Symson*.

Do me good now? You've powder'd me for one year: [beauty,
I am in souce, I thank you; thank your
Your most sweet beauty! Fox upon those
goggles!

We cannot fight like honest men, for honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in steps one of you; the devil's holiness
And you must have a dance. Away with her!
She stinks to me now.

1 *Sold.* Shall I have her, captain?

2 *Sold.* Or I?

3 *Sold.* I'll marry her——

4 *Sold.* Good captain, I——

5 *Sold.* And make her a good Christian.
Lay hands on her;

I know she's mine.

2 *Sold.* I'll give my full share for her!

Have ye no manners, to thrust the woman so?

Nor. Share her among ye;

And may she give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches!

Luc. Noble captain, [wildness,
Be pleas'd to free me from these soldiers'

'Till I but speak two words.

Nor. Now for your maidenhead!

You have your look; proceed.

Luc. Victorious sir,

Seldom are seen in men so valiant, [quer,
Minds so devoid of virtue; he that can con-
Should ever know how to preserve his con-
quest;

'Tis but a base theft else: Valour's a virtue,
Crown of men's actions here; yours, as you
make it.

And can you put so rough a foil as violence,
As wrooking of weak woman, to your triumph?

Nor. Let her alone!

Luc. I've lost my husband, sir; [not;
You feel not that: Him that I love; you care
When fortune falls on you thus, you may
grieve too.

My liberty I kneel not for; mine honour
(If ever virtuous honour touch'd your heart
yet) [another——

Make dear and precious, sir. You had a

Nor. The rogue thyng speaks finely, neat.

Who took you?

For he must be your guard.

Luc. I wish no better:

A noble gentleman, and nobly us'd me.

They call'd his name Miranda.

Nor. You are his then: [vice.

You've lit upon a young man worth your ser-
I free you from all the rest, and from all
violence; [for't!

He that doth offer't, by my head, he hangs
Go see her safe kept, till the noble gentleman
Be ready to dispose her. Thank your tongue,

You have a good one, and preserve it good still.
Soldiers, come wait on me; I'll see ye paid
all. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda and Astorius.

Asto. I knew you lov'd her, virtuously you
lov'd her,

Which made me make that haste: I knew
you priz'd her,

As all fair minds do gooddeas.

Mir. Good Astorius,

I must confess I do much honour her,
And worthily I hope still.

Asto. 'Tis no doubt, sir;

For on my life she's much wrong'd.

Mir. Very likely,

And I as much tormented I was absent.

Asto. You need not fear; Peter Gomer's
Of a tried faith and valour. [noble,

Mir. This I know too: [suffer'd,
But whilst I was out there, and whilst she
Whilst Virtue suffer'd, friend—Oh, how it

loads me! [gether——

Whilst Innocence and Sweetness sunk to
How cold it sits here! If my arm had fought
for her, [sons,

My youth, tho' naked, stood against all trea-
My sword here grasp'd, Love on the edge,
and Honour,

And but a signal from her eye to steel it?
If then she had been lost—I brag too late,

And too much I decline the noble Peter.
Yet some poor service I would do her sweet-

Alas, she needs it, my Astorius, [ness:

The gentle lady needs it.

Asto. Noble spirit! [this weakness!

Mir. And what I can—"Prithee, bear with
Often I do not use these women's weapons,
But where true pity is—I am much troubled,
And something leave to do, I cannot form yet!

Asto. I'll take my leave, sir; I shall but
disturb you.

Mir. Au't please you, for a while; and
pray to Fortune

To smile upon this lady.

Asto. All my help, sir. [Exit.

Mir. Gomer's old and stiff, and he may
lose her,

The winter of his years and wounds upon him;
And yet he has done bravely hitherto:

Mount'errat's fury in his heat of summer,
The whistling of his sword like angry storms,

Renting up life by th' roots: I've seen him
As if a falcon had run up a train, [scale

Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd
cuirass,

And at his pit: he innuend the town below him?
I must do something!

¹⁶ From her eye to send it.] To seal a sword seems a very odd metaphor. I think it therefore highly probable that the true word was *steel*. The propriety and elegance of which might be proved by forty passages in Shakespear and our Authors, where it is used in the same sense; and the reader will find it twice before the end of this act. *Sword.*

¹⁷ Innuend the town below him.] Theobald would read, 'the foal below him;' but *scale* seems to confirm town.

Enter Colonna.

Col. Noble sir, for Heav'n sake,
Take pity of a poor afflicted Christian,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!

Mir. Boldly you ask that; we are bound
to give it.

From what affliction, sir?

Col. From cold and hunger,

From nakedness and stripes.

Mir. A prisoner? [taken;

Col. A slave, sir, in the Turkish prize, new
That, in the heat of fight, when your brave
hand

Brought the Dane succour, got my irons off,
And put myself to mercy of the ocean.

Mir. And swam to land?

Col. I did, sir; Heav'n was gracious!

But now a stranger, and my wants upon me,
(Tho' willingly I would preserve this life, sir,
With honesty and truth) I am not look'd on;
The hand of pity, that should give for Heav'n's
sake,

And charitable hearts, are grown so cold, sir,
Never remembering what their fortunes may
be.

Mir. Thou say'st too true. Of what pro-
fession art thou?

Col. I have been better train'd, and can
serve truly,

Where trust is laid upon me.

Mir. A handsome fellow!

Hast thou e'er bore arms?

Col. I've trod full many a march, sir,
And some hurts have to shew; before me too,
sir.

Mir. Pity this thing should starve, or, forc'd
for want,

Come to a worse end.—I know not what
thou may'st be,

But if thou think'st it fit to be a servant,

I'll be a master, and a good one to thee,

If you deserve, sir.

Col. Else I ask no favour.

Mir. Then, sir, to try your trust, because
I like you,

Go to the Dane; of him receive a woman,
A Turkish prisoner, for me receive her;

I hear she is my prize: Look fairly to her,
For I would have her know, tho' now my
prisoner, [honour.

The Christians need no schoolmasters for
Take this to buy thee cloaths; this ring, to
help thee [stranger,

Into the fellowship of my house; you are a
And my servants will not know you else;
there keep her,

And with all modesty preserve your service!

Col. A foul example find me else! Heav'n
thank ye!

Of captain Normandine?

Mir. The same.

Col. 'Tis done, sir: [you?

And may Heav'n's goodness ever dwell about
Mir. Wait there 'till I come home.

Col. I shall not fail, sir. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Mountferrat and Abdella.

Abd. 'Tis strange it should be so, that your
high mettle

Should check thus poorly, dully, most un-
Mountf. Let me alone. [manly—

Abd. Thus leadenly—

Mountf. Pox take you! [slow!

Abd. At every childish fear, at every sh-
Are you Mountferrat, that have done such
deeds?

Wrought thro' such bloody fields men shake
to speak of?

Can you go back? is there a safety left yet,
But fore-right? is not ruin round about you?

Have you not still these arms, that sword,
that heart whole?

Is't not a man you fight with, and an old man,
A man half-kill'd already? am not I here?

As lovely in my black to entertain thee,

As high and full of heat to meet thy plea-
Mountf. I'll be alone. [sures—

Abd. You shall: Farewell, sir!

And do it bravely! never think of conscience;
There is none to a man resolv'd. Be happy!

[Exit.

Enter Miranda.

Mountf. No, most unhappy wretch, as
thou hast made me,

More devil than thyself, I am.

Mir. Alone,

And troubled too, I take it. How he starts!
All is not handsome in thy heart, Mount-

ferrat—

God speed you, sir! I have been seeking if
They say you are to fight to-day. [you:

Mountf. What then?

Mir. Nay, nothing, but good fortune to
your sword, sir!

You have a cause requires it; the island's
The order's, and your honour's. [safely,

Mountf. And do you make a question

I will not fight it nobly?

Mir. You dare fight; [justice,

You have; and with as great a confidence as
I've seen you strike as home, and hit as deadly.

Mountf. Why are these questions then?

Mir. I'll tell you quickly.

You have a lady in your cause, a fair one,
A gentler never trod on ground, nobler—

Mountf. Do you come on so fast? I have
it for you. [And.

Mir. The sun ne'er saw a sweeter.

Mountf. These I grant you;
Nor dare I against beauty heave my hand up,

It were unmanly, sir, too much unmanly:

But when these excellencies turn to ruin,
To ruin of themselves, and those protect 'em;

When virtue's lost, lust and dishonour enter'd;
Loss of ourselves and souls basely projected—

Mir. Do you think 'tis so?

Mountf. Too sure.

Mir. And can it be? [sweetness,

Can it be thought, Mountferrat, so much

So great a magazine of all things precious,
A mind so heavenly made—'Prithee observe me.

Mountf. I thought so too: Now, by my holy order,
He that had told me, 'till experience found it,
Too bold a proof! this lady had been vicious—
I wear no dull sword, sir, nor late I virtue.

Mir. Against her brother? to the man has
bred her?
Her blood and honour?

Mountf. Where ambitious Lust
Desires to be above the rule prescrib'd her,
Takes hold, and wins, poor Chastity, cold
Duty,

Like fashions old forgot, she flings behind her,
And puts on blood and mischief, death and
ruin,

To raise her new-built hopes, new faith to
fasten her:

Ma'fay, she is as foul as Heav'n is beautiful!

Mir. Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat,
thou liest lasciviously!

Stare not, nor swell not with thy pride! thou
And this shall make it good. [liest;

Mountf. Out with your heat first!
You shall be fought withal.

Mir. By Heav'n, that lady, [deeds
The virtue of that woman, were all the good
Of all thy families bound in one faggot,
From Adam to this hour, but with one sparkle
Would fire that wisp, and turn it to light
ashes.

Mountf. Oh, pitiful young man, struck
blind with beauty! [randa!

Shot with a woman's smile! Poor, poor Mi-
Thou hopeful young man once, but now thou
lost man,

Thou naked man of all that we call noble,
How art thou cozen'd! Didst thou know what
I do,

And how far thy dear honour, (mark me, fool!)
Which like a father I have kept from blasting,
Thy tender honour, is abus'd—But fight first,
And then, too late, thou shalt know all.

Mir. Thou liest still!

Mountf. Stay! now I'll shew thee all, and
then I'll kill thee: [thee.

I love thee so dear, time shall not disgrace
Read that! [Gives him a letter.

Mir. It is her hand, it is most certain.
Good angels, keep me! that I should be her
agent

To betray Malta, and bring her to the basha!
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes never see again, melt out for sorrow!
Did the devil do this?

Mountf. No, but his dam did it,
The virtuous lady that you love so dearly:
Come, will you fight again?

Mir. No; 'prithee kill me,
For Heav'n's sake, and for goodness' sake,
dispatch me!

For the disgrace sake that I gave thee, kill
Mountf. Why, are you guilty? [me!

Mir. I have liv'd, Mountferrat,
To see Dishonour swallow up all Virtue,
And now would die. By Heav'n's eternal
brightness,

I am as clear as Innocence!

Mountf. I knew it, [ledge,
And therefore kept this letter from all know-
And this sword from anger; you had died else.
And yet I lie, and basely lie.

Mir. Oh, Virtue,
Unspotted Virtue, whither art thou vanish'd?
In what hast thou left us to abuse our frailties,
In shape of goodness?

Mountf. Come, take courage, man!
I have forgiven and forgot your rashness,
And hold you fair as light in all your actions;
And by my truth I griev'd your love. Take
comfort!

There be more women.
Mir. And more mischief in 'em!

Mountf. The justice I shall do, to right
these villainies, [ut,
Shall make you man again: I'll strike it sure,
Come, look up bravely; put this pining passion
Out of your mind. One knock for thee, Mi-
randa,

And for the boy the grave Gomera gave thee,
When she accepted thee her champion,
And in thy absence, like a valiant gentleman;
I yet remember it: 'He is too young,
'Too boyish, and too tender, to adventure.'
I'll give him one sound rap for that: I love
Thou art a brave young spark. [thee;

Mir. Boy, did he call me?
Gomera call me boy?

Mountf. It pleas'd his gravity, [vice,
To think so of you then: They that do ser-
And honest service, such as thou and I do,
Are either knaves or boys.

Mir. Boy, by Gomera?
How look'd he when he said it? for Gomera
Was ever wont to be a virtuous gentleman,
Honest and sweet.

Mountf. Yes, when he will, he can be.
But, let it go; I would not breed dissension;
'Tis an untruly office. And had it been
To any of a higher strain than you, sir,
The well-known, well-approv'd, and lov'd
Miranda,

¹⁸ To any of an higher strain than you are.] At first glance, the reader may think, as I once did with *Mir. Seward*, that *lighter*, or *lower*, or some such word should supply the place of *higher*. But possibly the passage is right as it is, and refers only to the *even temper* and *disposition* of *Miranda*, and means that, had he been of an hot fiery temper prone to passion, &c. he should not have discovered a secret, which might possibly breed dissension betwixt *Gomera* and him. This I only offer the reader, in order to give the text fair play: if he does not approve of the explanation, *lighter* or *lower* are still at his service. *Symphon.*

I had not thought on't: 'Twas happily his haste too,
And zeal to her.

Mir. A traitor and a boy too?
Shame take me, if I suffer it!—Puff! farewell, love!

Mountf. You know my business; I must leave you, sir;
My hour grows on apace.

Mir. I must not leave you,
I dare not, nor I will not, 'till your goodness
Have granted me one courtesy: You say you love me?

Mountf. I do, and dearly; ask, and let that courtesy
Nothing concern mine honour—

Mir. You must do it,
Or you will never see me more.

Mountf. What is it? [it.
It shall be great that puts you off: 'Pray speak
Mir. 'Pray let me fight to-day, good, dear Mountferrat!

Let me, and bold Gomera—

Mountf. Py, Miranda!
D've weigh my worth so little?

Mir. On my knees!
As ever thou hadst true touch of a sorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee—

Mountf. Shall I turn recreant now?

Mir. 'Tis not thy cause;
Thou hast no reputation wounded in it;
Thine's but a general zeal: 'Death! I am tainted;
The dearest twin to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baffled and boy'd.

Mountf. I'm glad you've swallow'd it.— [Aside.

I must confess I pity you; and 'tis a justice,
A great one too, you should revenge these injuries;

I know it, and I know you fit and bold to do't,
And man as much as man may: But, Miranda—

Why do you kneel?

Mir. By Heav'n, I'll grow to the ground here, [in't,
And with my sword dig up my grave, and fall
Unless thou grant me—Dear Mountferrat! friend!

Is any thing in my power? to my life, sir!
The honour shall be yours.

Mountf. I love you dearly;
Yet so much I should tender—

Mir. I'll preserve all;
By Heav'n, I will, or all the sin fall with me!
'Pray let me.

Mountf. You have won; I'll once be coward
To please you.

Mir. I kiss your hands, and thank you.

Mountf. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.

Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.

Mountf. I'll send mine armour;
My man shall presently attend you with it,
Vol. II.

(For you must arm immediately; the hour calls) [erect,

I know 'twill fit you right. Be sure, and see—
And last be fortunate! farewell!—You are fitted:

I'm glad the load's off me.

Mir. My best Mountferrat! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Norandine and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I'll see the combat, that's the truth out;

If I had ne'er a leg, I'd crawl to see it:

Doctor. You're most unfit, if I might counsel you,

Your wounds so many, and the air—

Nor. The halter!

The air's as good an air, as fine an air—

Wouldst thou have me live in an oven?

Doctor. Beside, the noise, sir;

Which, to a tender body—

Nor. That's it, Doctor,

My body must be cur'd withal; if you'll heal me quickly,

Boil a drum-head in my broth; I never prosper
With knuckles o'veal, and birds in sorrel sops,
Caudles and cullices; they wash me nway
Like a horse had eaten grains; If thou wilt cure me,

A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, Doctor,
And half a dozen trumpets! [tor,

Doctor. You're a strange gentleman—

Nor. As e'er thou knew'st. Wilt thou give me another clister, [lady,

That I may sit cleanly there like a French
When she goes to a masque at court? Where's thy hoboy?

Doctor. I'm glad you're grown so merry.

Enter Astorius and Costriot.

Nor. Welcome, gentlemen!

Asto. We come to see you, sir; and glad we are

To see you thus, thus forward to your health,

Nor. I thank my Doctor here. [sir.

Doctor. Nay, thank yourself, sir;

For, by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd!
He ne'er observes any of our prescriptions.

Nor. Give me my money again then, good sweet Doctor!

Wilt thou have twenty shillings a-day for vexing me?

Doctor. That shall not serve you, sir.

Nor. Then forty shall, sir,

And that will make you speak well. Hark, the drums!

[Drums afar off: A low march.

Cost. They begin to beat to th' field. Oh, noble Dane;

Never was such a stake, I hope, of innocence,
Play'd for in Malta, and in blood, before.

Asto. It makes us hang our heads all.

Nor. A bold villain!

If there be treason in it—Accuse poor ladies!

And yet they may do mischief too. I'll be with ye:

If she be innocent I shall find it quickly,
And something then I'll say—

Asto. Come, lean on us, sir.

Nor. I thank ye, gentlemen! and, domine Doctor,

Pray bring a little sneezing powder in your
For fear I swoon when I see blood.

Doctor. You're pleasaut. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter two Marshals

1 *Marsh.* Are the combatants come in?

2 *Marsh.* Yes.

[The scaffold set out, and the stairs.

1 *Marsh.* Make the field clear there!

2 *Marsh.* That's done too.

1 *Marsh.* Then to the prisoner; the Grand-master's coming.

Let's see that all be ready there.

2 *Marsh.* Too ready.

How ceremonious our very ends are!

Alas, sweet lady, if she be innocent,

[Flourish.

No doubt but justice will direct her champion.
Away! I hear 'em come.

1 *Marsh.* Pray Heav'n she prosper!

Enter Valetta, Norandine, Astorius, Castriot, &c

Val. Give captain Norandine a chair.

Nor. I thank your lordship.

Val. Sit, sir, and take your ease; your hurts require it:

You come to see a woman's cause decided;
(That's all the knowledge now, or name, I've for her)

They say a false, a base, and treach'rous w—
And partly prov'd too. [man,

Nor. Pity it should be so;

And, if your lordship durst ask my opinion,
Sure I should answer No, (so much I honour her)

And answer't with my life too. But Gomera
Is a brave gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not, good, dogs gnaw his flesh off!

And one above 'em both will find the truth
He never fails, sir. [out;

Val. That's the hope rests with me.

Nor. How nature and his honour struggle
in him!

A sweet, clear, noble gentleman!

[Guard within.] Make room there!

Enter Oriana, Ladies, Executioner, Abdella, and Guard.

Val. Gn up, and what you have to say,
say there.

Ori. Thus I ascend; nearer, I hope, to
Heav'n!

Nor do I fear to tread this dark black man-
sion,

The image of my grave; each foot we move
Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us
Knolls sadly toward it. My noble brother,
(For yet mine innocence dares call you so)
And you the friends to virtue, that come hi-
ther,

The chorus to this tragick scene, behold me,
Behold me with your justice, not with pity,
(My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compas-
sion)

Behold me in this spotless white I wear,
The emblem of my life, of all my actions;
So ye shall find my story, tho' I perish.

Behold me in my sex; I am no soldier;
Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,

Unhardened with relentless thoughts; un-
latcht to

With blood and bloody practice: Alas, we
But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies,
Die with a tale well told. Had I been prac-
tis'd,

And known the way of mischief, travell'd in
And giv'n my blood and honour up to reach it,
Forgot religion, and the line I sprung un;

Oh, Heav'n! I had been fit then for thy jus-
tice,

And then in black, as dark as hell, I'd howl'd
Last, in your own opinion weigh mine inno-
cence:

Amongst ye I was planted from an infant.
(Would then, if Heav'n had so been pleas'd,
I'd perish'd!)

Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:

And am I blasted in my bud, with treason?
Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,
And lither brought to find my rest in ruin?

But he that knows all, he that rights all
wrongs,

And in his time restores, knows me!—I've
Val. If ye be innocent, Heav'n will pro-
tect ye,

And so I leave ye to his sword strikes for ye;
Farewell!

Ori. Oh, that went deep! Farewell, dear
And howe'er my cause goes, see my body
(Upon my knees I ask it) buried chastely;

For yet, by holy truth, it never trespass'd.
Asto. Justice sit on your cause, and Heav'n
fight for ye!

Nor. Two of ye, gentlemen, do me but the
To lend me to her; good my lord, your leave

Val. You have it, sir. [two.

Nor. Give me your fair hands fearless:

As white as this I see your innocence,
As spotless, and as pure; be not afraid, lady!

You are but here brought to your vobler
fortune,

To add unto your life immortal story:
Virtue thro' hardest things arrives at happi-
ness.

* See note # on The Custom of the Country. Symphon.

Shame follow that blunt sword that loses you!
And he that strikes against you, I shall study
A curse or two for him. Once more, your
fair hands!

I ne'er brought ill luck yet; be fearless; hap-
py. I thank ye, noble captain. [py.

Nor. So I leave ye.

Val. Call in the knights severally.

Enter severally, Gomera and Miranda.

Ori. But two words to my champion;
And then to Heav'n and him I give my cause

Val. Speak quickly, and speak short. [up.

Ori. I have not much, sir.

Noble Gomera, from your own free virtue
You've undertaken here a poor maid's honour,
And with the hazard of your life; and happily
You may suspect the cause, tho' in your true
worth [timony,

You will not shew it; therefore take this test-
(And, as I hope for happiness, a true one!)
And may it steel your heart, and edge your
good sword!

You fight for her, as spotless of these mischiefs
As Heav'n is of our sins, or Truth of errors;

And so defy that treacherous man, and pro-
Nor. Blessing o' thy heart, lady! [sper!

Val. Give the signal to 'em. [Low alarm.

Nor. 'Tis bravely fought! Gomera, follow
that blow—

Well struck again, boy!—look upon the lady,
And gather spirit! brave again! lie close,
Lie close, I say! he fights aloft, and strongly;
Close for thy life!—A pox o' that fell buffet!
Retire and gather breath; ye've day enough,
knights—

Look lovely on him, lady! to't again now!
Stand, stand, Gomera, stand—one blow for
all now! [woman!

Gather thy strength together; God bless the
Why, where's thy noble heart? Heav'n bless
the lady!

All. Oh, oh!

Val. She is gone, she is gone.

Nor. Now strike it.

Hold, hold—he yields: Hold thy brave sword,
he's conquer'd—

He's thine, Gomera. Now be joyful, lady!
What could this thief have done, had his
cause been equal!

He made my heart-strings tremble.

Val. Off with's casque there—

And, executioner, take you his head next.

Abd. Oh, cursed Fortune! [Aside.

Gom. Stay, I beseech you, sir! and this
one honour

Grant me, I have deserv'd it; that this villain
May live one day, to envy at my justice;
That he may pine and die, before the sword
full,

Viewing the glory I have won, her goodness.

Val. He shall; and you the harvest of your
valour

Shall reap, brave sir, abundantly.

Gom. I've sav'd her, [struction—

Preserv'd her spotless worth from black de-
(Her white name to eternity deliver'd) [in.
Her youth and sweetness from a timeless ru-
Now, lord Valetta, if this bloody labour

May but deserve her favour—

Mir. Stay, and hear me first.

Val. Off with his casque! This is Miran-
da's voice.

Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or else mine eyes
abuse me:

What makes be here thus?

Ori. The young Miranda?

Is he mine enemy too?

Mir. None has deserv'd her,

If worth must carry it, and service seek her,
But he that sav'd her honour.

Gom. That is I, Miranda. [forward!

Mir. No, no; that's I, Gomera; be not so
In bargain for my love you cannot cozen me.

Gom. I fought it.

Mir. And I gave it, which is nobler.

Why, every gentleman would have done as
much [sir;

As you did: Fought it? that's a poor desert,
They're bound to that. But then to make
that fight sure,

To do as I did, take all danger from it,
Suffer that coldness that must call me now
Into disgrace for ever, into pity—

Gom. I undertook first, to preserve her
from hazard.

Mir. And I made sure no hazard should
come near her.

Gom. 'Twas I defied Mountbrat,

Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,

(You'd had a dark day else) 'twas I defied
His conscience first, 'twas I that shok him
Which is the brave defiance. [there,

Gom. My life and honour

At stake I laid.

Mir. My cure and truth lay by it,

Lest that stake might be lost. I have de-
serv'd her,

⁹⁹ Casq.] This word is generally spelt *casque*. It signifies here a *helmet*, and sometimes is used only for a *beaver*, or *hat*. It.

¹⁰¹ Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction.] If by *worth* the Poets mean her *worthy self*, to save that from destruction, would be only saying the same thing, with pre-
serving.

¹⁰² Her youth, and sweetness, from a timeless ruin, three lines below. But if by *worth* he meant her *fame and character*, I then should think
destruction a corruption, and would propose reading the line so:

¹⁰³ 'Preserv'd her spotless worth from black destruction.' Symphon.

Detraction would be best, were there authority for the change.

And none but I: The lady might have per-
rish'd {malice,
Had fell Mountferrat struck it, from whose
With cunning and bold confidence, I catch'd
it;

And 'twas high time. And such a service,
lady, {knows
For you, and for your innocence—for who
Not th' all-devouring sword of fierce Mount-
ferrat? {spiteful,

I shew'd you what I could do, had I been
Or master but of half the poison he bears:
(Hell take his heart for't!) And heshrew
these hands, madam,
With all my heart, I wish a mischief on 'em!
They made you once look sad: Such another
fright

I would not put you in, to own the island:
Yet, pardon me; 'twas but to shew a soldier,
Which when I'd done, I ended your poor
coward.

Val. Let some look out, for the base knight
Mountferrat— {trusty.

Abd. I hope he's far enough, if his man be
This was a strange misfortune; I must not
know it.

Val. That most deboshed knight. Come
down, sweet sister,
My spotless sister now! 'Pray thank these
gentlemen;

They have deserv'd both truly, nobly of you,
Both excellently, dearly, both all the honour,
All the respect and favour—

Ors. Both shall have it;

And as my life their memories I'll nourish.

Val. Ye're both true knights, and both
most worthy lovers;

Here stands a lady ripen'd with your service,
Young, fair, and (now I dare say) truly ho-
nourable:

'Tis my will she shall marry, marry now,
And one of you (she cannot take more wofly):
Your deserts

Begot this will, and bred it. Both her beauty
Cannot enjoy; dare you make me your un-

Gom. Mir. With all our souls. {pire?}

Val. He must not then be angry
That loses her.

Gom. Oh, that were, sir, unworthy.

Mir. A little sorrow he may find.

Val. 'Tis misery. {man;}

Gomera, you're a brave accomplish'd gentle-
A braver no where lives than is Miranda.
In the white way of virtue, and true valour,
You've been a pilgrim long; yet no man fur-
ther

Has trod those thorny steps than young Mi-
randa:

You're gentle, he is gentleness itself: Ex-
perience

Calls you her brother; this her hopeful heir.

Nar. The young man now, an't be thy will!

Val. Your hand, sir!

You undertook first, nobly undertook,
This lady's cause; you made it good, and
fought it; {her!}

You must be serv'd first, take her and enjoy
I give her to you: Kiss her! Are you pleas'd
now?

Gom. My joy's so much I cannot speak.

Val. Nuy, fairest sir, {promise.

You must not be displeas'd; you break your

Mir. I never griev'd at good; nor dare I
now, sir,

Tho' something seem strange to me.

Val. I've provided

A better match for you, more full of beauty;
I'll wed you to our order: There's a mistress
Whose beauty ne'er decays (Time stands be-
low her);

Whose honour, ermin-like, can never suffer
Spot or black soil; whose eternal issue

Fame brings up at her breasts, and leaves 'em
Her you shall marry. {sainted;}

Mir. I must humbly thank you.

Val. Saint Thomas' Fort, a charge of no
small value,

I give you too, in present, to keep waking
Your noble spirits; and, to breed you pious,
I'll send you a probation-robe; wear that,
'Till you shall please to be our brother.—
How now?

Enter Astoria.

Asta. Mountferrat's fled, sir.

Val. Let him go a while, {coupled:}

'Till we have done these rites, and seen these
His mischief now lies open. Come, all
friends now!

And so let's march to th' temple. Sound
those instruments,

That were the signal to a day of blood!

Evil beginning hours may end in good.

{Flourish.

Nor. Come, we'll have wenches, man, and
all brave things.

Pox! let her go; we'll want no mistresses;

Good swords, and good strong armours!

Mir. Those are best, captain.

Nor. And fight 'till queens be in love with
us, and run after us.

I'll see you at the fort within these two days;
And let's be merry, 'prithce!

Mir. By that time I shall.

Nor. Why, that's well said! I like a good
heart truly. {Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Norandine and Servant, Corporal and Soldiers above.

Serv. **T**HE day is not yet broke, sir.

Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding.

I must go see Miranda: Bring my horse
Round to the South port; I'll out here at the
beach,

And meet you at the end o' th' sycamores:
'Tis a sweet walk, and if the wind be stirring
Serves like a fan to cool.

Serv. Which walk?

Nor. Why, that, sir.

Where the fine city-dames meet to make
matches.

Serv. I know it. [*Exit. Singing above.*]

Nor. Speed ye then ¹¹!—What mirth is this?
The watches are not yet discharg'd, I take it:
These are brave careless rogues! I'll hear the
song out,

And then I'll fit ye for't, merry companions!

SONG, by the Soldiers.

1. Sit, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,
And cock-a-loodik-looe tells us the day is
near. [*mellow*]

Each toss his can, until his throat be
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no
fellow!

2. To thee a full pot, my little lance-prisado,
And when thou hast done, a pipe of Tri-
nidado!

Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner
skins it ¹²,

Whilst with his wife the frolick soldier
drinks it.

3. The drums beat, ensigns wave, and can-
nons thump it;

Our game is ruffe, and the best heart doth
trump it: [*low*]

Each toss his can, until his throat be mel-
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no
fellow.

4. I'll pledge thee, my Corporal, were it a
flagon; [*dragon*;

After, watch fiercer than George did the
What blood we lose i' th' town, we gain
i' th' tuns;

Furr'd gowns, and flat caps, give the wall
to guns. [*low*]

Each toss his can, until his throat be mel-
Drink, laugh, and sing; the soldier has no
fellow.

Nor. Here's notable order! Now for a
trick to tame ye!

Owgh, owgh!

1 Watch. Hark, hark! what's that below
us? Who goes there?

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!

2 Watch. 'Tis a bear broke loose; 'pray
call the Corporal.

1 Watch. The Dutchman's huge fat sow.

2 Watch. I see her now,

And five fine pigs.

Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Enter Corporal.

Corp. Now, what's the matter? [*ral*]

1 Watch. Here's the great fat sow, Corpo-
The Dutchman's sow; and all the pigs, bravo
fat pigs:

You have been wishing long, she would break

Nor. Owgh, owgh! [*loose.*]

Corp. 'Tis she indeed; there's a white pig
now sucking:

Look, look! d'you see it, sirs?

1 Watch. Yes, very well, sir.

Corp. A notable fat whoreson! Come, two
of ye,

Godown with me; we'll have a tickling break-

2 Watch. Let's eat 'em at the Cross. [*fast.*]

Corp. There's the best liquor.

Nor. I'll liquor some of ye, ye lary rogues!
Your minds are of nothing but eating and
swilling.

What a sweet beast they've made of me! A
Hog upon hog! I hear 'em come. [*sow*]

Enter Corporal below, and Watch.

Corp. Go softly,

And fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.

1 Watch. Bless me!

Corp. Why, what's the matter?

1 Watch. Oh, the devil! the devil,

As high as a steeple!

2 Watch. There he goes, Corporal!

His feet are cloven too.

Corp. Stand, stand, I say! [*kets*]

Death, how I slinke! Where be your mus-

1 Watch. There's

No good of them! Where be our prayers,
man?

2 Watch. Lord, how he stalks! speak to
him, Corporal.

Corp. Why, what a devil art thou?

Nor. Owgh, owgh!

Corp. A dumb devil!

¹¹ Nor. *Speed ye then, &c.*] This and the three following lines have hitherto been placed after the Song, which they should undoubtedly precede. It is not printed in the first folio.

¹² *The vintner skins it.*] As we can affix no idea to the word *skins* here, we have substituted *skins*. A *skinker*, the very ingenious Dr. Percy tells us, is 'one that serves drink.' The word occurs as late as Dryden's Translation of the First Book of Homer.

The worst devil that could come, a dumb devil!

Give me a musket. He gathers in to me!

I'll th' name of—Speak! what art thou?

Speak, devil, or

I'll put a plumb in your belly.

Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh!

Corp. Fy, fy! in what a sweat I am! Lord

bless me,

My musket's gone too! I am not able to stir it.

Nor. Who goes there? Stand, speak!

Corp. Sure I am enchanted!

Yet there's my halbert still. Nay, who goes there, sir?

What, have I lost myself? What are ye?

Nor. The guard.

Corp. Why, what are we then? He's not half so long now,

Nor h'hms no tail at all. I shake still damn-

Nor. The word! [nabily.]

Corp. Have mercy on me! what word does he mean?

Prithce, devil, if thou be'st the devil, do not make an ass of me! for I remember yet,

As well as I am here, I am the Corporal;

I'll lay my life on't, devil.

Nor. Thou art damn'd! [Corporal?]

Corp. That's all one; but am not I the I'd give a thousand pound to be resolv'd now.

Had not I soldiers here?

Nor. No, not a mnn;

Thou art debosh'd, and cozen'd.

Corp. That may be, [been?]

It may be I am drunk.—Lord, where have I Is not this my halbert in my hand?

Nor. No, 'tis a May-pole.

Corp. Why then, I know not who I am, nor what,

Nor whence I come.

Nor. You are an arrant rascal!

You corporal of a watch?

Corp. 'Tis the Dane's voice. You are no devil then?

Nor. No, nor no sow, sir. [ne'er]

Corp. Of that I am right glad, sir; I was So frighted in my life, as I am a soldier.

Nor. Tall watchmen! [centries:]

A guard for a goose! you sing away your A careful company! Let me out o' the port here,

(I was a little merry with your worships)

And keep your guards strong, tho' the devil walk.

²⁴ Come, let me out, and come away; no more rage.

SCENE II.

Enter Abdella with a letter, and Rocca.

Abd. Write thus to me? [If this latter part of the line belong to Norandine, 'tis strangely odd; for why must he say no more rage? This implies, that the corporal and the guard had been in one before, which the reader knows is so far from true, that they were trighted with the mimic grunt of a hog, and took it for the devil; but supposing Abdella had been storming at Mounterrat's utter, some time before Rocca's and her coming upon the stage, these mollifying words of his to her, viz. no more rage, will be exceedingly in character, and highly proper to introduce the angry speech of Abdella. Synposon.]

Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits again. Go off no more to hunt pigs; such another And you will hunt the gallows. [trick,

Corp. Pray, sir, pardon us!

And, let the devil come next, I'll make him Or make him stink. [stand,

Nor. Du, do your duty truly.

Come, let me out, and come away.²⁴ [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Abdella with a letter, and Rocca.

Rocca. No more rage.

Abd. Write thus to me? It hath fearfully and basely

Betray'd his own cause; yet, to free himself, He now ascribes the fault to me.

Rocca. I know not

What he hath done; but what he now desires His letters have inform'd you.

Abd. Yes; he is

Too well acquainted with the power he holds Over my mad affections!—I want time

To write; but pray you tell him, if I were No better steel'd in my strong resolutions

Than he hath shewn himself in his, or thought There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven

But in enjoining him, I should stick here, And move no further. Bid him yet take com-

fort; [at,

For something I will do the devil would quake But I'll untie this nuptial knot of love,

And make way fur his wishes. In the mean time

Let him lie close, (for he is strictly sought for) And practise to love her, that for his ends

Sours fear and danger!

Enter Oriana and Velleda.

Rocca. All this I will tell him. [Exit.

Abd. Do so. Farewell!—My lady, with my fellow,

So earnest in discourse!—Whate'er it be, I'll second it.

Ved. He's such a noble husband,

In every circumstance so truly loving,

That I might say, and without flattery, ma- The sun sees not a lady but yourself [dam,

That can deserve him.

Abd. Of all men, I say,

That dare (for 'tis a desperate adventure)

Wear on their free necks the sweet yoke of woman,

(For they that do repine are no true husbands)
Give me a soldier!

Ori. Why? are they more loving
Than other men?

Abd. And love too with more judgement:
For, but observe, your courtier is more curious
To set himself forth richly, than his lady;
His baths, perfumes, gay paintings too, more
costly

Than his frugality will allow to her;
His cloaths as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may pass
At all times for a woman, and with some
Have better welcome: Now, your man of
lands

For the most part is careful to manure them,
But leaves his lady fallow; your great mer-
chant

Breaks nitner for the debt he owes his wife,
Than with his creditors; and that's the reason
She looks elsewhere for payment: Now, your

Vel. Ay, marry, do him right! [soldier—
Abd. First, who has one

Has a perpetual guard upon her honour;
For while he wears a sword, slander herself
Dares not bark at it; next, she sits at home
Like a great queen, and sends him forth to
fetch in

Her tribute from all parts; which, being
brought home,

He lays it at her feet, and seeks no further
For his reward than what she may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own exchequer,
Which he finds ever open.

Ori. Be more modest!

Abd. Why, we may speak of that we're
glad to taste of,

Among ourselves I mean.

Ori. Thou talk'st of nothing.

Abd. Of nothing, madam? You have found
it something;

Ori. With the raising-up this pretty mount
My lord hath dealt with spirits. [here,

Enter Gomer.

Ori. Two long hours absent?

Gom. Thy pardon, sweet! I have been
looking on [Dane,

The prize that was brought in by the brave
The valiant Neraudine, and have brought
something

That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiss,
And then possess my purchase: There's a
piece

Of cloth of tissue, this of purple velvet,
And (as they swear) of the right Tyrian dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy use, wear them; if not,
Bestow them on thy women.

Abd. Here's the husband! [sees,

Gom. While there is any trading on the
Thou shalt want nothing. 'Tis a soldier's
However he neglect himself, to keep [glory,
His mistress in full lustre.

Ori. You exceed, sir.

Gom. Yet there was one part of the prize
dispos'd of

Before I came, which I grieve that I mis'd of,
Being almost assur'd, it would have been
A welcome present.

Ori. 'Twas you say, what was it?

Gom. A Turkish captive, of incomparable
beauty,

And, without question, in her country noble;
Which, as companion to thy faithful Moor,
I would have given thee for thy slave.

Ori. But was she

Of such an exquisite form?

Gom. Most exquisite.

Ori. And well descended?

Gom. So the habit promis'd,

In which she was ta'en.

Ori. Of what years?

Gom. 'Tis said

A virgin of fourteen.

Ori. I pity her,

And wish she were mine, that I might ha'
the means

To entertain her gently.

Gom. She is now Miranda's;

And, as I've heard, made it her suit to be so.

Ori. Miranda's? then her fate deserves
not pity,

But envy rather.

Gom. Envy, Oriana?

Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.

Gom. How's this? [one,

Ori. Why, she is fallen into the hands of
So full of that which in men we stile Good-
ness,

That, in her being his slave, she's happier far
Than if she were continu'd the sultan's mis-
tress.

Gom. Miranda is indeed a gentleman
Of fair desert, and better hopes; but yet
He hath his equals.

Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, tho' much unfit for travels,
But to see one that without injury
Might be put in the scale, or parallel'd,
In any thing that's noble, with Miranda.
His knowledge in all services of war,
And ready courage to put into act
That knowing judgement, as you are a soldier,
You best may speak of; nor can you deliver,
Nor I hear with delight, a better subject.
And heav'n did well, in such a lovely feature
To place so chaste a mind; for he is of
So sweet a carriage, such a winning nature,
And such a bold, yet well-dispos'd behaviour;
And, to all these, he has such a charming
tongue, [colours,

That, if he would serve under Love's fresh
What monumental trophies might he raise
Of his free conquests, made in ladies' favours!

Gom. Yet you did resist him, when he was
An earnest suitor to you?

Ori. Yes, I did;

And, if I were again sought to, I should;
But must ascribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, than any power
Which I can call mine own.

Gom. 'E'en so?

Abd. Thanks, Fortune!

The plot I had to raise in him doubts of her
Thou hast effected.

Ori. I could tell you too,
What cause I have to love him; with what
reason

In thankfulness he may expect from me
All due observance; but I pass that, as
A benefit for which, in my behalf,
You are his debtor.

Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his elung'd looks.

Ori. He is not in the city,
Is he, my lord?

Gom. Who, lady?

Ori. Why, Miranda:
Having you here, can there be any else
Worth my enquiry?

Gom. This is somewhat more— [Aside.
Than love to virtue!

Ori. Faith, when he comes hither,
(As sometimes, without question, you shall
meet him)

Invite him home.

Gom. To what end?

Ori. To dine with us,

Or sup. [ynn;
Gom. And then to take a hard bed with
Me: you not so?

Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better. For his entertainment,
Leave that to me; he shall find noble usage,
And from me a free welcome.

Gom. Have you never
Heard of a Roman lady, Oriana,
Remember'd as a precedent for matrons,
(Chaste ones, I pray you understand) whose
husband,

Tax'd for his sour breath by his enemy,
Condemn'd his wife for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?

Ori. 'Tis a common one:

Her answer was, having kiss'd none but him,
She thought it was a general disease
All men were subject to. But what infer you
From that, my lord?

Gom. Why, that this virtuous lady
Had all her thoughts so fix'd upon her lord,
That she could find no spare time to sug-
praises

Of any other; nor would she employ
Her husband (tho' perhaps in debt to years
As far as I am) for an instrument
To bring home younger men, that might de-
light her

With their discourse, or—

Ori. What, my lord?

Gom. Their persons;

Ori. If I should speak plainer—

Ori. No, it needs not;

You've said enough to make my innocence
It is suspected. [know

Gom. You betray yourself
To more than a suspicion: Could you else,
To me, that live in nothing but love to you,
Make such a gross discovery, that your lust
Had sold that heart, I thought mine, to Mi-
randa?

Or rise to such a height in impudence,
As to presume to work my yielding weakness
To play, for your bad ends, to my disgrace,
The wittol, or the pander?

Ori. Do not study [ny)
To print more wounds (for that were tyrannical)
Upon a heart that is pierc'd thro' already.

Gom. Thy heart? thou hast pierc'd thine
mine honour, false one,

The honour of my house! Fool that I was,
To give it up to the deceiving trust [ture,
(Of wicked woman! For thy sake, vile creature)

For all I have done well in, in my life,
I've digg'd a grave, all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defied my constant mistress,
That never fail'd her servant, glorious War;
For thee refus'd the fellowship of an order
Which princes, thro' all dangers, have been
To fetch as far as from Jerusalem: [proud
And am I thus rewarded?

Vel. By all goodness,
You wrong my lady, and deserve her not,
When you are at your best! Repent your
'Twill shew well in you. [rashness;

Abd. Do, and ask her pardon.

Ori. No; I have liv'd too long, to have
my faith, [him

My tried faith, call'd in question, and by
That should know true affection is too tender
To suffer an unkind touch, without pain.

Study ingratitude, all, from my example!
For to be thankful now is to be false.

But, be't so; let me die! I see you wish it;
Yet dead, for truth and pity's sake, report
What weapon you made choice of when you
kill'd me.

Vel. She faints!

Abd. What have you done?

Ori. My last breath cannot
Be better spent, than to say I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, since with me
I take along what might have been hereafter
In scorn deliver'd for the doubtful issue
Of a suspected mother. [She recoils.

Vel. Oh, she's gone!

Abd. For ever gone!—Are you a man?

Gom. I grow here!

Abd. Open her mouth, and pour this cordial
in it:

If any spark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.

Vel. 'Tis all in vain!
She's stiff already. Live I, and she dead?

Gom. How like a murderer I stand!—
Look up,

And hear me curse myself, or but behold
The vengeance I will take for't, Oriana,

And then in peace forsake me! Jealousy,
Thou loathsome vomit of the fiends below,
What desperate hunger made me to receive
thee

Into my heart, and soul? I'll let thee forth,
And so in death find ease! And does my
fault then

Deserve no greater punishment? No; I'll
To keep thee for a fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth!
All joys and hopes forsake me! all men's
malice,

And all the plagues they can inflict, I wish it,
Fall thick upon me! Let my tears be laugh'd at,
And may mine enemies smile to hear me
groan;

And, dead, may I be pitied of none!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Colonna and Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you, sir, why was the ordinance
of the tort

Discharg'd so suddenly?

Col. 'Twas the governor's pleasure.
In honour of the Duke; a custom us'd,
To speak a soldier's welcome.

Luc. 'Tis a fit one.

But is my master here too?

Col. Three days since. [much,

Luc. Might I demand without offence so
Is't pride in him (however now a slave)
That I am not admitted to his presence?

Col. His courtesy to you, and to mankind,
May easily resolve you, he is free
From that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue.

Luc. What's the reason then,
As you imagine, sir?

Col. Why, I will tell you:
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he, howe'er virtuous, as a man,
Subject to human frailties; and how far
They may prevail upon him, should he see
you,

He is not ignorant; and therefore chuses
With care to avoid the cause that may produce
Some strange effect, which will not well keep
rank

With the rare temperance which is admir'd
In his life hitherto.

Luc. This much encreases
My strong desire to see him.

Col. It should rather [worship,
Tench you to thank the prophet that you
That you are such a man's, who, tho' he may

Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to, yet dares not give way to them.
Your entertainment's noble, and not like
Your present fortune; and (if all those tears
Which make grief lovely in you, i'th' relation
Of the sad story that forc'd me to weep too,
Your husband's hard fate, were not counter-
feit)

[pay
You should rejoice that you have means to
A chaste life to his memory, and bring to him
Those sweets, which while he liv'd he could
not taste of:

But if you wantonly bestow them on
Another man, you offer violence [suffer
To him, tho' dead; and his griev'd spirit will
For your immodest looseness.

Luc. Why, I hope, sir,
My willingness to look on him to whom
I owe my life and service, is no proof
Of any unchaste purpose.

Col. So I wish too!
And in the confidence it is not, lady,

I dare the better tell you he will see you
This night, in which by him I am commanded
To bring you to his chamber; to what end
I easily should guess, were I Lucinda's:

And therefore, tho' I can yield little reason
(But in a general love to women's goodness)
Why I should be so tender of your honour,
I willingly would bestow some counsel of you;
And would you follow it?

Luc. Let me first hear it,
And then I can resolve you.

Col. My advice then
Is, that you would not (as most ladies use,
When they prepare themselves for such en-
counters)

Study to add, by artificial dressings,
To native excellence; yours, without help,
But seen as it is now, would make a hermit
Leave his death's head, and change his after-
hopes

Of endless comforts, for a few short minutes
Of present pleasures; to prevent which, lady,
Practise to take away from your perfections,
And to preserve your chastity unshin'd:
The most deform'd shape that you can put on,
To cloud your body's fair gifts, or your mind's,
(It being labour'd to so chaste an end)
Will prove the fairest ornament.

Luc. To take from
The workmanship of Heaven is an offence
As great as to endeavour to add to it;
Of which I'll not be guilty. Chastity,
That lodges in deformity, appears rather
A malet impos'd by Nature, than a blessing;
And 'tis commendable only when it conquers,

* ———— to what end

Easily should guess, were I Miranda;] Before we condemn this *Miranda*, let us put the
sense of this passage into plain prose. You are intended to be brought into *Miranda's* cham-
ber this night, says Colonna to Lucinda, and if I was *Miranda*, I could easily guess for what
end, &c. i. e. if I sent for you, I could surely tell why I sent for you. Is not this mighty
elegant? I doubt not but my reader sees where the fault lies, and has made the correction
for me: 'I easily should guess, was I Lucinda.' Symphon.

Tho' ne'er so oft assaulted, in resistance:
For me, I'll therefore so dispose myself,
That if I hold out it shall be with honour;
Or if I yield, Miranda shall find something
To make him love his victory. [Exit.]

Col. With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation!
Nor should I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born sophisters, to maintain
That lust is lawful, and the end and use
Of their creation. 'Would I never had
Hop'd better of her, or could not believe,
Tho' seen, the ruin I must ever grieve! [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, Servants with lights.

Mir. I'll see you in your chamber.
Nor. Pray you no further!
It is a ceremony I expect not:
I am an stranger here; I know my lodging,
And have slept soundly there, when the Turks' cannons

Play'd thick upon it: Oh, 'twas royal music!
And to procure a sound sleep for a soldier,
Worth forty of your fiddles. As you love us,
Press it no further!

Mir. You will overcome.—
Wait on him carefully.

Nor. I've took, since supper,
A rouse or two too much^{as}, and, by the gods,
It warms my blood.

Mir. You'll sleep the better for't.

Nor. Pox on't, I should, had but I a kind
wench [cnp;
To pull my boot-hose off, and warm my night-
There's no charm like it. I love old Adam's
way; [time!
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-
Hang up your smooth-chin page! And, now
I think on't,

Where is your Turkish prisoner?
Mir. In the castle;
But yet I never saw her.

Nor. Fy upon you!
^{as} A rouse.] This seems in general to signify what we now call a *cheerful glass*.—It is a word which frequently occurs, but not always in the same sense: 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already,' says Cassio in *Othello*, act iii. scene 3, and Mr. Stevens says, that 'a rouse appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large;' and, in proof of it, cites Hamlet and the following passage in *The Christian Turn'd Turk*, 1612:

'— our friends may tell
'We drank a rouse to them.'

But neither this passage nor that in the text warrants Stevens's explanation:—A rouse or two too much implies that a rouse is not in itself too much, no more than if we were to say a glass or two too much.

^{as} Nor. You look strange on't, no entertainment's perfect

Without it, on my word, no livery like it;]

The passage

'I'll tell her he looks for it as duly

'As for his fee ———'

which I have recovered from the folio of the oldest date, is not to be found in the succeeding editions; but I must confess I don't understand the latter part of the speech, any more than I know reason why the editors of the copies of 1679 and 1711 thought proper to drop it. *Symson*.

The passage seems corrupt; or, at least, not to belong to this place.

See her, for shame! or, hark you; if you would [part,
Perform the friend's part to me, the friend's
It being a fashion of the last edition,
Far from panderism, now send her to me.
You look strange on't? No entertainment's perfect

Without it, on my word, no livery like it!
I'll tell her he looks for it as duly
As for his fee.— There's no suit got without it;
Gold is an ass to't.

Mir. Go to bed, to bed!

Nor. Well, if she come, I doubt not to convert her;
If not, the sin be on your head!— Good night!
[Exit Nor. and Servants.]

Enter Colman and Lucinda.

Col. There you shall find him, lady: You know what I've said,
And if you please you may make use.

Luc. No doubt, sir.

Col. From hence I shall hear all. [He retires.]

Mir. Come hither, young one.—

Beshrew my heart, a handsome wench!—
Come nearer.

A very handsome one!—Do not you grieve,
You are a prisoner? [sweet,

Luc. The loss of liberty,
No doubt, sir, is a heavy and sharp harden
To them that feel it truly: But your servant,
Your humble handmaid, never felt that rigour;
Thanks to that noble will! No want, no
hunger

(Companions still to slaves), no violence,
Nor any unbecoming act we start at,
Have I yet met withal: Content and goodness,
Civility, and sweetness of behaviour,
Dwell round about me; therefore, worthy
master,

I cannot say I grieve my liberty. [dier,
Mir. Do not you fancy me too cold a soul-
Too obstinate an enemy to youth,
That had so fair a jewel in my cabinet,
And in so long a time would ne'er look on it?

Col. What can she say now?

Luc. Sure, I desir'd to see you;

And with a longing wish—

Col. There's all her virtue.

Luc. Pursued that full desire, to give you thanks, sir,

The only sacrifice I've left, and service,

For all the virtuous care you've kept me safe

Col. She holds well yet. [with.]

Mr. The pretty fool speaks finely.—

Come, sit down here.

Luc. Oh, sir, 'tis most unseemly.

Mr. I'll have it so; sit close. Now tell me

Did you e'er love yet? [truly,

Luc. My tears will answer that, sir.

Mr. And did you then love truly?

Luc. So I thought, sir,

Mr. Can you love me so?

Col. Now!

Luc. With all my duty;

I were unworthy of those favours else,

You daily shower upon me.

Mr. What think'st thou of me?

Luc. I think you are a truly worthy gentleman,

A pattern, and a pride. In the age you live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give you.

Mr. A pretty flatter'ing rogue!—Dare you
kiss that sweet man

You speak so sweetly of? Come.

Col. Farewell, virtue!

Mr. What hast thou got between thy lips?
(Kiss once more.)

Sure thou hast a spell there!

Luc. More than e'er I knew, sir.

Col. All hopes go now!

Mr. I must tell you

A thing in your ear; and you must hear me,
and hear me willingly, and grant me so too;
'Twill not be worth my asking else.

Luc. It must be

A very hard thing, sir, and from my power,
I shall deny your goodness.

Mr. 'Tis a good wench!—

I must lie with you, lady.

Luc. 'Tis something strange;

For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.

Mr. You'll quickly find that knowledge.

Luc. To what end, sir?

Mr. Art thou so innocent thou canst not
guess at it?

Did thy dreams ne'er direct thee?

Luc. Faith, none yet, sir.

Mr. I'll tell thee then: I would meet thy
youth, and pleasure;

Give thee my youth for that, (by Heav'n, she
kisses me!)

And teach thy fair white arms, like wanton
A thousand new embraces. [kisses,

Luc. Is that all, sir?

And say I should try, may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conscience, I could!

Mr. That's as we make it.

Luc. Grant that that likes you best, what
would you do then? [kisses,

Mr. What would I do? Certainly I'm no
Nor brought up for a nun. Hark in time ear!

Luc. Fy, fy, sir!

Mr. I would get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.

Luc. Sure we shall get ill Christians.

Mr. We'll mend 'em in the breeding then.

Luc. Sweet master!

Col. Never belief in woman come near
me more! [virgin

Luc. My best and noblest sir, if a poor
(For yet, by Heaven, I'm so) should chance
so far

(Seeing your excellence, and able sweetness)
To forget herself, and slip into your bosom,
Or to your bed, out of a dotting on you,

(Unke it the best way) have you that cruel
that murder'ing mind, to— [heart,

Mr. Yes, by my truth, sweet, have I,
To be with her.

Luc. And do you think it well done?

Mr. That's as she'll think when 'tis done.
Come to bed, wench!

For thou'rt so pretty, and so witty a com-
We must not part to-night. [passion,

Luc. Faith, let me go,
Sir, and think better on't.

Mr. I'faith, thou shalt not!

I warrant thee, I'll think on't.

Luc. I've heard 'em say here,

You are a maid too.

Mr. I am sure I am, wench,
If that will please thee.

Luc. I have seen a wonder! [news,

And would you lose that, for a little wanton-
(Consider, my sweet master, like a maid, now)

For a few homed kisses, slight embraces,
That glory of your youth? that crown of
sweetness

Can you deliver? that unvalued treasure
Would you forsake, to seek your own dis-
honour?

What gone, no age recovers, nor repentance?
Is a poor stranger?

Col. Hold there, again thou'rt perfect!

Luc. I know you do but try me.

Mr. And I know [shed!

I'll try you a great deal further. Prithive, to
I love thee, and so well—Come, kiss me once
more!

Is a maidenhead ill bestow'd o' me?

Luc. What's this, sir?

[Taking hold of his cross.

Mr. Why, 'tis the badge, my sweet, of
that holy order

I shortly must receive, the Cross of Malta.

Luc. What virtue has it?

Mr. All that we call virtuous.

Luc. Who gave it first?

Mr. He that gave all, to save us.

Luc. Why then, 'tis holy too?

* My years will answer that, sir.] Corrected from Synpson's conjecture.

Mir. True sign of holiness;
The badge of all his soldiers that profess him.

Luc. The badge of all his soldiers that profess him?

Can it save in dangers?

Mir. Yes.

Luc. In troubles, comfort?

Mir. You say true, sweet.

Luc. In sickness, restore health?

Mir. All this it can do.

Luc. Preserve from evils that afflict our frailties?

Mir. I hope she will be Christian.—All these truly.

Luc. Why are you sick then, sick to death with lust?

In danger to be lost? no holy thought [ties,
In all that heart? Nothing but warring [real-
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ig-
Inhabit there. [nurance,

Mir. Forgive me, Heav'n! she says true.

Luc. Dare you profess that badge, prophane that goodness—

Col. Thou hast redeem'd thyself again, most rarely!

Luc. That holiness and truth you make me wonder at?

Blast all the bounty Heav'n gives? that remembrance—

Col. Oh, excellent woman!

Luc. Fling it from you quickly,

If you be thus resolv'd; I see a virtue

Appear in't like a sword, both edges flaming,
That will consume you, and your thoughts,
to ashes.

Let them profess it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and just of thought, that build the
Cross,

Not those that break it! By Heaven, if you touch me,

Ev'n in the act, I'll make that Cross, and curse

Mir. You shall not, fair; I did dissemble with you,

And but to try your faith I fashion'd all this.
Yet something you provok'd me. This fair

Cross,

By me (if he but please to help first gave it)
Shall ne'er be worn upon a heart corrupted.

Go to your rest, my modest, honest servant.

My fair and virtuous maid, and sleep secure there;

For when you suffer, I forget this sign here.

Col. A sin of men too! Oh, most perfect gentleman!

Luc. All sweet rest to you, sir! I'm half a

The other half I'll pray for; then for you, sir.

Mir. This is the foulest play I'll shew.

Good night, sweet! [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Mountferrat and Rocca.

Mountf. THE sun's not set yet?

Rocca. No, sir.

Mountf. Would it were,
Never to rise again to light the world!
And yet, to what vain purpose do I wish it,
Since, tho' I were environ'd with thick mists,
Black as Cymerian darkness, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvil,
Ten thousand hammers strike, and every
spark,

They force from it, to me's another sun
To light me to my shame?

Rocca. Take hope and comfort.

Mountf. They're aids indeed, but yet as far from me

As I from being innocent. This cave, fashion'd
By provident Nature in this solid rock,
To be a den for beasts, alone receives me;
And having prov'd an enemy to mankind,
All human helps forsake me.

Rocca. I'll ne'er leave you; [courage,
And wish you would call back that noble
That old invincible fortitude of yours,
That us'd to shrink at nothing.

Mountf. Then it did unt; [height
But 'twas when I was honest! Then, i' th'
Of all my happiness, of all my glories,

Of all delights that made life precious to me,
I durst die, Rocca! Death itself then to me
Was nothing terrible, because I knew
The fame of a good knight would ever live
Fresh on my memory: But since I fell
From my integrity, and dismiss'd those guards,
Those strong assurances of innocence;
That constancy fled from me; and, what's
worse,

Now I am loathsome to myself, and life
A burden to me; rack'd with sad remem-
brance

Of what I have done, and my present horrors
Unbearable to me; tortur'd with despair
That I shall ne'er find mercy; hell about me,
Behind me, and before me; yet I dare not,
Still fearing worse, put off my wretched being!

Enter Abdella.

Rocca. To see this would deter a doubtful
man [practice
From mischievous intents, much sorer the
Of what is wicked. Here's the Moor; look
Some ease may come from her. [up, sir!

Mountf. New trouble rather,

And I expect it.

Abd. Who is this? Mountferrat?

Rise up, for shame! and, like a river dried up
With a long drought, from me, your boun-
teous sea,

Receive those tides of comfort that flow to
If ever I look'd lovely; if desert ^{from} you.
Could ever challenge welcome; if revenge,
And unexpected wreak, were ever pleasing,
Or could endear the giver of such blessings;
All these I come adorn'd with, and, as due,
Make challenge of those so-long-wish'd em-
braces,

Which you, unkind, have hitherto denied me.

Mountf. Why, what have you done for
Abd. Made Gomera ^[me?]

As truly miserable, as you thought him happy:
Could you wish more?

Mountf. As if his sickness could
Recover me! The injuries I receiv'd
Were Oriana's.

Abd. She has paid dear for 'em;
She's dead.

Mountf. How! ^{[ther.}

Abd. Dead; my hate could reach no fur-
Taking advantage of her in a swoon,
Under pretence to give a cordial to her,
I poison'd her. — What stupid dullness is this?
What you should entertain with sacrifice,
Can you receive so coldly?

Mountf. Bloody deeds

Are grateful offerings, pleasing to the devil;
Aw, thou, in thy black shape, and blacker
actions,

Being such a perfect character, art delighted
To do what I, tho' infinitely wicked,
Tremble to hear. Thou hast, in this, ta'en
from me

All means to make amends, with penitence,
To her wrong'd virtues, and despoil'd me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have aliently, or must suffer.

Abd. I did it for the best.

Mountf. For thy worst ends!

And be assur'd, but that I think to kill thee
Would but prevent what thy despair must
force thee

To do unto thyself, and so to add to
Thy most assur'd damnation, thou wert dead
now.

But, get thee from my sight! and if lust of me
Dil ever tire thee (love I cannot call it)
Leap down from those steep rocks, or take
advantage

Of the next tree to hang thyself, and then
I may laugh at it.

Abd. In the mean time, I must
Be bold to do so much for you: Ha, ha!

Mountf. Why grin'st thou, devil?

Abd. That 'tis in my power
To punish thy ingratitude. I made trial
But how you stood affected, and since I
Know I'm us'd only for a property,
I can and will revenge it to the full:
For understand, in thy contempt of me,
Those hopes of Oriana, which I could
Have chang'd to certainties, are lost for ever.

Mountf. Why, lives she?

Abd. Yes; but never to Mountferrat,
Altho' it is in me, with as much ease
To give her freely up to thy possession,
As to remove this rash; which yet despair of:
For, by my much-wrong'd love, flattery, nor
threats,

Tears, prayers, nor vows, shall ever win me
So, with my curse, I leave thee! ^{[to it:}

Mountf. 'Prithee, stay!

Thou know'st I dote on thee, and yet thou art
So peevish, and perverse, so apt to take
Trifles unkindly from me——

Abd. To persuade me ^{[self,}

To break my neck, to hang, then damn my-
With you are trifles!

Mountf. 'Twas my melancholy ^{[give!}
That made me speak I know not what: For-
I will redeem my fault.

Rocca. Believe him, lady.

Mountf. A thousand times I will demand
thy pardon, ^{[kisses,}
And keep the reckoning on thy lips with
Abd. There's something else, that would
prevail more with me.

Mountf. Thou shalt have all thy wishes:
Do but bless me

With means to satisfy my mad desires
For once in Oriana, and for ever

I am thine, only thine, my best Abdella!

Abd. Were I assur'd of this, and that you
Having enjoy'd her—— ^{[would,}

Mountf. Any thing! make choice of
Thine own conditions.

Abd. Swear then, that perform'd,
(To free me from all doubts and fears here-
To give me leave to kill her. ^{[after)}

Mountf. That our safety
Must of necessity urge us to.

Abd. Then know,

It was not poison, but a sleeping potion,
Which she receiv'd; yet of sufficient strength
So to bind up her senses, that no sign
Of life appear'd in her; and thus thought
In her best habit*, as the custom is ^{[dead,}
(You know) in Malta, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her family's monument,
I th' temple of St. John: I'll bring you thither,
Thus, as you are disguis'd. Some six hours
The potion will leave working. ^{[hence}

Rocca. Let us haste then.

Mountf. Be my good angel; guide me!

Abd. Bot remember

You keep your oath.

Mountf. As I desire to prosper
In what I undertake!

Abd. I ask no more. ^{[Exeunt.}

SCENE II.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.

Col. Here, sir; I've got the key: I bor-
row'd it

* In her best habit, &c.] This speech bears an obvious similitude to one of Friar Laurence in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Of him that keeps the church; the door is open.

Mir. Look to the horses then, and please the fellow,

After a few devotions, I'll retire.

Be not far off; there may be some use of you.

Give me the light. Come, friend, a few good prayers

Were not bestow'd in vain now, e'en from you, sir: [*exit*]

Men that are hied in blood, have no way left

No bath, no purge, no time to wear it out

Or wash it off, but penitence and prayer.

I am to take the order; and my youth

Louder, I must confess, with many follies,

Circled and bound about with sins as many

As in the house of memory live figures.

My heart I'll open now, my faults confess,

And rise a new man, Heav'n, I hope, to a new

life. [*start*]

Nor. I have no great devotion, at this in-

But, for a prayer or two, I will not out, sir.

Hold up your finger when you've pray'd

Mir. Go you to that end. [*enough*]

Nor. I shall never pray

Alone sure, I have been so us'd to answer

The clerk. 'Would I had a cushion; for I

Shall ne'er make a good hermit, and kneel 'till

My knees are horn; these stones are plagy

hard!

Where shall I begin now? for if I do not

Observe a method, I shall be out presently.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. What's that, sir? Did you hear?

Mir. Ha? in your prayers?

Nor. 'Twas hereabouts! It has put me

clean awry

Now; I shall ne'er get in again! Ha! by land,

And water, all children and all women;

Ay, there it was I left.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Ne'er tell me, sir!

Here's something got amongst us.

Mir. I heard a groan,

A dismal one.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Here, 'tis here, sir, 'tis here, sir!

A devil in the wall!

Mir. 'Tis some illusion

To fright us from devotion.

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. Why, 'tis here;

The spirit of a huntsman choak'd with butter³⁰.

Here's a new tomb, new trickments too.

Mir. For certain,

This has not been three days here.

Nor. And a tablet

With rhimes upon't.

Mir. I prithee read 'em, Noradine.

Nor. An epi—an epi—taph, I think 'tis;

ay, 'tis taph!

An epitaph upon the most excel—excel—
lent—and—

Mir. Thou canst not read. [*der.*]

Nor. I've spoil'd mine eyes with gunpow-

Mir. An epitaph upon the most virtuous

and excellent lady,

The honour of chastity, Oriana.

Nor. The Grand-master's sister? how a

devil came she here?

When sluit she out o' th' way? The stone's

but half upon her. [*mischief*]

Mir. It is a sudden change!—Certa the

Mountierat offer'd to her broke her heart-

strings.

Nor. 'Would he were here! I'd be the

clerk myself,

And, by this little light, I'd bury him alive

Here's no lamenting now. [*here.*]

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. There 'tis.

Mir. Sure from [*her.*]

The monument! the very stone groans for

Oh, dear lady, blessing of women, virtue of

thy sex;

How art thou set for ever, how stol'n from us!

Babbling and prating now converse with wo-

Nor. Sir, it rises; it looks up! [*men.*]

Mir. Heav'n bless us! [*She rises up.*]

Nor. It is in woman's cloutis. It rises

Mir. It looks about, and wonders: Sure

she lives, sir!

'Tis she, 'tis Oriana, 'tis that lady.

Nor. Shall I go to her?

Ori. Where am I?

Mir. Stand still.

Ori. What place is this?

Nor. She is as live as I am.

Ori. What smell of earth, and rotten bones?

What dark place?

Lord, whither am I hurried?

Nor. How she stares,

And sets her eyes upon him!

Mir. How is't, dear lady?

D' you know too? how she shakes!

Ori. You are a man.

Mir. A man that honours you.

Ori. A cruel man;

Ye are all cruel! Are you in your grave too?

For there's no trusting cruel man, above

Nor. Be'r lady, that goes hard! [*ground.*]

Mir. To do you service,

And to restore you to the joys you were in—

Ori. I was in joys indeed, and hope—

Mir. She sinks again!

Again she's gone, she's gone, gone as a shad-

ow sinks for ever, friend! [*dow!*]

Nor. She is cold now;

She's certainly departed: I must cry too.

Mir. The blessed angels guide thee! Put

the stone to.

³⁰ The spirit of a huntsman choak'd with butter.] As I can see no humour in a huntsman's being choak'd with butter, I make no doubt of its being a corruption for Dutchman, who are always laughed at for eating such quantities of oiled butter. *Seward.*

Beauty, thou'rt gone to dust, goodness to ashes!

Nor. 'Pray take it well; we must all have our hours, sir. [glory]

Mir. Ay, thus we are; and all nar painted A bubble that a hoy blows into the air, And there it breaks.

Nor. I am glad you sav'd her honour yet.

Mir. 'Would I had sav'd her life now too! Oh, Heav'n,

For such a blessing, such a timely blessing! Oh, friend, what dear content 'twould be, what story

To keep my name from worms!

Ori. Oh, oh!

Nor. She lives again!

'Twas but a truncheon.

Mir. 'Pray you call my man in presently. Help with the stone first! Oh, she stirs again! Oh, call my man! away!

Nor. I fly, I fly, sir! [Exit.

Mir. Upon my knees, oh, Heav'n, oh, Heav'n, I thank thee!

Enter Colonna and Norandine.

The living heat steals into every member. Come, help the coffin out softly, and sad—Where is the clerk?

Col. Drunk above; he is sure, sir.

Mir. Sirrah, you must be secret.

Col. As your soul, sir.

Mir. Softly, good friend! take her into your arms.

Nor. Put in the crust again.

Mir. And bring her out there. When I am a-horse-back,

My man and I will tenderly conduct her Unto the fort; stay you, and watch what issue, And what enquiry's for the body.

Nor. Well, sir! [re.]

Mir. And when you've done, come back to

Nor. I will.

Mir. Softly, oh, softly!

Nor. She grows warmer still, sir.

Col. What shall I do with the key?

Mir. Thou canst not stir now;

Leave it i' th' door. Go, get the horses ready. [Exit.

Enter Rocca, Mountferrat, and Abella with a dark-lantern.

Rocca. The door's already open, the key in

Mountf. What were those past by? [it.

Rocca. Some sort of soldiers, I think.

Mountf. It may be well so, for I saw their

They saw not us, I hope. [horses:

Abd. No, no, we were close;

Beside, they were far off.

Mountf. What time of night is't?

Abd. Much about twelve, I think.

Rocca. Let me go in first;

For, by the leaving open of the door here, There may be somebody i' th' church. Give me the lantern.

Abd. You'll love me now, I hope.

Mountf. Make that good to me
Your promise is engag'd for.

Abd. Why, she's there,
Ready prepar'd; and much about this time
Life will look up again.

Rocca. Come in; all's sure;

Not a foot stirring, nor a tongue.

Mountf. Heav'n bless me!

I never enter'd, with such unholy thoughts,
This place before.

Abd. You are a fearful fool!

If men have appetites allow'd 'em, [em?]
And warm desires, are there not evils too for

Mountf. Whither shall we carry her?

Rocca. Why, to the bark, sir;

I have provided one already waits us:

The wind stands wondrous fair too for our
passage.

Abd. And there, when you've enjoy'd her,
(for you've that liberty)

Let me alone to send her to feed fishes!

I'll no more signs for her.

Mountf. Where is the monument?

Thou'rt sure she will awake about this time?

Abd. Most sure,

If she be not knockt o' th' head. Give me
the lantern!

Here 'tis.—How's this? the stone off?

Rocca. Ay, and nothing

Within the monument, that's worse; no body,
I'm sure of that, nor sign of any here,

But an empty coffin.

Mountf. No body?

Rocca. No, nor lord, sir;

This pie has been cut up before.

Abd. Either the devil

Must do these tricks—

Mountf. Or thou, damoed one, worse!

Thou black swoll pitchy cloud of all my af-
flictions, [suffer'd,

Thou night-mag, gotten when the bright moon
Thou hell itself confin'd in flesh, what trick

now?

Tell me, and tell me quickly, what thy mis-
chief [what?

Has done with her, and to what end, and
Thou hast remov'd her body; or, by this

holy place,

This sword shall cut thee into thousand pieces,
A thousand thousand, strew thee o'er the tem-
ple,

A sacrifice to thy black sire, the devil!

Rocca. Tell him; you see he's angry.

Abd. Let him burst!

Neither his sword nor anger do I shake at;

Nor will yield, to feed his poor suspicious,

His idle jealousies, and mad-dogs' heats,
One thought against myself. You've done a

brave deed,

A manly, and a valiant piece of service,

When you have kill'd me! reckon't amongst
your battles! [man,

I'm sorry you're so poor, so weak a gentle-
man, to stand no fortune! I dispose of her?

My mischief make her away? a likely project,

I must play booty 'gainst myself ! If any thing
 cross ye,
 I am the devil, and the devil's heir;
 All plagues, all mischiefs—

Mountf. Will you leave, and do yet?

Abd. I have done too much,
 Far, far too much, for such a thankless fellow !
 If I be devil, you created me;
 I never knew those arts, nor bloody practices,
 (Plague o' your cunning heart, that mine of
 mischief !)

Before your flatteries won 'em into me.—
 Here did I leave her, leave her with that cer-
 about this hour to wake again. [tainty]

Mountf. Where is she?

This is the last demand.

Abd. Did I now know it,
 And were I sure this were my latest minute,
 I would not tell thee: Strike, and then I'll
 curse thee.

Rocca. I see a light. Stand close, and
 leave your angers!
 We all miscarry else.

Enter Gomera, and Page with a torch.

Abd. I am now careless.

Mountf. Peace, 'prithee peace, sweet!
 p e ! all friends!

Abd. Stand close then.

Gom. Wait there, boy, with the light, 'till
 I call to thee.

In darkness was my soul and senses clouded
 When my fair jewel fell, the night of jealousy
 In all her blackness drawn about my judg-
 ment;

No light was let into me, to distinguish
 Betwixt my sudden anger and her honour:
 A blind sad pilgrimage shall be my penance;
 No comfort of the day will I look up at;
 Far darker than my jealous ignorance,
 Each place of my abode shall be; my prayers
 No ceremonious lights shall set off more;
 Bright arms, and all that carry lustre, life,
 Society, and solace, I forsake ye!
 And were it not once more to see her beauties,
 (For, in her bed of death, she must be sweet
 still)

And on her cold sad lips seal my repentance,
 Thou child of Heav'n, fair Light, I could not
 miss thee.²¹

Mountf. I know the tongue: 'Would I
 were out again!

I've done him too much wrong to look upon
 him.

Abd. There is no shifting now; boldness
 and confidence

Must carry't now away: He's but one neither,
 Naked as you are, of a strength far under.

Mountf. But h' has a cause above me!

Abd. That's as you handle it.

Rocca. Peace! he may go again, and ne-
 ver see us.

Gom. I feel I weep apace; but where's the
 flood, [in?]

The torrent of my tears, to drown my fault
 I would I could now, like a laden cloud,
 Begotten in the moist South, drop to nothing!
 Give me the torch, boy.

Rocca. Now he must discover us.

Abd. He has already.—Never hide your
 head; [thier—]

Be bold and brave! If we must die, toge-
 ther. Who's there? what friend to sor-
 row?—The tomb wide open?

The stone off ton? the body gone, by Heaven!
 Look to the door, boy! keep it fast!—Who
 are ye? [Ferrat,

What sacrilegious villains?—False Mount-
 The wolf to honour! has thy bellish hunger
 Brought thee to tear the body out o' th' tomb
 too?

Has thy foul mind so far wrought on thee?—
 Ha!

Are you there too? Nay, then I spy a villainy
 I never dream'd of yet. Thou sinful usher,
 Bred from that rottenness, thou bawd to
 mischief,

D' you blush thro' all your blackness? won't
 that hide it?

Abd. I cannot speak.

Gom. You're well met, with your dam, sir.
 Art thou a knight? did ever on that sword
 The Christian cause sit nobly? could that
 hand fight,

Guided by lance and fortune? that heart in-
 flame thee,

With virtuous fires of valour? To fall off,
 Fall off so suddenly, and with such foulness,
 As the false knight did, from all their glory!
 Thou art no knight! Honour thou never
 heard'st of,

Nor brave desires could ever build in that
 breast! [Gom's]

Treason, and tainted thoughts, are all the
 Thou worship'st, all the strength thou hast,
 and fortune! [Gom's]

Thou didst things not of fear, and false heart,
 Out of close traps and treach'ries; they have
 ruin'd thee

Mountf. Thou rav'st, bid man.

Gom. Before thou get'st off from me.

Hadst thou the glory of thy first fights on thee,

²¹ Thou child of Heav'n, fair light, I could not miss thee.] Seward proposes to read, 'I
 would not see thee;' and Symson says, 'What Gomera intends to say is only this; that
 unless it was to see the beauty of his (supposed) dead wife, &c. he never should desire or
 want light more. Now this by an easy change may be made out thus:

'—fair light, I should not miss thee.'

But neither Symson nor Seward seems to have observed, that the whole speech turns on
 Gomera's abandoning light for darkness, which is the only key to explain the last line; but,
 adhering to that, it becomes intelligible. Symson explains the passage quite wrong.

(Which thou hast basely lost) thy noblest fortunes, [thee,
And in their greatest lostres, I would make
Before we part, confess (my, kneel, and do it,
Nay, crying kneel, coldly, for mercy, crying)
Thou art the recreant'st rogue true ever
nourish'd;

Thou art a dog, I'll make thee swear, a dog is,
A mangy cur dog! D' you creep behind the
altar?

Look, how it sweats, to shelter such a rascal!
First, with thy venomous tooth infect her
chaste life,

And then not dare to do? next, rob her rest,
Steal her dead body out o' th' grave——

Mountf. I have not.

Gom. Prithee, come out; (this is no place
to quarrel in)

Valiant *Mountferrat*, come!

Mountf. I will not stir.

Gom. Thou hast thy sword about thee,

That good sword that we'er fail'd thee: 'Prithee come! [hoy!

We'll have but five strokes for it. On, on,
Here is one would fain be acquainted with
thee,

Would wondrous fain cleave that calf's head
of yours, sir:

Come, 'prithee let's dispatch! the moon shines
finely: [else;

'Prithee, be kill'd by me! thou wilt be hang'd
But, it may be, thou'longest to be hang'd.

Rocca. Out with him, sir!

You shall have my sword too; when he's
dispatch'd once,

We have the world before us.

Gom. Wilt thou walk, fellow?

I never knew a rogue hang arse-ward so,
And such a desperate knave too.

Abd. Pray go with him!

Something I'll promise too

Mountf. You would be kill'd then?

No remedy, I see.

Gom. If thou dar'st do it?

Mountf. Yes, now I dare. Lead out; I'll
follow presently;

Under the mount I'll meet you.

Gom. Go before me;

I'll have you in a string too.

Mountf. As I'm a gentleman,

And by this holy place, I will not fail thee.

Fear not, thou shalt be kill'd, take my word
I will not fail. [for it;

Gom. If thou scap'st, thou hast e'en's luck.

The mount?

Mountf. The same. Make haste, I'm
there before thee.

Gom. Go, get ye home. Now if he scape,
I'm coward.

Mountf. Well, now I am resolv'd; and he
shall find it. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter *Miranda*, *Lucinda*, and *Colonna*.

Mir. How is it with the lady?

Lac. Sir, as well

As it can be with one, who feeling knows now
What is the curse the divine justice laid
On the first sinful woman.

Mir. Is she in travail? [mind

Lac. Yes, sir; and yet the troubles of her
Afflict her more than what her body suffers;
For, in the extremity of her pain, she cries
not,

'Why am I here? where is my lord Gomera?'
Then sometimes names *Miranda*, and then
sighs,

As if to speak, what questionless she loves
If heard, might do her injury. [well,

Col. Heaven's sweet mercy

Look gently on her!

Mir. 'Prithee tell her, my prayers [vide
Are present with her; and, good wench, pro-
That she want nothing! What's thy name?

Lac. *Lucinda*. [in it!

Mir. *Lucinda*? there's a prosperous omen
Be a *Lucina* to her, and bring word

That she is safe deliver'd of her burden,
And thy reward's thy liberty. Come, *Colonna*,

We will go see how th'engineer has mounted
The cannon the Great-master sent. Be careful

To view the works, and learn the discipline
That is us'd here! I am to leave the world;

And for your service, which I have found
faithful,

The charge that's mine, if I have any power,
Hereafter may concern you.

Col. I still find

A noble master in you.

Mir. 'Tis but justice;

Thou dost deserve it in thy care and duty.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Gomera*, *Mountferrat*, *Rocca*, and
Abdello.

Gom. Here's even ground; I'll stir no foot
beyond it

Before I have thy head.

Mountf. Draw, *Rocca*!

Gom. Coward, [rage

Hath inward guilt robb'd thee as well of cou-

²⁵ Thou art a dog, I'll make thee swear, a dog.] The first folio copy has an addition to this verse, which is wrote there thus:

'I'll make thee swear a dog star'd.'

But what business *star'd* has here I cannot discover; a *star'd dog* in the bear-garden language, I believe, is no more than a dog taken off the bear, by wrenching his mouth open to make him leave his hold. Possibly the Poets might have wrote it thus: 'a dog star'd,' and then 'a mangy cur dog' may follow agreeably enough. *Symposia*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*Enter Oriana and Lucinda.***Ori.** HOW does my boy?**Luc.** Oh, wondrous lusty, madam;
A little knight already; You shall live
To see him toss a Turk.**Ori.** Gentle Lucinda, [vice;
Much must I thank thee for thy care and ser-*Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Colonna.*And may I grow but strong to see Valetta²⁵,
My husband, and my brother, thou shalt find
I will not barely thank thee.**Mir.** Look, captain, we must ride away
this morning:The Anker sits to-day, and the Great-mas-
Writes plainly, I must or deliver in [ter
(The year expir'd) my probation-weed,
Or take the cloak. You likewise, Norandine,
For your full service, and your last assistance
To false Mountferrat's apprehension,
Are here commanded to associate me,
My twin in this high honour.**Nor.** I will none on't!Do they think to bind me to live chaste, sober,
And temperately, all days of my life? [so!
They may as soon tie an Englishman to live
I shall be a sweet Dane, a sweet captain,
Go up and down drinking small-beer, and
swearing, [still;
'Ode nequere! No; I'll live a squire at arms
And do thou so too, an thou be'st wise.
I've found the mystery now, why the gentle-
menWear but three bars of the cross, and the
The whole one. [knights**Mir.** Why, captain?**Nor.** Marry, sir,To put us in remembrance, we are but
Three quarters cross'd to our licence and
pleasures;But the poor knights cross'd altogether.
The brothers at arms may yet meet with
their sisters at arms, [knightsNow and then, in brotherly love; but the poor
Cannot get a lady for love nor money:'Tis not so in other countries, I was. 'Pray
haste you!

For I'll along, and see what will come on't. [Exit.

Mir. Colonna, provide straight all neces-
saries

For this remove, the litter for the lady,

And let Lucinda bear her company!

You shall attend on me.

Col. With all my duties. [Exit.**Mir.** How fare you, gracious mistress?**Ori.** Oh, Miranda,You pleas'd to honour me with that fair title
When I was free, and could dispose myself;
But now, no smile, no word, no look, no
Can I impart to any, but as theft [touch,
From my Gomera; and who dares accept
Is an usurper.**Mir.** Leave us.—I have touch'd thee,

[Exit Luc.

Thou fairer virtue, than thou'rt beautiful!—
Hold but this test, so rich an ore was never
Tried by the hand of man, on the vast earth.—
Sir, brightest Oriana! Is it sin
Still to profess I love you, still to vow
I shall in ever? Heav'n my witness be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheek, your tongue,

no part

That superficially doth snare young men,
Which has caught me! Read over in your
thoughtsThe story that this man hath made of you,
And think upon his merit.**Ori.** Only thought

Can comprehend it!

Mir. And can you beSo cruel, thankless, to destroy his youth
That sav'd your honour, gave you double life,
Your own, and your fair infant's? that when
Fortune(The blind foe to all beauty, that is good)
Banded you from one hazard to another,
Was even Heaven's messenger, by Providence
Call'd to the temple, to receive you there
Into these arms, to give ease to your throws,
As if't had thunder'd; take thy due, Miranda,
For she was thine! Gomera's jealousy
Struck death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee second life!
Let me but now enjoy thee! Oh, regard
The torturing fires of my affections!**Ori.** Oh, banter them, Miranda, as I mine!
Who follows his desires, such tyrants serves
As will oppress him insupportably.My flames, Miranda, rise as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage;
Yet would I now consent, or could I think
Thou wert in earnest, (which, by all the souls
That have for chastity been sanctified,
I cannot) in a moment I do know [blood.
Thou'dst call fair Temperance up to rule thy²⁵ ——— to see Valetta,*My husband, and my brother.*] Symonds transposes the words thus:

'——— to see Valetta,

'My brother, and my husband;'

again misunderstanding (we suppose, for he does it tac-ly) Valetta to mean the Grand-
master, not the city.

Thy eye was ever chaste, thy countenance too, honest,
And all thy wooings was like maidens' talk.
Who yieldeth unto pleasures, and to lust,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters,
And precious, as he thinks, but huldng gyves,
Trets out his life.

Mir. Find such another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man!

Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my best,
(Heav'n knew I was not; I had had thee else)
Much less now, gentle sir. Miranda's deeds
Have been as white as Oriana's fame,
From the beginning to this point of time,
And shall we now begin to stain both thus?
Think on the legend which we two shall breed,

Continuing as we are, for chastest dames
And boldest soldiers to peruse and read,
Ay, and read thorough, free from any act
To cause the modest cast the book away,
And the most honour'd captain fold it up.

Mir. Fairest, let go my hand! my pulse
beats thick, [vein!—
And my mov'd blood rides high in every
Lord of thyself now, soldier, and ever!
I would not for Aleppo, this frail hark,
This bark of flesh, no better steers-man had
Than has Mountferrat's.—May you kiss me,
lady?

Ori. No; though't be no essential injury,
It is a circumstance due to my lord,
To none else; and, my dearest friend, if hands
Playing together kindle heat in you,
What may the game at lips provoke unto?

Mir. Oh, what a tongue is here! Whilst
she doth teach

My heart to hate my fond unlawful love,
She talks me more in love, with love to her;
My fires she quengeth with her arguments,
But as she breathes 'em they blow fresher
fires.— [wife!

Sit further! now my flame cools. Husband!
There is some holy myst'ry in those names
That sure the unmarried cannot understand.

Ori. Now thou art straight, and dost en-
amour me

So far beyond a carnal earthly love,
My very soul dotes on thee, and my spirits
Do embrace thine; my mind doth thy mind
kiss;

And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenly pleasure than if bodies met:
This is the perfect love! the other short,
Yet languishing fruition. Every swain
And sweating groom may clasp, but ours re-
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto. [fin'd
Nor is our spiritual love a barren joy;

For mark what blessed issue we'll beget,
(Dearer than children to posterity)
A great example to men's continence,
And women's chastity; that is a child
More fair and comfortable, than any heir!

Mir. If all wives were but such, Last would
not find

One corner to inhabit; sin would be
So strange, remission superfluous.—
But one petition, I have done.

Ori. What, sweet? [death
Mir. To call me lord, if the hard hand of
Seize on Gomera first.

Ori. Oh, much too worthy,
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought self for a poor woman,
That has been once sold, us'd, and lost her
show!

I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A zone untied, a lily trod upon,
A fragrant flower crop'd by another's hand,
My colour sullied, and my odour chang'd.
If when I was new-blossom'd, I did fear
Myself unworthy of Miranda's spring,
Thus over-blown, and seeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his chimney than his bed.

Mir. Rise, miracle! save Malta with thy
virtue! [spoke!

If gods could make me proud, how has she
Yet I will try her to the very block.—

Hard-hearted and uncivil Oriana,
Ingrateful payer of my industries,
That with a soft painted hypocrisy
Cozen'st, and jeer'st my perturbation,
Expect a weighty and a fell revenge!²⁵
My comfort is, all men will think thee false;
Beside, thy husband, having been thus long
(On this occasion) in my fort, and power—

*Enter Norandine, Colonna, and Lucinda
with a Child.*

I'll hear no more words!—Captain, let's away!
With all care see to her; and you, Lucinda,
Attend her diligently: She's a wonder!

Nor. Have you found she was well deli-
vered?

What, had she a good midwife? is all well?

Mir. You're merry, Norandine.

Luc. Why weep you, lady?

Ori. Take the poor babe along.

Col. Madam, 'tis here.

Ori. Dissembling death, why didst thou
let me live

To see this change, my greatest cause to
grieve? [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

[Synnet, i. e. Flourish of trumpets²⁶.

²⁵ Expect a witty and a fell revenge.] The coupling of these two epithets, perhaps, never was from the Poet's pen. I am inclined to think that we have the same corruption here, as in *The Wild-Goose Chase*; and that in both places we should read not witty but a witty.

²⁶ Scene II. Enter Astorius, Castriot, Foletta, Gomera, Synnet, Knights, two Bishops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers, Abdello, a Gentleman with a cloak, sword, and spurs; Gomera.] This stage-direction corrected by Symposon.

Enter Astorius, Castriot, Valetta, Gomera, Knights, two Bishops, Mountferrat guarded by Corporal and Soldiers, Abdella, a Gentleman with a cloak, sword, and spurs.

Val. A tender husband hast thou shew'd thyself,

My dearest brother, and thy memory,
After thy life²⁷, in brazen characters
Shall monumentally be register'd
To ages consequent, till Time's running hand
Beats back the world to undistinguish'd
chaos²⁸,

And on the top of that thy name shall stand
Fresh, and without decay.

Gom. Oh, honour'd sir!

If hope of this, or any bliss to come,
Could lift my load of grief off from my soul,
Or expiate the trespass 'gainst my wife,
That in one hour's suspicion I begat,
I might be won to be a man again,
And fare like other husbands, sleep and eat,
Laugh, and forget my pleasing penitence;
But 'till old Nature can make such a wife
Again, I vow ne'er to resume the order
And habits that to men are necessary;
All breath I'll spend in sighs, all sound in
groans,

And know no company but my wasting moans.

Asto. This will be wilful murder on yourself.
Nor like a Christian do you bear the chance
Which the inscrutable will of Heav'n admits.

Gom. What would you have my weakness
do, that

Suffer'd itself thus to be practis'd on
By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
The impious midwife to abortive births,
And cruel instrument to his decrees?
By forgery they first assail'd her life,
Heav'n playing with us yet in that, he wrought
My dearest friend, the servant to her virtue,
To combat me, against his mistress' truth.
That yet effectless, this enchanting witch
Bred baneful jealousy against my lady, [her
My most immaculate lady, which seiz'd on
Almost to death. Oh, yet, not yet content,
She in my hand put (to restore her life,

As I imagin'd) what dial execute [child
Their devilish malice. Further, great with
Was this poor innocent: That ton was lost;
They doubled death upon her! Not staying
there,

They have done violence unto her tomb,
Not granting rest unto her in the grave.
I wish Miranda had enjoy'd my prize;
For sure I'm punish'd for usurping her.
Oh, what a tiger is resisted lust!
How it doth forage all!

Mountf. Part of this tale [her.

I grant you true; but 'twas not poison given
Abd. I would it had! we had been far
enough,

If we had been so wise; and had not now
Stood curst'ing for your mercies here.

Mountf. Beside,

What is become o' th' body we know not.
Val. Peace, impudents!

And, dear Gomera, practise patience,
As I myself must: By some means at last
We shall dissolve this riddle.

Gom. Wherefore comes.

This villain in this festival array,
As if he triumph'd for his treachery?

Cast. That is by our appointment: Give
us leave;

You shall know why anon.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Coloana.

Val. One of the Esquard²⁹.

Esg. The gentlemen are come, ©

Val. Truce then awhile, [resolv'd?

With our sad thoughts!—What, are ye both
Nor. Not I, my lord: Your down-right
captain still

I'll live, and serve you. Not that altogether
I want compunction of conscience;
I have enough to save me, and that's all:
Bar me from drink, and drabs? ev'n hang
me too! [first]

You must ev'n make your captains captains
I have too much flesh for this spiritual knight-
hood,

And therefore do desire forbearance, sir,

²⁷ After my life.] Amended by Symphon.

²⁸ till Time's running hand

Beats back the world to undistinguish'd chaos.] Running is, I allow, a proper epithet to Time, but Time's running hand beating the world to chaos, does not seem to me a very clear and consistent metaphor; and as running is so very near the trace of the letters, and appears to have much more propriety and energy than the former, I think it bids fair for having been the original. *Seward.*

²⁹ Val. One of th' Esquard.

Esg. The gentlemen are come.] Mr. Seward saw with me, that to put 'One of the Esquard' into Valetta's mouth, was false and ridiculous. The stage direction was undoubtedly given by our Authors thus:

Enter one of the Esquard.

Esg. 'The gentlemen are come.

Val. 'Truce then awhile

'With your sad thoughts.'

Enter Miranda, Norandine and Coloana.

'What, are you both resolv'd? &c. *Symphon.*

'Till I am older, or more mortified;
I am too sound yet.

Val. What say you, Miranda?

Mir. With all pure zeal to Heaven, duty
to you,

I come to undergo it.

Val. Proceed to thy ceremony.

Gom. Before you match with this bright
honour'd title,

Admir'd Miranda, pardon that ^{as} in thought
I ever did transgress against your virtue;
And may you find more joy with your new
bride,

Than poor Gomera e'er enjoy'd with his!
(But 'twas mine own crime, and I suffer for't.)
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilst I obscurely in some corner vanish!

Mir. Have stronger thoughts, and better.

—First, I crave,

According to the order of the court,
I may dispose my captives, and the fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fitter I may induce my robe.

All. 'Tis granted.

*Enter Oriana veild, Ladies, Lucinda with a
Child.*

Mir. Bring the captives!—To your charge
And staid tuition, my most noble friend,
I then commend this lady. Start not off!
A fairer and a cluster never liv'd.

By her own choice you are her guardian;
For telling her I was to leave my fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares,
Her own request was, to Gomera's hands
She might be giv'n in custody, for sh' had
heard

He was a gentleman, wise, and temperate,
Full of humanity to women-kind,
And, 'cause he had been married, knew the
better

How to entreat a lady.

Val. What countrywoman is she?

Mir. Born a Greek.

Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A lady, that unto your refuge flies,
And seeks to shroud her under Virtue's wing.

Gom. Excuse me, noble sir! Oh, think me
So dull a devil^{as}, to forget the loss [quot
Of such a matchless wife as I possess'd,
And ever to endure the sight of woman!
Woe she the abstract of her sex for form,
The only warehouse of perfection,
Were there no rose nor lily but her cheek,
No music but her tongue, virtue but hers,
She must not rest near me. My vow is graven
Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd;
And when I break it—

Auto. This is rudeness, Spaniard;

^{as} Pardon what in thought.] So the former editions.

^{as} So dull a devil.] Seward proposes reading, so FULL a devil; 'i. e.' (says he) 'Think me
out so altogether a devil as to forget the worth of her I have killed. The use of full in this
manner I could give many instances of.' This, however, we much doubt.

^{as} Timonist.] i. e. Timon of Athens, alluding to the misanthropy of that character.

Unseasonably you play the Timonist^{as},

Put on a disposition is not yours,

Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.

Gom. Sir— [persuade.

Cost. We cannot force you, but we would

Gom. Beseech you, sir, no more! I am
resolv'd

To forsake Malta, tread a pilgrimage

To fair Jerusalem, for my lady's soul,

And will not be diverted.

Mir. You must bear

This child along wiv'e thee.

Gom. What child?

All. How's this? [ous!

Mir. Nay then, Gomera, thou'rt injuri-

This child is thine, and this rejected lady

Thou hast as often known as thine own wife;

And this I'll make good on thee, with my

sword.

Gom. Thou durst as well blaspheme!—If
such a scandal—

(I crave the rights due to a gentleman)

Woman, unveil!

Ori. Will you refuse me yet? [Unveiling.

Gom. My wife!

Val. My sister!

Gom. Somchody thank Heav'n!

I cannot speak.

All. Ail praise be ever giv'n!

Mountf. This saves our lives. Yet 'would
she had been dead!

The very sight of her afflicts me more

Than fear of punishment, or toy disgrace.

Val. How came you to the temple?

Mir. Sir, to lo

My poor devotions, and to offer thanks
For escaping a temptation near perform'd
With this fair virgin—I restore a wife
Earth cannot parallel; and, hasty Nature,
If thou wilt still make women, but remember
To work 'em by this sampler!—Take heed,
Henceforth you never doubt, sir. [sir,

Gom. When I do,

Death take me suddenly!

Mir. To increase your happiness,

To your best wife take this addition.

Gom. Alack, my poor knave!

[To the Child.

Val. The confession

The Moor made, it seems, was truth. [ever

Nor. Marry was it, sir; the only truth that
Issued out of hell, which her black jaws re-
semble. [giving

A plague o' your hacon-face! you must be
Drunk, with a vengeance! Ah, thou branded
bitch!

Do you stare, guggles? I hope to make

Winter-hoots o' thy hide yet; she fears not
dampning!

Hell-fire can't parch her blacker than she is.
Do you grin, chimney-sweeper?

Ori. What is't, Miranda?

Mir. That you would please Lucinda might attend you.

Col. That suit, sir, I consent not to.

Luc. My husband?

My dearest Angelo?

Nor. More jiggam-bobs? Is not this the fellow that [vice?

Swam like a duck to the shore in our s'n-ser-

Col. The very same. Do not you know me now, sir?

My name is Angelo, thn' Colonna veil'd it,
Your cuntryman and kinsman, born in Florence;

Who from the neighbour-island here of Goza
Was captive led, in that unfortunate day
When the Turk bore with him three thousand
souls.

Since, in Constantinople have I liv'd,
Where I beheld this Turkish damsel first.

A tedious suitor was I for her love; [hide
And, pitying such a benedict case should
A soul proph'd with infidelity,

I labour'd her conversion, with my love,
And doubly won her: To fair faith her soul

She first betroth'd, and then her faith to me.
But fearful there to consummate this contract,

We fled, and in that flight were ta'en again
By those same galleys 'for' Valetta fought:

Since, in your service I attended here,
Where, what I saw and heard hath joy'd me
more

Than all my past afflictions griev'd before.

Val. Wonders crown wonders! Take thy
wife.—Miranda,

Be henceforth call'd our Malta's better angel;
And thou her evil, Mountferrat. [black

Nor. We'll call him Cacodemon, with his
Gib there, his Succuba, his devil's seed,
His spawn of Phlegethon, that, o' my con-
science,

Was bred o' th' spume of Cocytus.—Do you
smile, you black Gill?

She looks like the picture of America.

Val. Why stay we now?

Mir. This last petition to the court;
I may bequeath the keeping of my fort
To this my kinsman, tow'rd the maintenance
Of him and his fair virtuous wife: Discreet,
Loyal, and valiant, I dare give him you.

Val. You must not ask in vain, sir.

Col. My best thanks

To you, my noble cousin, and my service
To the whole court: May I deserve this bounty!

Val. Proceed to th' ceremony. One of our
Deerdest Mountferrat first! [Esguard

Mountf. I will not sue

For mercy; 'twere in vain: Fortune, thy
worst! [Music.

*An altar discover'd, with tapers and a book on
it. The two Bishops stand on each side of
it; Mountferrat, as the song is singing,
ascends up the altar.*

See, see, the stain of honour, Virtue's foe,
Of virgins' fair flames the foul overthrow!
That broken hath his oath of chastity,
Dishonour'd much this holy dignity;
Off with his robe, expel him forth this
place, [grace!

Whilst we rejoice, and sing at his dis-

Val. Since by thy actions thou hast made
thyself

Unworthy of that worthy sign thou wear'st,
And of our sacred order, into which
For former virtues we receiv'd thee first,
According to our statutes, ordinances;
For praise unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our society,
From which we do expel thee, as a rotten,
Corrupted, and contagious member.

Esg. Using th' authority the superior
Hath giv'n unto me, I untie this knot,
And take from thee the pleasing yoke of
Heaven:

We take from off thy breast this holy cross,
Which thou hast made thy burden, not thy
prop;

Thy spurs we spoil thee of, leaving thy heels
Bare of thy honour*, that have kick'd against
Our order's precepts; next we reave thy
sword,

And give thee armless to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodness, and to God;
Last, 'bout thy stiff neck we this halter hang,
And leave thee to the mercy of the court.

Val. Invest Miranda.

SONG.

Fair child of Virtue, Honour's bloom,
That here with burning zeal dost come,
With joy to ask the white-cross cloak,
And yield unto this pleasing yoke!
That being young, vows chastity,
And chaste wilful poverty;

As this flame mounts, so mount thy zeal!
thy glory [story!

Rise past the stars, and fix in Heaven thy

1 Bishop. What crave you, gentle sir?

Mir. Humble admittance

To be a brother of the holy hospital
Of great Jerusalem.

2 Bishop. Breathe out your vow.

Mir. To Heaven, and all the bench of
saints above,

(Whose succour I implore t' ennoble me)
I vow henceforth a chaste life; not to enjoy
Any thing proper to myself; obedience

* Bare of thy honour.] Symphon thinks we should read, 'bare of their honour.'

† Invest Miranda.] The ceremonies of receiving a knight into the order of Malta, may be
seen at large in Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta, vol. vi. p. 18. R.

To my superiors, whom religion
And Heav'n shall give me; ever to defend
The virtuous fame of Indies, and to oppugn
E'en unto death the Christian enemy:

This do I vow t' accomplish!

Esg. Who can tell,

Has he made other vow, or promis'd marriage
To any one; or is in servitude?

All. He's free from all these.

1 *Bishop.* Put on his spurs, and gird him
With the sword,

The scourge of infidels, and types of speed.

Buildest thy faith on this?

[*Presenting the cross.*]

Mir. On him that died

On such a sacred figure, for our sins.

2 *Bishop.* Here then we fix it on thy left
side, for [service

Thy increase of faith, Christian defence, and
To th' poor; and thus near to thy heart we

plant it, [heart;

That thou mayst love it ev'n with all thy
With thy right hand protect, preserve it
whole;

For if thou fighting 'gainst Heav'n's enemies
Shalt fly away, abandoning the cross,

The ensign of thy lady general,

With shame thou justly shalt be robb'd of it,

Chas'd from our company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified limb.

Mir. I ask no favour.

1 *Bishop.* Then receive the yoke
Of him that makes it sweet and light; in which,
Thy soul find her eternal rest!

Val. Most welcome!

All. Welcome, our noble brother!

Val. Break up the court.—Mountferrat,
thou' your deeds,

Conspiring 'gainst the lives of innocents,
Have forfeited your own, we will not stain

Our white cross with your blood: Your doom
is then

To marry this co-agent of your mischiefs;
Which done, we banish you to th' continent*.

If either, after three days, here be found,

The land of law lays hold upoo your lives.

Nor. Away, French stallion! Now

You have a Barbary mare of your own; go
leap her,

And engender young devilings!

Val. We will find something, noble No-
randine,

To quit your merit.—So, to civil feasts,

According to our customs; and all pray.

The dew of grace bless our new Knight to-
day! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

* *We banish you the continent.*] Would not one think, though they are here in an island, that they were actually upon the continent? Certainly the English of our days, and that of our Poets, has undergone great alterations, if we ought not to read by a small addition,

'—— we banish you to th' continent.' *Symphon.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CLASIN
LEGATORE D

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